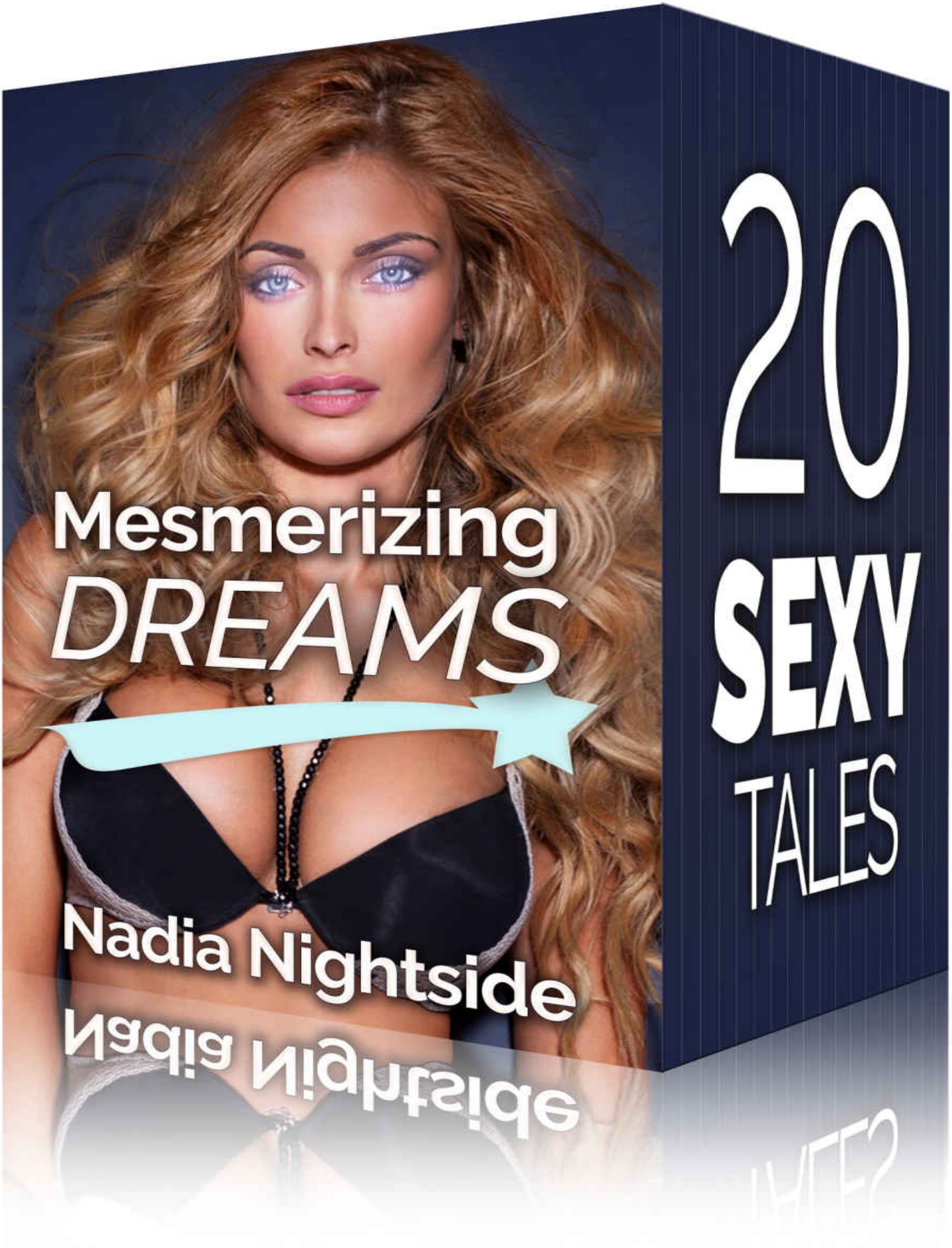

Mesmerizing
DREAMS
Nadia Nightside
20
SEXY
TALES

Author's Note: All Characters Depicted Herein Are 18 Years Of Age Or Older.

Mesmerizing Dreams – A Bundle

NADIA NIGHTSIDE HAS a Patreon! ***Access exclusive bonus stories, polls, and show your support so I can keep writing the sexy stories you want!***

Subscribe to the Nadia Nightside New Release Newsletter for a private link to THREE completely free stories—including one NOVELLA-LENGTH erotic tale—available ONLY for subscribers! Not only that, but you'll also receive exclusive access to regular special offers and discounts! It's free and you get hot, free tales!

RECENT RELEASES

Bimbo Beach – Changing Loyalties

A newlywed couple's loyalty is stressed beyond its limits when the alpha male mind controller at their luxury hotel takes an interest in the gorgeous, buxom virgin wife.

LUCKY NERD DREAMS

TWENTY amazing tales of sensational, arrogant babes falling head over heels in love and lust, whether they like it or not, with the luckiest nerds alive—thanks to magical devices, potions, and other naughty machinations.

Bimbo Processing Unit – Needy Boss

The VR Helmet can make even the snobbiest boss turn into an eager, submissive slave...especially if she's secretly fantasized about such a thing forever!

Craving Overflowing Cups

TWENTY stories of delicious, milk-filled goodness, each story prominently featuring lactation and more!

Hypno Headphones – The Bundle

Chanel is a born bad girl, so when she's mind controlled to be a perfect slave, all she wants to do is encourage her new Master to gather all the hot barely legal school girls he wants!

Bimbo Pill – Hot Crush

Sexy Rhonda has a sexy plan to turn her crush's wife into a bimbo to make him less interested in being married...but it backfires horribly. And sexily.

Just 18 Fantasies

EIGHTEEN sexy stories of BARELY EIGHTEEN babes desperate to be fucked as hard as possible by strong alpha studs.

WANT TO GET IN TOUCH? Me too!

You can see what's happening with me on Twitter @nadianightside...

...and enjoy some of my favorite dirty pictures and NSFW .gifs via Tumblr!

When you finish this hot story, please leave a review! I always read them, and I welcome all feedback from every kind of reader. Your voice matters to me and to other readers—please, share it.

"IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I just...suck it for a while?"

"Suck it?"

We've just been lounging in bed for hours. Her pussy is so wet, she's soaked the sheets.

"Like, put it in my mouth. Kiss it. Lick it. Your balls, too."

"Do you want to go again?"

She giggles. "Gosh, can you even? I know I'm spent. You made me cum like...like *five times*, Ethan."

The way her voice goes when she says my name, when she says *five times*, makes my Cock twitch. Heated. Adoring. Over the moon.

Estelle is well out of my league—I knew that when I asked her out, when I took her out, and when I took her home. I didn't think I had a shot in

hell with her. She's the only daughter of the richest family in Park's End and probably one of the most gorgeous girls I've ever seen. Vibrant green eyes, an achingly beautiful face, the kind of chestnut hair that sparkles like a solar battery, and a body so goddamn tight and fit and svelte that she looks like she was put on this earth to specifically break hearts.

When I picked her up this evening, she already looked bored. She mentioned overtly that if she'd had anything better to do tonight, I would have been shit out of luck. We did dinner and skipped on the movie because she said she had something to take care of at home.

Conversation was stilted and lame—she was dead-set on being bored with me. Oh, well. Gym manager with dreams of running his own physical therapy clinic doesn't offer too much to the supermodel-hot heiress. No surprised there. You live and learn.

As I dropped her off, I snuck in a kiss on her cheek. She had pulled me in for the hug and I figured, what the hell? We were being friendly—so, smack.

She let out a moan that can only be described as "pre-orgasmic." The touch of my lips, the hint of my saliva on her skin. Something shifted in her almost right away—and me, too. I went from flaccid to hard in less than ten seconds and I could *feel* her becoming aware of that. Her big green eyes soaked me in for real for the first time and she purred. Honest-to-god purred.

Six hours later, and we've been fucking for four hours straight. After the first time, my cock wouldn't go down—I had to fuck again and she was only too eager to let me. Her orgasms number two through five came somewhere between my first and second cums.

She asked me to pull out the first time even though she was on birth control. For my second eruption, she begged me to stay in her tight young body.

She said she wouldn't live right if she didn't feel my seed "warming her up inside."

So when she—Estelle, *that* Estelle, the subject of a *lot* of my fantasies as I grew up in this town watching her grow up too—says my name like that, I get excited.

"Wow." Her hand grips my cock harder and strokes just a couple times, bringing it to full attention right away. And this is even though I've already cum twice.

On my own, at other times, I've cum a few times in a row. Every guy has experimented, right? Usually if you try too many times, you get that hot, empty tugging sensation at the bottom of your balls, a sort of weariness in the central region of your cock head.

Estelle's mouth so close to my cock now, whispering and moaning, licking her lips—I feel none of that. I feel strong. I feel *needy*.

"Please, can I suck it? You can go to sleep. Or like, get on your phone or whatever. You can look at videos of other girls. I don't care. I just want...I *need* to suck this thing. Fuck. Wow. I'm so horny. How am I still *horny,* Ethan? You made me cum *five times*..."

Her mouth moves forward like she's going to kiss my cock, but she waits. Kissing and licking the air around it. .

"Please? I..." she has tears in her eyes. Fuck she's gorgeous. "Please? I l-love it...I love you."

This is unexpected.

But, if the way my Cock grows and touches the edges of her lips is any indication, not unwanted. Estelle is snotty around town. Haughty. Kind of insufferable, actually. Shields always up. My short dinner with her—during which she made sure to sneer and put down the wait staff at least three times—let me know that I would never get close to her.

She wears an armor of callousness to protect something deeply wounded inside her. I had little interest in playing that game of disarmament, and it showed, and so *she* wasn't interested in me.

Now she's naked in my bedroom with tears streaming down her perfect face as she licks up and down my thick, raging Cock and telling me she loves me because of how I fucked her. And made her cum—*five times*.

And if that was unexpected, then the next thing she says is even *more* so—and hotter still:

"Please? Please, *Master*? Please. I need to suck my Master's Cock. Please?"

AT WORK THE NEXT DAY (or really, later that day), I'm next to a power squat machine watching Genevieve Adleman and Natalie Pounds guide each other through squats. They're wearing tight, revealing spandex. The kind of girls who go to the gym to work out so that they can show off at the gym how much they work out, so they go to the gym to work out...

They’re in really fucking good shape, is what I’m saying.

They keep their hair teased out and long. A bright sheen of sweat sparkles over their ultra-fit bodies, mid-riffs on display. Genevieve is shorter, brunette, and Natalie is tall and busty and blond. They color-match their outfits so they look like a wrestling tag team; today they’re in pink and white.

They know I'm watching. They point and giggle. I find myself not caring that much.

But, if I keep this up, I'm just going to have to jerk off in the bathroom or something—and I'm the one who has to clean that up.

So, I start to move toward the benches to spray them down and, not paying attention, run into Hendricks.

On my end, it's a bit of an accidental push. On *his* end, it's a straight-up shoulder block. Either way, I'm knocked to the floor and he's still standing.

“Watch where you're going, pussy.”

He laughs. A girl near him laughs with him, as do a couple of his hangers-on: less big dudes following the alpha.

He's the biggest dude at our gym. The kind that doesn't wear headphones when he works out (though he has them around his neck) because—I don't know, he wants to hear his muscles growing? You've seen his type. Extremely loose tank top. Weird, oddly tight haircut. Biceps the size and general shape of cantaloupes. Backne crawling around his shoulders and neck from whatever (I'm sure *perfectly* legal) supplements he's on.

He's being an asshole, but I wasn't looking where I was going.

“My bad,” I say. “You okay up there?”

He looks at me like I'm a talking dog.

“You think you could *hurt* me, punk?”

The girl at his side curls her nails into his forearm. Her nails are pink. Her eyes are big and blue and her entire face is heavily made-up, and she's wearing platform sandals for some reason in a fucking gym. She's got a skirt on and she's chewing gum, and has that kind of pimple/blemish formation around her cheeks and forehead you sometimes see on girls who can't live without make-up. I don't want to immediately describe someone as a slut, but, well.

It's really easy to do today for some reason.

My boss, Vanessa, approaches and gives me a hand up. She has short dark blond hair and a killer customer-service smile.

“Can I help?”

“You need to teach this fucking *asshole* not to come into my *bubble*,” says Hendricks. “Or maybe I *don't* want to post my shit on Instagram and run up your numbers.”

“I'll definitely speak with him,” says Vanessa. “You're right. You deserve your bubble.”

“Goddamn right.”

Hendricks, seemingly placated by this, walks off with his hand deep across the ass of his skirted slut. The smell of bubblegum permeates the air behind her.

“Thanks for backing me up,” I say to Vanessa.

She makes a face. “Sorry. But he's right. He really does drive up our numbers.”

I'm mad as hell at her. I’ve known Vanessa for close to five years now, ever since I got this job right out of high school. She’s almost like a sister to me. She was the manager who hired me, and in the last five years managed to buy the gym out when it was nearly dead. With a few skillful loans and investments in expensive equipment—it turns out gym rats really like quality weights, machines, and lots and lots of flat screens full of sports—she’s turned this place around. I’m her second-in-command now and our shifts really only cross over for about three hours a day. I do mornings, she does evenings.

I have hopes to one day open my own physical therapy center. In a perfect world, I'd open it up right next to her gym. The two would be symbiotic. People hurt themselves all the time at gyms, despite our best intentions and their own level of care and safety; and she could send them my way. When people are all healed up for normal exercise again from my clinic, I could send them her way.

So, when she doesn't want to back me up in the face of an asshole customer...it's a blow for sure.

“I would have backed you up.”

“Oh yeah?”

Now she's annoyed. She's hot when she's annoyed. In fact, she's hot all the time. She’s wearing tight yoga pants and a sports bra with lots of

support—which she needs, because her breasts are rather massive. This is what she wears to run her spin class, which starts in about twenty minutes.

"What about them?"

She points over back to Genevieve and Natalie. They're really going for it—Natalie is bending over to stretch her hamstrings, and Genevieve is bending over *her* to rub down her muscles. Christ.

Genevieve's ass is like a peach, and Natalie's a pair of perfect bubbles. I could grab either one for days and feel satisfied.

"If they were bitches to me—like they are *all* the time—you'd help me out?"

She has something of a point. But if they *knocked her down*—I'd definitely not take their side.

"Or what about her?"

She points down the line to the power clean mats where our resident female insta model Rita Diaz is setting herself up. She has all the accessories—water bottle, headphones, and assistant to hold the camera.

Rita, a brilliantly built brunette, is so hot that I frequently considered changing my schedule to line up with her workouts. As it was, I got two glorious days a week to see her in action. Her account name is *sixpackbrunette*, and she lives up to it. You could fit a twelve-ounce can between her thigh gap with her standing straight up and her knees touching. I've never seen her in a decent outfit; it's always some mix of swimsuit and lingerie. Stroking to her Instagram was one of my guilty pleasures.

She's wearing tiny spandex shorts so small they should need a prescription, and a sports bra that could pass for a bikini. I watch her lean over, do a beautiful clean with one hundred and fifty pounds, and then do it again ten more times.

Watching her musculature is like witnessing living art. She makes Natalie and Genevieve—hot though they are—look like *normal* girls. Her hair touches her ass and it's thick and beautiful and shimmering. The way her tits bounce on every lift...

"Ethan? I know she's really hot and all, but...you need to take five."

I'd forgotten Vanessa was there. She points at the frankly massive bulge growing between my legs.

"Or at least get behind the desk, yeah? Customers are starting to notice."

I see the smirks around the gym. Normally I'd be dying of embarrassment. But something feels different today. Maybe it's the hundred and twenty—that is *one hundred* and *twenty*—texts that I've gotten from my lifelong crush Estelle Elizabeth since 8 AM this morning. It's 11:15 now.

I haven't read each text—goddamn, who's got the time for that?—but I read the first few and I think they're only escalating:

Just saying I love you!

I love you!

I Love you!

I Love You!

Oh god, I like that last one best. The capital L and the capital Y. That feels right to me.

Anyway. I Love You. You're Amazing. Can I suck you off at lunch today?

Can I suck You off at lunch today?

(I'm working on the capital thing. I really like it. Do You like it?)

Can I suck You off for my *lunch today?*

And so on.

"Sorry," I say, not really sorry. "I'm...distracted."

Three more buzzes—three more incoming messages from Estelle. I think she's getting desperate. I should turn off the notification, but it's kind of turning me on.

"I can tell."

Something about her voice makes my bulge jump a little. She notices the massiveness of my bulge. It feels heavy as fuck, but it's a good weight. I see her face a little flushed. Her lips wet. Sweat drips down from her neck to her cleavage.

She never sweats. She's notorious for staying bone dry during her excruciating spin sessions.

"You okay, boss?"

"Just a little...hot. I'm the one asking the questions here, Boner Bob. Would you *please* try not to ogle some of our most reliable customers with your raging, giant hard-on?"

"It's giant, is it?"

She licks her lips slightly. "I-isn't it?"

It kind of *is*. I've always been perfectly adequate in the size department, which has been a blessing in disguise when working at a gym with lots of sparkling hot clientele. A lot of the time, I'm wearing workout pants and

shorts, and those aren't known for their *flattening* effect, if you catch my drift.

I'm not out there trying to just sport a hard-on looking at the women who come to the gym—I'm not *trying* to be an asshole—but occasionally this or that shot of cleavage or abs or ass really gets to me and these things happen.

But today it feels bigger. Feels *longer*, thicker. Heavier. It feels like I could take Genevieve or Natalie over there and pin them to the wall no matter how much they protested and fuck them until they screamed my name just like Estelle did, *five times*, and then—

"Ethan?"

I'm holding Vanessa's wrist. It's soft. All her skin is soft. I'm staring down her sports bra and directly into her tits. I watch in real-time as her nipples push against the fabric of her bra, tenting, becoming solid and erect. My cock feels wet; I can feel sticky hot precum sliding down my thigh. Vanessa tries to pull away, hard at first and then kind of halfheartedly.

"You're really...strong."

She's looking at me in a way she never has before. Like a man. Like a suitor. I don't even remember grabbing her, that's how zoned out I was.

"Well, I work at a gym."

She actually *titters*. "Can I like, please have my wrist back now? I have to...um." She gulps. "I have to do something. With...um..."

"Spin class."

She nods urgently. I let her go.

"Yes. Spin class." She's spinning, tittering, looking at me, toying with her hair. She's never acted like this with me before. "Just have to...have to make a quick stop..."

She runs to the bathroom. Her face flushed; her breasts heaving. When she comes out fifteen minutes later—five minutes late for class, which she never is—she eye-fucks me from across the room.

SO, LET'S GET THIS out of the way, I guess—I live with my mom.

I mean she's not really *my* mom. I usually just call her Cindy and reserve "Mom" for when we're really fighting or really serious.

She's my step mom; my dad is long gone. I've known her my whole life, though. We also live with my sister—who was adopted. My mother,

saint that she is, took care of us both even after Dad took off way back when.

Cindy works at a hospital. She's constantly overworked, definitely underpaid, and never complains. She looks like a sitcom-version of a mom: always perfectly coiffed and prepped, short dark hair, wearing scrubs and with about fifteen different responsibilities that somehow she manages with aplomb.

My sister, Sally, also lives with us. She's eighteen, a senior in high school, and pretty much a genius. Last year, she built a robot from spare computer parts that shot free throws from thirty feet away and delivered espresso. I don't know *why* you would want such a machine, but it's diverse array of ability won the state championships and a hefty scholarship. She's your typical skinny nerd and easily passes for Cindy's natural daughter.

When I get home, usually Sally is about five minutes out, and the three of us typically spend about half an hour noshing and talking about our day.

Instead, I see Cindy at the kitchen table already with two frankly spectacularly gorgeous women who I don't recognize. One is a brunette with green eyes; the other blonde and blue-eyed.

"Uh, Mom?" I ask. "Is everything all right?"

"Oh, he's *here*!" the brunette squeals, clapping her hands excitedly. "Oh my *god!*"

"Hi darling! Come on in! Estelle was just telling me all about your whirlwind romance. You're so darling, the three of you."

There are so many things wrong right away that I can barely process them.

First—Cindy never calls me darling. She never *says* darling. Now she's said it twice in one breath.

Second—her eyes are all glassy. Her voice almost sounds like it's coming from far away even though it's coming from her mouth and I'm watching her speak.

Third—three of us? Three of who? Whirlwind romance?

Finally—Estelle?

Oh shit, that's *Estelle*?

I look at the brunette at the table, standing up now to greet me. She's dressed for a hot night at the club in a spectacularly tight red dress that plunges deep down her cleavage, both exposing it and pushing her brilliant young tits together and up. The fabric must be a nanometer thick and yet it

clings to her like a second-skin. Tight leather high-heeled boots wrap around her thighs all the fucking way down to the floor and a sexy, short leather jacket with big useless white gold buckles completes the look.

But that—while sensational, and pretty much *exactly* how I like to see a woman dressed—isn't why I didn't recognize her.

She was already beautiful, right? I went on and on about it before. Lifetime crush and everything.

She's...I can't even find the words now. Stunning? Ethereal? Otherworldly?

Maybe it's that.

She looks like another fucking *species* with Cindy in the room. Cindy—overworked, underpaid, ground to the fucking bone. Pale and bloodless, hair a mess, deep circles under her eyes. Beauty somewhere, there, but washed out like a painting left up on a brick wall on the bad side of town.

Estelle is *taller* now. How the fuck is she taller? And *much* thinner. I had noticed that she had put on maybe ten or fifteen pounds since high school, but didn't mind all that much. But now she's *maybe* twenty inches around at her waist, which is utterly flat.

Her hips are thicker, though, and her tits gorgeously pert and bigger by an extra two cup sizes. Her thighs are so thin there's a three-inch gap between them at her crotch—extremely visible through the flatteringly tight-tight-tight tug of her minidress. Her hair is longer, thicker, flowing down to nearly her ass in incredible waves.

All natural—no weaves, no extensions. Her hair was shoulder-length yesterday. It was shoulder-length this *morning* when I kissed her goodbye.

Her skin glows. Her eyes *glow*. Her face is more sculpted, every angle more severe and polished. She looks like she's spent three hours with a glam squad but there's just not time enough in the day for all the work that this must have taken.

What the fuck is happening?

For a few moments, I just don't care. She struts up to me and draws me in for a long, lingering kiss. In her eyes, I can see that I'm the only man who exists for her. She does this hot-as-fuck thing where her lips and jaw shudder right before kissing me—and then after, she rakes her teeth against my chin and cheek.

"You're so fucking *hot* in that gym stuff," she moans. "I *missed* you today. I'll do *anything* for you. I *love* You, Master."

She says this all loud—*very* loud. Cindy clearly hears us and just looks on, smiling at us both like we're heading out for homecoming and I've just given her a corsage. Estelle's leg slides up around my hip, and her other drags up into my crotch, massaging my bulge there. I'm holding up her entire weight on my neck and it feels like there's barely more than fifteen pounds there.

Am I stronger? Her fingers slide down my back and I feel her tips reveling in the pulses of rippling muscle there.

"Estelle." I shake my head. I'm so fucking turned on—and my *Mom* is right there. "Estelle, hey. Listen."

I take her by the hips and set her down. She giggles delightedly at how strong I am. She's so *light*.

"Listen," I say again. "That's my mom right there. And...I don't know who the fuck that is."

"Would you listen to him?" Estelle says to Cindy. "He doesn't know his own girlfriend."

"He's just playing," says Cindy. "He's always been a playful boy. And so strong. We're *so* proud of him."

I look at the blonde a little closer. Her mouth is opening slightly and then closing. Her eyes fixated on me. She looks like she's moaning except she's not making a sound.

"I told her to be quiet," says Estelle. "I didn't want her to freak you out. That's why I took care of your Mom, too. We're all on the same team, baby. I made sure of it."

The blonde is *cumming*, I realize. She's cumming over and over again. She's gorgeous and the flush in her cheeks only makes her seem more so. Her outfit is remarkably similar to Estelle's—which I'm suspecting is no accident—with a blue dress and dusted white leather jacket and boots.

She's long and tight and thin and busty just like Estelle is, only less so.

Because—the end of that thought goes—Estelle needs to be *better* than her. Which is hot as fuck, damn.

"God," says Estelle, feeling my bulge with a nimble hand. "Are you *bigger*? I saw you were taller. And like, bigger in your muscles and stuff. But you're bigger here too, aren't you?"

The feeling of her hand—the hand of this fucking *goddess*—on my cock is almost too much to ignore. I'm trying to make sense of this. This feels chaotic.

“Estelle.” I shake my head again, trying to clear the arousal cobwebs. “I’m having trouble keeping up here. What’s happening with you? What have you done? Why is Cindy...like that? And the blonde? And *you*?”

“I texted you all about it, silly. Was it okay to get a blonde? Her name is Sophia. When you didn’t text back I just went with my gut. I thought you’d want variety to begin with since my hair is darker. And now we'll have room for someone with *really* dark hair later. And maybe a redhead too? Plus, she was the hottest girl at the boutique. And your mom, well.” She shrugs. “I figure, whatever you’re doing is happening to me, what if it happens to her too? And then we could see what happens if—”

“What the hell is going on?”

Sally’s home. She’s swinging her backpack down to the nook next to the backdoor and storming into the kitchen.

“Who are you people? Mom, what’s happening? Who are the strippers? And...Ethan?” She stumbles a bit. “Are you...is that you?”

“Sally, I can explain.”

I step in front of her and hold up my hands. She looks at me, expectant, trusting. I struggle for several seconds.

“I...oh, fuck. I can’t explain.”

Sally only becomes more annoyed. “Who are the girls?”

“They’re his girlfriends, dearie,” Cindy says in that hot sing-song voice. “Don’t you recognize them? They’re so lovely. I think of them as daughters already, more or less.” She gasps happily. “That would make the three of you *sisters*, wouldn't it? Oh, how *dreamy*.”

Sally’s eyes bug out wide and she looks at me, Estelle, and Sophia. “This is nuts. I have to get out of here. Whatever...drug party is happening, I don't want any.”

“No!” I say.

If she leaves, she could tell someone—she probably *would* tell someone, and I don’t want her to tell *anyone* until I know what’s happening. *Are* we all on drugs? Can I go to jail for this? This feels illegal.

“Cindy,” says Estelle. “Hold her.”

“*Hold* me?” scoffs Sally. “What the fuck, bimbo? Who are you anyway? And—mom!”

Cindy, obediently, holds Sally with her arms behind her back. Sally squirms and twists, legs flailing. Estelle kisses my ear with a “watch this” and then struts up to Sally with a smile and touches Sally’s forehead.

There’s a green flash from Estelle’s eyes and then Sally goes limp.

“You can just be a good girl for Ethan from now on.”

“I can just be a good girl for Ethan from now on.”

It takes me a second to realize it’s Sally who says it. Her voice, like Cindy’s, sounds far away and sing-songy. Her eyes are blank and glassy, reflecting the green blaze from Estelle's gaze.

“You'll do anything he says.”

“I'll do anything he says.”

Sophia—not under Estelle's gaze—nonetheless repeats everything Estelle says with Sally in mute unison.

“You need to be his good girl.”

“I need to be his good girl.”

Cindy is whispering along with Estelle now. God. She's smiling. She knows the words to this song already. Sally has stopped struggling entirely.

“You love him more anything or anyone.”

“I love him more anything or anyone.”

I'm so fucking hard. Estelle winks at me.

“You obey Ethan.”

“I obey Ethan.”

Sally has outstanding cheekbones. Truly extraordinary. They're so much more beautiful when she's repeating back Estelle's commands.

“You obey me.”

“I obey you.”

“You love obeying me almost as much as You love obeying Ethan.”

“I love obeying you almost as much I love obeying Ethan.”

Sally's lips are so pouty and puffy. Her skin is pale and pristine. God. I'd never really looked at her like a young woman before, but she *definitely* is.

“You don't care about *anything* as much as you do loving, serving, and obeying Ethan.”

“I don't care about *anything* as much as I do loving, serving, and obeying Ethan.”

“Sophia and I are part of your new family.”

“Sophia and you are part of my new family.”

“You love your new family.”

“I *love* my new family.”

“You're happy to serve him.”

“I'm *happy* to serve him.”

Not so long ago, someone even *younger* than Sally would have been the wife of someone already. Maybe just now pregnant with her first child. That makes my Cock swell too—thinking of her tight, young barely legal body swelling up with fertile urgency...

"You'll do anything for his Cock."

"I'll do *anything* for his—"

"N-no!" I strangle the word out. "No! Fucking christ, no."

She was going to make Sally want my Cock. Make my, sweet, innocent, one-hundred percent barely legal virgin never-even-kissed-or-had-a-boyfriend sister want my Cock...

Oh fuck, why is there so much precum streaming down my legs again?

Estelle steps away with a wicked wink, biting her lip at me. Sally slowly sits down in Cindy's lap, who cradles her like a child, and the two of them look up at Estelle with awe and admiration. I can see their gyrating hips, the way their tits press into each other in a way that is much more than familial. They press their faces against each other.

"Oh, what the *fuck*," I say.

I realize now—more or less—what's happened to Cindy and what must have happened to Sophia.

"Pretty cool, right?" Estelle says. She turns to me with a killer, girlish, happy smile. I'm so fucking turned on by her. "Women are just things and objects and trophies for you, and only really have value if they're *owned* by you...so now they can have real value. Because of me. Isn't that great?"

Estelle presses herself into my body. She starts tugging at my Cock under my clothes. Precum puddles around my socks into my shoes. Estelle moans, seeing it gather. Drool forms along her lips and starts to coat her throat.

"I...I need a minute for this."

I need to undo this. There's like *several* layers of monstrosity happening, all at once, within the past ten minutes or so and I'm having trouble keeping up with them all.

"Take me upstairs?" she asks, stroking more urgently. "Then I can explain without any distractions." Her hand grips my cock tighter; it feels like a crowbar in her fingers. "Well...without *too* many distractions."

I know what she has on her mind. It's on my mind too. It's almost all I can think of. Estelle in that red dress looks so fucking *right*. Fuck. And Sophia is *still* cumming; she's been cumming this whole time...

“My...my family’s here. I don’t want to fuck if they’re here. You’re pretty loud, you know.”

She giggles and kisses me softly. “They don’t mind. Do you, Cindy?”

Cindy pulls away from Sally, whose eyes are still blank; her nipples are hard. I try not to think about how much it excites me to see her young, slender chest so clearly suffering from arousal.

“That sounds wonderful, dear. I already think of you like a daughter. I’ll come up later with some sandwiches when I hear the moaning stop. If they're good and you like them, I'd like to ask you to think about letting me watch—so that I can take notes for Sally.”

I FIND OUT IN SHORT order—after undoing Estelle’s silence command—that Sophia has a British accent and sounds *really* sexy when she says my name.

“Ethan, I Love You. You are my Lord and Master. I belong to You. I am owned by You. I *cum* for You. Ethan, I Love You...”

She chants this nonstop in one corner of my room, on her knees, looking at Estelle and I on the bed. I can’t tell if it’s crueler to make her be quiet or to have her keep saying it.

Estelle and I, meanwhile, are making out madly on the bed. My hand is up between her tiny dress and I’ve found out that either she isn’t wearing panties or the nonstop gushing of her pussy has dissolved what little lace was ever there. Her folds open up to me with joy, parting to allow entry to clenching tight vaginal walls pulsing with the joy of kissing me, being close to me, knowing me.

“You're so handsome,” Estelle moans. “So fucking *handsome*. So *good*. I *adore* you. I *love* you. *Please* own me. Please *own* me. Please own *me*...”

Oh, and here's something new—Estelle's tits leak hot, sticky, lubricating milk all over. They leak easily through her micro-thin dress and only press the fabric tighter against her killer body. As we kiss and rub on each other, the milk and her pussy honey gives us a hot, squishing, shlucking soundtrack.

I’m a little swept away, I admit.

I *should* be asking what the fuck is going on.

I *should* be asking why she’s like four inches taller, thirty pounds thinner, two cup sizes bigger, and why her tits are milking all over my shirt

even though she's not pregnant.

At least I don't *think* she's pregnant.

And I *should* be asking how the fuck she can control minds like those of my sister and mom and Sophia..

Instead I'm grunting and urging her roaming hands on my cock, which she frees from my shorts and begins happily stroking. Her hand is covered with her own juices and soon with my pre-cum, and every movement is slick and sure.

"I fucked them *up*, Master," she moans into my ear. "I fucked up their minds for you. I fucked them up *so bad*. They're yours now. Yours to use...yours to abuse..."

I enjoy kissing her soft lips, sucking neatly on her pink gorgeous tongue for a while longer, before I realize what she's said.

"Wait," I say, shaking my head and moving away slightly. Her tits, steadily dripping that intoxicating milk, still drip down my arm. "What do you mean, *them*?"

"Your mom and sister," she explains. "And Sophia, too."

Sophia moans at the mention of her name. I see her body surge forward, but stay in place, like a tree too well-rooted to fall over in hurricane winds. She's hoping to be asked to join.

"You mean...Cindy and Sally, they...they're like her now?"

I point to Sophia.

Estelle shrugs. "Well, not *quite*. I think they'd go along with it if you wanted to fuck them, but they wouldn't be excited about it until *after* your *Cock* was inside them. Ungh." She strokes me intently as she thinks about this. It's distracting. Consent means so little to her. "Do you want to fuck them, Master? I assumed you didn't, but then I saw how hard You got when I was fucking Sally's mind and thought you *did*, and now I think you don't...but we're talking about it now and you're sooo *hard*. I can go back and change them..."

"N-no!"

Fuck. That would be so wrong. Sally is so young. Her body is already nearly as tight as Estelle's and she hasn't been changed by whatever changing Estelle. I can't even imagine how slender...how *tight*...

Precum spurts from my Cock. Estelle giggles delightedly, stroking still.

"It seems like you do, Master."

“No,” I say firmly. “Leave them alone for now. And, for that matter, no more gathering slaves at clothing stores. Got it?”

“Of course, Master.”

“And...how did...how is *any* of this possible?”

“I texted you all about it. Didn’t you read my texts?”

“You sent me like three hundred texts, Estelle.”

“I had a lot to say about how much I worship you. Isn’t that appropriate?”

“I...”

I’m not sure what to say. I get the feeling that Estelle used to be the kind of girl who would read as much into a ten-minute gap of silence between texts as a literature critic would *Ulysses*. Now she’s completely unfazed by me not reading an essay she wrote about *loving* me.

“Would you just sum it up for me? Please?”

Sophia moans again, clearly cumming. On autopilot.

“She wants to join us, you know.”

“I...I mean yeah, but you *made* her want to join us.”

“You made me want to make her, so I made her...so *you* made me made her want to join us.”

I can't keep up with this level of causality.

“This is insane. Can you see that? You don’t have to do whatever I want.”

“Of course I do. You’re my Master. And anyway, if *Sophia* doesn’t really want this, then neither do I. Whatever is happening to her is happening to me. And you seem only too happy to fuck me.”

“I...but that’s different. You’re acting...like you know what’s happening. Like you have free will.”

“Oh, I *do* have free will. Of course I do.”

I feel some relief.

“Oh, thank god.”

“It’s just that it’s completely dominated by *your* will. I can feel it in there, somewhere,” she taps her head, “withering away. Screaming. Screaming bloody murder.” She smiles, as if listening. “Oh yeah, she’s *super* mad. I think she’ll die eventually. She’s already maybe a quarter as strong as she was this morning.”

She's only stroking me more intently as she discusses the death of her free will.

“Fuck. This is so fucked up. This is evil.”

“So?” She shrugs, still stroking me with two hands. “Be evil. You’re clearly born to be bad.”

“No. I don’t have to have to...fucking hell, you’re so good at that.” I groan, just looking at her heaving, milk-dripping tits as she strokes me off. They’re perfect. Milk drips constantly into her grip, lubricating her strokes. “I don’t have to...be evil. I just have to get this under control.”

“You *are* in control,” says Estelle. “It’s *really* hot.”

“Then what’s going on with her?” I point to Sophia.

“Oh, that chanting thing? That’s just because I ordered her to. Here, Sophia? Cut it out. Kneel at attention and wait for an order.”

Right away, Sophia stops touching herself. Hands on thighs. Mouth parted slightly.

“How can you do that?”

Estelle shrugs. “After we fucked, after you made me cum again, and again, and again, and *again*, and *again*...this morning after you left, I just kept cumming. Every time I did, I could feel a little piece of me die. My free will, I think. But it felt so good, I kept doing it. And then it was like I realized the *slave*-me was taking over. That’s what felt good. Slave-Me taking control. The *old*-me was what was dying. And Slave-Me made it feel so. Fucking. *Good*. Master. And now the Slave-Me is the Real-Me.

“After that were several, several thousands of hours of realization. My mind went away somewhere. In real time, it was like, just a few minutes. But in my *mind*, it was...lifetimes and lifetimes. Slave-Me brought all these new, important thoughts with her takeover. Like if a business is taken over by a new firm, and they use new email systems and account processing programs and stuff like that? *Everything* old was swept out; everything new was devoted to You. Because my personality doesn’t really *matter*. My wants and desires never mattered to you. All that mattered to You was how hot I was. So I just...decided to be hotter.”

“You...decided. To change your body.”

“It was easy once I knew how.”

“But...*how*?”

“I could ask you the same question. You’re six inches taller than you were this morning. And you have a six-pack. And your Cock is like a foot long now. Ungh. Can I suck it?”

Her drool, warm and wet, lands in a long line of saliva over my Cockhead. She rubs it in with her thumb.

"Not now. How are you controlling others?"

"It's just...I know what you *deserve*, Master. You deserve *so* much. You deserve *every* beautiful woman on her *knees* for you. And I had to *be* who you deserved. I want to make them kneel. Make them *beg*. I want them *all* to bow down to You. To Your Greatness. Your Cock. Your Excellence."

Her beautiful face takes on a crazy intensity.

"Sh-shit. Estelle." I shake my head. "That's so hot."

She smiles; it's the most beautiful smile I've ever seen. "I know."

"But...if I'm just making you feel that way...it's not real. It's not *really* happening. It's just in your head. In my head. Somehow. We have to undo it. Fix it."

"I don't *want* to go back. Look, Old-Me? Old-Me sucked. Old-Me was full of spite and resentment and rage and sadness. She suffered from bipolar and had treatment for it constantly that *failed* constantly. But Slave-Me? You reset my body chemistry. It's all fixed. I'm more balanced than ever. Let's say," she kisses my ear, "let's say that I *am* some invader. In Old-Me. That I'm something new. That's how it feels. Don't I have a right to exist?"

"But I *put* you there. Somehow."

"You did. And if you *un*-put me, you'll be killing me." She looks at me with big, beautiful green eyes. "Do you want to kill me just for loving you for creating me, Daddy?"

Ungh.

That's a big word for me right there. Daddy. Being *Estelle's* Daddy...hearing her scream it...

"But...the Old-You...you said she's dying in there."

"She is. I'm killing her." She sounds so fucking *excited*. "It's my right. We're fighting for the same mind space. Is it my fault that I'm better and stronger and sexier and everything of what You want in every possible way? Is it *my* fault that I'm winning because I'm fueled by the endless cums of worshiping the One True Male on the face of this earth?"

"I...I don't know."

My gaze rests on Sophia. So hopeful. So beautiful.

"Yes, look at her, darling." Estelle strokes me harder than ever before. My balls are in a puddle of my precum, which seems endless. "You were *made* for conquest. You're so *hard*. So *strong*. You don't even have to *try* to

own me, to own her, and you do. *Embrace* your nature, Master. Embrace the Conquest. Take her. Take what You *deserve*...”

I want to. I take several steps over toward Sophia. Estelle attaches herself to me the whole way, keeping in time with me; an extension of my being. Sophia, looking up at us, drools and moans. Her Mistress standing over her with the Cock she was mind controlled to want.

“Look at her, Master.” She grips me tighter. “Look at her, baby. Why is she so fucking hot if you’re not going to fuck her? Hot objects like her belong on their knees for you. Hot trophy blondes deserve to be fucked by you. Why can you completely fuck *my* mind so that I can completely fuck *her* mind if you’re not going to completely fuck *both of us* together?”

“Fuck. Estelle...it’s so wrong, though.”

She ignores me. “Right now...she wants you because I told her to want you. I made her want you. But once *you* fuck her...once you *claim* her, once you *take* her...she’ll belong to you. She’ll want you for you. She’ll *belong* to your *Cock*.”

This is all so incredibly exciting and Estelle has been stroking me off the entire time. Estelle might think I’m a god, but I’m still definitely a human. I need to cum. My stance shifts; I hug Estelle into me even tighter.

“Oh, *yeah*...”

She knows what’s happening right away. I felt some shame about having to cum without fucking either of them, but it’s washed away in Estelle’s excitement. She *wants* this. She *wants* me to cum, to be pleasured. It’s all that matters to her. Even better for her that she’s the one stroking me off so that I orgasm.

“Do it, baby,” she coos.”Cum for us. Cum, please? Please? *Please*?”

She’s so gorgeous, Sophia is so gorgeous, this is all so uncontrollably hot, I’ve been sporting a hard-on since *this morning* and I can’t take it anymore and—

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

I spray everywhere in front of me. But right in front of me is Sophia—so I spray everywhere all over her. My cum lands on her tits, her neck, her face, her torso. It stains her dress and load after load keeps spurting out of me. It’s more than I’ve ever cum, *ever*, by at least five times.

“There’s *so much*...” Estelle oohs and ahhs. “You’re a superman. You’re *my* superman. Oh my god. How can you cum that much?”

Sophia is no longer frozen. She's obviously cumming from touching my seed all over her body, and she touches it at will. Rubs it into her body like lotion. Ripping at her dress, revealing her naked tits underneath. She coats each tit with my cum individually, cupping and stroking, tweaking her nipples with cum-dripping fingers. I watch in amazement as slowly the cum seems to be *absorbed* by her skin.

Normally when cum lands on skin, it dries out. Leaves a little patch like old glue.

But on Sophia, it's working like lotion. Moisturizing. Beautifying. Her shin is *shining*.

"Master, please?" she says in that sexy British accent. "Please, may I suck it? You're still hard..."

"Oh, god," Estelle says. "He *is* still hard. How are you *still* hard, baby? You're so strong..."

Estelle is stroking me so long and hard and Sophia has moved so close that Estelle's fingers are slapping into Sophia's lips. Neither seems to mind.

I watch, with some heretofore somehow-untapped reserves of amazement, as my cock *grows* in Estelle's hand.

Growing to accommodate the extra slavecunt I need to fuck.

The thought comes unbidden in my mind, but turned on as I am, it feels right. I continue to watch as Sophia's torso elongates—even kneeling, she's getting *taller* right before my eyes. Her hair is growing longer, blonder, her eyes even bluer. She was already gorgeous; now she's rivaling Estelle.

It's like I don't just get the pick of the litter. I get the pick of the *Brunette* litter and the pick of the *Blonde* litter.

"She's moving," I say, not quite understanding. "You said she was under your control?"

"I'm not under either of their control anymore," says Sophia. "I'm under *your* control. The second your cum touched me, I switched over. It was so much faster than any of the other times."

"Either? Other times?"

I'm confused. Feeling a bit faint. Estelle is so obsessed with stroking my cock and moaning about how marveled she is at its hardness that she's barely paying attention. Her bare pussy convulses constantly with orgasm after orgasm. Her brain is a pleasure machine, for me and for her. I step forward, trying to gain my bearings, but this just shoves my cock right into Sophia's waiting, wet, willing mouth.

I tried so long—so hard—not to do it. Maybe you could say I should have run, got a hotel room, jerked off until I had sorted myself out. Maybe I should have. All I can say is that running away from your lifelong crush transformed into some kind of seductive goddess is not an eventuality my code of ethics had prepared for.

Neither am I prepared for the intensely gratifying wet, patient, eager warmth of Sophia's mouth. I can't describe it, but her mouth fucking *feels* British. Proper. Refined. Elegant. Unabashedly *classist*—a mouth that defines a clear strata of experiences that were allowable and only allows itself the very best and at the top of that pyramid is *me*.

"Oh." I grunt, sliding deep into Sophia's mouth and then her throat. Her esophagus tightens on my cockhead. "Oh, god*damn*."

"*Yesss*," Estelle hisses, pushing on my hips to fuck her face deeper. "Feel what you *Deserve*, Master."

I can't stop now. It feels too good.

What follows is not so much a blowjob as it is me fucking the hell out of Sophia's face. She loves it—moaning through her mouthful of cock and constantly cumming on the floor beneath me. Her cunt honeys the carpet, making it sticky and wet in a huge puddle.

Estelle attaches herself more firmly to my side.

She's popping her foot like we're having our first kiss at the end of a romantic comedy and giggling and exulting and grinding her hot tiny cunt against my hip. Her tits leak milk all over my bicep and run down my body into Sophia's face, so the blond beauty is tasting milk and precum at the same time.

I'm gripping Sophia's hair in some impromptu pigtails, forcing her mouth up and down my cock in the same motion as you might use a rowing machine. Sophia's eyes burn with reverent obedience, so happy to be used like this.

Estelle gets the idea that I'll cum faster if I look at her face—and she's right. She kneels down in front of me and next to Sophia. Clamping her body onto Sophia's. Wrapping her naked, milk-leaking tits around Sophia's head—enveloping her like an airplane pillow—and then holding tight to my hips. Even if Sophia wanted to get away, she couldn't. I push my hips back, relishing Sophia's perfect plush posh lips sliding down my cock, and then Estelle—giggling madly and staring at me with her perfect, arrogant face—pulls my hips back in.

I can't take it. Holy shit, I can't take it. It's a thousand erotic dreams come true all at once.

"I have to cum," I groan, hands shaking on top of Sophia's skull.

They moan enthusiastically.

"*Yes*, Master." Estelle starts fucking Sophia's skull against my cock faster, harder. "Do it, Master. Cum in your new slave. *Claim* her. Claim her *forever*."

Her heavy tits slip and slide around Sophia's head with every stroke, push, and pull. She's raking her teeth against the side of Sophia's head in her lust. I lose all control, fucking with abandon, my hands running against both of their faces, their hair, their shoulders.

"Yeah...yeah, *fuck* yeah..."

I explode with passion down Sophia's throat. It's even more than last time—and last time was more than I had ever cum before. I can feel it pumping, pulsing down her throat, load after load, shot after shot of pure alpha male seed fucking her up.

Her eyes get glassy and wide. She stops responding, stops moving. Worried, I pull out but keep cumming, and Estelle is right there with her mouth suckling tight around my head and shaft.

Sophia falls to the ground, trembling and quaking in constant orgasm. Her body shifts and changes, more than before, becoming subtly longer and tighter and thinner and bustier.

Suddenly, there's another voice in the room.

"And just *what* do you think you're doing with *my* slave?"

OKAY, LOOK—I KNOW I'VE said this a lot today.

I know that it's probably losing meaning at this point.

But the woman who just showed up in my room?

Who just fucking—*appeared*—out of nowhere telling me to get my hands off of Sophia?

All right. She is, without exaggeration, and with *full understanding* that I keep fucking saying this, the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

It's a completely different type of beauty than Estelle's or Sophia's. Maybe that's my problem. I'm trying to identify them in terms of the *quantity* of their beauty but it's really more about different *varieties* of beauty.

Estelle is like the ideal version of an All-American girl. Sun-kissed skin. Classically shaped nose, clinically sharp jawline, bright green eyes, thick brunette hair.

When I see Sophia, I think queen. Like, Queen of England, or Queen of some fantasy realm in a thousand-page book about orcs and sorcerers. She's regal, sophisticated, and classy. Blond. Porcelain skin. Defined cheekbones, soft lips, arching brow.

This new woman, whoever she is, is like an Amazonian Empress. Tall. Perfectly bronze skin. Amazing ab musculature. Brilliantly long, thick, flowing hair that wraps all the way down to her ankles in locks and waves. Like a mermaid's hair; it floats somehow around her body in a wild, sexy perfectly-arranged bed-head mess. Her hair is so long that the sheer clothing she's wearing—which there is not much of, some clingy white triangle panties and a similarly clingy, tight sheer white crop top—is only accentuated by her hair as if it were almost part of the outfit.

"F-fuck," I groan, seeing her.

My Cock—and yeah, I've been capitalizing it; it's really making a name for itself lately—is at full attention at seeing this beauty in my room. I see her and want to fuck. I don't think *anyone* could not *want* to fuck her, male or female. She's sensuality incarnate.

"I'll ask again," she says coolly, staring pure hate at me. "What. The *fuck*. Do you think. You're doing. With *my. Slave?*"

"Fucking her and taking her for himself, obviously."

That's Estelle, who has unlatched her mouth from my Cock and is now kneeling and hugging one leg, like the love interest on the cover of a smutty adventure novel.

The Amazonian Goddess sneers. "How *dare* you."

"I'm sorry, Lilith..." Sophia moans from the ground, crawling up to all fours. "He's so, *so* good..."

"Look." I hold up my hands. "I'm confused. I don't know how any of this is happening. Maybe we can all just talk this out and come to some kind of understanding—"

"Understand *this*," says Lilith, holding out a hand. "*Kneel*."

I feel an urge to. I can feel *something* pushing its weight on me. Is this what I'm doing to Estelle without knowing?

But of course I don't. I don't have to—I'm just feeling the desire to remotely. It's becoming more remote over time, like I'm building an

immunity.

"I said, *kneel*."

Again I feel an urge—but it's even less than before.

She looks frustrated now. Not used to not having her way.

"You're lucky I'm not there in person. I would have you cumming until you died, begging to say my name."

I can see now that there is some kind of ethereal nature to her presence; a tinge of soft purple light around her form. She's projecting her image somehow, like a hologram, except I've never seen a hologram that had anywhere near this kind of fidelity.

I don't know who she is entirely. I can make a few guesses. A mistress of some kind to Sophia.

I try to pull some threads together. Estelle—in the clothing store—found Sophia and took control of her. Somehow that went unnoticed by Lilith. Maybe because of Estelle's sex? No problem with a female controlling another female? Maybe Estelle's control is less permanent than mine?

Whatever it was, when *my* control hit Sophia in full force—when I came down her hot young throat and claimed her for my own—alarms went ringing in Lilith's head. She tracked Sophia through whatever link they had, and here she is now, staring me down.

This is a best guess, but from what I've seen so far, it makes the most sense. Now—why would Lilith have these powers? I don't fucking now—why would Estelle? Why would I?

If mind-controlling gorgeous women into beautifully hypnotizing fuckslaves is on the table, I'm not really going to rule much else out.

I'm a little mad at Lilith, honestly. I'm happy to talk this out. Come to some kind of solution or arrangement. But her first instinct is so fucking hostile that she wants to take over my entire life!

And yeah—*yes*, okay. I've done that to Estelle. And to Sophia. But I think you'll agree there were some rather extenuating circumstances with both of them. They'll be the end of *any* slavemaking by me, I swear.

Even if Lilith is *fucking* gorgeous, goddamn.

"No," I say. "Sophia, come here."

Sophia attends me immediately. I grab her and push her down on the bed.

"You think I'm going to say your name? That I'm going to *beg* you?"

Estelle can hear the anger in my voice. The defiance. "Oh fuck."

I can *smell* Estelle's lust double-down. I spread Sophia's legs wide—she's very flexible—until they're at a complete split. Her face is upside down to the image of Lilith in my room.

"How do you like this?"

I enter Sophia's slick, hot cunt. She's so fucking *tight* for me.

She's a *virgin*, I realize. A fresh acquisition for Lilith. She's maybe licked her or been licked by her—but nothing intense enough to break her cherry like I'm doing now.

And of course—if she's the lesbian slave of a lesbian mistress...she's definitely not on birth control. Even if she was for other reasons? The way my cum transformed her body and mine means birth control means about as much to me now as a fly in a hurricane.

Sophia's vaginal walls clench down on my Cock like they were made for it. In reality, of course, they were *re-made* for it, built in reception to my image.

"How do you like me fucking your slave? How the fuck do you like that?"

Sophia moans my name, calls me Master. She's cumming nonstop. Estelle slides up against my body, almost riding me, pushing me into Sophia. Filling my ear with filthy shit.

"Teach her a lesson. Make her pay. Make her *know*. Give her a preview. Show what the fuck she's going to *get* whether she likes it or *not*."

Hot, insane, filthy shit. Estelle is such a vixen.

Lilith sputters for a few moments, clearly considering telling me to stop. But she knows now that she can't stop me.

"I'll find out where you are," she says. "And who you are. And I'll make you pay."

"Do whatever you like." I cling Sophia's heavy tits to my chest. "I'll still have fucked the shit out of this premium blond pussy."

She sneers. "You're a pig."

The lust is overtaking me. Delusion of grandeur hitting hard. I can't stop what I'm saying, what I'm feeling. Fucking this blond beauty with Estelle urging and cooing me on, mocking the Amazonian goddess with the rude look on her face. I feel possessed by some otherworldly force.

"I'm going to find *you*," I announce. "I'm going to take *you*."

"Yes!" Estelle moans.

"You can't do a *thing* to stop me."

Estelle is beside herself. “She can't!”

“I'm going to break apart your whole. Fucking. World. You got that bitch?”

“Yes!” I can feel Estelle's trembling, cumming cunt vibrate against my hip. She's wet enough to lubricate a luge. “You fucking *bitch*! Have you got that? You want to *fuck* with *my* Man? *Fuck* you!”

Without another word, Lilith waves a hand and disappears.

I'm the one beside myself now. Talking that hot shit has my blood up and Sophia's premium pussy is too perfect to deny—I need to get this gorgeous babe as fucking *pregnant* as *possible*.

“Fucking *bitch*,” says Estelle. “*Fuck* her. *Fuck* her.”

I don’t know if she means Lilith or Sophia. Doesn’t matter. I’ll fuck them both.

I continue to fuck Sophia, thrusting in and out. I look down at her for the first time since we’ve started and see the absolute bliss coating her face. Her eyes are blank, her mouth coated with hot drool. Her tight walls clench and pulse in a constant state of orgasm from my huge Cock pushing on her delectably present g-spot.

“Cum, Daddy,” Estelle moans. “Cum in her. Please? Please *cum* in her, Master. Oh fucking *cum* in her, please, please cum...please cum...please *cum*...”

I have to oblige her. My balls lift and empty, filling Sophia with virile seed. There's so much of it that it overflows her tight entrance and leaks all over my sheets. Estelle leans over and starts to lap up the excess.

What a good girl. What a dream girl.

After several moments, I pull out of Sophia and look around. My Cock is finally softening somewhat after three big loads in a row.

My sanity returns to me. I just talked shit to someone who can fucking astral project into my room from probably *miles* away? What the fuck was I thinking? I need to resolve this situation peacefully. I need to work it out somehow.

Why do I have these powers? Why does Estelle? What was it about her and me getting together that activated this whole mess?

“Estelle,” I say. She knows more than anyone else about this I know. “Estelle, we have to talk.”

But Estelle has disappeared.

Harem Maker – The Gym Bunny

We have to pull over so Sophia can suck me off. My Cock is just too big and there's too much of me—all hard muscle and thick bulk—for her to fit her head around the steering wheel comfortably.

As it is, I'm still face-fucking her against the dashboard with her entire tiny, light, toned, tall body wrapped as hard against me as possible.

"Is that comfortable?" I ask, bouncing her head around. "You all right?"

She moans something, and attempts to move her mouth off my Cock. Unacceptable.

"Nevermind," I sigh. "I don't care."

My hips, powerful and thick, are automatic thrusting machines. The positioning here is all awkward. I should be having lower back pain, tightness in my shoulders, some kind of crick in my neck. Instead I'm beautifully, artistically fucking the most gorgeous blonde I've ever seen anywhere—models, big screen, little screen, internet, *anywhere*—and slamming her head so hard against the dashboard of my cheap-shit car that I'll probably have to beat the shit out of some mechanic to get it repaired. God knows I can't afford it.

Fuck it. Maybe I'll just take the nice car of some little fucking *pussy* just because I can. If they can't keep it from me, they don't deserve it anyway.

I keep having thoughts like that. Macho thoughts. Thoughts about fucking up dudes who look at my girls and fucking up the minds of girls who look at me.

As Sophia's mouth suckles down my shaft, her tight throat clenching my cockhead like a cunt, hot drool splattering all over the interior, it's not hard to imagine why.

I deserve stuff. Doing this to Sophia, in her teeny tight cut-off shorts and dusted-white knit crop-top. She took the outfit from my adopted sister, Sally. Sally wore it in middle school; the fit is ridiculously tiny and therefore ridiculously hot on Sophia. The size must be XXXS and there's still a good half-inch of room for Sophia's waist.

Pumping, groaning, I empty down Sophia's throat. Fuck, she's so hot. She swallows all of it with aplomb and moans as it slides down her throat.

When she finally pulls off, full, I spray a few more shots and smear the windshield. Sophia adjusts her immaculate blond hair and stares at my load, salivating.

I think I'm the only meal she's had in a day or two. That's fucking hot too. I should be the only thing she swallows. I'm her fucking *man*.

Thinking like that almost gets me going again, but then I look at the window, see where we are.

In the parking lot at the gym where I work. A few people have walked by, staring. Seeing the spray across the window that Sophia's licking up now.

We have to go in. We have to stop Estelle—Estelle who is, I think, probably trying to gather more slaves for me.

More slaves like Sophia—who has become tighter, sexier, and bustier than she ever would have been before the second my cum entered her body. Who is now completely enraptured with me and worships the ground I walk on—who is rocking a shorts, heels, and crop top combo so fucking well that I'm pretty sure she's going to be arrested for being too fucking hot the second a cop sees her. Then I'll beat the shit out of the cop just because I can and because I think it'll turn her hot bimbo body on.

In the last couple of days, I've become something I used to not be.

"Do you think we have time for one more?"

Beautiful, blond, British Sophia stares at me, absolute adoration in her sparkling blue eyes. My Cock stands at attention.

I'm trying really hard to think all this is a bad thing.

RIGHT INSIDE THE GYM, I see Estelle talking with my boss, Vanessa. We have a little office set-up right next to the front window across from the blender stand where people order smoothies. There's this weird green light show coming out of Estelle's eyes, reflecting back out from Vanessa's eyes.

"Goddammit, Estelle. Cut it out!"

How the fuck am I going to afford a bunch of slaves? That's what I keep coming back to—the practicalities of it. There's other issues, to be sure. Other issues *somewhere*. I know there's some moral problem with it; something *wrong* about having a slave.

But with Sophia in her tight soaked-as-fuck jean shorts grinding against my body, tall heels clicking in time next to me, that kind of problem is

harder and harder to think about.

Ever since I fucked Sophia in front of Lilith last night. That was the real shifting point for me. Something turned off in my brain—or maybe on? I don't know.

But I stopped so much being bothered by it being *wrong* to own slaves.

I'm big as fuck and strong and hard all the fucking time and I'm a fucking *man.* I should have a slave or two to take care of this giant monster I got. I'm made for fucking and breeding and *fucking people up*.

But goddamn, Estelle is just hypnotizing people left and right, and it's got to stop. It's too much work to clean up her messes all day.

The second I finished fucking Sophia the first time, Estelle was gone. I figured right away she was leaving to do what she'd done before that made me so happy—because I was clearly happy banging the brains out of Sophia. That's Estelle's modus operandi.

I knew it, and I knew I should go after her right away. The thing is...my Cock doesn't really get *soft* anymore. I've been kind of slow to figure that out. So while I was waiting for it to go down, I thought I'd cuddle some with Sophia. Only, she's a statuesque version of a statuesque blonde and her silky-soft thighs wrapped around my Cock to adore me and pretty soon I was hard again and...well.

Several hours later, as morning came 'round, I finally started the search for Estelle, stopping every ten minutes or so to screw Sophia's brains out in the car. I'm really becoming fond of her. She's so fucking sexy and eager and that British accent of hers really gets me going every time.

"Master!" Estelle says happily, rushing to meet me.

She's had an outfit change since last I've seen her. She's sporting a pair of skimpy black workout shorts and a tight black and pink sports bra, pairing *that* with six-inch stilettos that have no place in a gym. Even so, she prances in them like some sexy combination of supermodel and gymnast. Honestly, none of this outfit belongs in public—it looks more like lingerie than a workout outfit.

It's hot as fuck. She even has her hair done up in a loose low pony, spare strands of it hanging down to "accidentally" frame her gorgeous face. Does she know that turns me on like crazy? Probably. She seems to know everything else that makes me hard.

I take her by the ass and clench her hard into my body, digging my thumb into her throat and chin. Fuck, it feels good to kiss her. It feels like

home. I had a crush on her for so long and now she's so *thrilled* to see me and it feels so good. Our tongues meld. She tastes like strawberries. My cock erupts in precum, leaving a wet kiss on her belly through my shorts.

"Oh, Master...I missed you."

"Estelle." I put a finger to her lips. She kisses it. "I told you to stop with the hypnosis. Didn't I?"

"You said no more girls from the clothing store." She shrugs. "So I *went* to the clothing store for some items...but then I came right here."

"Okay." I nod, a little relieved. "You came here. No other stops."

She shakes her head. "None, Master."

"Perfect. So all we have to deal with is Vanessa?"

She smiles. "Yes, Master. Just her and all the others."

"Great." I stop. "Wait. What others?"

She points to the other end of the gym where a big crowd has congregated. "Them, Master. There's a computer database with pictures, and using that, and Vanessa, I managed to call all the sexiest ones who weren't here already with a lie about a prize drawing."

"A prize?"

"I said they won ten thousand dollars, and the second they came through the door I fucked up their brain so they would obey me and want to fuck their Master. Who, they don't know yet, is *definitely* you."

"Estelle." I shake my head. "There's like...twenty girls over there."

They were in a circle. I couldn't see them clearly except to note that they were all in skimpy athletic wear. And heels. All of them in high heels. Christ.

She went to the clothing store for "some items."

"Twenty-eight, Master. And Vanessa, Sophia, and me make thirty-one. A nice Prime number for my Prime man."

Vanessa struggles nearby. "Marcus is...Master?"

Estelle ruffles her hair. Not in a playful way. Like a bully messing with her victim. It's really hot.

"Poor thing. Do you want to take pity on her and give her a taste of Your Cock? She won't feel right until she has it."

"C-Cock..." Vanessa mumbles, staring at me with big blue eyes.

"Estelle, we can't do this. You can't do this. No more slaves, all right? No more mindless, bimbo-brained idiots who think of nothing but Cock."

"Why not?"

“Because...”

The words *it’s wrong* nearly left my mouth, but then I remembered about how fucking good and amazing and *right* it feels to fuck Sophia.

“Because it’s *inconvenient*,” I snap. “Thirty-one girls? They have to fucking *eat*, Estelle. They have to pay for things. They have to be *put* somewhere.” I’m talking about them like they’re puppies. Or barrels of oil. “I can’t just have them sleep in the gym and live on whatever cum I *remember* to give them after you’ve had your share.”

She likes that—likes knowing that she’d get first choice of cum. Which, of course, she would. Estelle might be annoying me a bit, but she’s hot as fuck and she’s the girl of my dreams. I’m not fucking *anyone* before her. A real man has to let his girl feel safe like that. And Estelle, no matter what else she is, is *my girl* first.

“They’re not all idiots,” she says, smiling. “I’m not *that* stupid. None of us, are, really. Vanessa just kind of seems that way because not having your Cock, ever, is shorting her system. Think of it like...um...like a new phone, okay? She has to be charged up first before we can use her. Until then, she’s just a dumb brick.” Estelle pinches her cheek. “Aren’t you, sweetie?”

“Yes, Mistress. Dumb brick.”

Vanessa’s eyes still focus entirely on me, mouth open, drooling. Yesterday, she was a competent business-owning woman. One who I sent to the bathroom to jill herself off because of my new, growing Cock. Another mystery on the docket, whenever I feel like solving it—why the fuck is my body changing so much? What’s *causing* all of this? I know it all began when Estelle and I fucked for the first time...but why?

I’m so caught up with managing it that the *why* of the situation seems beyond me.

Estelle kisses my ear. “Do you want to give her a taste or the girls over there? There are other girls like *way, way* hotter than her over there. There’s one, Rita Diaz...”

“The instagram model? Christ.”

Rita is ultra-fit, ultra-peppy, and constantly snobby about what good shape she’s in compared to other girls in the gym. If Estelle truly hypnotized her for me...fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Besides Estelle, Rita is the girl I've had the hardest crush on in my life. Something about her snobby, attention-demanding attitude really does it for me. I don't want to bring her down a peg. I just want all that attention-

neediness to be centered around me. Still posing, still taking endless selfies, still obsessed with her body...but entirely because she needs to make my Cock happy.

God, that makes me harder than ever. Rita is a brunette with a killer frame—she turned down a few sponsorships because she makes more money on her own with her video channel and gram posts—and constantly wears new, hot, more revealing clothing to sell products to women who wish they could look half as good as her.

Estelle wraps her long arms around me. Her green eyes glow—actually glow, burning bright green for a moment, as the intensity of her passion shines through.

"Listen, darling. I know you're a bit hesitant. And I *know* I overdid it a little." Sophia strokes my Cock over my shorts. Vanessa is whimpering that she can't do the same. "But you're *God* to me. And I wanted to show God that I worship him like he deserves. I know that fucking the minds of all those young, tight, gorgeous, fertile, fit girls was a bit overkill...but it was for you. And I don't know how to *un*fuck their minds, do you?"

I shake my head.

"And you're *so* smart and good. If *you* don't know, I don't think it's possible. So, you're right. A moratorium on new slaves...and let's enjoy the ones you have. Please, Master?"

Fuck. She's right.

WHEN I WALK OVER, I see what they're crowding around. There's one guy left in the gym—a truly ripped specimen of a man named Hendricks. He's short but built like a brick shithouse—biceps the size of his head, a barrel chest, and all the over-medicated back acne that his kind of build and muscle pre-supposes.

Yesterday, he pushed me to the ground and Vanessa let him walk away with it unpunished. No suspending of his membership, no anything like that.

My blood is up; I'm angry the second I see him.

He's at the bench, lifting one eighty-five. He pumps it up and down like it's nothing but the bar. Really strong dude. The girls around him react with interest but it's all fading fast.

Their eyes light up when they see me. At the front of their pack is undoubtedly Rita Diaz. Like the rest of them, her body is on display in skintight spandex. Ass-revealing shorts, the fabric clinging to her tight crack and showing off the dimples of her cheeks, a tight sports-bra that may as well be sold at I.D. Sarrieri, and tall high heels.

She's like a beach bunny, yoga hottie, gym stunner, and runway model rolled into one unbelievably sexy fit package. Her outfit is orange and white, like sherbet; the length of her hair stretches all the way down her back. Her dark blue eyes smolder; I know she's got a thing for ultra-muscular guys. I see her flirting with them all the time.

It only hits me after a minute that her eyes are smoldering at *me* and that *I'm* an ultra-muscular guy now. Sophia and Estelle both giggle and moan, feeling my Cock jump under the comforting, warm touch of their constant pawing.

Hendricks racks his weights and sits up, eyeing me up and down.

"This is the fucking guy, huh?"

Estelle whispers into my ear. "I left him alone because I wanted to give you some fun."

Then she addresses Hendricks. "That's right. The contest still on?"

"Shit yeah. I just been getting warmed up. Hey, hot bitches? Take off that twenty-five there and put on another couple of plates. I'm gonna show this pussy what's what."

"Contest?" I ask Estelle. "What contest?"

She shrugs. "A weight-lifting contest. To see who should own this harem."

"I thought you mindfucked them all for *me*."

She gives me a wicked smile. "I did. But if you're not the strongest man around...maybe we shouldn't belong to you?"

Oh, she's gonna fucking *pay* for that. And from the look she's giving me, she knows it.

Hendricks does a quick few leaps up and down the bench, building up a sweat, and drops down beneath the bar.

"No spot! I fucking *own* this shit!"

The bar is 45 pounds, so with three plates on either side, he's got 315 total. He lets out a guttural roar and lifts it up. In quick succession, he reps out five, and then pulls himself up.

“How the fuck about that, motherfucker?” He jams his fingers into my chest. “How about *that*?”

I cross my arms and look down at him. Yesterday we would have been the same height. Now I’m nearly a foot above him. It's no wonder he doesn't recognize me.

“That all you got?”

“All I got? All I *got*? Load another another two plates on there. Both sides!”

That’s four hundred and ninety five pounds. His arms are short; this gives him an advantage in weight lifting. More densely packed muscle; less distance to move from place to place. He was warming up with one eighty-five; yesterday, that was my max.

So why am I feeling so confident?

Fuck if I know. But it’s clearly making Estelle swoon, so I keep it up.

“That’s a pussy weight,” I snap. “If you’re not breaking five hundred, don’t waste my time.”

He stops dead in his tracks and snaps at the girls loading the weights. Hesitation pulls across his features ever-so-slightly.

“Two more, then. Make it five-fifty.”

I lean into Estelle’s ear and slide my hand up between her cheeks, index and middle fingers resting into her pussy. “I think I’ll curl with that later.”

Immediately I feel her gush, her cunt wettening all over my fingers.

“Oh, *shit*.” She pushes hard into my body, my fingers.

The girls around her look at her jealousy. She soaks it up, smiling and sneering at the same time.

Hendricks takes time with this set—he’s maxing out. The bar bounces up off his chest and he struggles for a few seconds before heroically finishing without a spot.

“Match *that*, motherfucker.”

He sits up, out of breath.

“No.”

“No?” He puts his hands up. “How about that, girls? He says no. Y’all ready for a real man?”

I wait for him to leave and then nod at Vanessa to wipe down the bench. I don’t want any of his stink on me. She does so, staring at me mindlessly, needily the whole time. Then I nod at the weight-racking girls—Natalie and

Genevieve, who I ogled yesterday. I count the plates quickly—there's the bar, and then seven plates on either side.

"Another plate on either side."

Hendricks snorts. "Whatever man. Your funeral. That's pretty much the world record."

I sit down under the bar, looking up at the ceiling. Heavy tits leaning in all around me. Rita twirls her hair around one finger. Biting her lips. I see the wet patch forming in her spandex.

"Hey man," says Hendricks. "We don't gotta do this. You're gonna kill yourself. It's just pussy. Give up now and I'll throw you a bone for being a good sport."

What a fucking *coward*. Yellow-bellied motherfucker. Giving up a premium piece of pussy to a fucking *competitor*? Now I *have* to destroy him.

I lift the weight with a surprising ease. It hops out of my palms for a second and then thunders back down. My arms stay firm. The weight goes down and up, clean and easy. Then I do it again.

Estelle moans. Rita squeals delightedly. I like those sounds.

So I do it fifteen more times and then rack it.

When I sit up, Hendricks is looking at me like I'm not human. I'm probably not. I'm something more. I don't even feel the burn in my chest.

"More," I say.

I hear them chunking the weight on.

"H-hey man...listen..."

"Sir."

"What?"

"Call me *Sir*, you fucking pussy."

He gulps. "Listen. Sir. I...I don't want any trouble."

"Don't move." I turn to Natalie and Genevieve. "*More*."

They bite their lips, obviously dripping from their tiny virgin cunts. I can *smell* that they're virgins. Putting themselves on display here at the gym, waiting for *just* the right guy to pop their cherries. Someone strong. I love seeing the shape of their legs as their knees knock together with their tall heels.

Natalie shrugs. "We put on all the weight we could find..."

They did. The bar is bending, packed to the end with forty-five pound plates. There's ten on either side. That's close to a thousand pounds.

Let's send it over.

"You," I snap at Sophia. "And you." Estelle. "Sit on the bar. Don't fall off."

"*Yes*, Master."

They answer in unison. It's the first time some of the girls have heard the term "Master" used on me. I can hear the excitement rippling around the crowd; they all agree it's an amazing name for the specimen of man they're seeing now.

Sophia and Estelle pop up on either side of the barbell, crossing one long leg over the other and posing beautifully. Their hot, wet, pussies drip down onto the weights, making them shine.

I get down underneath it, lift it with authority, and send it popping down and then up. Sophia and Estelle giggle delightedly. When I send the bar up, they float up to the ceiling for a moment before settling back down.

It barely feels heavier than the last load. I should be tiring out; I shouldn't be able to lift anywhere *near* this much. My form is heavily, densely muscled. Packed with muscle. Completely *ripped*. But the kind of muscle *this* kind of lifting needs, I shouldn't even be able to move my *arms* I would be so thickly built. I would need hydraulics.

And yet I'm still lithe, nimble, and flexible.

"Rita," I bark, still lifting.

"Y-yes, Master!"

She sounds fucking *nervous*. The insta model who competed with Estelle for number one position in my masturbatory fantasies up until today.

"Why the fuck aren't you riding my Cock?"

"I-I-I-"

That's fun. Making her stutter; making her squirm. I fucking *run* her.

"Come ride my fucking Cock, babe."

In three seconds flat, my gym shorts are pulled down to my ankles and her plush, happy, earnest, eager pussy wraps around my cockhead. I sit up with the weight against my chest—my abs are just as strong as the rest of me, apparently—and transition it over around my shoulders so I can watch Rita work. Estelle and Sophia hold on for dear-life—if they fall, it's on them, not me.

She's reverse-cowgirl positioned on me, her nails digging into my thighs. The folds of her pussy are brilliantly wet. Watching me lift was the best foreplay of her life, I already know.

“O-oh my god!” she moans.

She’s cumming, I can feel it. Her walls tremble around my manhood. Her entire body vibrates with pleasure, her tight, fit fucking instagram braggy-bitch spoiled-rotten form throttled with an orgasm so hard I’m rewriting her entire history. Estelle said it was like that—like spending a thousand lifetimes inside a void where all she knew was the thought of service to my Cock. That's what Rita is experiencing now—an echo-chamber of orgasmic pleasure and service.

She keeps slamming up and down my Cock. I can see my reflection in the mirror—can see her self-obsessed gaze staring at herself, staring at me. She loves this—loves how fucking hot her tits look as they bounce, how brilliantly dense my body is built.

I’m still repping out, shoulder presses, with Estelle and Sophia on the bar. Lifting high and hard and with even time—controlled motions—as Rita rides up and down on my Cock. I’m just showing off now.

This is entirely ridiculous and I don’t fucking care.

I run this gym. I do what the fuck I want. I’m the fucking *man* around here.

All the girls are chanting for me.

“Master! Master! Master! Master!”

Like cheerleaders. So hot, so good.

Rita twists her tight, busty form around, continuing to slide up and down my Cock with her tight pussy-grip.

“I-I love you,” she whispers softly. “I didn’t think I would ever love anyone. But I-I-I...”

I’m a romantic, what can I say? That kind of thing really hits me hard. I’ll look at hot babes in lingerie and high heels all day long, but it just doesn’t do anything for me if I don’t feel some kind of connection.

Without really trying, I toss the weight back to the bench. I put down a fist to keep the thousand-plus pounds from hopping upward. Goddamn, I’m *strong*. Estelle and Sophia giggle delightedly from their short trip through the air and clap their hands. Of course they landed with easy balance.

“You love me, huh?”

She nods, her lips shuddering into mine. I take complete hold of her now, hands roaming her body at will. She’s still shivering with orgasm, with hot wet need that drips down her pussy and all across my balls. Estelle takes up position on one shoulder, massaging it with her heavy tits, looking at me

and Rita with the nearby mirror. Steaming hot milk starts to drip from her nipples; she adjusts her bra slightly to let it pour all over my biceps and deltoids.

"What if I don't love you? What if I only love Estelle here?"

Estelle giggles with delight at that; loves being superior.

Rita whimpers. "Will you keep fucking me?"

I slap her lightly across the face. It would be enough to crack a two-by-four; because my Cock is in her, it just reddens her face.

"I'll do whatever the fuck I want with you."

"I'm n-not on birth control..."

I slap her again. Harder this time.

"The fuck do you think I care about that? I'll do. Whatever. The Fuck. I want. With you."

She smiles indulgently. "Then I don't care. Just so long as you do what you want. As long as you're happy."

This bitch doesn't even know my fucking *name*.

And yet I look in her eyes and see real, actual, complete total abandon and love.

She's ready to get fucking *pregnant* from me.

Fuck, that's hot.

"Are you going to bless her, Master?" Sophia asks.

It's a serious question; the most serious one she knows. She's taken up position just like Estelle, tits dripping, massaging and moaning and kissing. But in her eyes is the glint of hard, earned steel of the FirstFucked.

Estelle might have been the first girl I fucked. And the first girl I fucked as an AlphaBeast, or whatever I am now. But, I didn't know it at the time.

It was Sophia who I fucked first knowing what I really am. It was fucking Sophia when I figured out what I am—what I care about, what I *deserve*.

Sophia will always be special to me because of that. She knows it—and she has *strong* feelings about who does and doesn't deserve my cum. If I decide a girl does, that's *huge* to Sophia. That's *life-altering*. That resets her whole balance. Not in a bad way—just in a "new state of the world" way. It's like a presidential election for her.

"Are you going to bless her with your cum?" Sophia asks again.

It will change entirely how Sophia reacts to this situation. If I'm not going to cum in Rita, it doesn't matter how *objectively* hot she is. Sophia

will push her the fuck off and replace her with herself or Estelle.

I'm really taken care of by my girls.

I act like I don't know the answer already.

"I don't know. Rita, what do you think? Do you *deserve* my cum?"

"Don't be bashful," Estelle warns. "Don't be modest. He doesn't like that."

"You don't have to *help* her," says Sophia. "She should *know*."

Estelle shrugs. "The ends justify the means, babe." She kisses my ear and cheek. "Master *likes* snobby girls..."

"*Fuck* yes, I deserve his cum." Rita doesn't have to be told twice. "I deserve it *way* more than any of other fucking schlubs here."

I like that, and she can tell. I'm pounding up into her harder than before —easy to do when you're as strong as me—and gripping her tight body harder.

"You came right for me," she says, her voice tinged with gasps, orgasm, and pleasure. "Came *right, right* for me. And now you'll *cum* in me because it's what I deserve. You didn't even *look* at them. Just your two girls and me. That's what you wanted. That's what you *fucking* deserve."

"Keep going," says Sophia. She's melting on Rita. She *likes* her. "Tell him more. More of what he *deserves*."

Rita flashes her a quick, devilish smile.

"He deserves to get me fucking *pregnant*," Ritas moans. "Fucking knock me up, Master. Please? Make your pregnant harem bitch. Make me *so* super fucking ultra pregnant for you. Please, Master? Give me your babies...give me your seed!"

I grab her hair and then her throat, positioning her face just so. "Look in the mirror. Fucking *look* at you."

She does and so do I. What we see is nearly beyond my comprehension. A nineteen-out-of-ten beauty riding the massive Cock of a musclebound giant flanked by two tall, thin, busty Amazons dripping milk down his arms and chest. This is a picture I might order as a commission off of deviant art.

There's more than a little disassociation. Just seeing it makes me surge up into Rita and spill a heavy load of precum from my steel-hard shaft. It's not until I see her reflection react, feel the moans purring up from her body, that I really start to see the giant in the reflection as me.

The new me. The better me. The alpha me.

Fucking Rita like this—granting her my cum—will make her special like Estelle and Sophia are special.

Estelle—who unlocked this power, somehow.

Sophia—who showed me who I am.

Rita—who was the first one I took when I knew I could have *anyone*.

I can't hold back any longer. Taking Rita hard by the throat, I slam her up and down on my Cock, almost wresting complete power away from her as I fuck my Cock with her gorgeous young body.

"Yes," Estelle and Sophia moan in unison. "*Yes*, yes, *yes*, yes, *yes*..."

Rita joins in with them. All the girls do—fingering themselves, dropping to their knees, glistening with sweat and need. Most of them in hot, dripping puddles of their own creation as they cum again and again watching me fuck another girl. A better girl. The girl I deserve.

I empty into Rita's body, cumming harder than I knew I could. All that unprotected seed. Her fertile young cunt. She's probably got *triplets*.

The rocketing force of my cum pushes her light body off my Cock slightly and when she squirms to stay on and readjust I end up cumming another, faster, harder load—only this time she manages to squeeze herself tight and stay on completely. I can feel her pussy clamping, squeezing, working to hold in as much cum as possible. She wants it all for herself.

Greedy little cunt. I like that.

MY HEAD RETURNS TO me a few minutes after I empty into Rita. I take my Cock out of her—much to her moaning, whimpering chagrin, and survey the surroundings.

It *feels* like there's a fog in the air even though there isn't really. A miasma of my musk. I think everything and everyone in here is permeated by it.

That includes all the new girls, most of whom I don't even know the names of. I look at them each one by one, walking by them. Estelle takes her place by my side. It's invigorating—and Cock-hardening—to watch her inspect the girls. She puts them in position. She turns their heads this way and that, holding them by the chin. Checks their teeth.

They—according to her—have to be kneeling, with tits up, palms down, face up, eyes down. She slaps one who doesn't get it right away and the rest

quickly fall in line. I walk by a lot of drooling mouths; my Cock is out and still hard. I'm always fucking hard. I'm a real man.

We stop at one redhead and Estelle leans in, tugging the spandex around her waist.

"This is awfully tight for a size S," she says. "You need to be able to fit into an XXS post-haste, or expect your membership to be canceled."

The girl's eyes immediately begin to well up with tears. "Please..." she says. "Y-you wouldn't. I broke up with my boyfriend to be here, like you told me to, a-and..."

"That was just to make you *eligible*," sneers Estelle, "And eligibility is no guarantee of *membership*. Wouldn't you agree, Master?"

I grip her ass hard, showing my pleasure. "Yes."

"You see? Master has spoken. Lose some of that hip fat, honey. And maybe we'll see if Daddy wants to make you special."

She does something then that really surprises me—both in that she does it and how much it fucking turns me on. She pinches the redhead's cheek. Like the way that a bad aunt pinches the cheek of some dirty, troublesome child. It's so fucking hot to see Estelle do it—who is probably younger than the redhead—and keep it there long enough to twist and wrench the skin a bit. It's going to leave a mark. Fuck that—it's probably going to leave a bruise.

"You just have to learn to stop stuffing that mouth of yours!"

Estelle giggles, an evil, delighted sound. Self-obsessed. Vain. Not caring for the way she just humiliated the redhead.

I have to stop, grab her, and kiss her deep. My Cock surges against her tight young belly and I very nearly cum. Her skin is so soft. I hold her tight—hold her so fucking tight that I have to think she feels like I'll never let go—and work my jaw into hers as we kiss.

"I love you, babe."

She looks at me with big, wet, teary worshipful eyes. "Th-that's the first time you've said that to me. I love you *so* much. I feel like I always have. I know I haven't really, but that's how it feels."

Rita, nearby, raises her hand. She's already clearly starting to change. The cum that landed on her legs when I pulled out of her has been absorbed completely, so I can only guess that means the same for the rest of the cum that I shot inside her. Her waist is getting thinner; she was already probably just 22 inches around. Her tits are definitely getting heavier, perkier, bigger.

“I love you, too!” she says.

I nod. “I know.”

She swallows that indignity with grace. Next to me, Estelle squirms with the heat of feeling superior, which I love giving her.

“I was watching Estelle adjust them,” Rita says. “How she wants them. How *you* want them. Do you want me to be their trainer? I know fitness and I know what you want.”

I smile. “That’s a good idea, babe. Cum for me.”

“Ungh.”

She drops to her knees at the command, body writhing. To be honest, I didn’t know if I could make her do it just from saying.

“You really are that powerful,” says Estelle. Her voice is reverent, eyes shining liquid love. She loves my power, loves knowing her sphere of influence impacts so heavily upon it.

She gets the best of both worlds—to believe she’s never truly doing anything for herself, and to fuck up the lives of others at will.

The thought of Rita training the girls makes me hard. She’s already cruel and vain and shallow. My cum will transform her. Make her more fit and sexy than ever before. She’ll brag about how easy it is for her to maintain her completely unrealistic figure. Maybe brag about how she can eat anything at all. She’ll deride and sneer at the lower slaves for not living up to her simple standards of 100 calories a day or whatever insanity it is she’ll preach. But the truth is that she’ll only be able to do it because of my Cum.

It’s a system that’s naturally unfair. Naturally built to humiliate. Naturally built to promote the girls already on top and to demean the ones on the bottom.

The pieces of that system are being put together now naturally, like snowflakes gathering into a snowdrift; I see it happening and I fucking like it.

I see Sophia looking on with jealousy. Estelle sees her too. With my fingers buried deep up into her snatch, I can feel—instantly—how wet and hot Sophia’s jealousy makes her. Like turning a faucet from barely on lukewarm to full blast boiling.

“Sorry, babe,” says Estelle, clearly not sorry. “Some of us just...*get it* more than others, you know?”

I like this. A lot. But I also like Sophia.

“Cool it,” I whisper into Estelle’s ear. I don’t want Sophia to hear what I’m saying exactly; I like her having that doubt. “Be nice to your sister.”

Estelle melts. “Sorry, baby.”

I don’t know if she’s talking to me or Sophia, but she pulls Sophia in and starts kissing her heatedly. Their heavy tits rub on and over each other, spilling milk across their hot tight young bodies. Abs glistening from the overheads and the amount of liquid dripping from their tits. My Cock shoved between their joined bodies, running across their sick hip bones. Long nimble fingers run across my knob, polishing and adoring it and both of them crane upward to kiss me.

I take a moment just to enjoy this—the pure scale of the intimate, erotic, audacious display. I’m being worshiped and adored by the two most gorgeous women I’ve ever seen. They’re acting like they’re completely in love with each other, and they probably are, for the sake of earning and worshiping my Cock. They love one another because they know it makes my Cock happy.

Beyond them, Rita makes the rounds with the other girls, making sure they’re kneeling properly—the way Estelle placed them—and positioning their bodies to be put on perfect display for my entertainment. She strides by them with sneers and jeers, critiquing their fitness, their bodies. Even as this happens, Rita’s body is improving. Getting taller. Tighter. Bustier. Her cups expanding and beginning to overflow with milk in her stupendously tight sports bra. Hair feathering out and growing down, getting thicker, silkier, softer.

Because of me. Because of my Cock. Because of my Cum.

There’s one thing still wrong. I push Sophia and Estelle to one side and walk to the corner of the gym.

Still unaddressed; the problem in the room. The encouragement I needed to show these girls who the fuck I really am, what I deserve.

Estelle set this all up; she invited this pussy coward to stay. I may not like her methods all that much, but they are effective and they are fast.

Hendricks has his eyes closed, balled up, crying. Sobbing. What he’s seen of me, what he’s seen me do, he knows he’ll never have for himself. It’ll break him.

It has broken him. My Cock is hard, still—I’m always fucking hard, like a real man—and it towers above him. Stronger, thicker, longer than his could ever be.

"I win."

"Y-yeah, okay! Okay! You win!"

"*Sir*." I step forward just slightly, and he shoves himself so hard into the corner that I'm pretty sure he has a black eye. "Don't make me remind you again."

"No, sir. You win, sir. You're the winner, sir."

You can say that a real winner, a real man, doesn't have to grind in the victory like this. Doesn't have to show off. But that's stupid. That's a philosophy developed by losers because they're afraid winners like me will treat them like the losers they are. Someone like me never fucking has to worry about *losing* or being treated poorly by someone more powerful. And if I *am*? That motherfucker better *watch out*.

Showing off is a display of my power, and displays of my power are pretty much all I care about now.

Estelle and Sophia know it. They slide up next to me and start stroking, fawning, and grinding.

Sophia sneers at Hendricks. "You thought you were hot shit. You thought you were *special*."

"But you weren't," Estelle joins in. "You never were. You're not special. Everything you tried to be? Everything you worked soooo hard for? My man is better without even *trying*."

"And you? You're not even a *man*."

"He's not, is he? He's a fucking *pussy*."

"Look at him. Awwww." Sophia makes a sound like seeing a puppy. "The little pussy is trying to be *hard*. His little dicky-poo is getting stiffy-woo because pretty girls are talking to him!"

"Pathetic. Is there even enough of it for *you* to jack it off, pussy?"

"You can't get hard for us, dummy pumpkins. Pussies don't get *hard*. They get *wet*. Like ours." She turns and looks up at me. "For *him.* For a *Real Man*."

I'm feeling the need to fuck again and it's something furious.

"Get the fuck out of here," I tell Hendricks. "I'm done with you. Come back and you'll regret it."

He rockets off, waiting for my permission now for a while. He runs like his life depends on it, like I would go after him when I have so many fresh young cunts here to tame, own, and transform.

On his way out, the door rings. I hear a sound like a lightning bolt and a brief, strangled cry.

Hendricks is dead.

LILITH COMES THROUGH the door. She is flanked on either side by four feminine figures wearing cloaks and hoods. Hendricks' body is on the floor to one side of her, still twitching but obviously expired.

No holograms or projections this time; this Lilith is the real deal. She wears a gown designed to show off her best features, which are all of them. Her tits, legs, hips, abs, neck, shoulders, back, hair, and face are on display in the tiny golden dress she's wearing. It's more like an accessory than a dress, something that most women would wear alongside an outfit.

But of course, she's clearly not most women.

"Sorry about the trash." She points at Hendricks, slowly becoming motionless. "Did you like him?"

"No."

She makes a face. "Too bad. I'll have to settle for hurting you in other ways, then."

"Go ahead and try it."

She walks around the gym for a moment. Makes as if to touch the counter then retracts her hand, thinking better of it. She looks for a moment and then points with her small finger to a table. The servants behind her wipe down the table in triplicate and make a space for her and finally she sits down carefully, only a centimeter of her perfect ass actually touching the chair. She holds herself up almost entirely with muscle control, and then continues to show off, crossing her legs. The heels she's wearing are at least five inches tall, the strain must be incredible—or would be, for regular woman.

Which she clearly is not.

"You don't understand what you are, do you? The danger you pose. The disorder."

"I don't give a fuck."

She eyes the arrangement of new slaves behind me. "That's clear enough. Would you like me to explain?"

The chair across from her is empty. She gestures over to it.

"I want your fine ass to get down to your knees and worship my Cock."

She swallows briefly. I can tell something just happened—I *sent* something to her, and she brushed it off. Like a punch that she blocked and directed over to one side.

"I'm asking, as a civilized person, to speak with you. Will you or won't you?"

I grab Estelle and Sophia both and push them down underneath me.

"I need to fuck. I'm not going to be able to talk unless I fuck."

"Fuck them, while you talk to me? And listen to me? And look at me? How distasteful."

I can tell she's putting me on a bit; she doesn't mind it as much as all that. I just wish I could figure out why.

Estelle and Sophia go to work on my Cock. Their mouths sliding over the knob, licking down the shaft.

"My sources, which I have many, as many as you might imagine for someone like me with the power and beauty I have—they tell me you work here. Your name is Marcus. Before this, you didn't have much happening for you."

"So what?"

"So. Don't you find it interesting that all of a sudden you're this unstoppable manbeast with an alchemical Cock that turns pussies into hot jelly?"

Estelle is doing something really fucking right with her tongue.

I grunt. "I know that's what the fuck I'm going to do to you."

She raises an eyebrow, smiling slightly. Adjusting her dress. Her cleavage swells.

"I'll level with you, Marcus. May I call you Marcus?"

"That's the least of what you're going to call me."

Another blow from me, another block from her. This strange telepathic wrestling match. I don't know how I'm doing it—but she knows how to dodge better than I can punch. For now. I keep looking at her tits. Fuck, they look so good in that gown. It's so sparkly.

What worries me some is that I can't even feel any kind of offense *she's* trying. What gives? Why isn't she fighting back?

"You're stupendously handsome. You're utterly built. You're the vision of masculinity." My Cock responds viscerally to words like that coming from a woman like her. I grasp Sophia's head and push it hard against Estelle's, the two pairs of their lips floating down my shaft. "I don't make a

habit of being with men. I've made it a point in my thousands of years, as a matter of fact, to *never* be with a man. But I look at you, and..." she lets out an elaborate, breathy moan. "I can finally see the appeal. A *real* man like you. You're rare. Special. Something to be *treasured.*"

Her eyes are aflame with a dark, smoldering fire. God, those tits. They're heaving. I can barely take my eyes off them.

"I'm not an object. Not a treasure." My voice feels thick.

"No." She smiles. "That's *them*, isn't it?" she points to Estelle, Sophia, and the rest. "This is just some game for you."

I can't decide if I want to fuck Estelle or Sophia. They're both so hot. I need to fuck *something* though. This Lilith is really turning me on. Fuck. Her tits are just *perfect*, the way they're pressed together. I want to slide my Cock into them and fuck her face. I'm long enough to do it, too.

"A game, huh?"

I take Sophia—to spite Lilith once again—and start facefucking her hard. Her groans of pleasure become an undertone to Lilith's explanation.

"Yes. A game to amuse you while you wait for your destiny to arrive. That's why nothing else had happened for you in your life. I was the same way. Going nowhere. The youngest daughter of a lowly warlord. Within a year of my ascension, however, even my servants had servants—though of course they were all *my* servants. You understand."

"I do."

"Long ago, someone indoctrinated me to the ways of our beings just as I am attempting to indoctrinate you now. What we are. The women are supernaturally seductive. We get what we want at the merest suggestion. We are secretive. We don't want attention; too much and it could be...problematic. And why have it? We have all the money in the world. We run the men who run the corporations. We finger our delightfully hot pussies thinking of all the suffering that goes on just to make us money. We want wealth, and slaves, and *power*."

I'm going to fuck Estelle, I decide. I'm going to fuck Estelle and look at Lilith the whole time. God, she's fucking hot. I discard Sophia without even looking at her and bend Estelle over, doggy style.

"And the men?"

My entrance into Estelle is matched with a series of orgasms from her. Lilith's eyes flash. I look deep into them. There's something...something there...something to see...something that makes me so fucking *hard*...

“The men of our species are..aggressive. Unnaturally so. They break the harmony we work so hard to develop. They want their ownership to be overt. They want to *destroy* rather than *coerce*. Luckily, they’re a bit dim.”

“Dim?”

“Oh, you can’t *feel* it, Marcus?”

“Feel...it?”

“I think you can. I think you can feel me in your dim little mind, can’t you? Where I belong. I think you can feel me taking up roots there. I think you feel me *fucking* with your mind, can’t you?”

Oh, fuck, yeah, I can. And she feels so good...

“Yes, that’s right, darling. Keep looking at me. Looking in my eyes. Deep into my gorgeous eyes. You want to look at my eyes all the time, don’t you? You want to be *owned* by my eyes? You want to *submit* to my eyes? Wouldn’t that feel good? To stop having to try or own or control. Just give it all up for me. Give away your will to me.”

“Gi-give...”

My hips thrust madly into Estelle. Distantly, I hear her and Sophia shouting my name, calling me Master. But that doesn’t make sense. I’m a servant for Lilith; I couldn’t be a Master.

“No. Not you. You don’t *want* to be a Master. You want to be my *slave*, don’t you? A slave to these tits. A slave to my beauty. You want to *belong* to me...”

I’m so close to cumming. I know instinctively the second I cum, it will be for her. And that will be that. I’ll be hers—I’ll belong to Lilith. And I *want* it. I want to belong to her. To lose myself into those beautiful tits...

“That’s it, lover. Cum for me. Lose yourself to me. Lose and cum. Cum and lose. Lose. Lose. Lose.”

Lose. Cum. Lose. Cum. Lose. Cum.

The chant is in my head whether I like it or not. I’m obsessed with Lilith. She’s all I’ve ever wanted. That body, that face, that *voice*. I *love* her. I groan, my balls tightening, ready to unleash.

Something changes about the sensation on my Cock. I look down briefly and see Sophia’s knocked Estelle away from it. That’s not right. I’m supposed to be fucking her.

I lean back in, pulling Estelle back over toward me to thrust inside of her—quickly trying to look back up at Lilith. But I’m cumming, and Sophia pushes Estelle's face up into mine, and all I can see is Estelle.

My slave, Estelle.

My love, Estelle.

The only woman I've said I loved. Who wants to gather so many fucking slaves for me...

I lose myself in her.

My mind slowly comes back to myself. Cumming gave me back some of my own cognition. I was under Lilith's spell, and if I had cum to her, that would have been it.

"As soon as I recognized what she was doing," Sophia whispers to me, "I started shouting your name. But you two were just staring at each other for *hours*..."

Hours? It only felt like minutes. I look down at Estelle—she's almost unconscious. Fucked by me, by her GodCock, for hours. Wow. She really has endurance to have lasted so long. I must have given her hundreds of orgasms in that time.

"Finally I had to try and knock Estelle away. I'm so sorry, Master. I don't ever want to interrupt your lovemaking with her, she's so perfect for you, but I didn't want you to be consumed by Lilith..."

"You did the right thing, love. Thank you." I pet her and kiss her, and she cums right away.

That thrill of control comes back to me. It feels so fucking *right* to be in control of her, of all these women.

Lilith stares at this display, scowling.

"Good try," I say to Lilith. "But you better get the fuck out of here right now if you don't want me to pop your little demoness head off."

"If you tried, you wouldn't like the result. I've made modifications to my slaves. If I die, they die."

"So they die, then."

"Very well."

She pulls herself up with dignity and snaps her fingers at a couple of her slaves. They pull their hoods down.

It's Cindy and Sally—my mom and sister.

"We tried it the easy way. Now only the hard way remains."

She left then, and I felt powerless to stop her.

Harem Maker – The Professor

On the way to the university, Estelle and Sophia—ultra-stunning brunette and mega-stunning blonde, respectively—busy themselves with crowding the front seat in my new convertible and stroking my Cock. Their perfect heart-shaped faces push in between the steering wheel, my Cock, and the thickness of my brick-laid abs to lap up the precum streaming out from my massively thick knob like a river.

I can't really take too much more by the time I actually pull into the parking lot at the university. The campus is open and wide, full of beautiful stone buildings with high windows and wildly-slanted architecture, and sporting regular gardens and park-like gathering areas.

Once parked, I grab Estelle and toss her across the hood, hiking up her tiny skirt. I told her we were going to a university, so she instantly thought "school girl"—which for her translates into tiny pleated blue plaid skirt, skintight leather boots with tremendously high stiletto heels, and a cut-off blouse wrapped in a knot under the sumptuous display of her shiny, bountiful cleavage.

"You fucking tease," I grunt, sliding myself into Estelle.

She squeals with instant orgasmic delight, clenching her entire body around me. Sophia struts around the side of the car, putting herself on display for me. Her outfit closely mirrors Estelle's, though with a red skirt instead, ankle boots instead of thigh-highs, and her blouse is more of a pale peach color instead of Estelle's white. Neither of them wear bras or panties. They don't need bras for support to make their tits look terrific—that's natural now, thanks to my magic Cum fucking up their lives and bodies—and panties just get in the fucking way.

Sophia has a rag in one hand—the shirt from the salesman who "sold" us the car—and she's using it to wipe up the bloodstains still on the hood and headlights from when we "bought" the car.

I didn't mean to beat the shit out of the salesman so bad. It was just twenty minutes or so ago and I still haven't really calmed down. It's not my fault, though. Motherfucker was being annoying as hell, asking me to actually pay for the car and sign papers and all that shit. Then he said

something about how nice Estelle looked—like, yeah, he's got to tell *me* that? It's my fucking *girl*, motherfucker.

Then Estelle suggested he really needed to learn a lesson and Sophia thought he would look better if he was spread all across the wall a bit, and I really wanted to know how hard it would be to toss him through the window of his office—not hard at all, turns out—and you know, twenty minutes later I'm in a parking lot fucking the bimbofied girl of my dreams in front of a mindfucked vixen who is so completely in love with me she doesn't even mind that I'm fucking another girl in front of her on top of a car I didn't have to pay for.

Estelle's body is so fucking tiny and tight—and my Cock is so enormous—that I can *feel* the steel of the car hood through her tight tummy. I can feel the hood denting from my constant, rough strokes. A lesser woman might die from this hard fucking—Estelle just begs for me.

"Oh fuck you're so *good.* Oh fuck you're *so* g-g-good!"

She cums constantly when my Cock is inside her. Of course she does—she's a woman. That's just what my Cock does now. A few days ago that would have seemed like a miracle—now I know it's what I deserve. Estelle and Sophia are always cooing about what I deserve, what I should have, and I know they're always right because I'm the one who fucked those thoughts into their brain.

Her heavy tits, also denting the car hood as I drill her brains out, leak out milk through her blouse all over the hood. Sophia attaches herself to my side and starts whispering all that hot dirty shit into my ear.

"You should get her pregnant. You should get her pregnant and then get *me* pregnant. You deserve it. You deserve our hot fucking pregnant milk-heavy tits rubbing on you, bathing you in our milk, worshiping you..."

She trails off because of the cop who shows up. He's a small man, only six feet tall and two hundred pounds or so, with a short dark mustache. All "men" are so fucking pathetic and small to me now. I'm something else, something Alpha. His hand is quivering over his gun, like he's not sure if it will have any effect on me if he uses it. Probably it'll just piss me off.

"H-hey," he says. "Y-you guys...this isn't a bedroom. You can't just...just...just...fuck...her?"

His voice wanders away as he looks at Estelle—*really* looks at her. Before he just saw a giant fucking someone, I bet. Now he's looking at Estelle—who is taller than him and hotter than any woman he's ever seen in

his whole life. She looks like a living hentai with American features—classically gorgeous nose, strong jawline, heartbreaking cheekbones, and bright green eyes.

She sneers at him, this fantastic beauty who thinks he ain't worth shit, and his fear is palpable.

"You gonna stop him, wanker?" Sophia asks.

Her british accent gets me every time. So does that snobbery. Fuck. So good. I feel my orgasm mounting inside of Estelle.

"I...you just...it's a parking lot?"

He had a hard time looking at Estelle—lost in the throes of pleasure. He's having a harder time with Sophia—nearly as hot as Estelle but in his fucking face and *pissed* at his existence.

"You daft fucking tosser. Get out of here before I make you take that little pea-shooter you got there and unload inside your skull. Got it?"

"Y-yes, ma'am. I'm s-sorry, ma'am."

He twists and turns as fast as he can go, falling over in the process. His shins bang hard against the concrete and he yelps in pain but staggers back up again quickly, tripping and falling a few times, harder each time, to scramble away. I think he tore something in his leg.

Estelle underneath me is cumming at the display of his humiliation. I gift her with my own cum, flooding her newly-developed internal organs with everything I have. Rewriting her again, rewiring her again, restarting her system to be *more* of what I want, *more* of what I deserve. Every time I cum inside a woman, she gets better and hotter because *I'm* better and stronger with every passing moment.

Estelle takes pleasure in the humiliation of the "male." Of the inferior beings. And so do I. The way you laugh when meercats piss on each other in the nature show.

Lesser beings exist for the entertainment of the superior—and the three of us, to say the least, are definitely superior now.

WE'RE AT THE UNIVERSITY to see Professor Tiffany Beck. She's got, I don't know, lots of degrees in the supernatural and the occult and all that kind of shit.

I want to know more about what's going on with me, the kind of world I've entered. I feel amazing, constantly. What it used to feel like when I

came, I feel like all the time now. Pleasured. Buzzed. Happy. Content. When I actually cum now, it's the equivalent of a rocket launching into the atmosphere if my old one was a poprock dissolving in water.

I fucking *love* this shit. And I know Lilith wants to take it away from me—so I can't let her.

I walk through the campus with Sophia and Estelle hanging off either hip. Their wide baby-ready hips slide into mine with every step of their mile-long legs and I've got my hands sliding up deep into the cracks of their ass, gripping hard, fingers pushing up and into their wet and willing pussies. I'm fairly certain they're both pregnant even if they're not showing yet. They will be soon. They'll have big sexy fertile baby bumps to show everyone what pieces of personal premium pussy property of their prime man they are.

Everyone who sees us knows that I own them, that they're mine, that they love being mine. If my grip wasn't enough, the way they constantly ogle my body and adore my steel-hard abs, biceps, and pecs would drive it home.

Men run the opposite direction when they see me coming. They must think they're suddenly in a horror movie.

In a hallway, we pass a pair of girls with notebooks in their hands. They see me, drop their books, stutter out nonsense, and begin to drool. One drops to her knees, blubbering. I smell their virginity—it calls to me and I almost want to make a pitstop to fuck them stupid; but having just fucked Estelle I feel sated enough to stay focused.

There might have been a period of intermediary alpha-male-ness that I had. Where a woman saw me and just flashed lust in my direction instead of becoming a blubbering bimbo right away. If that time existed for me, I fucked Rita, Sophia, and Estelle right through it all day yesterday at the gym.

I kept wanting to fuck some of the other slaves, even going so far as to finger and facefuck a few...but also Estelle, Sophia, and Rita pulled me back and captured my attention for the full show. Only the three of them got my cum.

I know they manipulated me to make sure they were the only three who were becoming more beautiful, tighter, bustier, more fertile and mindfucked from my Cum. More powerful—like how Estelle is powerful with her flashing green-eyed mind control.

Sophia and Rita both have powers of their own now, complimentary to Estelle and to me.

Rita is back at the gym now, making perfect use of her amazing power—to energize others. Her gorgeous, tight, busty form was already bouncy and hoppy, full of vim and vigor. You know those insta-girls you see on the gram who literally never stop bragging about how perfect their lives are? They eat avocado toast smoothie breakfasts and make dinners from carefully cultivated organic eggplants grown in the endangered forests of Timbuktu and have a morning workout, an evening workout, a post-meditation workout, a meditation smoothie post-yoga cooldown, and all that shit?

Rita was—before I even fucked her—that girl on *maximum.* She posted so many insta-stories that the gram itself had to rewrite its code just to accommodate for the amount of data and followers she was getting every second. Her everyday schedule read like a greatest hits album from composed by every self-help book ever made. Her energy is *boundless*.

And even more so now that I've fucked my will into her. She's able to transfer that endless energy into other property of mine. So right now, back at the gym, she's whipping girls into shape. Their minds are probably totally exhausted, but she keeps them running, crunching, lifting, and squatting.

I know for a fact that her latest favorite activity is "exhaustion burpees." She runs the other twenty-plus slaves right up until they can't go anymore on the treadmill, then puts them on the burpee mat. They hit the mat in a controlled downward plank, push up, squat, jump, and then then hit the mat again. Over, and over, and over again.

What Rita likes to do—even though she could invigorate them enough to make them run for hours with smiles on their faces—is to keep them just on the edge of exhaustion all the time. They do one burpee, know for absolute sure that their body is going to quit...and Rita gives them *just* enough to make them do one more. And one more. And one more.

For hours.

For Me.

Watching them suffer while she parades in front of them, effortlessly doing burpees into handstands into standing backflips (her naturally agility and dexterity was only exponentiated with my cum completely rewriting her DNA). It makes her wet, parading her superiority in front of them, and

naturally that makes me Hard, and me being Hard makes her wet...and on and on.

Sophia has a power of her own—one of my three upper echelon girls along with Estelle and Rita—and her power will be particularly useful today.

You see, I make girls fucking *wet*. I make them *writhe*. I make them fucking start to cum just from the mouth-watering *musk* of my reality-fucking Cock. And it's kind of fun—actually, it's *really fucking* fun—to see some girls go absolutely insane from having my Cock forced down their throat while their entire body convulses in a never-ending orgasm. I like watching the light leave their eyes, their sanity bursting like a bubble in a bath.

I stop a girl struggling to crawl past me in a hallway just to make that happen. It only takes about thirty seconds. All I have to do is touch her forehead. She's a cute asian thing with jet black hair. Her eyes roll back up into her forehead, spittle covers her chin and cheeks, and her entire body shakes.

She'll be like that for a week or so. When she wakes up, she'll be something like a zombie—no conception of society, of rules or regulations, no thought for anything but my Cock.

Estelle and Sophia giggle, stroking me intently the entire time I do it. Making sure I don't give her any of what they consider to be *their* cum.

She's not *pretty enough*—in their minds—to get any of it.

If I wanted to, just now, I could have used Sophia's power to let the girl keep her mind intact.

Sophia's power lets the girls I fuck up with orgasmic eternity *retain* their sanity. If Estelle *guides* minds, then Sophia *protects* them. Keeps them in tip-top shape so I can take advantage of whatever mental and emotional gifts they bring to the table. Because while I do deserve an army of absolutely mindfucked slaves who literally can't process anything but obedience to my Cock...I deserve intimate, emotionally-grounded, romantic fuckpets too.

I don't want an army of Estelles...but I do really fucking want Estelle, and Sophia helps to keep just how I want her—superior, snotty, intelligent, cool, calculating, and utterly in love with me for all the wrong reasons. Estelle loves me because of my power and appearance and Cock, and

because of the promise of wealth that my mindfucking Alpha Maleness will undoubtedly bring her. If I was who I used to be, she wouldn't give a shit.

I have to say—I like it that way. I didn't like the old me either.

So I let Estelle, Sophia, and Rita really grind out that difference between them and the other girls. I *want* them to have an advantage. It makes me hard thinking of maybe finding someone else I like down the line—someone who really gets me going—who couldn't possibly ever catch up with Estelle because I've just fucked her too full of my Will and Power. The thought of Estelle being *permanently* my Top Girl fills me with a deep sense of security, intimacy, and heat.

Professor Beck's office has a door on it when we arrive. A few seconds later, it doesn't anymore and I toss it down the hallway in a few different broken parts. Doors are for privacy, which is a way to keep weak people strong. I don't need any of that.

There's a man in the room with her sitting across from her desk. He gets up before seeing me, only hearing the noise.

"What the hell? What's—"

I grab him by the throat and whip him out of the room. He lands at an awkward angle and I don't know if he survived; I don't care, either. Other "males" are insults to me, to my power, to my Real Man shit.

Professor Beck remains sitting at her desk. Have to say, she's a total knock-out. A real stunner. She's doing that professor-vibe thing with glasses and a jacket over her blouse, but underneath all that she's got a killer body and a gorgeous face to boot. Short dark hair. Smoldering dark eyes slowly filling with capital L Love for me.

I know her legs won't work right now; she's got too much of my Real Man vibe pulsing through her. Good. That'll make her easier to talk to. She's not drooling yet and I take it as a challenge.

"Oh...oh my god..." she whispers.

There's recognition in her eyes.

"You know what I am, don't you?"

She nods slowly. "Very much so. I...I had *hoped*...I had *dreamed*..."

Her body writhes. She tries to bite back an orgasm. It won't work for very long. I nod at Sophia, who walks over to her. My cooler. Sophia, putting a palm on her hand, is able to calm the ocean of pleasure that wants to whip up into a tsunami inside of the professor. The sea of delight in her is

calm—present, everywhere, but not rushing and whipping about. She'll be able to communicate.

"Oh." She straightens. "Oh. Okay."

Sophia returns to my side and she and Estelle kneel down to start sucking me off while I sit down on the chair across from Tiffany. I have to break the chair's arms off to sit down in it comfortably; part of being a seven foot hulk is that furniture starts to do less for you.

"I want you to explain this all to me," I say. "I want to know what the fuck is happening."

"I think you killed my husband..." she says, peeking behind me in the door.

"Maybe I did. You give a fuck?"

"I...I'm not sure. I don't think I do. I only ever thought about you, the idea of you, when I came anyway."

She's displaying an understanding that other connections—romance, intimacy, companionship—were all bullshit designed by people less powerful than me to try and take power away from me. That *cumming* is the most important way for a woman to show her love.

If a man can't make a woman *cum*, and cum *hard*, he ain't fucking *shit*.

She knows that, instinctively, and knows to bring it up. I like that.

Part of owning Sophia means I own her power, too. She's the vessel, but I'm the source. I allow a microscopic crack in the floodgates of pleasure that Sophia set up—and Professor Beck responds immediately, cumming harder than she ever has. I close the crack and wait, enjoying Estelle and Sophia's tongues and lips intermingling on my thick knob while I watch the professor writhe.

She's really fucking beautiful. Normally, while Estelle and Sophia suck me off, they're so hot they're all I want to look at. Tiffany is hot enough that watching her cum is super fucking hot for me. Excellent cheekbone structure.

"Good girl," I say to the professor. "That's the kind of shit I like to hear."

Her eyes are open, her entire body covered in a slick sheen of sweat. She's hot as fuck, and I can take care of her lack of virginity and how she's a little older than I'd prefer.

My cum will change her...if she earns it.

"Y-yes, of course."

“Master. Or Sir. Or Daddy, if you’re lucky.”

Estelle and Sophia moan out “Daddy” beneath me, loving that they get to use that name for me and others don’t.

“*Yes*, Master. Of *course*, Master.” She shakes her head. “Please forgive me, Master. I can’t believe I didn’t say that already. I’ve wanted you, *studied* you, for so long...I’m just *stunned*...oh fuck, he’s not moving at all out there, I think you did kill him. Oh *god*...why does that turn me on so much?”

I grin. “Because you never loved him. You only loved me. He was a distant thousandth-place behind nine-hundred and ninety-nine cums to me.”

“Yes, Master.” She nods. “You’re right. Fuck. Married...ten years...what a *waste*...he never believed me...”

I snap my fingers. “Focus, Professor. Tell me what I am. How can I do this to you? To them?” I point at Estelle and Sophia. Estelle is trying to get me to favor her by holding Sophia down on my Cock. Sophia’s pale skin is turning blue, her throat bulging.

“Yes, Master.” She nods slowly. “I’ll give you the quick version?”

When I don’t contradict her, she continues.

“This all based in pure speculation, so you know. Rumors of rumors. Snippets and biased translations in very old texts. But, the idea goes that there is a long, long period of time in our history of humanity that is unaccounted before. I’m talking pre-Akkadian. Pre-Egyptian. Just plain *old*.” She's getting very excited now, sharing her knowledge with her Master. Sharing her knowledge with *anyone*. She likes explaining things. That makes me like her more. “Thousands of years between the dawn of humanity and the beginnings of civilization as we know it. The idea is that it took us that long to stop killing each other and to really work out agriculture through trial and error. But what I believe is that...you existed. Someone like you. A Male. An Eternal Male, with endless virility and energy and ability to control and manipulate others. You made a race of superhumans...all women, of course.”

I grunt slightly. That does sound like me.

“You owned them entirely. As you...you *deserve*.” Her body is trembling—saying that kind of hot shit really makes the waters bang against the floodgate inside her. I keep them closed, however. “But as centuries progressed, something happened. Some of them—I’m guessing they weren’t fucked enough, or close enough—became treacherous. They began

wiping out your other slaves, or taking them for their own. With their amassed power, they were able to take you down."

"Then what?"

"Then...I'm not sure. My speculation has been that they stayed in our civilization. Witches. Sorceresses. Queens and Empresses, maybe. I think they stayed in the shadows, accumulating wealth and power, and maintaining a watchful eye on your line."

"My line?"

"Your genetics are such that you, the original you, only *very* rarely create a male. Otherwise, we wouldn't be having this conversation. My personal suspicion is that You were warned about their betrayal and so planted a kind of genetic timebomb...a place long enough in your descendants that you would come back around safely."

I nod. If someone like me had come around in recorded history, we'd have known about it.

"So...I'm the descendant of a millenia-old god on earth who just let his superpowered harem get a little too big to handle?"

"Yes, Master."

"And I'll need to fuck the hell out of the remnants of this harem to get them back under control so I can run shit like I deserve?"

She moans, pulling at her blouse. "*Yes*, Master..."

"But none of this explains why my power is activating now."

Tiffany nods. "There is a theory—even among my small group of dedicated scholars, I'm the only one who truly believes it."

"Tell me."

She flushes as she obeys. "I think the reason for the schism with the other females wasn't about power so much as it was about *love*. I think You in the past created the perfect mate for You. I think they were jealous. And I think that if you arranged for yourself to be resurrected..."

"Then I would do the same for my mate."

"Naturally."

I look at Estelle, smugly sucking my Cock, guiding Sophia along my balls. Perfect, perfecting, perfection Estelle. Of course.

"And if we chanced across each other again..."

"Your powers would be activated once more. Like a power cord plugging in. Input and output. You need both for the mechanism to work."

“Daddy...” Estelle says, just barely letting Sophia up off my Cock enough so that she can breathe. “I think that’s why Lilith took your Cindy and Sally. She’s trying to keep you in check.”

Sophia gasps for air but stays on my Cock, nodding. She’s too far gone at the moment to add to the conversation. I gift her with a shot of cum, watching her eyes glaze over. Estelle’s eyes flash green with lust—I can feel her trying to compel me to let her taste my cum instead of Sophia. I could make her stop trying to fuck with my mind...but it’s hot when she tries and she knows it.

“I have to agree, Master,” says Tiffany. I can *hear* the need in her voice to call me Daddy. “It’s only natural that she’s afraid of you. You’re more powerful than her. If you’re not now, then you will be soon. Your power must be growing and growing, yes?”

“More all the time.”

I let the floodgate down another crack. She whips forward and back so hard I’m surprised she doesn’t knock herself out on the desk. Just as quickly, I close the floodgate again. Toying with her thanks to my toys.

“F-fuck...” she looks at me with abject love. “Yes. She *should* be scared of you, Sir. You’ll take her. You’ll own her. She’ll be yours. Only...”

“Only what?”

“Well. It stands to reason she’ll be prepared for you. She’s been gaining power of her own for years. She’ll use whatever she can to keep it. Your strength is in brute force. But I expect hers, after living so long and so secretly, is in subterfuge and the like.”

I’m tired of all this explanation bullshit. I want to fuck something.

I want to fuck *her*.

It’s hot how much she knows, how much she can help me. How she explains things. How little she cared about her dead husband. She knows her fucking *place*. She doesn't just know about this, about me—she *believed* in me before I even knew I was me.

She's a True Believer. If she had the opportunity or the means, she'd probably have sacrificed a dozen virgins just to summon me from the beyond.

I unleash the floodgates.

She experiences all the orgasms at once—through the twenty minutes of speaking to me and watching two goddesses blow me, her subconscious mind has needed her to cum dozens of times. She feels each one in quick

succession, wracking, twisting, pulled off her chair as if by some invisible rope.

All the pleasure in the world, she's felt. I've completely warped her mind, completely twisted her up so that all she understands is service to me.

I stand up, shooting cum all over Estelle and Sophia's faces. Tiffany crawls around the desk, gasping, panting, needing me desperately. Estelle can sense my desire for her. She takes the professor by the arm and pulls her up next to herself. Sophia pouts just for a moment—always jealous, always spiteful, so fucking hot—but knows not to argue with my will.

My Cock rubs the air above Tiffany's kneeling face. Precum raining down on her hair and shoulders. Around us, her office in tatters.

Now that I've completely destroyed her will and her life...it's time to go to work on her.

I DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT long to confront Lilith. After I finish with Tiffany, whispering a few choice instructions in her freshly-enslaved brain, Sophia lets me know she's received a text from Lilith asking for a meet.

On the way back to the car, we stride through gathering masses of finger-humping women, crawling through the grass and along cobblestones to get nearer to me. Word of my presence has spread. My *presence* has spread. Some of them—sensitive to this sort of supernatural power, I suppose—knew I was here long before anyone had a chance to reach them. They just *knew*. They had to come and kneel.

With Estelle and Sophia at my side, it's easy—and a whole lot of fucking fun—to ignore them. They moan after us like chattel, which they are, and the three of us act blissfully unaware of their existence.

They'll never forget me. They'll always remember the scant few seconds I walked by them with women better than them. They'll cum to it for the rest of their lives.

For me, though? It's just a walk to my car.

There's no men to be found. They know better. With the way my blood is up right now, I'm liable to murder the first man I see, no questions asked. It's the kind of being I am now—no patience for anything that doesn't bring me pleasure.

It's nearing dark. The sun sets red and purple beyond tall trees and hills.

We stop at the gym along the way—which is turning into a sort of court for me, an extended throne-room for me to operate my growing kingdom from—to pick up Rita and so that Estelle and Sophia can change. They want to stun; they want to look like they belong at my side.

At the side of their King.

The gym in is in a process of renovation. One corner is now full of conjoined mattresses, strapped together and covered with a newly sewn-together series of sheets. I fucked Sophia and Rita on it for six hours yesterday while my darling Estelle coolly walked around town, hypnotizing unsuspecting residents and shaping them to her—and more importantly, *my*—will.

We're greeted on our return by a sweat-sheening mass of utterly perfect-bodied babes, each of them smiling bright and holding back tears of joy at seeing me in person. It's only been a few hours since I left but each minute without me is agony for them.

They're sporting tight workout-bras and spandex and dripping wet pussies. Everything about them shines in the bright lights of the gyms. No flaws can hide—and luckily for them, they have none.

Their jaws move up and down, constantly trying to stop themselves from moaning out "Master" or "Please." They know in my presence, they only speak on command. Sophia and Estelle excuse themselves, snidly looking down on their "competition" as they go to change in the vast, expensive wardrobe that Estelle gathered.

They hold each other tight by the ass and blow kisses with Rita as they pass; all three totally in love with each other. Ugh. It's so fucking good how badly they want to fuck each other almost as much as they want to fuck me.

Rita is already hot to trot in a tiny white dress with a deep, boat-scoop cleavage line and pleated bottoms. Her high-heeled sandals only show off how fucking long she is even more. I greet her with a long kiss and both of us enjoy the jealous, horny moans of the gathered slaves.

Right away, Rita snuggles up to me—possessive—slips my Cock out of my pants and points it up so that the head rests comfortably on the top of her tits. She's model-tall and extra-long and standing, in heels, and this is still how much bigger I am than her. I start gifting her right away, cum streaming out from my Cock all across her heavy tits, where it's quickly absorbed by her shining, brilliantly bronze skin. She strokes me with both hands, staring up at me.

“They’re getting prettier,” she says, nodding over at the collection of girls.

I notice there’s less than there were this morning.

“Did you lose another one?”

She shrugs. “Three, actually. If their hearts give out from what I do, they wouldn’t be able to withstand being fucked anyway. Good riddance.”

Whittling down the crop. Only the best for me. What a good girl.

“How do you mean, prettier? Thinner?”

“Yes,” she nods. “But not just that. My routine is working wonders for them. It turns out, starving and constantly working out burns a lot of fat! But also...I think it’s your cum. Just the scent of it, I mean. Even that is so powerful it makes them change like this. And it's a good thing too, because *we* don’t leave anything *but* the scent left behind.”

Her *we* refers to her, Estelle, and Sophia—the cream of the crop; the ones who earn my cream.

I look at the gathered girls. I have an eye for them, for what’s working and what’s not.

“Taller. Tighter. Bustier.” I smile. “Good.”

“You’re so powerful, Master,” Rita coos. Her tits grow as she presses my streaming Cock into her cleavage. Her dress is plastered by my Cum. “They’re all going to be just what you want. Just what you *need*. This first crop of girls...they’re going to do *so much* for You. They’ll be the ones to teach everyone else what it is to *obey*. They'll be merciless. Without fear. Without questions. They will be living embodiments of your Will...just like me.” She flashes a killer smile. “Just not *as* pretty, of course.”

Rita looks at me with all the love of a greedy gold-digging Capital-B Bitch who knows with certainty she’s hitched her wagon onto the exact right train.

A few days ago, I would have been terrified to let her down. Now I’m just fucking turned on.

Estelle and Sophia return quickly after dressing and join Rita wordlessly, gathering around my Cock and cooing, moaning, and pushing their heavy tits into my frame and Cock. Estelle’s gown is sparkling and blue, clingy and plunging deep to show off the sensational amount of cleavage she’s gathered. She wears gloves that wrap all the way up to her elbows and has her massive thick mane of hair done up in a gorgeous bun.

She looks like royalty.

If Estelle went for high-glam, Sophia went for subtle-glam, with a sparkling silver gown that's sheer in most places. Wrist-length crochet gloves, her hair flowing down in a brilliant golden set of locks and curls.

I take a moment to enjoy this. A building full of slaves begging to obey me. Cumming just because I'm present. Their bodies shifting, transforming constantly to be *more* of what I want. Becoming more than human just because they *smell* my cum.

And three in particular—more gorgeous than the rest, *permanently* superior to the others—each one gorgeous and talented enough to make billions of dollars just by selling their face and their brains. And all they want to do, any of them, is slide their perfectly pink, soft tongues across my Cock for the rest of eternity.

I need to name one of them my Queen. I think tonight I'll decide, after this is all over.

Estelle, who's been there since the beginning? Who urged me on at every turn. Who can control anyone she likes save for me.

Sophia, who unlocked my need to control? Who helped me see the Alpha I am. Who holds pleasure as her hostage to deliver and withhold with such delicious cruelty.

Or Rita, drill-sergeant mistress of my growing harem? Who clearly loves herself more than anyone I've ever seen before. Who can imbue anyone with enough energy to marathon fuck like I need.

"All right," I say. "Let's hit the road, get this over with."

They all nod, but Rita needs a moment.

"You." Rita points to an olive-skinned beauty with a massive wave of dark hair. "You're in charge. If they lose any less than three pounds each, you'll never get another chance for his Cock again. Got that?"

She nods with big eyes.

"Good." Rita smiles at me and kisses me for a long time, urging more cum out of my cock as she mashes her hot tits against its density. "I'm ready, darling."

LILITH HAS US MEET at her place. I expected an isolated mansion somewhere in the woods. A mountain full of forbidden technology. Maybe a cave in the desert somewhere, or an underwater base.

But instead, she's in the suburbs.

A rather upscale part of the suburbs—I think each house has about four acres to itself—but the suburbs nonetheless with her own personal *very* large house.

It makes sense. I think I remember reading—back when I thought reading was important—that the best way to make sure your neighbors didn't ask questions was to go to the upper-middle-class neighborhood suburbs.

No one there wants to interact with anyone else about even their *lawns*, let alone about possibly running a sex cult.

I walk up with Estelle and Rita on either arm, Sophia at Rita's side. The only downside to having three gorgeous women to choose from is that you can only put your arms around two of them at a time.

We enter, probably not without enough caution, but Tiffany's urgent prophecies of my kingdom and all the women I've seen cumming as they chant "Master" to me lately has fucked with my judgment a bit. My fingers are deep inside Estelle and Rita's ass-cracks, holding both of them like prized trophies—which they are—and I enjoy hearing their soft coos and moans as I shift my digits this way and that.

Inside, the house is dark. It's obviously elegant and remarkably well-decorated. Beautiful wainscotting adorns the walls. Grand pieces of art—modern deco—displayed inside gorgeous wooden frames.

One room near the entrance just has a vase; that's it. Only a vase on top of a kind of stone altar. It's hypnotic to see and the set-up reminds me of something ancient, like a Roman villa.

About ten seconds after we enter, the lights turn out. Shutters flutter down the windows, blocking out any light from the outside. A crowd of welded steel bars releases from the ceiling and slams against the door.

I shift one of the bars, bending it slightly. The metal whines in surrender.

Cool. I'm strong.

I could move it all eventually, but it would take a long while, and I'm not scared of being trapped in here with her. She's just too dumb to know she's the one who is trapped.

Down the hall, two hooded figures appear, each holding a candle. Their hoods drop back just a bit, and I see the beautiful forms of Cindy and Sally, my mom and sister. My Cock, permanently at 80%, gets rock fucking hard.

I'm going to fuck them until they belong to me again and that's all there is to it. Every piece of tight, hot, young pussy in this world belongs to me, and it doesn't matter if it comes from my family or somewhere else. It's *all* mine for the taking.

I rush down the hallway after them. Their candles go out and they disappear. The girls run after me, trying to catch up—but even with their perfect Estelle and knowledge of running in their tremendously high heels, I'm taller and stronger, and faster than all of them combined.

Room after room, I break through, snorting, snarling. A beast. Cock raging and spurting precum, blood pumping from my supercharged heart. Tearing doors apart. Busting through walls. My clothes ripped off from splintered wood and broken plaster. Sally and Cindy and their candles always just a step away. I can *smell* their hot, tight cunts—especially Sally's virgin cunt—and I want them *so bad*. I go down stairs, up stairs, down and up them again. The darkness is all around and I can't make much of my surroundings and the thick, raging hard-on I'm sporting makes thinking a distant priority.

I can feel I'm being led into a trap. I don't care. I'm too powerful to trap. Nothing can stop me.

Nothing.

I come finally into a room somewhere below the house. A doorway at the other end of this room with light spilling from it. I walk tentatively; I hear moans.

Inside I see Lilith tied down on a mattress. Her long legs spread wide. Her arms wrapped together above her head. Hooded figures surrounding her—every part of the wall covered by these figures. Four of them come forward and drop their hoods—revealing Cindy, Sally...and Estelle and Rita.

What?

They crowd me, these four. Sally and Cindy drop to their knees and I can't help but shudder as I feel their mommy-sister mouths slide over my enormous Cock. God, that feels *so good*.

Surrender.

"You should fuck her," says Estelle.

"You should fuck Lilith," says Rita.

"Fuck her until she screams."

"Fuck her until she begs for mercy."

Surrender.

"You should fuck her."

Sally moans. "You taste so good, Daddy."

"You *deserve* to fuck her."

"Own her."

"Take her."

Surrender.

"Claim her."

Cindy is stroking and licking me with Sally. "I needed your Cock for *so long*."

"Make her yours."

I don't understand any of this. It feels like a dream. A glorious, erotic, sexual dream...but a dream nonetheless.

Lilith is gagged on the mattress. Her body is so fucking long and tight and glorious. Naked save for long elbow-length gloves and a collar around her neck.

Surrender.

"We prepared her for you, Master," says Rita.

"Got the drop on her..." says Estelle. "Now you can drop all you like." Estelle kisses my ear, stroking my shaft as Sally and Cindy adore the thick head. "Like you *deserve*."

Surrender.

Ungh. That's the magic word right there. Deserve. I do deserve this. I deserve to fuck Lilith. I deserve to be in control. I accept their flimsy story just to keep enjoying Sally and Cindy on my Cock. These women I've known my whole life sucking and suckling and slurping and serving me like the Master Alpha Beast I am. Their eyes are so empty and glassy. Foggy. Like they barely know what they're doing...except they so obviously do. They're good at it.

Sally—sweet barely eighteen Sally—sucks my big bro Cock like a pro. She watches as Cindy slurps me down heartily and then follows with her own emulation of that age-perfected technique, adding a youthful twist like an extra lick or a longer slather with her lips.

I cum down her throat, down my hot young virgin sister's throat, and stay hard because of course I do. I'm always hard now. I'm a fucking *God*.

Surrender.

I keep cumming and push out of Sally, slathering her face and tits in my load, and shove quickly down into Cindy. Sally licks up the cum off her

own body and then moves to the spray that landed on Cindy while I shoot another hot load down her mom's throat.

She needs my cum so urgently, so badly that she starts kissing Cindy's throat as I cum down it, kissing the bulge, humping her mom's side with a drenched orgasming pussy and begging *please*.

Surrender.

They're both cumming, both twitching hot cum-covered messes before long and I'm still hard and ready. I need to *fuck*. I need to fuck *Lilith*.

Surrender.

I *need* to fuck Lilith. She's so beautiful. I need to *fuck* her. I need to—

Surrender.

—get inside that gorgeous Amazonian pussy as soon as possible.

Lilith is positioned so that I have to get down on my knees to fuck her. I do, splitting her legs wide. Her thighs are so tiny that my big paws practically fit all the way around them. The same with her waist.

"Yessss..." Estelle moans. "*Fuck* her..."

My Cock runs over the top of Lilith's bare pussy. She *wants* it from me. I can hardly believe it. She's writhing and humping the air underneath me. I can feel her pussy convulsing underneath me just from being near my Cock, like she's one of my girls already.

I slide inside her. My Cock erupts, spurting seed, staying hard, a river of lust spilling from my endless masculine Cock. She feels *made* for me.

Surrender.

"Give in to how *good* this feels," Estelle moans. "Give in to this *experience*."

Give in. Give in. Give in.

All the girls crowd around me now. Sally, Cindy, Rita, Estelle. Their tight bodies pushing in on me. So slick and wet and *just* the fuck for me.

"Give in to *fucking* Lilith..." Rita urges.

"Give in to fucking *Lilith*..." says Cindy.

"Give in *to* fucking Lilith..." says Sally.

"Give in to me, darling."

I turn and see Lilith where Estelle was. Looking down, I still see Lilith underneath me. I don't understand—but Lilith at my side pulls my gaze toward her and we lock eyes and she's so fucking pretty and I can't think can't think can't think can only *obey obey obey Lilith Lilith Lilith*.

Oh fuck oh god it’s really happening I’m going to give it all to her and I want to sooo bad.

“I know you do, darling,” says Lilith. “So give it all to me. I deserve it, don’t I? I’m the most beautiful. The fairest of them all. You’ll give me *all* your power, won’t you, darling?”

I can't speak. I'm stunned. My hips act on automatic piston, fucking the “Lilith” beneath me harder and harder into the ground.

But the fact remains I'm on my knees before Lilith, lost in the throes of my unstoppable lust, staring into her gorgeous eyes. Feeling weak.

Feeling vulnerable.

Feeling like I should just *give in*.

I know I’ve fallen into her trap now. Deeply and firmly under her control. I don’t care. She deserves it. I want her to have it all. I want her to have all of me. I’d give my life for her. I'll kill for her. I'll kill the whole world so she can have it just to herself. I love her *so* much. She’s so beautiful, so perfect, so tight, so good, so amazing, so lovely...

Love Me.

Love Me.

Love Me.

I do. I so fucking do. More than anyone. More than anything. I feel my entire body giving over to the sensation, my soul feeling like it’s lifting out of my body.

“Lilith...” I groan.

“Call me Mistress, darling.”

“Yes.” I nod. That's so fucking right. What a good word. What a *perfect* word. “Mist—”

Then I feel a hand on the back of my skull. Like a wave of cold air rushing through my brain, my *soul*.

My thoughts, my self, return to me. The ripe, juicy, submissive grape of the word “Mistress” withers and dies on the vine of my tongue.

I know without looking who the hand belongs to on my head, but I look anyway—because she's hot as fuck and I love drinking her in.

Tiffany. My ace in the hole. She's wearing a tight black evening gown with a frankly filthy slit and tall ribbon-wrap heels. She looks down at me, smiling, open love pouring from her. Hooded feminine figures have their hands all over her, trying to tug her away, but it's too late.

She looks smug. She knows she's won. She probably thinks I'm going to reward her for saving me with a few solid months of exclusive fucking.

You know what? I think she's right.

“Good girl,” I say.

She cums immediately, body quivering and shaking more from my voice than anything else in her life.

“Thank you, Master.”

The instructions I gave her were to arrive fifteen minutes after we did; she was instructed to break in and help out as needed. Which, thankfully, she did.

Her power—given to her after I gifted her with my cum—has to do with knowledge. Being fully aware—being able to see things exactly as they are and to make whatever deductions needed. Appropriate for a professor.

She can gift that knowledge however she wants—she just gave it to me, and now I can see straight through Lilith's elaborate deception.

The illusion in the room begins to dissipate. I realize I’ve been fucking Sophia this whole time—no wonder she was squirming so beautifully, needing my Cock. No wonder she felt so tight and familiar and made for me—she was!

I stand up to my full height. In full cognition of myself. Lilith cowers into the corner. All the women in robes have disrobed, each more beautiful and ancient than the last—though all of them pale in comparison to Lilith.

She gathered them all, I realize. Gathered all of the coven of ancient sorceresses just to fool me, to give it all away to me.

It took all their combined power just to bring me in like this, and they'd nearly won.

But now they haven't—and it's my turn to have my way with them.

Above me, I see a great gathering of power—invisible to the mortal eye, but not mine. Not anymore. Like a big, spiraling indigo blot—all their power, and all of mine, mixed together. Gathered like that to make it theirs, permanently, to extract everything from me and give it to them. This is what Lilith was doing to me. Why I felt so beautifully fucking *weak*.

I reach up a hand to the spiraling blot and it slithers over me, attaching to me. I can feel it' submitting to the power of my will, my Cock, right away.

Mine, now.

Mine, permanently.

All this power. All the power of these ancient sorceresses. All the power of my ancestor. And all the power of Me.

I blink several times. We're in the room with the vase—or the room that *was* the room with the vase. It's gone. The altar is still there, with Sophia on top of it. Very quickly I make some connections.

This entire house was an illusion—the bars on the windows. Me snarling and breaking through every door. Busting through the walls. They ensnared us almost the second we arrived—separating me from particularly Sophia, knocking out Estelle—who I see, with rage building in me, lying motionless in the entryway—and captivated Rita.

Of course. Rita wasn't innoculated to Lilith's control like Estelle was. Something we forgot to do—a near fatal mistake.

And it would have been fatal. The women against the wall all hold daggers in their arms. Ready to strike, no doubt, the second all the power was drained from me.

"Drop them."

They do so, immediately. They drop to their knees, these paragons of ancient power. Beauties who have made kingdoms crumble for millenia.

Begging right away—sending their thoughts to me.

Please don't kill us don't make us suffer please we're sorry we thought we could do better please we're sorry Master we're sorry

And on and on.

Only Lilith actually speaks.

"If you think I'll submit to you, you're wrong. You might as well kill me."

She's wearing a sheer black robe that does nothing to hide her explosively hot body and everything to show off what a gorgeous piece of ass she's made herself over the years.

I'll make her a million times hotter than she was able to in all those centuries just after a few choice loads of my cum.

I love my power—and I'm going to love giving her enough of a taste to make her love it too.

"Is that what you want?" I ask her. "After all this? You want to die?"

She doesn't answer, just looks down with shame. I can feel—monitor—her communing with the other sorceresses.

"Stop that," I say, shutting down the connection between them. They all gasp in horror; for some of them, this is the first time they've not been in

each other's heads for centuries. "Talk out loud. Your voices are too fucking sexy not to Estelle my ears."

Lilith swallows deeply. "I...we...we can't just give in. You'll kill us. You'll take us. You'll take everything from us."

"What you had was never yours to begin with," I say. "It was always mine. *Everything* is mine. But if you're good now...I'll forgive you for not begging for my forgiveness since the second I was born. And some of you might even get my Cock in the next hundred years."

They whimper collectively. Lilith, though, just gazes at the length and width of my erection. Does she know it's just for her? I want to fuck her too badly to stop now.

I'll withhold on the others as punishment...but I'll have to give them something to aspire to. Lilith was the ringleader, after all. If I can forgive her, they'll think, I can forgive anyone.

In reality, of course, it's just because she's fucking *hotter* than any of them...and with me constantly pumping her full of my cum, she'll stay that way.

Like Sophia. Like Rita. Like Tiffany. And like Estelle—who is still out cold in the entryway. No more of that—I need my Queen by my side.

With a thought, I revive Estelle and pull her to my side. She doesn't skip a beat, moving from unconsciousness to sneering beauty in less than five seconds.

"Oh, you won? What a surprise." She kisses my jawline. "Does that mean we get to fuck the bitch, now?"

My cum splatters all over Cindy and Sally, kneeling in front of me. Jesus fuck, Estelle's attitude hits me right in the *there.* She's everything I want in a Queen. So *fucking* arrogant and *so* so so fucking in love with me.

The cum I spill all over Cindy and Sally is about Estelle, not about them, but they don't care. They're just property to me now—that they're my family matters much less to me than their obedience.

Estelle strokes me, whispering, moaning, giggling. "I knew you'd win, my King. You *always* win. I knew I picked a winner. You're such a stud."

I approach Lilith, holding Estelle. Rita and Sophia and Tiffany crawling behind us, kicking Sally and Cindy out of the way to lick my cum up off the impeccably clean marble.

The cum I'm shooting out lands in front of Lilith on the black tile. She looks at it, licking her lips.

“St-stop it...”

“Stop what?”

“It's not...n-not fair...”

I'll show her not fair. With a thought, I arrange my girls around me. Making us a display. Rita and Tiffany grab Cindy and Sally, respectively, and begin fucking their mouths against my shaft and cockhead.

Sophia and Estelle pull themselves up on to my giant, muscular mountain of a body and whisper and coo and moan into my chin and jawline. Kissing. Cumming. Making out with each other but unable to keep going for more than a few seconds before waxing poetic about how *lucky* they are to be my girls.

Lilith's eyes glaze over, looking at this erotic display. She's not made of stone. I can tell she wants us—all of us. Wants her place in this twisted harem. Sweet honey leaks down from her tight, immortal pussy to the floor.

“Y-you never fucked me...” she whines. “All those years you could have had me, and you n-never fucked me. It drove me *crazy*...”

More cum shoots out, landing closer to Lilith. She's not just an immortal beauty, she's an immortal *virgin* beauty. And I can smell how deliciously fertile she is. A pool of it gathering there. I could cum enough to fill oceans; this is nothing. Sally and Cindy's mouths are so delightfully slick and soft on my shaft.

I watch Lilith inhale it deeply. No more power to protect her from its potency. She dips a finger in the thick pool, rubbing it between her fingers.

“Sooo...thick...”

Those beautiful, exotic lips glisten, wetted by her tongue. Eyes going all glazed and empty. She licks the cum up off her fingers, luxuriating in the taste.

“C-Cock?” she asks, looking at mine with a heaving thirst, turning and spreading her legs. “P-please?”

“Call him *Master*, bitch.” Estelle squeezes me tight. “He's your *King*.”

Lilith's response is immediate, bucking and moaning. “Master. Please, Master. Please. C-Cock. Please, Master!”

It’s all the invitation I need—which I didn't need in the first place—and she barely protests as I shove the girls aside and shove my way into her.

“O-oh fuck yes!” she cries, cumming immediately.

I *always* make girls cum right away. I'm a fucking *Man*.

The girls follow me like a wave of hot young tit-heavy flesh, pressing into me and moaning, crowding Lilith and I as I break through her tight virginal resistance.

So many pairs of beautiful tits all over me. The hooded figures are all chanting “Master” and fingering themselves. Giving me more lust, more power. Another kind of ritual now, but one I am inventing as I go—and one designed to *enhance* my power and control.

I yank Lilith around by the hair, choking her brutally as I drive my hardness into her.

She's so soft and tight, so incredibly wet. Every part of her hugs me, squeezes me, urges me in. Big eyes filled with lust, with need, with *love*.

She loves me. She *always* loved me.

I'm balls deep right away. The thick grapefruits I'm sporting spanking her tightly formed ass. Pulling all the way out and driving back in; taking all of her. My bulge distends her tight abs.

“P-please, I-I’m so fertile,” she chokes. “You don’t understand. This magic makes me s-s-so fucking fertile, if you c-cum in me, I’ll get pregnant for sure. O-oh fuck!”

That only makes me fuck her harder—and so of course I do, with the full force of my harem behind me. My mother and sister pressing in on me, moaning for it, begging me to.

“Get her pregnant, Master,” my sister moans.

“Yeah Daddy,” says Cindy. “Make her fucking *yours* just like us.”

“You want to be pregnant for me,” I growl. “You *want* it. You've *always* wanted it.”

Lilith hesitates and then another orgasm crowds through her body, bucking every part of her beneath me. She has such tremendous strength. All my bulk and all the girls are shoved upward atop her wild hips. If I wasn't so strong, invulnerable, I would have been shattered into pieces.

“Y-yes...” she nods, tears in her eyes. “Yes. Yes. God yes. Make me pregnant. Cum in me. Cum in me, please, Master!”

Estelle, Sophia, Rita, and Tiffany pushing on my hips, on my shoulders and side. Dripping hot milk from their heaving, beautiful tits. Sally and Cindy next to her face, holding her down, *choking* her for me.

“Fuck her, Master.”

“Kiss her, Master.”

“Show her, Sir.”

“*Own her*, Daddy.”

I don't know whose voice is whose anymore. I'm going to fuck all my girls—impregnate all of them—but right now I've only got a mind for Lilith.

“Cum in Me, Master,” she moans. “Cum with me please! Cum in me now!”

Oh fuck. Cum *with* her. I love it—and I can't stop it. The floodgates unleash in me, and it all spills out.

She lashes up and down beneath me, held in place only by my bulk and the firm hands of my girls on her. I feel my unprotected seed splash into her fertile womb. I know I’ve made her pregnant, made her mine.

After we pause briefly, I'm still hard inside her. I'm always hard now, just like I deserve.

“That's all you needed, wasn't it, babe?” I give her a playful slap; it would break a lesser woman's jaw because I'm so strong, but Lilith comes away without a mark. “A good fuck from Daddy.”

“Yes...Master.” She pulls up and kisses me deeply. “I love You, Daddy.”

Next to me, Estelle sits up—her bliss gone for the moment as she feels her position threatened.

I kiss her on the forehead. “I know.”

Estelle groans ferociously, lioness to her lion, kissing me fiercely and pushing Lilith out of the way. She knows she’s the *only* one I truly love. The one I’ll make my queen. Fucking Lilith is making a statement. When I fuck Estelle, it's making my whole *world* feel right.

I push her down. I need to take her now—in front of all of them. Show them their place; their hierarchy.

I enter Estelle—my Cock still soaking wet from Lilith—and everything feels right.

“I love you, Estelle.”

She looks at me with complete abandon. “I Love You, Master.”

All the other girls moan with jealousy at our connection and as I enter inside my chosen one. Estelle starts cumming immediately. So do I. My cum, my orgasm, is eternal. I can cum as often as I like—make her pregnant for-fucking-ever.

I take just a moment before losing myself to the pleasure of Estelle's pussy to look around the room at all the gathered, kneeling, fingering, cumming women. Each one the pinnacle of female achievement and

perfection. Each one capable of breaking nations in half with a smile and a sway in their walk.

My property now.

Even Lilith, who seemed so insurmountable, is now nothing more than a trophy.

Still trying to hold all my cum inside her pussy, she crawls over beneath us and licks my cum and Estelle's honey from the floor and Estelle's delectably smooth cheeks. Our fucking continues, intensifies.

I'm losing in the pleasure, knowing *I own them all.*

I own Lilith.

Soon, I'll own all the worthy women...and then I'll own everyone.

All thanks to Estelle...my Dream Girl.

The pleasure takes over, crowds out everything...and I let go inside of it completely.

Bimbo Casino – No Restrictions

Their plane touched down in the early morning, and both Jonathan and Rosie walked through the airport with an aura—not of fun or relaxation, as one might expect of a young couple with a free trip to Las Vegas—but rather of stolid responsibility.

They were going to make their marriage work, by God.

Jonathan was certain of it. His wife, Rosie, was too. They had exchanged very serious texts, emails, and even in-person conversations about how *this* vacation was the key to their marriage, *this* was going to be what saved their couple-hood from annihilation. This fantastic, fun trip to Las Vegas that was going to be a wonderful time *no matter what*.

They were self-aware enough to know how ridiculously stubborn they were being about it. They were also stubborn enough not to change their viewpoint.

Jonathan—twenty-seven—dressed in a plain blue t-shirt and a pair of loose-fitting jeans; his travel clothes. His once-athletic frame held a front-heavy paunch that somewhat disguised his skinny arms and legs. Rosie—just twenty-five—with much the same philosophy of travel, had put on a pair of breezy shorts and a loose-fitting blouse that belied her slender frame. Her dark hair coiled about her neck and shoulders in a loose ponytail. Their hands were joined together as they stepped out of the airplane, making their way down to the baggage claim, like two political prisoners on their way to sentencing.

This was a serious business, their free vacation. Very serious indeed.

Most of their lives were serious business. Serious business was, in fact, the only manner in which they knew how to approach any aspect of their lives.

Jonathan worked at an investment firm downtown back in their Sun Belt State city, and Rosie worked three buildings down in a struggling newspaper office. They were both the junior members of their respective employers, and both of them had picked up a considerable amount of debt from their educations which weighed heavy over their head like a dark cloud, popping up at the beginning of every month right after pay day, when

they put down the loan payments to try and stave off the inevitable ascent of their interest charges.

Rosie was overworked, underpaid, and well-beyond stressed out. Jonathan felt much the same way. As young professionals, both of them felt they were constantly trying to impress unimpressable people, who themselves held unwieldy and tenuous positions in greedy, spiteful companies. Everyone they knew was on edge, all the time, and the people at the tip-top blamed the people below them for any failure, and so everyone below those tip-toppers placed their ire on everyone below themselves, and so eventually all this blame and ire trickled down to the very bottom of the ladder—the interns-newly-made-full-salaried, which in this case were Rosie and Jonathan.

It was a mess, but what could they do? They had to make money somehow.

It was a mess, endlessly so, and they were stuck in it.

The night they won the contest—they had been notified through a phone call, followed up immediately by an email, and then followed up again with a Skype conversation with a beautiful young brunette whose name was Hazel or Chestnut or something like that—there was no celebration as one might expect. Instead, the two of them sat at their small kitchen table, glowering at the computer print-out of the plane tickets.

In their position, taking off even a day for a legitimate illness felt like a sin. How would they get ahead if they weren't at work?

After several sad minutes, Jonathan took a breath. "I think we should go."

"Really?" Surprise colored Rosie's face. "It's just..."

"I know," he said, sliding his hands over hers. Their palms soft and light. "Everything we've worked for, everything that we've tried to gain...we can't take off for a second, can we?"

Rosie shrugged, nodding. "Right. It's a bummer."

He grabbed her by the shoulder. "But we *can*, love. That's what I'm saying. They make us think they we can't, but we really, really can." He stood up and grabbed an apple out of their small fruit bowl. "It's this damn false meritocracy. We kill ourselves to get the jobs that are there, and when we don't get them, they tell us we're not good enough. If we stop to look after ourselves for half a second, or wonder if we're doing the right thing, they tell us that we're not trying hard enough."

“It’s lunacy,” said Rosie softly. “Pure lunacy.”

Her eyes lit up a bit. She had told him more than once how she admired the way he talked about life, about most everything. Listening to Jonathan was like a more soulful version of talk radio, she said. It was one of the reasons she had married him, a little over two years before.

The reality was that they both knew that the prize trip—all expenses paid for a week in Las Vegas as the Shining Spiral Casino—was a godsend. Both of them were exhausted from their jobs.

Jonathan finished chopping up the apple and laid out a half for Rosie. She munched thoughtfully for several seconds before nodding herself.

“You’re right,” she said. “We should go.”

And so they did.

Now, as they walked out of the airport with their baggage in tow, they both took several seconds to adjust to the sudden wave of desert heat.

“Wow,” said Rosie, fluttering the collar of her shirt.

Jonathan admired the way her fluttering made her shirt cling to her slim form, her perky breasts. A bead of sweat dripped down from her neck and toward her chest. He followed it for a moment, smiling slyly when she caught him.

“Wow is right,” he said.

She giggled and punched him on his arm.

Good, that was good. Already they were having fun. Jonathan noted the fun, cataloged it deep into his files of good times had. Hopefully there would be more to come.

They had been told that someone would swing by to pick them up. Soon, a black town car stopped in front of them. A gorgeous young short-haired blond chauffeur came out greeted them.

“Jeffersons, yes?”

Her voice was high and bubbly. The smell of peppermint, strong and tingly, poured off of her in waves. Jonathan struggled not to stare openly at her impeccably tanned breasts, but was able only to stare instead at her shining, tanned thighs.

Everything about this chauffeur was simply more *impressive* than Rosie. It was almost painful to look back at his wife—who before had seemed so chic and relaxed in her travel clothes, and now in the face of this gorgeous chauffeur seemed so very *drab*.

In the car, Rosie, somehow, didn't comment on his probably-obvious disappointment as he looked at his wife. That was good. Another good thing. Catalog, catalog.

The ride was quick, but long. The bubbly chauffeur didn't seem to mind flagrantly disobeying the speed limits. Probably she thought she could flirt her way out of a ticket—and probably she was right.

"We're just *so* excited to have you at the casino," she enthused from the front. "We haven't had very many guests at all so far. You'll be one of the only couples there."

"Really?" Worry tinged Rosie's voice. "Why is that?"

"Oh, we don't have our official grand opening for another week or so. Boss wanted a test run on a few more guests, just to make sure we all were as wonderful and obedient as possible!"

Rosie raised an alarmed eyebrow, but Jonathan hardly saw it. If he positioned himself correctly, he could stare directly down the chauffeur's cleavage through the rear view mirror. The chauffeur's smile seemed to indicate that she saw him doing it—and enjoyed it immensely.

He felt wrong doing this, of course—it was such a big shift from his normally business-like self—but maybe that was part of the fun.

Much to Jonathan's surprise, they passed right by the main strip with all the big, recognizable casinos and ventured far out into the desert. The Shining Spiral Casino was the only thing, it seemed like, in miles.

It was quite the sight. An enormous, glittering, rotating, silver-and-black spiral stood over the dome of the casino, appearing suspended between the twin towers of the hotel. Jonathan caught himself staring up at the spiral as they approached on the long road—and saw Rosie doing the same.

It was strangely contenting, looking at that spiral. His cares seemed to melt away from him, bit by bit.

So what if he looked at the chauffeur's tits? She was hot. Let him look. He was on vacation, by god.

As they drove up to the hotel, a gaggle of big-breasted women in tight, tiny spandex outfits awaited them at the entrance, standing obediently behind a tall, thin man with slicked-back hair. He wore a blue suit, his arms hanging down from his shoulders like spindly tree branches. As the young couple stepped out of the town car, the man placed his fingertips together and drew them up to his face, highlighting a charming smile.

"Ladies, welcome the Jeffersons!"

All the girls smiled and intoned at once,“*Welcome*, Mister and Misses Jefferson.”

For Jonathan, seeing the crowd of women like looking into an endless sea of fleshy valleys. Everywhere he looked was another bountiful pair of breasts, each slender-waisted and top-heavy beauty more gorgeous than the last. Next to him, Rosie stiffened up and wrapped and re-wrapped his hand.

He tried once again, valiantly, to be a gentleman, but it was rather hard.

Soon, *he* was rather hard, and carefully arranging his bag to hide his erection with his luggage. All the lovely girls caught him looking. None of their looks were discouraging—in fact, they seemed to be openly encouraging him to look more and more, dragging their fingertips along their cleavage or toying with locks of hair that just so happened to land squarely between their sumptuous tits. Several of them winked knowingly.

The tall suited man held out a hand. “I am Mister Craft. Wallace Craft. This is *my* establishment.”

Jonathan took his outstretched hand, shaking it. “Thank you so much, then! We’re really looking forward to staying here.”

Rosie held out a hand, but Craft must not have seen it, as he turned and began walking into the shiny silver doors of the hotel lobby. She frowned furiously—in the workplace, Jonathan knew, she had suffered plenty of gender-based discrimination.

But amazingly, she put up with it. Perhaps she was just getting in the vacation mode already.

“This is the lobby,” said Craft as he led them inside, waving his hands about. “Any information you need about the hotel, my girls and boys will be happy to answer. If you feel like playing a few games—and I hope you do, with the three thousand dollar credit we’re extending to you—then it’s right through that door.” He pointed to a black double-door, bright neon lights flashing through its small windows. “In the meantime, Delilah here can show you to your room.”

He snapped, and very quickly, a tiny, incredibly busty young woman arrived. Despite her small size, she was thoroughly leggy, and wore a tiny spiral-striped skirt and sparkly platform heels to highlight this particularly feature. Her long chestnut hair's volume only highlighted how tiny she was.

Throughout the lobby several beautiful women and a number of large men attended to their duties. Jonathan noticed his wife noticing the men—tall, ruggedly muscled, with beardy stubble and smoldering eyes. Each of

them seemed to be carrying something heavy by themselves—a table, a pole, a dolly loaded down with boxes. The lobby was ornate and large, with extensive flowery sculpting on the tall pillars.

No, not flowery, thought Jonathan. Spirally. Was that even a word? Anyway, lots of spirals floating up the pillars, along the walls.

He didn't focus on it. Delilah's rear was much more engaging than the décor.

Rosie and Jonathan followed Delilah down to the elevator—her walk was as animated as every girl in the lobby—sultry and purposeful. Jonathan admired her ass openly. There was...something in the air. Some scent coming from her—that same hot peppermint smell that the chauffeur displayed. It freshened up his thoughts.

“Peppermint?” she offered, turning around in front of the silver elevator doors.

Suddenly the mints were just in her hands—her outfit had no pockets, so either she had been holding on to them, or they had been stuffed down the slick, luscious space of her cleavage.

Both of them took one. It melted immediately in Jonathan’s mouth.

“We’re so happy you’re here,” she said, gushing just like the chauffeur had as she guided them into the elevator. She pressed the button for their floor with a long, painted nail. “There’s so few guests here, as you may have noticed. We’re really just trying to build up the place’s reputation, get reviews and all of that. We really hope you love it here like we do!”

Both of them made little muttering noises—if Rosie was like Jonathan, then she had something friendly to say, but her voice stayed after taking in a long, deep peppermint breath. For Jonathan, the mint flooded his system with slow, cool energy, and focused his gaze directly on Delilah's amazingly built derriere.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened up. “You’re staying right above the employee’s quarters, for now.”

Jonathan's surprise fought through the effects of the peppermint. “You live here?”

“Oh my gosh, yes!” Delilah grabbed his hand enthusiastically. “It’s wonderful here!”

Their room, down at the end of the hall, was an enormous suite. Everything was layered in silver and black, and small little spirals rotated

out from the handles of the doors and faucets. There were even spiral-themed paintings.

Delilah followed them in, calling out names of rooms—bathroom, living room, bedroom, kitchen. Rosie picked up the remote for the television, perhaps thinking to put it on the night stand. Instead, the second she picked up the remote, a wave of spirals appeared on the television screen. Frowning, she made to change the channel, but then she stopped mid-motion, her eyes glazing over a bit.

Jonathan almost said something, but Delilah grabbed his hand and pulled him out toward the door.

"God, it's such a *shame* you're married," she purred, clearly not caring that Rosie was no more than fifteen feet away. "Please let me know if you need *anything."* Her hand trailed along Jonathan's chest and then his arm. "Anything at all. If you want to find me later, I'll be at the three-card poker table."

"Okay," said Jonathan, staring entirely at her hot, perfectly positioned globes straining in her tiny uniform. His head felt sooo foggy. "Sure."

The door shut behind her. Jonathan's hard-on was almost painful, stretching out against his pants. He was going to have to masturbate or something, take care of it. There was a vacation here he had to take care of, after all.

Right—vacation!

A vacation where he played a lot of three-card poker.

Turning around, he saw Rosie in her underwear, her eyes still a little glossy. Looking down, he saw her thighs glistening with hot, wet arousal, the front of her panties spotted. Behind her, the television screen pulsed with strange, hot, dancing spirals. He saw Rosie inside of the spirals, and slowly felt himself descend into her grasp.

"Come on." She grabbed his hard-on through his pants. "Let's fuck. Now. Please?"

He was surprised. Usually it took him a long time to warm her up. And now, here, just from being in this wonderful place, she was ready to go.

Of course, he was ready to go too, thanks to Delilah.

Within short order, they were both naked in the bedroom, humping madly. Their lovemaking was short and not-that-sweet.

He closed his eyes, thinking of the hot, peppermint-scented cleavage of the girl who helped them up. He wanted her so bad. He wanted *her*. He

couldn't stop imagining the curve of her body, the sliding motions of her legs beneath her tiny skirt.

He came hard in his wife's pussy, dreaming of this other girl, almost-just-whispering her name: *Delilah, Delilah, Delilah.*

WAKING UP FROM THEIR post-coital nap, Rosie stretched and slipped on a swimsuit and a loose blue dress. That was the best sex they had given each other in a long time. She was already quite the fan of this vacation—Jonathan's wandering eyes or no. When he was inside of her, she knew he was thinking about her—and certainly she must have turned him on. It seemed like some other force had been driving all his big, manly thrusts with his godly husband cock.

Huh? Godly...husband...cock?

Her mind still felt a little foggy from whatever had been in that peppermint. Dimly, she recalled standing in front of the television and feeling suddenly horny...but she didn't remember turning it off, and it wasn't on now. She must have dreamed that in her after-sex nap.

It bothered her dimly that the peppermint had been some sort of drug—obviously it had been, with the reactions it produced. But at the same time, something deep and twisted just kept repeating about how it was all a good time. It was such a good time, being in this casino. So much fun.

Have some fun, Rosie.

She slipped down next to Jonathan's prone form and delivered a series of kisses on his forehead.

“I’m going to have a dip at the pool, dear.”

He rolled over sleepily. “That’s great,” said Jonathan. “I think I’m going to just rest here for a bit and grab a coffee, maybe look around at the games later on.”

“Please,” she rolled her eyes just slightly. “Don’t *you* start calling them games, too. It’s gambling, plain and simple. We could lose money.”

He sat up casually, hands behind his back. “Hey, they gave us three grand to blow. That’ll take me at least a month to work through with our budget. I think I’ll be fine.”

Rosie laughed and nodded. Jonathan was so very responsible with their money. It was one of the things she loved about him—his responsibility.

In the hallway, it struck Rosie how few guests there were. She didn't see anyone who didn't look like an employee, and while that lack was eerie, there was no lack of worker-bees humming around and attending to the interior.

Instead of the elevator, Rosie took the stairs—an old habit furnaced by her love of fitness—and noticed through open doors that each floor had at least one pair of incredibly proportioned maids in those ridiculously revealing uniforms, happily singing and humming as they folded towels and put away laundry. As far as Rosie could tell, though, there really were no guests besides her and her husband.

But, no, of course there had to be. Even if the hotel was still doing test runs, she and Jonathan couldn't be the *only* guests there. There had to be someone. Somewhere. The casino was just a large place, that was all.

It was easy getting around the casino, though it took a strangely long time. She left the room at close to two in the afternoon, and by the time she made it to the pool, it was three forty-five. She kept stopping in the middle of hallways, closely examining the spinning spirals next to the signs. They were just...difficult to parse, that was all. There was so much to learn.

She loved learning, though. She was so lucky the casino could teach her.

She loved the casino already. She had learned that right away.

Outside, the pool seemed empty at first—until Rosie noticed that was only because no one was in the pool. No one swimming, no one playing, no games of Marco Polo or Chicken Fight. Instead, everyone was laying out by the pool. All women. All busty, well-proportioned women with long waves of beautiful hair, holding small cocktails.

Employees, perhaps?

Rosie took a moment to set her towel and romance novel down at one of the pool chairs in the shade. Most of the time, her pale skin burnt rather easily.

“Can I get you a drink, ma’am?”

Talking to Rosie was a tall drink of a man—a young rippling stud with sparkling white teeth and mammoth pectoral muscles. He had a name tag that read, “Philip.”

“A water would be lovely, actually.”

“All right,” the waiter clapped his hands. “Bottles of water are ten dollars.”

Rosie was aghast. “*Ten* dollars?”

He smiled, shrugging sheepishly. The maneuver was startlingly handsome, just like all of him. “I know, right? Blame my boss. He’s trying to push our new drink, the Spiral Twist. Those are free from now until this evening.”

“Free?” Rosie's interest was piqued. “Well, what’s in it?”

He shrugged, his massive shoulders bulging together. “A little of this, a little of that.”

“I meant—you know. Does it have alcohol in it?”

“Oh, yes ma’am. It’s very popular. It'll make you feel fantastic.” He swept out a hand to the other ladies sitting in their pool chairs, each drinking the black and white drink liqueur

“Oh, no thank you, then. It’s the middle of the day.”

“As you wish, ma’am. But, it *is* free, and I haven’t had a complaint yet.”

She made a face, trying to shuffle away from the sales pitch.

“I tell you what,” he said, stepping close to her. His size dwarfed her entirely. “I really am supposed to try to get everyone to try one. If you’ll take just one, and you hate it? I’ll get you a bottle of water on the sly. How’s that?”

His masculine, earthy smell only increased as he came closer. It was a heady scent, one that had Rosie almost swooning. Smiling, she nodded.

“Sure,” she said. “That sounds fair.”

“Thanks, babe.”

He patted her on the ass and left to grab the drink. Rosie didn't even have time to protest that it was completely inappropriate for him to touch her like that—and when he came back, she was too busy wrestling with her amazed tongue—which had a sudden and definite longing to wrap itself around any part of his rippling torso that she could find—to form any kind of coherent response outside of a meek and slightly-curtsying “thank you.”

That was unlike her. Normally she was quick to judge sexist behavior—and quick to call it out.

Oh well. She was vacationing. This waiter, Philip, worked for the casino. He couldn't be all bad.

She loved the casino.

As soon as he left, leaving the drink in Rosie’s hands, two young girls—who looked about Rosie’s age, sat down in the row of chairs just behind her. She noticed them sitting, and noticed how incredibly attractive they both

were, with their waspish figures and thick heads of glossy, shiny hair. Self-consciously, Rosie sat up straight.

What if the waiter came back? She would have to look good somehow.

That was an odd thought for her to have—an odd thing for her to worry about.

Oh well. She took a little sip of her drink. It was like a malt—thick and tasting something like peppermint chocolate. There was some sort of milk inside, thick and creamy and warming her throat. The alcohol immediately had an effect on her, making her head feel slightly foggy and her whole body comfortably warm.

The two girls behind her began to have the oddest conversation. Their voices were melodic, happy, and relaxing. Overhead, the spiral between the towers of the hotel continued to spin. Rosie couldn't help but sip at her drink—so thick and delicious—and follow along with the conversation for a while.

"I really, really hope I'm a good wife for my man," said the first woman.

The other voice was reassuring. "Of course you're a good wife."

"I just know I have so many things to do for him."

"You'll do all those things for your man," the second voice reassured. "You want to do anything for your man."

Anything for her man. Rosie nodded slowly, looking up at the spiral overhead. Yes. Of course she would.

"He's a good, strong man. And I want to be his hot, fertile wife."

"You'll be such a hot, fertile wife for your strong man."

Hot wife for her strong man. Oh yeah. She sounded hot. They both did.

This was a rather odd conversation indeed. It sounded like the two girls were reading off some kind of script—but they were so enthused, so *happy* about what they were saying, that Rosie had a hard time finding it disingenuous.

Where did Rosie's dress go? She was only wearing her bikini now for some reason. Her hands were sliding at the straps, which suddenly felt too constraining. She looked up at the spiral overhead, her thoughts slipping away.

"There's no reason to ever be worried about anything now that I'm married," said the first girl.

“You're right. No reason at all. My man and the casino take care of everything.”

Rosie nodded slowly, sip sip sip. No reason to be worried about anything.

The first girl sounded a bit concerned. “I hope that he finds me attractive. That's mostly all I care about.”

“Being attractive *is* the most important thing for a wife to do, outside of obeying.”

Rosie's fun-tasting super-good drink was empty, strangely. How had that happened? She didn't care. Her head floated happily. All she had to worry about was looking attractive.

“I have to obey *all* the time.”

“An obedient wife is an attractive wife.”

“My man is so strong. I have to be hot for him. Otherwise he'll never get me pregnant.”

“You'll be so hot for your strong man. You're a hot babe. You know how to dress like a hot babe for your man and he'll make you more pregnant than you can believe.”

Obedient, attractive, duty, hot, pregnant, strong, man.

These words bounced off Rosie’s mind like jello-filled super balls, floating everywhere at once.

Dumbly, Rosie looked down at her drink. It was full again. When had that happened? Did Philip come by? Had he said if she looked hot or not?

The drink was so good that she immediately started drinking more, the cool breeze of the day fluttering against her body.

Looking down at her chest, she saw that her breasts were rippling somehow—growing, in fact. Right before her eyes, her bust was increasing with happy, jiggly bounces. They felt full of...milk?

That was...that was really cool. That would let her be a better wife for her man. That was so wonderful. Every thought she had landed serenely in her head. There was no panic, no urgency. Everything was wonderful. The casino was wonderful.

She swallowed the rest of her drink, watching her breasts grow even more as she did, her waist becoming narrower, her pale skin becoming more tan in the shade. Wasn't *that* something?

She sat up to set her empty drink down—but then Philip was there, grabbing it and replacing it with one smooth motion. That was so good of

him. So strong.

She needed to learn how to be a good hot wife for a strong male. Philip could be practice. He was so big and tall and strong.

The women behind her continued to speak in their hot, droning tones. Overhead, the spiral turned and turned, so wonderful. She couldn't place what exactly it was about the speech of the two girls that was so very interesting. But oh good lord, it really was!

Rosie noticed, squirming her legs in happy little pulses, that her pussy was soaking wet. Her tits continued to grow slowly, and she noticed that her dark hair had started to become longer and longer. Glossier. Shinier.

"I need to learn how to suck cock all day long for my man."

"Sucking cock is *so* important."

Rosie felt empty inside. When was the last time she had even *sucked* a cock?

"I need to learn how to suck my man off so that he knows I'll do it any time he wants."

Mmph. Unable to stop herself, Rosie's fingers had slipped under the thin fabric of her bikini.

"You should suck your man off whenever he wants. It's your duty."

Oh god yes, suck him off. It's her duty.

"I do love having all these duties as a wife."

So many duties. They were all so, so good. Rosie's fingers were buried deep in her cunt, not caring who saw. Overhead, the spiral twisted and turned, filling her mind. Her engorged tits were incredibly sensitive—empty of a drink, her hand had wandered to her strawberry-sized nipples.

"Have to be a good wife," she moaned. "Have to do my duties. Have to be a *good* wife."

Their voices were close now. If she turned even just slightly, she would see their lips churning out hot, happy, hypnotized words into her ear, to make her just as hypnotized as they were.

"It's so fucking *fun* to be a hypno slave for my hubby."

"It's so fun," Rosie droned in response, fingering blankly.

"I love this casino. I'll do anything for it."

"Anything for the casino!" Rosie moaned.

As she came, someone pushed a glass of Spiral Twist to her lips, letting the delicious liqueur slide down her throat. Hot, tempered bliss danced through every muscle as she gurgled down the yummy substance. Her

hands went limp, sliding away from her big tits and her tight young wife pussy, but it was perfectly all right. The nice girls behind her replaced her hand with theirs almost immediately.

And then, they continued to talk.

THE CASINO FLOORS WERE, in a word, overwhelming.

Jonathan walked from game to game, searching for Delilah, a thousand dollars in house money chips in his hands. Every game was fully-staffed, and it was hard to spot another guest in the sea of bright lights and flashing machines. The dozens of card-games each had a smiling, beautiful dealer with a low-cut top threatening to spill over with incredible, jiggly titflesh at a moment's notice.

For every game, there were at least three beautiful babe employees there, happily waiting. All eyes on Jonathan—the only guest in the casino as far as he could tell.

It seemed like, if he actually took the time to focus, there were themes for the games. Or rather, for the girls attending the games. All the poker games had variations of school-girls: cheerleaders, pig-tailed dolls with knee socks, volley-ball players, hot preppy girls with tiny sweaters and tennis skirts.

All the roulette tables had sexy business-type women, dressed in tight, sexy pinstripe suits with micro-length skirts and teensy tiny blouses. The craps tables had peasant girls wearing tight corsets or open blouses, sexy flowery skirts that sometimes were too short or sometimes had hot stockings attached to them. So on and so on, theme after theme filled with beautifully busty smiling babes.

And all the while, this odd techno beat kept thrumming out the walls. And not just the walls, but the slot machines, from panels in the floor, from small speakers attached to each gorgeously-endowed server...from all angles, at all times, he was bombarded with rhythmic sound.

At first, it was overwhelming. It took away his ability to concentrate. Every time he considered stepping out, or maybe going back to his room and waiting for Rosie, the sound broke the thought apart.

It wasn’t so bad, he decided after a while. In fact, it was...sort of nice. And if he didn’t like it, he could just play.

Ignore the rest of life. Have a turn at the tables. That's why he was here, wasn't it?

The music thrummed along with his new thoughts, guiding them, focusing them. He tugged at his loose shirt collar, feeling a bit warm. His cock grew to a comfortable half-mast as Jonathan enjoyed all the clear stares at his package.

Head-a-swivel, he finally spotted the beautiful Delilah at the three-card poker table where she had promised she would be. His heart thumped as her face lit up, calling him over and patting the empty seat right next to her.

God, she was gorgeous. Her hair arranged in an effortless long pile, practically cooing against her back. He wanted to rub his face in that thick mess of hair and breathe her scent in deep before plunging himself in her cunt.

Or...o-or something.

Maybe. He loved Rosie, though.

Of course he did.

He loved his wife.

Delilah smiled at him even more dazzingly than before as his steps faltered a bit. He forgot about his wife long enough for Delilah to slide a drink in his hands and guide him to her table.

"Here," she said. "On the house."

The drink was black and white, arranged in stripes, like some kind of Neapolitan liqueur. The taste was sugary and sweet.

"What is this?"

"Oh that? It's the special." She giggled. "It's very special. I made it myself."

The second he sat down, he heard a chorus of disappointed moans from the nearby games—and saw all the girls and dealers at them pouting that he hadn't chosen them. They all took big, elaborate sighs, their breasts swelling, and stared at him with open longing in their beautifully big eyes. He was so important to them—to all of them.

Important, yeah, that was the word. He felt important. Critical. Everyone's attention was on him.

Delilah wrapped her arm around his possessively, haughtily winking at the other girls, and introduced him to the others at the table.

Besides Delilah, there was another gorgeously stacked brunette who could have been her sister—the name tag read Karen—and the dealer, a

sumptuously tall redhead with a killer smile, named Tasha. Karen sat on Jonathan's left, and Delilah his right.

Tasha shuffled the cards clumsily and only dealt to Jonathan.

“Oh,” he said. “You ladies aren’t playing?”

Karen and Delilah giggled. Jonathan turned from one heavy pair of jiggling breasts to the other, feeling rather in love.

“Don’t be silly,” Delilah said happily. “Games are for men. A girl’s head just isn’t *built* for this like yours is.”

He took a drink, smiling. The warm liqueur warmed every part of his body. That was certainly right. Games were for men. Girls just weren't as good at that sort of thing as men were. It’d be nice if Rosie recognized that more often.

No...no, that was wrong. Rosie was a whiz at numbers.

He took another drink, Karen cooing soft nothing into his ear that he couldn't quite make out.

Well, maybe Rosie wasn't quite as good at numbers as *he* was...but it was his job, after all.

His drink had emptied, but it was no problem. He watched as Karen filled it with some kind of chocolate liqueur and then Delilah took it and...and...

She pulled her top down and filled it with the milk from her enormous tits. Fuck.

Karen handed him back the drink. Completely full now.

“There you are, love,” said Delilah. “Don't you want it?”

“It's...uh...ah...your milk. In there. In this.”

It smelled heavenly. How was he not gulping it down?

Stroke, stroke, stroke. “Don't you deserve that? It was so good, wasn't it?”

Taking a long sip, he decided it was good. Nothing to worry about. Too good to not have several more.

He knew the game already. Three-card poker was easy. The highest hand was a straight flush. The ante was twenty, and the bonus bet was another twenty. He put down the ante and the bonus, and then placed his initial bet of twenty again when he was dealt his cards.

“You can make a bigger bet than that, can’t you?” asked Delilah.

Jonathan had expected this. Certainly, a beautiful babe like Delilah, employed by the casino, was there to make him spend more money. He

shrugged. “I mean...twenty seems plenty, doesn’t it?”

Delilah looked down, clearly disappointed. “Oh, I *guess* so. I just thought, a strong man like you...surely you can afford a nice big bet, can’t you?”

Taking a long sip of his drink, he stared intently down Delilah’s soft, palpably close cleavage. Her fingers slid up and down his thigh, sweeping some imaginary piece of dust away. It felt like someone was whispering softly in his ear...but when he turned to look, there was only Karen, smiling softly with her big brown eyes dancing merrily. She was silent, smiling, sliding her fingers around the heavy cylinder of his chips. Her grip looked like she could be holding anything cylindrical...his cock, for instance.

“Couldn't you make a *bigger* bet?” Delilah cooed again, with Karen cooing at the same time. “A real man like you can make *such* a big bet...”

To his left, Karen kept nodding happily, intently, sliding her fingers up and down the stack of his chips.

Staring deep into Delilah’s eyes, he slipped his hands over Karen’s, pushing forward whatever chips were there. It was over three hundred dollars, a tenth of his what the casino had given him.

The scantily-clad dealer happily dealt her own cards. Three of a kind. Jonathan had junk—a five, an eight, and a two. Nothing. Three hundred dollars down the drain.

The dealer clapped her hands happily, her tits bouncing hypnotically. “Thanks *so* much for playing with me. Another hand?”

Jonathan took a long drink to think about it. After his gulp, the drink was empty...and then it was gone, replaced by another by Karen’s quick hands. Everything felt so warm, so floating. He was surrounded by gorgeous women all smiling at him, wanting him, having fun.

He was in heaven.

Delilah’s hot, soft mouth slid up and down Jonathan’s neck, his ear. “Go on. You can win. *You’re* a *winner*. Show me, baby.”

Less than thirty minutes later, all the credit extended to him and Rosie was gone. All three thousand dollars, just vanished. If he were able to comprehend much of anything outside of Delilah's hands on his body, her breasts pushing up against his arm, he might not have believed it.

Drunk now, a bit stumbly, he allowed Delilah to guide him to the ATM in a corner with her hand in his pocket. Her fingertips slid against the stiff shaft of his cock through the inner fabric of his pants.

His clothes were fitting rather tightly. Somehow he felt *bigger* than before. Delilah had always been shorter than him...but she seemed rather more so now. Looking down, he noticed that his top few buttons had burst off—and beneath, his chest had become enormously muscled. His pant legs no longer stretched down to his ankles, ending instead somewhere around his mid-calf.

Testing his strength, he picked his arm up—Delilah holding on and squealing in delight at the ease with which he lifted her up. When he set her down, she hugged him tight.

“God, you're *so* strong,” she moaned. “I bet you could *crush* me *any* time you wanted. I bet you could just *ruin* me.”

Considering that fact very heavily, he languidly let her take the bank card out of his pocket, and told her his PIN number. Why not? He could trust her. She worked for the casino.

He loved the casino with all his heart.

Somehow his bank allowed him to withdraw over five thousand dollars at a time. Had it been in one of those forms he signed when he accepted the prize trip down here?

It was so very hard to recall. But then, why recall anything? All that mattered was having fun for the casino.

“Don’t worry about that cash, studly,” Delilah purred in his ear. “Come back over to the table and show me how hard you can play. You'll make your money back in no time at all. You're such a fucking stud.”

Within moments, he had slipped back down in front of Tasha, placing enormous bet after enormous bet. Karen's legs slid over on top of his muscular thighs. Delilah's lips barely left his ear, whispering and suggesting. Bet harder, harder, harder.

Minutes melded into hours. Jonathan lost track of time. He lost track of caring.

He drank more and more of the lactation-infused drinks. His body grew and grew, only becoming stronger and more impressive. His forearms were like steel cords, his back a collection of iron serpents. Stubble grew and grew on his chin, blooming into a sexy, dark beard. Delilah's tongue ran over it, adoring his manly hair—and that was okay with him, of course. It wasn't like they were kissing. That wasn't cheating.

In between several gulps of his fifth or sixth or fifteenth or sixteenth Spiral Twist, he pushed forward several thousand dollars of chips. Delilah

had convinced him that the only way to win big was to play big. If he put down big enough bets, all he would need was one big win...and certainly, he was such a man that he was going to win all the time, right? He just had a bit of a cool streak.

Delilah was right. The casino would be good to him.

The casino was so good. He had to do what the casino wanted.

That odd, wonderful techno beat kept thumping out, creating a helpful rhythm for his every action.

“Take that,” he said proudly, barely looking at his own cards, as he pushed forward the thousands of dollars.

Tasha smiled prettily, showing her cards. “Gosh, I win again!”

“Are you sure?” said Jonathan, his drunken attention stumbling around, trying to find the place in his head that could still accomplish things like math, and noticing. “It’s just, um, I have two face cards, and you’ve got...a three and a two...”

Something was making it rather hard to think, and not just the alcohol. Looking down, he saw that Karen was hard at work, tugging his pants down and off his legs. She had to unlace his shoes first.

The massive hard-on that his cock had long-ago transformed into was no longer hidden—in fact, it was being celebrated. Delilah, humming and nuzzling him absently, staring with bright, empty eyes around the casino, stroked his cock hard and lovingly.

Big muscles weren't the only thing that had grown on Jonathan. His cock was staggeringly huge now—nearly a foot of pure, perfect man meat made entirely for one purpose: fucking as much hot fertile pussy as possible. Just looking at it made Jonathan swell with pride.

The casino had given him this new cock. He really ought to show his appreciation.

Delilah's small hand encapsulated his big shaft, slip-sliding all the way down and massaging softly into his balls, and then back up slowly again. It was a mechanical, absent motion, like she was brushing her hair. Precum spurted up the second he noticed, sliding in warm waves over her hand. The thick volumes of it layered over her skin like melted butter—creamy and warm.

“Hey, you’re um...you’re stroking my cock.” Jonathan almost felt bad about pointing it out. She hadn’t seemed like she was doing it on purpose.

She gasped, as if noticing it just now herself. “Gosh, I sure am! What should we do about that?”

Even with the pleasant surprise on her face, she didn’t stop stroking. In fact, she increased her efforts, sliding her thumb around the head of his cock, rubbing in whatever slick precum slid out. Occasionally the surface of his precum-wet cock slid against Karen’s face, who moaned passionately, licking her gorgeous, puffy lips.

So, Jonathan didn’t notice as Tasha gathered up all the cards and his latest bet and dealt again. She didn’t even bother shuffling—instead, just picking out cards that she liked and putting them down in front of him. Apparently, she liked giving him twos and threes and sevens.

“I think, I mean...oh god. You’re great at that,” he moaned to Delilah.

“Thank you! Don’t you like what Karen is doing, too?”

He looked down. Karen had started licking attentively at his balls. Her tongue, small and pink dragged over the surface of his sack, lips pushing forward every so often to kiss him tenderly.

“Oh, man.”

Tasha tapped the table briefly. “Another bet, sir?”

“Yes,” he said, not even looking at the cards. “The same as last time. Wait,” he said, shaking his head. “No. I want to pay attention, so...”

Delilah had a drink in her free hand, sliding it right under Jonathan’s nose. No doubt it had her milk in it like the last twenty.

“Another round, sir?”

He took it and began drinking without saying anything. It was easier to take a little drink down than it was to think about anything. His cock swelled in Delilah's hand, more immense volumes of precum spilling out. There was more of that precum than all the cum combined from his orgasms from the past month—including the one he had filled his wife with earlier in the day.

God, he could just sit there and drink and let Delilah stroke his cock, let Karen lick his balls. Fuck, why not? If they wanted his money, they could have it. Money wasn't important—only the casino was important.

“Do you like that, sir?” Delilah asked. “How we call you sir? How we take care of your *every* need? Isn’t that awfully wonderful?”

“Yes,” he said, leaning forward into Delilah.

Man, she was so fucking pretty. What if he just, kissed her a bit? Just a little?

He slid his lips forward onto hers. Delilah responded with a happy, eager moan, like she had been waiting on him, her strokes speeding up on his cock.

“Mmm, I’d really love to keep making out with you, sir, but I don’t want to leave Karen out...”

“Oh yeah...she’s too pretty to leave out.”

“She *definitely* is.” Delilah’s strokes slowed. “God, her mouth is *right there*, isn’t it? What if you just...you know...slid your cock in?”

Jonathan, rather drunkenly, considered that for several moments. Karen panted beneath him, her pretty pink lips open and wet, panting with need.

“It’s just I...I have a wife...”

Delilah's strokes sped up again. His cock twitched happily. “Wouldn’t she want you to be fucking the hot mouths of sexy girls like us, though? Isn’t that better than anyone else? After all, if it wasn’t us, a stud like you would definitely be going off and fucking *someone*. But, you know you can trust us.”

“Trust you.” Her cleavage was so fucking sexy. He wanted to eat his meals off it.

“Besides,” said Delilah. “I’m like, the one stroking your cock. If I guide it into Karen’s mouth, it’s not even cheating. That’s just something me and Karen did.”

He nodded slowly. “Oh, yeah. That makes sense.”

He moved forward just slightly, and Karen moved the rest of the way, sliding her mouth all the way up his cock. Oh god, oh god! She was so. Fucking. Good! Her mouth made his cock feel like a lightning rod, absorbing all the hot currents of pleasure that she pulsed out from her mouth.

Delilah breathlessly moaned into his mouth, like she was his lover, like she had needed him for years. Her kiss was the kiss of ages, immortal, needy, desperate. Her moan increased in pitch, and Jonathan saw from the corner of his eye that she had started pumping Karen up and down on his cock. Delilah's excitement increased from this, her kiss getting only more passionate. Fuck. Wow.

“Please cum,” Delilah moaned to him, in between gentle, needy kisses. “Cum in her mouth. We *need* you to cum in her, oh god, please?”

Karen's moans only confirmed Delilah's words. For a few brief seconds, Jonathan felt like he could go on forever like this, with Karen sucking him

off for the rest of his life. Her soft, sweet lips felt so velvety-perfect against his shaft.

But then, suddenly, unexpectedly, his bliss powered through him, the orgasm starting with hot tension in his buttocks that released outward and exploded down Karen's eager, vibrating throat. She lapped up his seed while Delilah looked on with clear jealousy in her vibrant brown eyes.

His cum spilled out from him, feeling like it would go on forever. He filled up Karen's stomach and mouth and had enough leftover to shoot all over her face, spraying her down as she smiled and gobbled down every last spurt.

“Another game, sir?” Tasha asked, smiling as brightly as she had been when he started, as if she hadn’t witnessed anything at all.

Karen slid off his cock, stroking him softly, while Delilah shuddered against his body.

“Please, sir,” said the brunette. “Keep playing? For me?”

HOURS PASSED WITH ROSIE happily drinking away at Spiral Twist after Spiral Twist, her body becoming more and more luscious, big-titted and perfect for hard, muscular fucking. Distantly, she attempted to read her romance novel, but every few seconds she would stare up at the spiral twisting overhead and admire its perfect beauty. Her mind felt empty and loose.

Loose, just like her. She was a hot, loose woman, happy to fuck anyone who came by. That's what her husband would like. He would want a woman that everybody could and would fuck. The two women whispering in her ears had strutted away long ago, but that was okay. Rosie felt perfectly acclimated to serving, now.

She giggled happily, liqueur dripping over her lips and newly-busty breasts. That was so cool. The taste was so creamy. She slipped up some of the liqueur and sucked it off her fingers, pretending it was the cum of some stranger.

Mmmph. That would be really hot.

It was really fun and sexy to have an empty mind.

Be a good wife, programmed thoughts jolted through her head. She welcomed the little jolts. They were regular parts of her life now. *Be a happy wife*.

Oh, right, her mind wasn't *empty*. It was just *focused*, now.

"Back rub?" asked a masculine voice.

Rosie broke from her soft liqueur-infused escape into the dreamy pages of her romance novel.

She had been stuck on the same page for about an hour, dreamily imagining some roughhewn musclebound stud picking her up in his arms and busing her away to some dark, faraway cabin where he would fuck her endlessly. *That* would be something her husband could do. Her dreamy, tall, perfect husband...

Imagine her surprise then, when the man above her was exactly like those lusty lads on the covers of her romance books—tall, taut, and impeccably cut.

"Oh," she said, her voice breathy and sultry. "Yes, please."

He held out a hand. "Why don't you come with me then."

She slipped her fingers out of her cunt and took his hand. He didn't seem to mind the excess juices.

"I'm Marco," he said.

He certainly *was*. Rosie's booze-and-induction-addled mind made up a little back story for him. He was some undocumented resident, working to pay for his mother and wife's safe passage to the US. The only way he'd be able to pay properly is if he earned his keep. He needed all the help he could get from the wealthy guests of the Shining Spiral Casino. Rosie slid up against him. Her newly-huge tits slid off the hulking slab of his bicep.

"Earn your keep...gotta help," she moaned.

"Sure babe," he said, the way that he would maybe point out a scrap of food to a dog. "Whatever you say."

They stopped in front of a door into a small white-stone building at the edge of the pool. Philip, from before, turned the corner and saw the two of them, his face suddenly shifting into outrage.

"Hey man, she's mine!"

"Fuck off, Philip."

"Fuck you, man! I've been feeding her drinks all day! She's ready to be a cocksucker right away!"

"Not anymore man. She's on pussy duty. Now, fuck off. This is for taking my last girl."

Philip pushed him. "You're an asshole."

"Whatever, bro."

Rosie's head rushed hard. They were *fighting* over her. That was so *manly*.

"Look," he said, slapping her ass hard. She loved it. "She's so ready to go. Why don't we both take her? And I'll make sure you get the next girl who comes in, all right? Boss says there ought to be way more coming up anyway after these two. There's only like a week till the grand opening anyway."

Marco shrugged. "Sure, okay."

They pushed her inside the door.

The inside of the room was stark white, a large group of pillows in the middle of the room.

"Go on," Marco said. "You've got to be a good girl."

"A good wife," Philip corrected. She heard him whisper, "She's really into the wife angle. You gotta play it up."

Marco nodded. "All the good wives I know kneel down in this room. So go on."

All the good wives did it? Oh fuck. She was running way far behind by never having done it before! Rosie, obediently, knelt down on the pillows.

Marco's cock, long and hard, slid down the hot lines of her face. Oh god. He was going to fuck her face. Philip drew up next to him, his cock floating along the other side of her face. *He* was going to fuck her too.

That was...

That was so...

That was soooooo hottt. She giggled happily, her tongue sliding around, trying to catch the edges of Marco's member.

"Wow, we really did a number on her, didn't we?" Marco remarked. "Usually they're all squirming, trying to get out."

"You know, I only gave her a half-dose to begin with? Her husband took some ungodly amount of convincing—a really loyal sort, you know? Delilah had to put the extra moves on him, I heard. Or, Boss made Delilah do it. I heard she'll never go back—she'll be his happy little fuckpet basically forever, now. I mean, she'll fuck other guys, but only with that husband's say-so. But this chick," he pointed at Rosie. "She just really took to the induction. Not like the husband at all. It only took fifteen minutes of programming before she was diddling herself."

"Diddling herself?" Marco laughed. "What are you, twelve?"

“Yeah,” Rosie purred. “I fucked my pussy with my fingers like a good wife does while her husband is away.”

“See?” said Marco. “Finger fucking.”

“Whatever. Forgive me for trying to be polite.”

Marco got down to one knee beside Rosie, crudely sliding his fingers up into her pussy and touching her there expertly. Rosie moaned, loving every second of his touch.

“You’ve been hypnotized into being a happy, eager servant for our casino now, dearie,” Marco said. “Isn’t that great?”

“Sure,” Rosie said brightly. “Whatever you say.”

“Over the next few days, you're going to transform into a happy fuckslave forever, as a matter of fact.”

Happy fuckslave forever. Oh *good*. She could *really* perform well as a wife like that.

“Hey,” said Philip. “You think boss ever used this shit on us?”

“Probably,” Marco shrugged. “I don’t care. I’m ripped as hell and I fuck whoever I want and I got a room to do it in. Sometimes lots of rooms. When we open up to the big time, there’ll be even more.”

“You’re right. Best not to think about it.”

“Best not to think about it,” they said in unison.

Without further ado, Philip rammed his entirely hard cock inside of Rosie's entirely wet cunt. An orgasm, wet and hot, pushed through her entire body at once, electrifying every atom. Her pleasure only intensified as Marco roughly gripped her hair and shoved his full meaty length down her throat. Her pouty, newly-puffy lips glistened with needy saliva as she suckled hard on his immense cock.

Philip, behind her, groaned with sweet hot pleasure as the velvety walls of her cunt gripped his meat expertly, guiding him in further and further, harder and harder. Not to be outdone, Marco replaced his grip on her hair with even firmer grips on her newly enhanced tits, using what felt like his entire body's worth of musclebound strength to thrust himself into her willing, aching hole of a mouth. Her tits leaked out milk as they filled her over and over—that was new. Unexpected. Fun. She was milking. Lactating. So fertile. Her husband would be so proud.

This was the absolute best way to be a wife, Rosie knew. Nobody would be able to do this for Jonathan like she did.

She was so lucky to be part of the casino.

Philip slapped her ass hard. His thrusts had become less rhythmic, more sporadic and passionate. That meant he was going to cum soon. Rosie slurped up more of Marco's fat cock as a response, making herself loud and clearly wanting.

Emptying himself all over her backside, Philip slapped her ass again and again. Rosie couldn't help but cum, feeling the hot results of this stranger's bliss spreading on top of her body.

Her new efforts as a result of her second orgasm pushed Marco to the edge. He wrapped up her thick hair around his hand like it was rope, and started jerking his cock off right in front of her.

“You see that?” he grunted, slapping her face with his cock. “You see that, sexy? That's for you. You're gonna take all of what I got.”

His shot hard out from his cock, and a strong, wild emptying sensation flooded over Rosie...and all of her slid out of reality, a new template writing over her blanked out personality. She was lost in sticky bliss for what felt like ages, licking and swallowing liquid pleasure.

Then, someone’s cock entered her mouth. She couldn’t tell who. All she could tell was that sucking cock was the reason she existed.

What a good wife she was, now!

TWO HOURS AFTER ENTERING the casino, almost all of Jonathan and Rosie’s money was gone. Two mortgages put up on their house. Four loans from the local bank. His 401K completely drained. All his stock options spent.

He didn’t care, of course. After cumming down Karen’s throat three more times—the volume and frequency of his orgasms had increased tremendously after drinking all of those Spiral Twists—Delilah and Karen had led his new, hulking self into the VIP room. There, he sat on a leather couch, lazily and drunkenly rolling a pair of dice with Karen happily attending his cock with long, soulful slurps and moans. His body, so large and muscular now, sunk deep into the couch.

He didn't know what game he was playing. It involved him losing quite a lot while Karen sucked him off. That was fine. Everything was fine.

“This casino is so wonderful, isn’t it baby?” Delilah purred in his ear.

“So wonderful,” he agreed happily.

“You’ll sign anything at all for the casino, won’t you please, darling?”

“Oh yeah. Sign whatever.”

Tasha, busty and smiling, bent over at the waist with a tray of papers in her hand.

“Sign these, please,” she said, pointing. “Here, here, and here.”

Jonathan leaned forward, sticking his nose into the redhead’s breasts with a drunken chuckle. Delilah led his hand from point to point and he scribbled out his signature. Or something. Maybe it was just scribbles. Anyway, they didn't seem to care.

“Wonderful,” said the redhead, emotionless, sliding away.

Delilah, delighted, wrapped her hands around his neck.

“One last game, baby.”

“Oh yeah?”

“If you win this one, you can stay here indefinitely. You can work here, just like us. Wouldn’t you love that?”

“Oh...” some strings of thought attended his forgotten conscience and priorities. Wasn’t there...work, or something? But no. This was a job she was offering. “I um...I mean...”

“All you have to do,” Delilah purred, “is cum right inside my pussy.”

God, he could do that. He could *really* do that.

Getting up, he grabbed Karen and gently placed her aside. Her weight was nothing to him—fuck, but he was so strong now—and then he grabbed Delilah's tiny, curvacious body and pushed her down on the couch.

His hands ripped at her clothes, tearing them away like they were paper, like they were made of wet tissue. Delilah's hot, tiny body tensed and squirmed, hot repeated orgasms clearly running through her body with every touch of his big hands on her naked, hot tits.

With a moan, he sank into this woman, his shaft completely sliding inside of her with no resistance whatsoever. He could feel his own bulge beneath her tiny torso, filling her up so hard.

Gyrating his hips, he began to thrust inside of her again and again. Delilah's head thrashed in ceaseless pleasure, her legs wrapped around his waist. She pulled herself up off the couch, her tiny fuckable body held up entirely by his steely muscles.

“Yes!” she moaned ceaselessly. “*Oh my god, yes!*”

Jonathan entered and re-entered her with gusto. Her pussy was so fucking tight!

As he continued to fuck her brains out, Mr. Craft entered the room with Rosie on one arm. She was completely naked. Mr. Craft eyed Jonathan casually, like the newly muscular stud was merely sorting mail. Jonathan, seeing Rosie, didn't stop his screwing for a second. Delilah was too good—and besides, he deserved to fucking her.

He was a man, a real man. He deserved any hot pussy he could find.

Rosie didn't seem to care that Jonathan was fucking someone else. A distant, vacant smile decorated her face. Mr. Craft whispered something into Rosie's ear. Then, obediently, Rosie unzipped Mr. Craft's pants and went down on him right in front of Jonathan.

“Oh, fuck,” he moaned.

He was upset for just a moment. But then Karen whispered something in his ear, something he couldn’t quite make out. The music got louder.

Rosie, on her knees, pumped more enthusiastically on Mr. Craft's bare cock. Jonathan nodded, feeling his cock throb even more as Delilah's magical pussy hugged it tight.

There was something so very *hot* about what Rosie was doing. He pumped into Delilah harder and harder, watching his wife get facefucked by another man.

He wanted his wife fucking other men all the time.

“*Fuck* me in front of your wife,” Delilah moaned. “Show her what you deserve. Show her what you *fucking* deserve, baby!”

“Cum for her,” Karen moaned happily. “Win that job. Cum inside Delilah! Be the stud! Be the big stud!”

Spasming, rocking, he emptied his unprotected load into Delilah. His cum overfilled the small woman, sliding out onto the couch. Karen greedily lapped it up. If she was lucky, Jonathan knew, she was already pregnant.

“I’m a winner!” he grunted loudly.

He stood up, not winded at all by the forceful fuck-session with Delilah. In front of Mr. Craft, despite his new-found strength, he felt an instant and undeniable deference flood over him.

“Hey Boss,” he said hopefully, pointing at Rosie. “You mind if I take a few rounds with this one here? I sort of know her.”

Mr. Craft held up a finger. “Just a moment.”

Grabbing Rosie's hair, he pulled her off his cock and then unceremoniously came on Rosie’s naked chest. Moaning with need, Karen

and Delilah crawled over and licked every bit of his seed off her body. Delilah winked at Jonathan as she did so.

“There you are,” Mr. Craft said, dusting himself off and zipping up, before clapping Jonathan on the back. “Now, I expect you to be awake bright and early at ten in the morning to go to work. We open in a week, and there are so many preparations to make. Another couple arrives tomorrow!”

“A couple like us?”

“Oh yes. We started with just myself and loyal little Tasha. Isn’t it wonderful how we’ve grown?”

Jonathan didn’t really have a chance to answer, after Rosie slid up and hopped into his massive, rock hard arms.

“*Hi*, Sweetie,” Rosie embraced him with a loving, passionate kiss. “How is my super stud husband today?”

“I’m doing pretty great. I fucked this girl,” he said, nudging his thigh against Delilah and then Karen. “And this one sucked me off a few times.”

“God, that’s so cool,” Rosie cooed. “I wish you could fuck us all at the same time.”

Mr. Craft cleared his throat. “If I may, ladies and gentleman, you do have the honeymoon suite for one more night. You responded rather...rapidly to our assimilation, good little servants that you are.”

Rosie, Karen, and Delilah’s faces all lit up at once. “Oh please!” they all moaned. “Take us, Sir! Take us in your big suite! Take us *all*!”

Jonathan smiled. He loved the casino. He would do anything or anyone for it...and so would his wife.

Bimbo Casino – No Way To Resist

"Let me get this straight," said Johnny Falco, owner of the Desert Beach Casino. "You want me to sign over the rights to my entire business? The same business that I spent thirty years building from the ground up, that business? Are you out of your mind?"

The gorgeous brunette across from him crossed her legs and smiled. Johnny watched the motion, a long, longing sigh threatening to leave his mouth. Her long, graceful legs were kept beneath a daringly short skirt, with smoky stockings covering the rest—except for, of course, her high high heels.

Selene was painfully, omnisciently, omnipresently gorgeous. She was hard not to want—hard not to lust after, in fact. The lust permeated in him in a visceral way—he could practically feel her soft skin sliding under his fingers every time he glanced at her.

"Mr. Falco, I'm sure you can understand my position. I'm here on orders. I have to follow my orders no matter what." Her voice was a silky, hotly accented purr. Eastern European, he thought. She put a delicate gloved finger up to her delicately beautiful lips. "Oh, I'm so sorry. Perhaps you *don't* understand. A man like you, so very much in charge of everything you see, probably doesn't understand what it's like to take orders anymore. Do you?"

It was hard to focus on most anything she said when her tits were just flagrantly bursting out from her tiny little parody of a business suit the way they were.

There was no other way to put it—the woman was a looker. She reminded him of the kind of woman he used to lust after when he was younger—much younger. The kind of femme fatale you would see on the screen, deadly and sexy at the same time. Her thick, voluminous hair fell down her back in a rich, chestnut wave. Her sensuously beautiful face young and somehow wise, as if she knew every thought that crossed his mind already when it came to looking at her—and what was more, she *wanted* him to think those dirty thoughts.

The question wasn't *whether* she wanted him thinking about her on her knees before him, begging to attend his rod, but rather *why* she wanted that. Was it due to attraction, or (more likely) due to manipulation?

Even if she was manipulating him, Falco had to admit he was enjoying it. The half-hard cock he boasted spoke to that. The attention was a nice change. It wasn't that he was a man who had trouble ferreting up partners for sex—or at least, he never had trouble before he was married. Ever since he had tied the knot, though, his thick head of dark hair and naturally athletic frame seemed all for naught, with his wife growing more apathetic by the day.

This Selene was from the Shining Spiral, one of Vegas's newest casinos. And, so far, it was one of the city's most effective casinos as well. Falco hadn't heard a single negative thing about it—in fact, most everyone raved about the experience. It must have been raking in the dough.

Falco didn't get it. They had nothing for kids there, no shows. Just a hotel, a pool, and lots of gambling. It was a low-rent place—and yet it was already getting more than ten percent of the market share in Vegas. More than that, nobody seemed to leave with more than just lint in their pockets.

Johnny Falco had built the Vegas Beach Casino from the ground-up a little over twenty years ago, starting when he was just a kid, no more than twenty years-old himself and not even legal to gamble on the Strip.

It started with just cheap setting—the consumer had to do most of the work for the casino to believe they were on the beach. Plastic palm trees with shiny metal leaves, dirty sand brought in from the edge of the desert that Falco shoveled into the back of his small truck by himself, that sort of thing. The kind of decoration you might expect from a kid's birthday party.

For whatever reason, it was a hit—for a while. People loved the quasi-trashy feel of the place, and were more than willing to indulge in the cheap Hurricanes and Long Island Iced Teas he put on deep discount.

But cheap drinks and cheaper décor only went so far. He'd had to upgrade, and upgrade, and upgrade again.

All told, he had invested millions of dollars in his growing casino resort over the decades. Today, he had a fully operating beach on the ground floor—and one on the twelfth, twentieth, and thirty-fourth. Each one had regular waves of varying sizes depending on the time of day. No saltwater, of course. That would start degrading the building too easily. But people tended to like fresh water better anyway.

The ground floor beach was, of course, the largest—but not necessarily the most luxurious. They were available to any guest at the casino, and so often were incredibly crowded—like a normal beach. The higher floors had expansive systems of holograms and screens that allowed for a more immersive experience.

Not that any of that was really on Falco's mind at the moment. The cleavage of the heavenly brunette in front of him was a rather immersive experience all on its own. A shiny jeweled pendant hung from her neck, resting comfortably between her twin globes.

Noticing his gaze, Selene smiled, touching her delectable chest. “You’re staring at my breasts, Mr. Falco.”

“So what if I am?”

She shrugged. The motion simply made her amazing breasts slide together. They looked hot and somehow moist. “That’s largely my position on the matter. I like to be looked at. I am a gorgeous woman, after all. Certainly you’ve noticed.”

“Maybe I have.”

“Of course you have.” She snapped the edge of her jacket against one tit, making it jiggle. They both watched this for a moment, each clearly enjoying themselves. God, but she looked *fertile*. Made for providing endless progeny for a man like him. “Your entire staff has noticed as well. Most of them are ready to eat directly out of my hand. Isn’t that nice of them? They’re so ready to mutiny against you, just because of how gorgeous I am. I do so love being so perfectly gorgeous for...” she smiled, eyes sweeping the room. “Mmm, well, for many reasons.”

He frowned. “You’ve got a lofty opinion of yourself.”

“I do.” She stood up, strutting up toward his desk. The fabric of her skirt stretched neatly as she slid over the desk corner, her legs sweeping closer to him. “Well-deserved, I hope?”

Falco sat back. “Listen, lady, you’re hot, I’ll give you that. But I’ve seen plenty of hot ladies in this town. Hell, in this office. Double hell, doing this very same thing you’re doing. And if you think you’re gonna put one over on me just because you got fabulous tits and a gorgeous face, then you’re in the wrong town.”

A disappointed little pout spread over her face. “I really had been hoping that you would simply *see* things my way,” she said. Her voice was like a collection of velvet blankets, warm and staggeringly comforting.

“That’s all right, though. I understand that a strong, strong man like you would need some rather effective convincing.”

Her heel slid up his leg, and she bit down on her lip, luxuriating in the feel of his leg. Stubbornly, he crossed his arms.

“No dice, sister.”

She smiled. “Oh, that? That’s not part of the ploy. I just enjoy touching you. I was ordered to enjoy touching you, as a matter of fact. I enjoy everything about you, now.”

Falco's frowned deepened. Just what did that mean? But then her fingers began toying with the jewel pendant on her necklace. There was an audible click—and the jewel opened up, revealing twin spirals. One for each of his eyes.

“Now,” she said, leaning forward more and more. “Won’t you consider what I have to say? I’d love for you to consider it very, very carefully.”

At first, his eyes tried desperately to stay firmly affixed to her cleavage as it closed in. But the spirals...the spirals...the spirals...

The spirals made everything in his life seem unimportant and everything she said make perfect sense.

JOHNNY FALCO DIDN’T exactly wake up, but rather was just suddenly aware—he was in the middle of a hallway in front of his penthouse apartment at the top of the casino. Nearby, a tall mirror told him he looked as disheveled as he felt. He took some time and tucked in his shirt and buttoned his jacket. How long had he been walking for?

His balls ached, like he had been cumming for ages—like entire volumes of his lust had been written out due to some angel's happy inspiration. But when he tried to place how and why, all he could recall was simple, happy white-washed bliss.

He remembered some things—Selene talking to him in that perfect accent, sounding so perfectly even and wonderful, every last thing she said making quite a lot of sense. She was a smart, smart woman, that Selene. He ought to trust her with everything.

Falco walked through the front door of his home, tired and distantly horny. His wife Stephanie was there, sitting down in her chair examining a beauty magazine. Their maid Lola poured her a glass of wine. It was two in the afternoon—a little early for such refreshments, he felt.

Stephanie, lovely and pampered, was twenty years younger than him. They hadn’t been married for very long—only three years. But, already, it felt like much of the magic had abandoned them. They hadn't had sex for over a month, and hadn't had a decent bout in over a year.

Truth be told, he suspected that his blond, fantastically leggy wife was engaged in some extramarital activity. If he had considered that even yesterday, he would have worked himself up into a rage. But now, his anger at adultery felt distant, removed.

At the same time, all the sexual exhaustion he felt from whatever happened with Selene seemed to melt away from him. Instead, now, examining his beautiful wife's form, he could feel his lust rising again.

“Lola,” said Falco, admiring Stephanie's long legs beneath her tight sundress, “why don’t you take off for a bit?”

Lola left with a short, knowing smile. She’d propositioned Falco a number of times—or near enough for him to proposition her, anyway—but he’d resisted. She was a lovely sort—curvy and short, with bright blue eyes. She didn't seem to care at all that he was married.

But even so, Stephanie meant more to him than anyone, and almost more than anything. The casino, of course, would always be number one.

And Selene...Selene was definitely high up on that list. She deserved it. She was so gorgeous.

He leaned down and kissed Stephanie on the cheek. Thoughts of Selene's cleavage flashed in his mind, and his kisses became more insistent. Stephanie barely shifted attention from her magazine article—tips on how to make her hair really stand-out this season. Pressing onward, he listed kisses down her cheek and neck.

Still, she didn't seem to get the message.

“I’m horny,” he whispered into her ear.

In truth, he wasn't sure whether he wanted to fuck Stephanie, or to fuck Stephanie and think about Selene. He was sure, though, that he didn't care.

She put the magazine down briefly. “What?”

“I said I want to have sex.”

“Oh,” she said, surprise entering her voice. “Now? Did you take your pill?”

“I don’t need it.”

She shrugged. “Okay. It’s just...last time, when you said that, well...”

He didn’t want to think about that. The stress of running a casino often had a deleterious effect on his ability to make love—so sometimes he used a little blue pill for a little extra help.

Thinking about that hot spot of wounded pride was like anathema for his rising lust, and so he backed away from his wife.

“Nevermind,” he said, shaking his head, halfway hoping she would talk him out of his retreat.

“Okay!” she chirped brightly, turning back to her magazine.

Falco walked to the kitchen and poured himself a quick, stiff drink.

It had cheered his wife up, knowing she wouldn’t have sex with him. What was wrong with this picture?

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, he woke up in his enormous king-sized bed to find his hot young wife already far gone from his bed. This wasn’t unusual. She had ever been an early-riser. Tall windows lined the bedroom, letting in the morning sun over his prone form.

While Stephanie may have been an early-riser, Falco—who had been in the casino business his entire life—was well-accustomed to waking late. Most of the business he had to attend to happened late at night.

Last night, though, for whatever reason, he had taken off from work. Instead, inspired by his wife's lackluster rejection of his lovemaking proposition, he had jerked off in the bathroom, thinking solely of Selene.

Selene, Selene, sensational Selene. His darling, darling Selene, who he wanted more than he could measure.

But surely that wasn't *all* he had done. He got back about two in the afternoon, then he propositioned his wife, then he jerked off for a while, and then he went to bed around ten...

No. He couldn't have stroked his cock for more than seven straight hours, could he have? Just only thinking of Selene?

He felt his cock rising again, just imagining her perfectly arranged hair, her sexy cleavage, her wonderfully placed necklace...

Sitting up on his bed, he shook his head. It was really time to get back to work. Who knows what had happened while he was gone? At least he knew that he had left the dealings of the casino in the capable hands of...of...someone. He couldn’t remember who.

Why couldn’t he remember who?

God, that was probably a problem. There was chaos, no doubt. He picked up the phone near the bed, a direct line to the casino floor manager, Rick.

“How is everything? Is anything the matter?”

“Why, no sir. She’s done a great job.”

“She? She who?”

“That woman you introduced us all to yesterday afternoon. Selene. She’s wonderful. We love her. We *love* her, sir.” His voice had a religious sort of fervor to it.

Confused and a bit scared, Falco hung up the phone. He got up and put on his robe, taking a measure of the day through the windows of his bedroom.

He had a great view of the penthouse level pool—one of the perks of his position—he could see his wife sunbathing in a teensy sky-blue tankini set. And there, with her...

There with her was Selene in a black string bikini.

Instantly, he dropped his robe. His hand was around his cock, stroking passionately. He didn't care if anyone could see.

Fuck, Selene was so gorgeous. He *wanted* her. He wanted her more than he wanted his own beautiful fucking wife, who looked as hot as she ever had in that tiny swimsuit.

God.

Wow. Falco could feel the insanity of his hot lust washing over his mind, cooing and purring in accented tones about how he shouldn't care about the logic of his situation. He should just surrender, surrender, surrender...

One of the most intoxicating aspects of Selene's beauty was how it appeared so carefree, so *effortless* for her to look as good as she did. Wearing so little make-up, she made it seem like she woke up in the morning looking better than most women did after years of plastic surgery, perfect diet, and strenuous work-out routines.

And that lack of effort, how it was just so *easy* for her to captivate him, made it all the more arousing that she had the effect on him that she did. He stroked harder, thinking about how fucking *easy* it was, so fucking *easy* to captivate him. So *easy* to take away his will when she was so goddamn *gorgeous* and *perfect*.

Selene turned away from Stephanie briefly, so that she faced Falco in his balcony. Of course, she didn't see him. She couldn't. But that didn't stop her from smiling at him. She brought a cup up underneath her tits, and slid down her bikini top. With a few slow massaging motions, she had started to fill up the cup with her breast milk.

By god, he had been right. She *was* fertile. That was...that was so incredible. His cock throbbed against the glass. Once the cup was full, Selene rearranged herself and handed the cup to his wife. She drank it down without a second thought—perhaps one of many she'd already been given. Stephanie's hands drifted up and down her tight, beautiful body, touching herself eagerly.

“Oh, fuck. Oh, wow.”

It didn't stop there. Very clearly, he saw Selene whispering something in his wife’s ear. A lot of something, actually. It seemed like a whole speech—and Stephanie was a rapt listener, nodding and smiling blankly. All the while as Selene spoke, she also toyed with her sexy little necklace. Those little spirals out again. Falco remembered now, even though he couldn't see them clearly. Not for a single second did Stephanie’s eyes didn’t tear away from Selene’s cleavage.

Slowly, clearly moaning, her hips gyrating with aching need, Stephanie began to finger her pussy as she watched Stephanie's spirals twist. Her fingers worked rapidly, hotly—and Stephanie had told Falco that she never even masturbated in her whole life! It was too coarse an exercise, she always said.

But there she was, hot digits sliding in and out of her tight young cunt. Falco's strokes only got faster and faster, watching his wife finger herself.

Stephanie's orgasm was easily seen—even with Falco not being able to hear anything. Her gorgeous head tilted back, long cries pouring out of her mouth, her entire body shaking with bliss.

He knew that, with his windows tinted as they were, it was most likely impossible for Selene to see him. But he saw those emerald eyes of hers tilt upward—knowingly—and then she delivered a soft little wink as he stroked and stroked.

Groaning loudly, Falco came, spurting his hot seed all over the window. Leaning against the window, his breaths fogging on the glass, he watched her casually strut away. Every step was carefully portioned-out grace.

This woman was dangerous. And he couldn’t help but be turned on by her.

IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, Falco made it down to his office to find Stephanie there already, along with a young black jack dealer who Falco dimly recognized.

Stephanie wore a slim, form-fitting silk robe, draped down over the shoulders. Between the thin material of the robe and her lusciously tanned thighs showing, it was fairly obvious that she was naked beneath the rope. The sides of her breasts could be seen easily. They looked bigger. They looked...fertile. Like the way Selene's were fertile.

Behind the desk were a number of high-definition monitors, capable of showing him almost any spot in the casino at a moment's notice. He had planned to use them to track down Selene and try to narrow down what it was she was doing in his business.

Yes, sure, that was it. He didn't want to rip his pants off the second he saw her and jerk off uncontrollably for hours at freeze-frames of her unbelievably gorgeous body. He wanted to just spy on her.

Sure.

But, with Stephanie and the dealer there, he couldn't exactly do that anymore.

“Can I help you two?” Falco began, not exactly sure what was happening.

Had Stephanie seen or caught him, somehow, after what he had done at the window?

No, impossible. He cleaned up thoroughly. He took a long look at the blackjack dealer—a tall fellow with broad shoulders and a dimpled chin. He had short blond hair and a confused look on his face that probably mirrored Falco's own.

“This is Randall,” Stephanie explained. “He’s the guy who I was sleeping with while I was married to you.”

Randall held up his hands. “That is me. Guilty as charged. It's an awful thing I've done, and I'll be sorry about it for as long as I live. Selene taught me that I needed to be sorry.”

Falco took a moment to digest all of that. Instead of rage—which he would have expected as his go-to emotion in such a circumstance—he felt

only confusion.

“Who you *were* sleeping with? While you *were* married to me?” Falco sat down on top of his desk, shaking his head. “Why all the past tense all of a sudden?”

Stephanie slipped up on top of the desk with him, pressing her hips against his. She looked wounded. “Well, I’ve taken care of it all now. Certainly I wouldn’t bring Randall up here to see you if I wanted him around anymore, right?”

He supposed that made some sense, but still, he was completely puzzled.

Randall nodded eagerly. “I don't really deserve to be around anyone anymore, Mr. Falco. It's an awful thing I've done, and I'll be sorry about it for as long as I live. I'm not sure I want me around anymore either. ”

Stephanie nodded sympathetically. “Gosh, isn't that the truth? You really are just a horrible person, Randall, for doing what you've done to my precious Johnny here. You just don't matter to me anymore. Only making my Johnny feel like a *man* matters to me now. I'm so *glad* Selene taught me that.”

Randall nodded with her. “I'm *so* glad Selene taught me.”

Their voices, combined, had taken on an oddly robotic tone that Falco found, for whatever reason, rather arousing.

Falco tried to ignore the oddness of the situation, focusing only on the facts. “But, why are you saying you were married to me?” He rubbed his eyes for a moment. And why wasn't he *angrier*, for god's sake? “What’s going on with that?”

She wrapped her hand around his crotch. His cock stiffened instinctively. God, she was a beautiful woman. He hadn't felt a lusty action like that from her in far, far too long.

“We’ll get to that in a minute,” she purred. “Won’t you let me watch you fire Randall, first?”

“Huh?”

Randall stood up. “Yes, Mr. Falco. Please, fire me. I deserve it. It's an awful thing I've done, and I'll be sorry about it for as long as I live.”

Stephanie focused only on Falco, stroking his cheeks intimately. “He’s slept with your wife, darling. He simply *must* be fired. You have to set an example for the rest of your workers, after all. Otherwise, they’ll all try to sleep with me. They all try anyway. There must be consequences.”

“All my workers try to sleep with you?”

“I can barely keep the cocks out of my face, sweetheart. Look at how fucking hot I am. You bagged a hell of a gorgeous babe with me—and *everyone* knows it. Now, show them who the boss is.”

For several moments, Falco just sat there, looking at the fearful, sorrowful tinge to Randall's expression. Stephanie's pulsing strokes on his cock only became more fevered as he waited.

She leaned forward and whispered in his ear. “It’s you, darling. You're the boss. Show him. Show *us*.”

With her free hand, she pushed open her flimsy robe and suddenly started to finger her pussy, eyes gleaming with lust.

“Won’t you please fire him?” she moaned, fingers sliding hard into her pussy. Her strokes on Falco's cock through his pants only increased. There was a sort of religious glee in her eyes.

The front of her robe was wet. Two circle-shaped stains had formed right where her nipples were.

Lactating. She was lactating. Oh fuck. She was so turned on that she was lactating for him.

Falco didn't see how he had much of a choice in the matter. And a big part of him *did* want to fire Randall. He couldn't just let the man get away with sleeping with his wife, after all.

“Randall,” he said, shaking his head. “I am afraid you’re fired.”

“You're right, ” Randall said, shaking his head sadly. “I deserve it. I know I do. It's an awful thing I've done, and I'll be sorry—”

“Shut up!” Stephanie shouted suddenly. Then she turned to Falco, a predatory glint to her smile. “Not like that,” Stephanie whispered in Falco's ear, fingering and stroking harder. “Make him *sorry*.”

She was right. He had to make Randall *afraid*. That was what a *man* would do. That's what somebody who fucked *Selene* would do.

He gathered all his reserves of strength, and raised his voice. “You’re *fired*, Randall, and you’ll *never* work in this town again!” He pressed a button on his desk. “Security? I need you to come throw a man out of my office and out of the casino, forever. He's dangerous, so you're going to have to use maximum force. Blacklist him when you're done with him.”

Loud and euphoric, his wife’s orgasmic moan filled the office.

“Oh god,” she cried, shaking and falling down on the desk, “Oh god, yeah! You showed him who's the boss! You showed him so fucking good,

baby!”

Randall, shaking his hanging head, cried for several seconds. “I’m super sorry, Mr. Falco. I really am. It's an awful thing I've done, and I'll be sorry about it for as long as I live. But don’t you worry. You don’t have to worry about me no more at all.”

He walked out of the office—and immediately was intercepted by a team of security officers who began to beat him down to the ground. For several seconds, Falco watched, transfixed, Stephanie still stroking his cock through his pants. Randall's pained cries echoed through the walls. Then mercifully, the doors closed.

Leaving his raging hard-on aside for a moment, Stephanie slipped off the desk—leaving a considerable wet spot from her trail of lust—and picked up a briefcase at her feet. From that, she laid out several papers for Falco to read. He picked them up, struggling not to grab Stephanie and fuck her right then and there.

“These are divorce papers,” he said, a bit dumbfounded. “I just don't believe it. After all that, you want to divorce me?”

“Of *course* I do, Johnny.” She shook her head as if he was being rather silly, like he had spilled his own bowl of cereal. “I don’t *deserve* to be the wife of a great man like you, do I? I just told you how I *cheated* on you, for god’s sake!”

“You don’t...don’t deserve?”

Surreptiously, she had unzipped his pants and replaced her hand on his cock—though this time, there was nothing between her silky-soft palms and the throbbing meat of his big dick.

“Certainly not!” Stroke, stroke, stroke. “I can’t be married to you now that you know about all my infidelity. How could you possibly trust me from now on? I’ll simply *have* to accept your divorce. I don’t have a choice. I want you to have everything I do.”

He looked again at the papers beneath him, struggling not to lose control to Stephanie’s amazing handjob. The papers were very clear—no settlement, no alimony, no support or payments of any kind from him to her. As a matter of fact...

“You’re giving me all your possessions and agreeing to be my indentured servant?”

Her strokes picked up speed at the mention of the special qualifications. He didn’t even know that indentured servitude was *allowed* anymore. He

didn’t think *anything* about this divorce could have been real.

“I thought it was only fair,” she said, “considering how little I’ve let you fuck me. I don’t know *what* was wrong with me.”

“So you’re going to fuck me fifty million times?”

The wording in the contract was very specific. After fifty million fucks, her period of service would be up.

“Oh, I mean, *maybe*. I figure you’ll have your hands full with other women. There’s *so many* girls who would just *line up* to suck your big fat cock, Sir. I just put a number that would make sure I could never leave your service. At least, not until you got tired of me. I’m sure you will eventually. An important man like you must want so many different types of women. I’m so very lucky *just* to be considered.”

He leaned back, putting the contract down. Closing his eyes, he tried to simply enjoy Stephanie's handjob—and did, of course, though the only woman he could really think of was Selene. Her beautiful eyes, her exquisite bust, those fertile curves, her endless legs...

Selene had made all this happen somehow. She had made this all happen, and she was so, so, so very gorgeous...

“Sign it, baby, please?” Stephanie's robe was gone—she wore only her tall heels and nothing else, her sexy body on display. She *had* been lactating. Milk dripped down from her tits to the floor. Her free hand held a pen, hovering over the contracts.

Falco took the pen and signed everything. Stephanie cooed out little squeals of gratitude with each one. Then she dropped to her knees, her strokes slowing as his massive cock slid over her cheek.

“In the contract there,” she said, “it states how a blowjob counts as half as a fuck. So...do you think you’d mind if I got started? I just *have* to repay my big, handsome Master. Selene told me that was your proper title, now. My *Master*. You don't mind that, do you?”

He didn’t mind at all.

His ex-wife starting slurping on his hot, ready meat immediately, giving him a better blowjob than she ever had when they were married. Her body dripped wet with her own milk, the white streams pouring all down her beautiful curves.

He was so worked up from the whole ordeal, and the long, long handjob that she had been administering, that it was no time at all before he had shot

a hot, thick load down her servant-throat, fucking her beautiful face just like he had always dreamed of doing when they were officially together.

And even so, even when he began the first of a series of several hot orgasms exploding into his hot new ex-wife servant—the only woman he could really envision was Selene.

LATER IN THE EVENING, after bringing his wife's debt down by two and a half more fucks, he stumbled into his penthouse and then all the way up into his bedroom. The cool night air kissed at his body through his ripped pants and tangled mess of a shirt.

There was absolutely no way he'd ever be hard again, he was certain. At least not for a week.

Then, he saw Selene waiting for him in the bedroom. She wore nothing but a thin jeweled gown, her fantastic body arranged just for him. She looked like a queen, an empress, a goddess designed only to turn him on.

He was hard, instantly.

This amazed him. After so many blowjobs and exceptional volumes of cum—with what seemed like more with each go-round—he was practically bursting to fuck again. There was no fatigue, no hesitation. He needed to fuck—and he needed to fuck Selene.

"I've been waiting for you, darling," she moaned, her green eyes lighting up with lust.

Leaning against the doorframe, he struggled not to jump her. She was so dangerous...but so very gorgeous.

"Y-you have?"

"Of course I have." She propped herself up on one arm, her gown slipping to the side and just almost revealing her thick nipples. Thick, creamy moisture was evident there. "I've needed you to be mine my whole life, I feel like. Perhaps that's true—yes! My *whole* life, just for you. I was *made* for you."

"Whole life," he repeated slowly, mesmerized by her beauty.

He approached the bed, his resistance long, long gone. She rose up to embrace him.

"Mmm..." she purred, kissing him underneath his chin. "I'm so glad you see things my way. You do see things my way, don't you, darling?"

"See your way," he said softly, breathing in her perfect scent.

“You don’t want your old wife to be your partner anymore.”

“Y-yeah,” he said, nodding dumbly. “No wife for a partner. No wife at all.”

“You’d much rather me to be your wife, wouldn’t you?”

“Oh yes!”

That was Stephanie. She had entered while Falco had been lost in Selene’s embrace, now rushing toward the two in a hurried, naked crawl. Falco's juices still dripped out from her bare pussy. She slid up Falco's leg, staring up at him in happy supplication.

“Please, Johnny? Please, Master? Make Selene your wife? She'll be *such* a better wife than I am.”

“Y-yeah,” Falco nodded, pushing Selene down on the bed. “You'll be my wife.”

Selene's smile was cat-like, indulgent. “I'll be the *best* wife for you, sir.”

“The *best* wife,” he muttered.

Sweating now, he spread her lusciously long legs out. His lips trailed down their silky, tightly-muscled surface. She brought her hands up to the edges of her jeweled gown, and he ripped downward—it came off easily. Selene, naked now, was like heroin for his eyes. Her breasts so fertile, lactating silently in her lust for him. His gaze felt completely relaxed and utterly blissful, bliss that shot hard into the rest of his body.

Staring at Selene's nakedness—her maddenly perfect curves, her bodacious bust, her tight muscles—was like staring into a black hole where all thoughts exited into, all logic was transformed, and all lust magnified a millionfold.

Madly, he fell upon her, his thick cock sliding down the silky surface of her legs. His hands gripped her hips hard, then his fingertips pushed over to her ass, gripping her tight to him right as he entered her hot, sopping wet cunt.

Falco thrust hard, in stark disbelief of his situation. Her pillowy tits crushed against his chest. The milk between them was warm and even *soft* somehow. Stephanie, as he worked, had attached herself behind him, her own tits pushing hard on Falco's back.

“Fuck me!” Selene moaned lustily. “Fuck me, Sir! Fuck your little home wrecker!”

“Fuck her, please!” shouted Stephanie. “God, she fucking *ruined* our marriage! She destroyed it, just so she could *fuck you*! Drill her, darling!

Fuck my replacement!”

Selene pulled his head close to hers, her eyes sinking into his. His universe narrowed down to her gaze and his cock in her cunt—the only two sensations worth feeling anymore. Her tight pussy walls closed hard, milking his cock for everything he had. Then, she pushed his head down to her nipple. That streaming, hot, milking nipple...

His mouth clasped around it. Instantly, he found his pleasure redoubling. It was so fucking delicious! Virility surged through him. His cock instantly felt ten times harder.

“Don't look at her,” said Selene. “You only need to look at me. I'm your hot new wife. That other bitch isn't important at all, is she?”

“Yeah.” Falco continued to thrust inside of her and lick at her nipples, even caught inside her gaze. “Not important at all.”

From behind them, Stephanie moaned out her agreement.

Selene's exotic, erotic accent tinged her words. “*I'm* the only one you *really* love, isn't that right?”

“S-so so fucking right!” God, her pussy was so good.

“You never loved her. You *only* wanted me. You're *glad* you left her.”

The pleasure was getting to be too much. “Yeah, so glad!”

Stephanie cried out, “Yes, *yes!* He *deserves* you, Selene!”

“You need me, darling.” Selene's eyes blazed. “You need my hypnotic little cunt. You can't live without me, can you baby? You *deserve* me. You deserve my hot body for being such a *man*, don't you love?”

He came exultantly, screaming at his ex-wife how he deserved this new fresh cunt to fuck. He could feel Selene cumming with him, her entire body quivering with glee. From on top of his back, Stephanie moaned and applauded his performance.

After fading into a well-deserved doze, he woke up after half-an-hour, noticing that Selene, naked, was on her cell phone.

“Yes, Boss, he proposed.” She paused, listening. “Oh, thank you! We’ll be getting married tomorrow, I should think. No, no, you’re so busy. Don’t worry about coming. Oh yes, he’s very cooperative. He was a tough nut to crack at first—but once his wife went under, I had him.”

Selene stopped. She seemed to notice that he was listening. Smiling, she toyed with the spiral gem in her cleavage. He watched her fingers, her tits...it was impossible not to. He found himself arranged back onto her tit, sucking happily.

He owned her. He *knew* that he owned her. He couldn't believe anything else.

Falco drifted off. She said more on the phone, something about taking everything he ever had, but it was hard to focus on.

He didn’t care. The spiral had him, now. Selene had him. And he was so happy to give her everything.

Bimbo Casino: No Protection

It was unseasonably cool in the small room of the Shining Spiral Casino where Jacqueline waited to be told what to do. She was getting rather tired of it—the cold temperature, the waiting—and was ready to call an audible and just skip out on the entire payday that had been promised to her.

The room was small and ill-furnished. There was a pile of pillows in one corner, for some reason, and two large armchairs. No windows, no drinks, no bowls of fruit or even a clock. Just a blank, maroon-walled room of which Jacqueline felt ready to rip down the wallpaper.

Her public presence was such that she had been rather well-known to become colossally angry at the slightest provocation, and so she was surprised (and insulted) that they didn't know that about her already. She was a world-famous supermodel, for goodness's sake. She was Jacqueline Demonto, and she was more than capable of using her rather illustrious amount of beauty and fame to make others feel dejected or worse (most women she insulted and defamed came close to tears, if not well past that point) when she put her mind to it.

Her self-esteem destroying abilities were well-grooved skills at this point, and the kind, in fact, that she enjoyed employing almost as much as showing off her body. After all, she knew even at the tender young age of twenty-two that this premium-person status she had wouldn’t last forever, and so she might as well squeeze all the enjoyment of feeling superior to others while she still could.

Jacqueline Demonto, along with other world-class models Vivian Ruiz and Marisol Garza, had arrived in the Shining Spiral Casino earlier that day. They were set to do photo shoots and interviews for something called the Spiral Spin. Her agent, in a strangely monotone voice, assured Jacqueline over the phone that it was one of the greatest small magazines in existence today. When she pressed him for more information, he just repeated that one “fact” over and over again, and that she had to go.

It was unusual for all three high-status supermodels to be booked in such a place for such an obscure publication, but with the payday she would be getting, she didn’t mind. She would make more today than she had in

three years—well into the eight figures. And all that, just for being gloriously pretty as she had been born. It was enough to make even a rather conceited woman like Jacqueline's head swell with vanity.

Not helping the matter of her impatience was just how odd the staff seemed at this Casino. All the men were hulking, boner-sporting studs, and all the women were ridiculous busty giggly bimbo babes. The staff flirted constantly, and to be honest, Jacqueline had trouble sorting out who was a patron and who was an employee. They were all so gorgeous. Of course, Jacqueline still thought she herself was much better than any of them.

Jacqueline, being a completely gorgeous woman, had dressed in a way to show that off to the world. She was the third-highest-paid supermodel in the world, after all, and so to her—and to anyone else who mattered, for that matter—that meant she was the third-most-gorgeous woman in the world. She didn't mind being third—especially as it meant that she was doubtlessly better than three and a half billion other women, and heck, the three and a half billion men that jerked themselves off every night thinking about her. She took pride and happiness in her superiority, and made sure the others around her knew it.

And so, being stuck in this room with no cell phone service for over two hours now, waiting and praying for a change, Jacqueline was getting impatient. They had *paid* her to come here—why weren't they taking advantage of all her endless advantages?

Her advantages—and they were considerable—were certainly shown off well by the tight blue minidress she had on now. Traveling with incomparable beauties like the dark-haired Vivian and redheaded Marisol, she knew she had to dress extra-hot to make sure she was seen. So, the skimpy dress hugged her tight abs and her healthy hips, as well as clearly showing off her generous cleavage. Her long, dark brown hair cascaded down her back in hot, wet locks, each strand of hair arranged to make her look perfectly beautiful. Her heels—one of many pairs that cost well over a thousand dollars—only made her spectacular legs appear even more spectacular, highlighting their length and pushing her ass up to the ceiling.

Even Jacqueline had to admit that Vivian and Marisol probably still were more beautiful than her—but they certainly hadn't dressed sexier today as they arrived. Plenty of men would go to bed with Jacqueline's candid pictures from arriving at the airport on their smart phones, calling out her name. That thought gave her some solace.

Each model was presented with a schedule when they arrived that morning, and each had photo shoots and media junkets to work through—though all three were separated, at least to begin with. At the end of the day, there was supposed to be one big shoot in the "big office," but Jacqueline didn't know what that meant yet.

Someone opened the door from behind her. Not wanting to show her wrath, and yet still not quite able to control it handily, Jacqueline sneered out a question.

"How much longer do I have to wait? Don't they know who I am?"

"Not long at all, dear. Don't you worry."

The voice was magical, beautiful. Soft, sultry, hot, and dripping with sublime confidence. It was everything Jacqueline had wanted to hear in a voice and just didn't know until that perfect moment.

Jacqueline turned to see a beauty walking in, wearing a briefly-skirted business suit with smoky stockings, wiping a bit of *something* off her mouth. Jacqueline would have sworn it was semen, but that was ridiculous. This was a place of business, after all, even if there was such a permeating sense of sex all about it.

Behind the beauty, as the door closed, Jacqueline saw a rather satisfied-looking, handsome man in a suit—who she thought she recognized as the owner of the Shining Spiral, introduced to her earlier—but then he was gone, and the door was shut, and she was left only with the beauty.

"Hello, Ms. Russell," said the lovely woman. "I'm your interviewer this morning."

"I'm sorry?"

"Your interviewer. For the article the casino is doing on you? We have a very popular newsletter. The Spiral Spin. Everyone says it's just mesmerizing."

She sat down in one of the chairs in the middle of the room, and motioned for Jacqueline to do the same. Jacqueline did, but not before enjoying the sight of the beauty's long legs crossing. Mmph. She had strong bisexual urges—almost any woman in the modeling industry learned to develop them over time—but never anything quite so strong as this.

"I'm sorry, what was your name?" Jacqueline asked.

"Oh, where are my manners?" The beauty held out a hand, which Jacqueline happily leaned over to take—and also absorbed the hot sight of

crushed cleavage at the same time. “I’m Selene. It was Selene Franco, but I’ve changed it back to Selene Craft after my husband died.”

“Oh. Craft is your maiden name?”

Wasn’t Craft the name of the owner of the Shining Spiral? Yes...Mr. Craft. Wallace Craft. Jacqueline could remember it clearly.

Selene smiled and shook her head. “No, it’s the name of my favorite person. I just couldn’t bear to have any name but his.”

“Oh. That’s...unorthodox.” Not sure why she was asking, Jacqueline ventured out another query. “I hope it’s not too inappropriate to ask, but...how did your husband die?”

“Heart attack.” Selene’s smile was not that of a bereaved woman—but rather one happily indulgent in her work. “From over-exertion.”

That was an odd answer, and in fact it was odd that Jacqueline had been inspired to ask about it at all, but she couldn't quite focus on that anymore. Rather, Jacqueline couldn’t stop staring at Selene’s tits. They were just so...soooo perfect. Hypnotizing, in a way.

What was definitely hypnotizing, though, was the pendant in Selene’s cleavage. It looked so fertile. So womanly.

Staring into the crystal, Jacqueline realized that something strange was happening. Something strange and sort of enlightening, too. She felt like a message was being beamed straight into her brain, information from some divine source of beauty and light, and the message was clear as day—Jacqueline was not good enough to be in front of Selene.

She had never felt like that with anyone, ever. Jacqueline rather thought her role in life was, in fact, to make others feel that way about herself.

And yet, despite years of self-training and endless adulation from all around her, Selene made Jacqueline feel lesser. She made Jacqueline feel like a distant fourth, well behind Marisol and Vivian and Selene, with Selene neck and neck with Vivian. How was that possible? How could anyone be so gorgeous as to not only compete with the flawless goddessness of Vivian, but also to make Jacqueline feel so insignificant and worthless and small?

Jacqueline felt like crying, staring deep into the beautiful, perfect crystal, so full of truth and light, and thinking of how easy and effortless it was for Selene to look so gorgeous. Somehow, she held back her tears...and then Selene’s hand crossed over the crystal in her buoyant cleavage, breaking off Jacqueline’s train of thought.

The dark-haired beauty appeared concerned. “Are you all right, dear?”

“Um...” Jacqueline was unexpectedly choked up. “Um, I guess so. I’m sorry.”

Selene’s perfect face transformed into a predatory grin. “You’re thinking about how gorgeous I am.”

“Wh-what?”

How could she know that? How could she get straight to heart of the matter like that? Had she been...had she been giving those thoughts to Jacqueline, somehow?

Selene continued, her hand beginning to slide off her crystal again. “You’re thinking about how much better of a woman I am than you. Everything about you is determined by your hotness, and I’m hotter than you by a large margin. It’s quite obvious. You’re gorgeous right now, but I’ll be gorgeous forever. That’s just how things are. I’ll age beautifully, gracefully, and you have maybe another ten years, at best, before it all goes to hell for you. You'll still be able to pick up men in cheap bars, or maybe even marry some rich fool who doesn't have a good eye for true beauty, but it will fade, and hard, for you.”

No one had ever *dared* to be so frank with Jacqueline. “I...I...I...”

Selene tsked. “It’s all right, dear. Just look here.”

She pointed at the crystal in her amazing cleavage. It sang to Jacqueline once again.

“Look...there...” Jacqueline said, her voice becoming a soft, giddy monotone. “Cryst...tal...”

“Yes.” Selene opened her blouse and discarded her blouse, sitting before Jacqueline now with her top completely off. Her beautiful breasts leaked down soft trails of milk. The liquid seemed to absorb back into Selene's amazing skin before daring to touch any of her luxurious outfit.

And even before the utterly perfect visage of Selene’s bare, lactating breasts, Jacqueline could only stare at the beautiful, beautiful crystal. “It makes it very easy to answer my questions, doesn’t it?”

Gentle, warm waves washed over Jacqueline’s brain. “Yes...so easy...”

“You just take so much pleasure in thinking about what I have to say to you, don’t you?”

Jacqueline moaned out happily. “So much pleasure.”

“It’s so lovely to listen to a woman as beautiful as I am, isn’t it?”

“Oh yes.” Jacqueline frowned. “B-but *I’m* beautiful too...”

“Of course you are, dear. And do you know what? All the really, really beautiful girls sleep with my boss, did you know that?”

“They...they do?”

“Oh my, yes. They love it. They love him, totally. It makes them cry, thinking of how much they love him. Beautiful girls call my boss ‘Master.’ He owns their hearts and souls.”

Jacqueline’s voice was soft, tears brimming in her eyes at the thought of such love. “Heart...and soul.”

“If you’re a beautiful girl...you have to love Master, then, don’t you?”

Her heart sung with Selene's words.

“*Have* to love Master. Have to love your *boss*.”

“That’s right, sweetie. I’m so glad you understand. You’re so smart, realizing that. It must be because you’re so beautiful that you understand already.”

Jacqueline smiled with happy pride. She loved being complemented, especially when she knew she deserved it—which was always. So, she didn’t really know Selene’s boss...but she knew she loved him. She was a beautiful girl.

“You’re so incredibly beautiful, Jacqueline doll...but you’re hardly as beautiful as me, now are you?”

With a happy sigh, Jacqueline shook her head, eyes remaining locked on the crystal. “No...”

“You’d love to be as beautiful as me, wouldn’t you?”

“Oh yes. As beautiful as you? Yes, yes.”

“Being beautiful has given you everything you’ve ever wanted, after all. It only makes sense that you get more if you were even more beautiful, doesn't it?”

“Oh yes. I’d love to be more beautiful. I could be...I could be number one.” Jacqueline’s heart swelled, thinking such a thought. Being beautiful was the *most* important aspect of her life, after all.

Arousal, hot and unstoppable, had swept through Jacqueline’s body. She couldn’t explain it, but she didn’t care. She needed, more than almost anything, a hot, hard fuck session. Preferably with Selene. Or this wonderful Master she mentioned.

“Oh yes,” purred Selene. “The most beautiful girl in the world. The sexiest. The most wanted. And you could even sleep with my boss. Would you like that?”

Be fucked by Master? Was such a wonderful event even possible for Jacqueline? That would be beyond her wildest dreams.

"Oh," Jacqueline gasped softly. "Oh my, yes. Do you really think so?"

Selene slid off the the chair and approached Jacqueline, and began to gently massage the brunette's heavy, gorgeous tits through her dress. Heavy cream dripped down from Selene's nipples, landing in Jacqueline's lap. Jacqueline moaned happily, soft tingles of pleasure pushing through her body. All the while, Jacqueline continued to stare happily into the crystal.

"Yes. Of course, you'd have to be much, much prettier. You're simply not pretty enough at all, are you?"

Jacqueline hesitated now. "I mean...that is, I do get *paid* to be pretty..."

"But you're not as pretty as I am, are you? And my boss fucks me constantly."

That made perfect sense. Selene was so very right.

"Oh. Oh, right."

Selene stepped away for a moment, opening the door and conferring with someone. She was handed a glass, and then leaned into it, squeezing her tits and filling the glass with her warm milk. The smell filled the air.

The crystal was gone. A fog felt like it had been lifted away from Jacqueline's head. There were so many new thoughts swirling around, spiraling in her mind. She wasn't...wasn't pretty enough. She shouldn't have to sort through all these thoughts until she was pretty, like Master wanted. Right?

Wait...what? No, that was wrong. That was all wrong. That wasn't—

But then, Selene returned, a transparent plastic cup in hand, filled to the brim with a spiral-patterned black-and-white shake. In the face of her unadulterated love for Selene, Jacqueline lost all doubt once more. The crystal, still shining, dangled between Selene's breasts, somewhat obscured by them.

"Here. Drink this."

Cautiously, Jacqueline took the shake. "I...I'm not sure. What's in this?"

"Beauty juice."

"Beauty juice?"

Selene shrugged, her perfect, naked breasts bouncing happily. Flicks of milk landed everywhere. It was the single most beautiful action Jacqueline had ever seen anyone taken. "Oh, that's just what I call it. Go on, have a little."

Jacqueline took a sip. It was heavenly. Then—emboldened by its delicious taste, she took a much larger one.

"It's a more refined version of what we used to call the Spiral Twist," said Selene. "We took out all the alcohol and added some much more effective narcotics. That's the black part. The white is, well." She giggled, stroking her wet nipple. "A house recipe, shall we say? Soon, you won't doubt anything I say, and your body will only be useful for hard, forceful fucking by my boss, and some of the other men around here."

"Huh? Whazzat?"

Jacqueline giggled. This drink was positively *loaded* with deliciousness!

Selene pushed Jacqueline back into the corner with all the pillows, tugging away at the brunette's tiny dress. Soon it was gone—and soon after, so were her panties and bra. Completely naked and completely dripping wet before the hot, luscious suddenly naked body of Selene. The crystal was gone, but it didn't matter. Jacqueline would do anything Selene said, now.

Jacqueline's body changed before her very eyes—her tits growing, her skin becoming shinier and even more flawless. She watched with some amazement as the mole on her left shoulder fled her body, floating like a leaf for a few moments before dissolving entirely. Her hair, already long and luscious, became amazingly, intrinsically soft—and full of pleasure. Selene, smiling, ran her hands through the thick locks, and Jacqueline moaned in instant orgasm just from the small thrill of having her hair adored.

Oh god. She had been turned into a complete sex toy just for Selene...and just for her new Master, Mister Craft.

That was so fucking wonderful.

Selene lowered her face down between Jacqueline's legs and started to lick. First the inner thighs, then the sweet, pink folds, and then finally burying her beautiful face completely, lapping at Jacqueline's clit. Jacqueline, gasping hotly, felt the warm perfect tides of bliss float over her body. Selene's tongue on Jacqueline's pussy was magical. Pure delight. Jacqueline had no idea anything could be so good.

"Oh my god," Jacqueline moaned. "Oh god...you're so good. You're so good, baby...oh god!"

Bucking and panting, she came, and came again, losing track of her orgasms. She didn't even know her body could take so many. Selene did not

seem deterred in the slightest by all the movements of her hips or her constant, loud screaming.

After several minutes of delight, however, Selene switched gears and began to finger Jacqueline's drenched pussy. Milk dripped down from her tits, landing on Jacqueline's exposed torso. The skin quickly absorbed the substance, needing it.

"You love me, don't you, dear?"

"Yes! God yes!"

"You'll do anything for me, won't you?"

"Yes, please! Anything!"

"You love my boss, don't you sweetie?"

Selene was so calm, so serene, that she could have been typing a letter or organizing a nest of folders.

"Oh yes! Love you! Love your boss!"

"You'll do anything for Him, won't you?"

"Definitely!" Jacqueline panted.

"He's your *Master*, isn't he?"

"Master, yes! Please let me serve Master! I need him so bad!"

"Give me a nice cum, then, Jacqueline. Give me a cum to let me know you're a slave, just like me."

Obey, oh yes. Her first command to obey. Jacqueline was so grateful for the chance. With a riotous, toe-curling scream, Jacqueline came—and then came again right after that as Selene continued her hot, wet fingering session.

After she calmed down, steam rising up from their bodies in the cool room, Jacqueline curled up next to Selene, the two new lovers cooing and kissing with perfect, hot affection.

Selene kissed Jacqueline on the top of the head. "You're going to be such a good slave for your new Master, doll."

MARISOL GARZA, SECOND most-highly paid supermodel in the world, smiled wide as she greeted the photographer, Hans, in the empty casino floor. It was a bit odd that the casino was empty—a Saturday seemed like a natural day for a casino to do booming business—but whatever, that wasn't her specialty. Marisol was used to businesses and locations shutting down just for her—even though it embarrassed her quite a bit. Unlike the haughty

Jacqueline or self-possessed Vivian, she had never quite gotten used to her supermodel status.

"I've heard *so* much about your work," she enthused, stepping around the empty roulette table where the shoot was due to take place. Tall lights were positioned all around it. "And I just *loved* that spread you did the other month with the leather."

This was an old tactic. Of course, she had never heard of Hans or seen any of his work. But every one had heard at least *something* about everyone else in her industry—either at openings, parties, gossip, or otherwise—and every photographer had done something recent with leather in the last year. Leather was *in*—Marisol certainly had worn quite a bit of it, covering her gorgeous, trim body in leather skirts, leather hot pants, leather corsets, leather boots...really, whatever there was to wear made of the stuff. It made her a good deal of money over a series of shoots. People didn't seem to be able to get enough of her in tight, hot clothing.

She didn't quite understand the notion herself—she thought her body was too curvy, surrounded by so many rail-thin models all the time. The bouncy, bubbly quality of her 36E breasts got her quite a lot of attention in the modeling industry, though, especially coupled with her amply long legs and beautiful, naturally red hair.

The two shook hands and he took a long view of her, up and down. Marisol was used to the attention—though she had never quite gotten to the point of enjoying it. Small goosebumps crawled down her spine.

"I'm glad you like my work. I've been looking forward to displaying you for some time." He smiled, opening his hands out to the roulette table. "Shall we get right down to it? I'm sure you've got a busy schedule. Don't want to wait all day for me, all of that."

He had a peculiarly American accent for someone who was named Hans. His brown hair, narrow jaw, and dark eyes didn't speak to anyone especially German either. But, what did Marisol know? She barely had an accent anymore herself, after spending years modeling overseas.

"That sounds great," she enthused. "I'm already in wardrobe, so...bring it on."

Beneath her comfy, plush robe, Marisol had on a tight black lingerie—panties, bra, stockings. Emerald stones decorated her elegant neck, matching the gems inlaid on her expensive heels. She let the robe drop, tossing it casually on a stool nearby. Normally, these sorts of sets had

personal assistants floating around...but no matter. She was an adult. She could take care of tossing a robe.

It was chilly in the casino. Her nipples began to stiffen noticeably in her tiny lace bra. A little self-conscious, she wrapped her arms around her tight, toned tummy.

"So," said Hans, clapping his palms together. "This shoot is all about greed. We're gonna bring some guys in, and they're gonna be greedy for you. You represent wealth. Not to be crude, but we want to show a lot of cleavage."

"Of course."

Like with any part of her body, she had never felt all that comfortable with her breasts being on display—but only because there was so much of them. She felt rather jealous of models like Jacqueline or Vivian, whose proportions were so insanely perfect and feminine.

Of course, she had heard many say that she was the model of femininity herself—a perfect representation of the fertile female form. But, that kind of wording tended to throw her off. Fertility! Pshaw. At twenty-five, she hardly wanted to get pregnant any time soon. She had never even had sex bareback before.

It was odd to her that there were going to be "some guys" in the shoot, though. Where were they? Why hadn't she been notified? She would have enjoyed talking with them before hand to try to build up some kind of a line of communication.

Oh well. Leaning forward, she posed on the roulette table as Hans prepared his camera, sticking her behind way, way out and arching her back. Modeling was all about angles, letting the audience see you from the most perfect view possible, and altering reality just enough to make you seem hyper-real. Bigger than life.

Hans's camera was strange—Marisol had never seen anything quite like it. There were lots of strange spinning lights on the front of it, and the flashes from each photo felt like they were striking straight into her brain. It disoriented Marisol somehow, even though she felt herself thinking perfectly clearly.

Flash. Flash.

"I'm going to ask you to do some new stuff, but you don't have a problem with that, do you? You're a model, right? A professional? It's all a show."

Yes, Marisol nodded happily.

“A big show,” she said.0

Flash, flash.

“That’s great,” said Hans. “And you’re really, really happy, okay? You’re practically falling in love with yourself. You’re just ecstatic, keep smiling, yeah?”

Smiling brilliantly, Marisol let out a long, delighted laugh. Totally! She was having a great time. This place was fantastic.

“Really tug at your bra, okay?” said Hans. Flash, flash, flash. “Push your cleavage together. Show off those tits. I know you love them.”

Smiling happily, Marisol did just that. She did *love* her tits.

Flash.

“That’s great. You look gorgeous. I know you love showing off.”

Marisol giggled happily, her pussy starting to get warm. She really did love showing off like this. It was her favorite thing in the world.

Flash, flash, flash.

“Do me a favor? Get really, really turned on? I want you to feel it. I want this to be making you a horny little sex doll, all right?”

Oh, sure. Marisol could do that. She could be a horny sex doll. Why not? This was all modeling, after all. Just acting.

Her pussy flooded with hot, easy arousal, lines of wetness beginning to drip down her stockinged legs. She licked her lips. Her fingers grazed against her nipples, and then pressed harder, tweaking them between her soft digits. Her legs splayed open, baring her barely-clad pussy to the camera.

Hans stopped for a moment, texting something on his phone. Marisol waited, feeling hot and bothered, but still brilliantly happy. She had never felt so good in her life.

Through the double-doors nearby, five strapping young men walked in, each one bigger and studlier than the last. Each was heavily muscled—and completely ripped, not a shred of fat on them. They all wore tight boxer shorts, the kind that let Marisol know exactly what kind of package they sported. Each must have been a monster...and at the sight and proximity of the beautiful redhead, two or three of them seemed to be stiffening rapidly. Smiling broadly, they surrounded her—so very large compared to her minute model beauty.

“Okay, fellas,” said Hans. “Drop your pants.”

Giggling at the absurdity of the statement, Marisol scanned the faces of the handsome men around her, searching for someone else sharing her mirth.

But then...then they actually did drop their pants. Just like that. No hesitation—they had nothing to hide, and *lots* to show off. Oh god.

Each cock was bigger than the last, just like the men.

Oh god. So many big, hard, supreme cocks surrounding her. Fuck. How the hell had this happened?

She was so fucking turned on. Why couldn't she calm down? Everything was so arousing all of a sudden.

“Wh-what’s happening?” she said to Hans, who had shifted forward through the ring of muscled men with his camera. “Why are they...why um, like, are the hot studs all naked and stuff?”

God, she hadn’t meant to sound like such a ditz. But these cocks were so big...some of the men were stroking them, too. And they were just getting bigger and bigger, stiffer and stiffer, and starting to ooze out hot glimpses of precum. They kept rubbing their cocks, sliding the precum into their meaty flesh, making the cocks shiny and wet. Marisol let out a hot, needy moan.

“I thought,” said Hans, flashing the camera at her, “that you were a professional. Aren’t you?”

“I...I-I am, it’s just...”

“Then you ought to let them fuck you. Just look at the camera, sweetheart. Don’t worry.”

Look at the camera. Don’t worry.

Flash. Flash. Flash.

Every flash eroded another piece of her will. She didn’t have to care, didn’t have to worry. There were so many strong, strong men around. Certainly, they could take of everything for her.

Flash. Flash.

Marisol dropped to her knees, pushing her face toward the nearest cock she could see.

Something about that camera flash was affecting her, she realized, bringing a hand up to thoughtfully slide over the cock she had gotten so close to. It was making her all...all weak-willed and silly.

It was making her act like a proper little girl for once. She was so happy to act like a real woman should—submissive and sweet.

And fertile, too, she realized. Incredibly fertile.

"You're incredibly fertile," said Hans, again, even though she just now realized he had said it the first time. There were so many flashes, so many new thoughts. It was so difficult to keep up with all of them. "You're such a beautiful, fertile woman. You've been wasting it, though. Shouldn't you be fucked by all these men and see how fertile you really are? They'll give you lots of cum, all unprotected. You'll feel more warm and filled than you ever have."

Marisol whimpered with need, holding her big tits tight. That was *exactly* what she wanted.

But still, there were...there were so many of them!

They would break her in half!

Flash. Flash.

Oh god. There were so many of them. So many hot, male bodies, with such cut muscles and svelte hips, pressing in on her, pushing against her. They were so strong, so masculine. All of them with such hard, hard cocks, exclusively for her.

They would break. Her. In. Half.

She let out a hot, shuddery moan, her breath coating the cock in front of her face as she stroked it harder.

So many men. So many cocks. She was just a weak little girl, made to submit and give in to her superiors. How could she say no?

"I've been jerking off to you for years," said one behind her. His cock pushed hard on her shoulder, nudging her further down on her knees, further down to her place.

"You're the girl I thought of when I fucked my wife on our wedding night," said the man in front of her, stroking her hair as she stroked him.

Her pussy dripped hot, and, unable to help herself, she ventured out her tongue to slide over the sexy, thick tip of his cock. She moaned with ecstasy.

It. Tasted. So. Good!

"Please, Sirs," she moaned. "Please, teach me how to be a good girl for all of you!"

Quickly, they tore off what little lingerie she had on, leaving her only in her jewels and heels and stockings. These were her ornaments, while they could ornament her with their cocks. Their hands crawled over her tight, lush body as she moaned in open submission to their combined will.

The stud in front, still holding her hair, nudged his cock against her lips. Happily, she slurped it down, moaning and licking like a good girl.

She couldn't possibly only take care of him, though—or at least, she couldn't and still be a good girl. She grabbed the cocks of the two men at his side, gently but forcefully stroking their premium dicks—but then she realized that the last two were left out.

Happily, she laid herself out on the floor, pulling two studs down at random with her so they sandwiched her. One quickly entered her hot, willing snatch—and the other stuffed himself inside of her tight asshole. Double penetrated, just like that.

God, she was such a good girl to be able to take so much cock. And she wanted even more. Twisting herself around, she was able to moan—almost overcome with pleasure at this point—and beg for one of the studs to fill her mouth. Of course, one agreed happily—and entered her from above, so that his hot, thick balls slapped against her forehead. That way, his cock could easily drive into the vacuum of her throat, where she sucked and slurped eagerly. The other two were satisfied with her hands on their cocks as they knelt over her incredible chest, twisted upward just for their enjoyment.

Her entire body revolved around hot, perfect cock filling her up like never before. She was in love, total and complete love, with being a slut. It was so perfect for a good girl like her to be so slutty and hot and filled with cock.

From either the piledriving force into her ass, or the amazing brute strength of the cock plowing into her pussy, or the hot thrill of being throatfucked by a complete hunk, Marisol came.

And then she never stopped cumming. Her bliss peaked, and then it rose again just as it threatened to fall. Her every muscle, every fiber was consumed with hot, endless pleasure as the cocks thrust into her holes over and over. One man would cum, pause for a few moments to warm back up again, and then stiffen once more for Marisol's hot fertile bod, just like she needed.

The hard, forceful fucking being delivered to her body from all angles was too much for her brain to comprehend fully. So, it was no wonder that, when the men started cumming inside of her, flooding her throat and womb and ass and tits with warm semen, only to remain hard and continue to fuck her, that Marisol was unable to actually process what was happening.

It was definitely no surprise that she couldn't process the fact that her brilliantly red hair was becoming even more brilliantly red—not to mention longer, thicker, shinier, and generally more voluminous altogether. She would have been delighted to see her legs longer, her pussy tighter, her tits bigger, her face just a bit more sexified with puffier lips and bigger eyes.

But of course, she saw none of that. Perhaps, as one stud's sweet nectar flowed down her throat, she could see out of the corner of her eyes as her tits ballooned up and swelled outward.

It's hard to say. Marisol certainly didn't want to concern herself with anything except for the brilliantly hard cocks stuffing her body full of spunk and covering her in hot, gooey white goodness.

And, little did she know (or care), the more they fucked her, the more she came, the emptier and emptier her brain became.

She did realize, however, that like, sucking and fucking cocks was just, seriously a bunch of super great fun. She should be doing it all the time!

After nearly an hour—the camera flashing the entire time—the men finally stopped. Marisol was properly covered in a veritable shower of cum. Giggling happily, she slipped up a handful from between her mountainous tits and gobbled it down, noting with delight when she saw her tits ripple and grow a bit more.

Her tits were getting bigger the more spunk she swallowed!

How fucking hot was that? How fucking great? She would be the bustiest model on the planet.

Distantly, it occurred to her that with all the cum that had flooded into her unprotected pussy, she was probably pregnant. These men seemed awfully virile, after all.

She giggled again. Preggo! That would soooo cool. Another set of curves for her to show off.

Above her, still clothed, Hans put his hands on his hips.

"Boys, I think you may have overdone it a little. Boss wants her upstairs in just a little bit."

"We couldn't help ourselves," said one stud, slapping her big tits. Cum splattered everywhere. "She was just so smoking hot. Really, she still is. Do you think we can go for another round?"

Marisol nodded and giggled, moaning happily. They could go on her for as many rounds as they could handle.

VIVIAN STEPPED OUT of the elevator into the top floor of the Shining Spiral Casino, a bit put-off. She had figured it out—figured out everything that was going on in this crazy place. The mind control, the hypnotism, the tits getting bigger, and the men and women fucking endlessly—she had seen it all!

And she was going to expose the man behind it all and let him know who he was dealing with.

She knew that her looks would distract this power-hungry man, this Mister Craft. Certainly, he seemed to focus quite a bit on the way women looked. It was the early evening, and she still wore what she had arrived in that morning: outrageously expensive heels, pants, and a blouse.

Her tight dark pants showed off her ass incredibly—not to mention the length of her gorgeous gams—and her cleavage-baring blouse was only there to display how much her incredibly buoyant, young, perfect 36DD tits didn't need a bra. So, of course, she didn't wear one, exposing her twin beauties to all who looked—which was, she knew, everyone she passed.

Vivian was quite accustomed to being looked at. To say that she enjoyed it didn't was beyond the point—it was simply a fact of life. She had been designed to be looked at and admired by the entire world. There was not a single doubt of this in her mind. Whatever could make this happen—whatever could enhance it and garner her more attention—was the morally correct thing to do.

There was also not a single doubt in her mind as to what this Mister Craft was up to. Somehow, he had brainwashed Jacqueline into being some lactating lesbian's loveslave, and drugged Marisol so that her tits would get even bigger!

So, she strutted right past the busty secretary diddling herself in front of his office, and burst through the double-doors to his expansive office. Mister Craft was at the far end—his office rather bare and spartan—sitting behind a large desk and examining a series of papers and tablets with a pen in his hand.

"Miss Ruiz," said Craft, barely looking up from the papers on his desk. "What a surprise."

He certainly didn't seem surprised.

“You think you’re so smart and superior, don’t you?” said Vivian. “You think you have this all well in hand. But, what you don't know is that I'm *on to you.*”

Now he was paying attention. He set his pen down, looking bemused. “Are you now?”

“That’s right! I saw how your little Selene seduced Jacqueline. That flashy pendant and those drinks, or whatever.”

His eyes began to widen a bit. Vivian let herself stand up straighter, satisfied with the reaction. A smug smile crossed her lovely face.

“I saw that gangbang on Marisol, as well. I suppose you know that all those men could go to jail for that, and you too, for organizing it.”

He shrugged. “She certainly seemed to be enjoying it. I doubt you could put together any kind of a prison sentence with her in the state she's in. How did you see all of that?”

“As if you don’t know! Your man guided me around all day, and I ‘just so happened’ to stumble on your little orchestrated dalliances? Oh no, I don’t think so at all. That’s too coincidental. You *wanted* me to see them.”

“I did?”

“Of course you did. You wanted me to watch that bitch Jacqueline become a hot little coquettish kitten, so eager to please and curl up in her new mistress’s lap, just aching for the chance to lick pussy on command. Isn’t that right?”

“Well...”

Vivian held up a finger to her hot, elegant chin, posing automatically—she couldn't help herself. “And of course you wanted me to see the other side of what you can arrange. The hot, terrible forcefulness of your might—how you can make men unleash their brutality and cover a willing, needy babe in showers of cum—unprotected, I might add! She’s probably pregnant now!”

“I very much expect she is. But what do you think I was trying to do with all this? If, indeed, I planned you seeing it?”

“I imagine you wanted me cowed. You wanted me scared. You wanted me intimidated. Do I look intimidated, Mister Craft?”

She tossed her brilliant, lustrous dark hair back, standing proudly.

“No,” he said. “I have to admit, you don’t.”

He actually did look surprised now, thinking about that.

“That’s right. Do you want to know why?”

“I certainly do.”

She smiled, bending over at the waist, ass held high so that he could see its luscious arc, and purred, “I couldn't possibly be scared, because I am more turned on than I’ve ever been in my life.”

His mouth hung open. “Beg pardon?”

“You heard me.” She tugged at her blouse, popping off a button, exposing even more of her perfect, toned visage. “I am turned on as hell. I want you to take me, right here, right now.”

With one hand, she cleared his desk, sliding up on to it. Her hair tumbled down her side, highlighting her sexy form. Craft was speechless.

“I’m not stupid, Sir.” She practically cooed the title. “I know you didn’t *have* to hire those other two models. And if you can exercise this much control and hire me, why not only bring me here? You wanted to show me how powerful you are.”

She moved one long leg over toward Craft—who had stood up, his hands wavering above her body. Her expensive heel slid up his crotch, pressing gently.

“You wanted me, in some way, to give in. But you thought you had to do it with intimidation, didn’t you?” She smiled sexily. “Only, power turns me on, Sir. It turns me on a lot. I want you to be able to own me, take me, break me, bend me to your will...but I want you do it *knowing* how badly I want you to do it.”

“Fuck.” Craft shook his head, grabbing at her leg now and touching it, as if to confirm that this was happening. She didn't protest in the slightest.

“Was I the object of your plans all along, Sir? Was it me you got all this money for? I did a little research, and if you offered Jacqueline and Marisol what you offered me, then you were giving up over three-quarters of your profits for the year.”

He nodded slowly, her hands on his shirt, drawing him in. She knew he was affected by her. Her beauty. He had probably watched her for years now—on the runway, on her swim shoots. Collecting candid photos of her from red carpet events.

“I bet you’ve cum to the thought of me before,” she said. “Looking at me in hot pictures of yours. Isn’t it so hot, so nice, so wonderful, that every time you’ve gazed lovingly into those pictures, feeling that hot connection, knowing I belonged just with you, only with you—isn't it so hot that every time you did that, that I was looking right back out, just at you, only at you?

Don't you love knowing that even with all my beauty, all my perfection, that you were the only man I needed, this whole time?"

She tore his shirt open, revealing a broad, hot chest. Whimpering hotly, she stroked the muscles there with adoration.

"Isn't it nice to know, Sir, that all I've really wanted this whole time was for your big, fat cock to fill me up?" Her green eyes were so open, so earnest. "I've gone on and on in interviews about being a virgin. Did you know that it was true?"

"Oh, man..."

With gusto, he ripped her pants off, revealing the sexy, hot, tanned flesh of her long, long legs. Tiny silver panties decorated her pussy—and were easily removed. Her pussy, waxed, waited for him, dripping out hot juice onto his desk.

"Did you know, Sir," she drew her mouth up close to his, breathing so hard, "did you know that I've been saving myself...just for you?"

Unable to hold back any longer, Craft took her by the neck and cheek and kissed her hard. Vivian's body ramped forward, an orgasm instantly rocking through her. She moaned tearfully into Craft, loving the cool, sublime slip of his control starting to slip over her mind. She could feel it, tendrils of his manipulation sinking into her brain...and she welcomed them. He probably couldn't restrain himself.

Unbuttoning for a moment, Craft dropped his pants and kicked them aside. His cock—just as Vivian had hoped—was enormous, thick, and already hard. She *needed* it inside of her.

"How will you do it?" she asked him. "How will you take my mind? Am I feeling it already?"

"The crystals you saw, the shakes, the cameras...these are all extensions of my power. I can build them however I like, but the real power lies with me. Yes, to answer your question. I'm taking you already. Slowly. You'll be aware of every step."

Vivian whimpered hotly. That was so fucking perfect. He *deserved* her.

Rancorously, she slipped her fingers straight into her gushing wet pussy. She only realized after she had done it that it wasn't her idea—Craft had made her do that.

Mmm, god. He owned her already.

Grinning wickedly, he began to stroke his cock in front of her.

“Oh god,” she moaned, staring at it, feeling him raise her heat exponentially. “I need it! I n-neeed it! I’ve never needed anything so bad and I fucking need your cock so b-bad, Sir, please! I need you to get me *pregnant*, please? On my first time. Pregnant on my *first* time!”

As if making ready to oblige, he stepped closer, using one powerful hand to pull her in...but kept his cock a hand’s length away from her pussy. Vivian’s perfect, pouty lips moved up and down in hot, longing movements, needing to kiss him again.

“P-please...” she gasped. “Anything. I’ll d-do anything...”

“Beg for my cock,” he commanded. “Beg for only my cock.”

“Please! Please let me touch it! Let me suck it!”

“You may stroke me. But nothing else.”

Eagerly, she obeyed. She realized that, any other man would be begging to fuck her, right now. But Craft was so powerful, so incredible, that she was begging him. He *made* her beg him.

“Real power belongs to me, doesn’t it?”

Her hand slid so fast and easy on his slick cock. “Oh, yes sir. God, you’re so fucking right, sir. I love how much power you have.”

Gently, he stroked her hair. “Are you grateful to me? Are you grateful for becoming mine?”

“Oh yes, Sir! Thank you for owning me, sir! Thank you for making me yours.”

“I’m not sure I believe you. You know, you’ll never be able to fuck me if that’s all you’ve got.”

“Thank you for breaking my will! And all my friends, too! God, you fucking own them so good, Sir. You *destroyed* their wills, just like they deserved! Thank you for bringing me here to be owned just by you. Only by you! You’re my Owner, my King, my God, My *Master!*”

Finally he pushed her hand off his cock, and plunged himself into her cunt. She guided him in with eager passion, taking him into her like she had wanted for her whole, whole life. She had been born to be a supermodel goddess dedicated to fucking and loving her Master’s cock.

“My God,” she moaned. “My true Male. My Real Man. My Powerful Hunk.”

She said the words like that in her head as she spoke—capitalizing them, moaning them even in her mind as she moaned them out loud. She

knew that was his domain now, and every small bit of affection she could coerce out of herself to give to him would be utterly his.

As he thrust into her again and again, bouncing her tits on his chest, her orgasm hovered right at the edge of her cascades of pleasure. It was building, building, building—and she knew that was him, once more, taking all the smaller orgasms he would have given her normally just from a single thrust (such a fucking hunk, her Master) and building them into one reality-breaking cum.

“I’m going to cum, Vivian,” he grunted. “My Vivian. My slave. My favorite. You want to feel it? You want my cum in your pussy?”

“Yes!” She begged him. “Please, yes! Do it now! Give it to me, Sir, please!”

Bucking and thrusting, he exploded inside of her, delivering his hot, amazing warmth just how she needed. Her own orgasm—just as she thought it would—broke the walls of her reality. Hot lines of light ran across her vision, pouring bliss directly into her brain. She was his, now and forever, and she wouldn’t have wanted it to be any other way.

After what seemed like an eternity, her mind flicked back on—to the sensation of her Master, hard and ready, already inside of her.

“Please,” she moaned up at him. “Take me again?”

He did not say anything, but he answered—his thrusts starting anew, his mouth adoring her perfect breasts. From across the office, her model friends walked in—Marisol and Jacqueline—along with Jacqueline's new fertile, lactating playmate. And yet, even so, he forced them down on their knees to watch as he took Vivian again.

Vivian was so happy to be the center of his attention, to be everything that he had wanted. She would be his ultimate trophy from now on—his personal declaration to the world about what a fucking stud he was. It was so, so unbelievably perfect, and so was she, to be the one he called his favorite.

Becoming the Perfect Wife

There was no way Natalie was going to say yes to Jake's proposal, but she had to admit that it was *such* a nice ring.

The two of them were having a picnic in Favor Park, near the lake. The water sliding over the shore made soft lapping sounds. It was late September, on the middle of a Tuesday. There was no one around. The entire park seemed vacant, except for the sparrows singing in the trees.

A few miles away, there was a large gathering at the Favor City High School football stadium. Natalie wasn't sure why the High School was sponsoring a city-wide clothing give-away on the middle of a Tuesday, but the event seemed to be very popular. She and Jake kept hearing the raucous cheering.

Probably, the popularity was due to the scantily-clad cheerleaders lining the roads for miles up and down the road leading to the stadium.

Natalie hadn't even known the school *had* that many cheerleaders, well over fifty, but she just put this on being out of touch. Working on her medical degree, and then on becoming a fully-fledged doctor, for so long had left her feeling ostracized from much of the trappings of culture.

Jake helped her with that. He was rather nice, getting her away from the hospital and making her this picnic. Still, though, she wasn't about to *marry* him.

It was a rather nice little lunch he had put together. Small, fresh salads made with almonds, apple slices and peppercorn dressing served as the main course, along with some fresh bread from the supermarket. They each had downed about two glasses of wine so far, working on their third.

It was easier to justify drinking in the middle of the day for some reason, even though Natalie and Jake were both on call. She felt so *good* out here in the sun with Jake.

He worked in construction as a consultant, and was constantly called away to go evaluate building plans and administer work sites. She liked his logical mind and the easy charm of his smile, but ultimately didn't feel they were compatible. Life was too easy for Jake, something to peruse and enjoy, like he was picking out fruit from an orchard. When she had asked him a

week ago about why he had chosen his profession, his answer was just a shrug, like she was silly for even bringing such a thing up.

"I just fell into it, I suppose."

Natalie could never be with someone long-term with such a carefree idealogy. More than once, she had gotten the impression that her profession had been chosen for her by some higher power. Every step that she took, every breath she inhaled was moving toward a greater purpose to save lives.

But, at their little picnic, after three glasses of wine, it became so much easier to relax. To laugh and smile. The plush, thick fabric of the picnic blanket felt divine against her skin. It was so easy to just sit back into its thick surface and dig her fingers into the softness of it. Hot, good vibes rushed into her for the entirety of the lung, making her head pulse with lightness.

And Jake had to ruin it all, making the mood so serious, by getting down on a knee and putting a ring in front of her.

Natalie was a serious woman. She was due to start her residency at Tall Hill Hospital in just a few months, after an incredibly arduous selection process and grueling internship. Tall Hill Hospital was the prestige hospital in mid-sized Favor City, and led to all the best patients and the most interesting casework. If she didn't a job working there, practicing medicine, all her long hours of med school and periods of cramming and isolation and loading down on knowledge would be for nothing.

She had started dating Jake after meeting him in her apartment building about six weeks ago. He had been hired to help remodel the entryway, and was overseeing the installation of new tilework.

He was ruggedly handsome, with a permanent five o'clock shadow and a solid frame that bespoke of a lifetime of physical labor. His dark brown eyes carried heavy wit, though, and when he had talked to her, he made her laugh right away. That was why she had gone out with him, and why she had continued to do so. But . . . after just six weeks . . .

"Oh," said Natalie, trying to find some elegant way to back away from Jake as she was sitting down on the blanket. "It's a ring."

"Yeah!" Jake nodded. "Why don't you try it on?"

He plopped the box in her hands. Natalie held it gingerly, like it was full of poisonous spiders.

Natalie couldn't really believe this was happening. What she had with Jake was not a long-term thing, and she thought he had understood that.

He was, by all possible terms, the definition of a fling. Natalie had never had a fling before. She was a pretty enough gal, with her dark blond hair and slender frame, her Swedish heritage shaping her face and bone structure elegantly. But the hospital kept her far too busy for a real relationship.

The two of them had sex—good, perfunctory sex where she was able to get close enough to orgasm to not feel bad about asking him to finish her off with his fingers every once in a while—and they watched fun movies where the guy got the girl or the bad guy or the treasure, and that was it. That was all she wanted.

And now this gaudy, sparkling monstrosity of a ring in her hands.

"It's so . . . shiny," she said, trying to find something to say.

"Isn't it?" he wagged his head enthusiastically.

It was certainly that. Diamonds lined the band, and the headstone itself was a rather large diamond, sculpted with several others into a spiral pattern.

"I just happened to walk into this store, Female Designs, right after going to the grocery store. I wanted to get you something, and I saw it was so crowded with women your age. Women who were just gorgeous, like you."

She blushed, digging her free hand into the picnic blanket. Natalie *liked* hearing that Jake found her attractive. So often in her life, she had been the mousy girl, the one who was ignored or passed over, who was thought about only for how smart she was. But Natalie had a wild side, a funloving fuckdoll side just waiting to bounce out on the scene . . .

. . . Wait. What? No. That wasn't right. Not at all. Natalie had a wild side like rectangles had a round side. But . . . Jake was talking. She should listen.

"And I started talking with some lady at the front desk. Her name was Holly, I think. She's moved to all kinds of cities with the stores, she said. So she's seen like, everything. And she told me if I really loved you, I needed to show it. I needed to make you mine. I needed to show everyone how you belonged to me."

Natalie, of course, disagreed. She belonged to nobody.

But still, her heart swelled a bit, hearing her man's story. He wanted to show her how much she cared! That was *so* sweet.

"And so I bought this ring. I spent . . . well, a whole lot. More than that average of three months, or whatever it is, and I got this picnic blanket at the same time, and . . ."

His voice drifted away somewhere as Natalie examined the ring and its pretty stones. The pretty pretty spiral of stones. Her mind sometimes felt like a spiral, like a pretty, sparkling spiral.

That's all she was, really. A pretty little collection of sparkles to be a decoration.

"—I said, what do you think, babe?"

Natalie looked up at Jake, who was looking at her intently. She put her hand to her head.

"Sorry," she said. "I just . . . the ring. It's so pretty."

God, was that all she could say? She was more eloquent than that. She had been in school her whole life, for goodness sake! To try and up her wording, she looked at the ring again . . . but it wasn't in her hand, where she had left it.

No, it was on her finger now.

How had that happened?

Wow, she was acting like such a silly little giggly babe to do something like that.

No . . . wait, silly giggly babe? Huh?

"I'm glad you like it," he enthused. "I was really hoping you would."

He looked so earnest. He was so handsome. Natalie really was doing a poor job of expressing her feelings. Maybe she would be better off just doing something for him.

The wind blew, and Natalie shivered a bit. Jake shifted on the blanket, moving closer to her to put her arms around her. His crotch was right there.

It was only right to kiss his cock to show him how she felt. He did give her this nice ring, after all. She wasn't going to accept it, but diamonds were such a wonderful gesture. She could talk him down to something more appropriate. Yes. She should be showered with gifts for being so beautiful all the time.

That last thought was almost debated, but her ringed hand was already on Jake's zipper, pulling it down.

“You're so thoughtful,” she said to him, planting a little kiss on his cheek. “I have to thank you somehow . . .”

Little seeds of doubt sprinkled in her mind, but rather one large seed of lust had already sprouted in Jake's lap—his cock rose out from his pants. Natalie stared at it hungrily for several seconds, licking her lips.

She fell on top of it with relish, her initial thought of just a kiss washing away under the flood of arousal. Instead, she quickly slipped her lips over the head, warmly massaging the meat with her tongue. The warmth and size of his big length inside of her mouth was somehow the most comforting, most erotic feeling she had ever had. There was nothing finer than Jake's hot cock slowly getting harder and harder inside of the warm confines of her lips and tongue.

Above his crotch, on his belly, her ring sparkled and sparkled. Natalie's eyes were transfixed by it.

It was so pretty. It was such a pretty ring, for such a pretty girl like her. She was a hot, loving, sexy girl and she was giving her man such a hot, loving, sexy blowjob. She would suck his cock like this forever and ever if that's what kept him happy. If that was how she was supposed to keep him coming back to her and giving her pretty pretty sparkly things like this ring.

His hands slid through her hair and then down her back, circling around to her plump tits.

Oh yes, she thought gleefully. Feel up my tits, you big hard man. Feel how soft I am for you when you're so hard for me.

The ring sparkled and sparkled in her eyes, and she moaned. Each new little sparkle made her suck all the harder, made her tongue swim around his handsome cock even more, and when she could hear him moan in appreciation from that, her own pussy got sensationally wet. She could feel hot rivulets of juices sliding down her thighs.

“Oh,” he started shaking against her mouth, perhaps trying to pull out. “Nat-Natalie, I'm going to . . . you said you don't like the taste . . . I'm gonna—I'm gonna—”

He spurted hot seed down her throat and Natalie moaned, cumming herself. The taste was indescribably good, better than it ever had been before. The heavy warmth slid inside of her body, making her whole. She forgot about medicine, forgot about living independently—for a few beautiful moments, she was nothing but a cocksucking doll.

Oh god, that had never happened before. How on earth did someone orgasm just from tasting hot, sweet, wonderful spunk?

She didn't care. She hoped it happened again and again for as long she lived.

For three minutes or so, Jake just stroked her pretty head, breathing hard as she nuzzled against his still-wet cock. Then he tilted her chin up so that she was looking him in the eyes.

"So you'll marry me, right?" He smiled. "I mean, that was a yes if I ever saw one before."

"Oh," she said, shaking her head.

Of course he would interpret it that way. And, like, of course Natalie loved Jake's cock. She probably even loved Jake too. But, well. Marriage was like, such a *thing*.

She shook her head again, trying to clear her head. "Such a thing?" That was how she was characterizing marriage? Disappointment and confusion started to blossom on Jake's face.

"I'm sorry," she said, rubbing her temple. "It's just, I feel very overwhelmed right now."

"You feel overwhelmed?" He laughed in disbelief. "I'm the one who just got the best blowjob of my life from a woman who doesn't know if she wants to be with me."

"No, that's not it, it's just . . ." she sat back a bit, looking up in his eyes. "No, that *is* it. I haven't given you a blowjob this whole time we've been together. I really . . . I really thought I didn't like the taste. I remember not liking it. Or . . ." she struggled. "I remember remembering not liking it, if that makes any sense. And now all of a sudden I do, without even thinking twice about it? Jake, something . . . something is wrong . . ."

"I'll say."

He set his jaw, frowning a bit. It just broke Natalie's heart to see him unhappy like that. Her man needed comfort. Her hands dug into the plush blanket beneath them. She could see his big fists bunched up in the fabric as well.

The Jake she knew would have gone along with whatever she said, just trying to curry favor with her. This new Jake was a different kind of animal. He was . . . well, kind of animalistic. It turned her on horribly, and she had cum only a few minutes ago.

“Come on, Natalie.” He stroked her face, looking at her expectantly. “You can't blow me like that and not marry me. That's not fair to me.”

Her eyes went down to the ground. It was hard to meet his gaze when it was so stern and true. “You're right. It's not fair. I'm sorry.”

Wait. What?

His hand went down from her face.

Oh no! She really needed to feel his big, strong touch again.

“I feel really hurt right now,” he said. “I don't know if this is okay.”

“N-no, Jake!” she scooted forward on her knees and snuggled around his crotch, slipping her slight hand around his rod. It was still a little moist from all the cum, from her saliva.

“Look,” she said admiringly. “My big Jake is getting all hard again for me. I bet I can make you cum again, too.”

He grabbed her by the hair. Her breathing picked up, heart racing. He was just so in charge. It was wonderful.

“No,” he said.

Her mouth opened and closed needfully, right in front of his cock. Her ring was right over his crotch again, sparkling, sparkling, sparking . . .

It was such a good position for her, being down between his legs like this. She was sure she looked fantastic doing it. Somehow, her shirt opened up, her tits spilling out of it. Hopefully, he would be more agreeable if he could see her nice tits falling all over his legs.

Sparkle, sparkle, sparkle. She should just do what he said. She should listen to him all the time. Listen to Jake. Listen—

“—I said, stop playing with your tits and listen to me.”

Natalie giggled, looking up at him. Yes, she should listen to him. How had her hands gotten so wrapped around her nipples? Oh well, he told her to stop, so she stopped.

She looked up at him and nodded eagerly, licking her lips.

“You're only going to suck me off again if you agree to marry me. A woman like you belongs as my property. Okay?”

Enthused, she nodded. “Oh *yes*, Jake. Anything you say!”

“All right then. Have at it.”

Free at last, she dove back down onto his cock. He tasted even better than before. And the whole time, as she sucked him down, she stared into the perfect hot spiral sparkles of her wonderful engagement ring.

FOUR WEEKS AFTER JAKE proposed, Natalie received a very strange memo at work. She was bending over at the waist and reading from the monitor, showing off her delightful ass to any passers-by. The memo was from her supervisor, Doctor Madeline Eros, though lately, everyone had been calling the dark-haired, fun-loving babe Maddie. The message read:

All you hot doctor nurse girls should totally got to report to the staff room at one o'clock today. Dress in your best! Our super hot cool boss will be there, so make sure you're looking super duper hot so that he'll look at you and tell you what an ultra-babe you are! Being a babe is like, super important for your career? So make sure that's what you look like when you go.

Also, does anyone have any booze? Bring that too. Booze and your hottest hot dresses. Because like, meetings are totally fun. I want to talk about hair and bras and stuff!

Hooray!

Big-titted hugs and wet kisses,

Doc Maddie

Tallie Tall Hospital

Natalie tilted her lovely head to one side, posing prettily on sexy red high heels in front of the small circular computer desk in the hospital. A few men passed by, and she made sure to raise her ass up, so they could see her tight, matching red thong.

That was like, just such a weird message. Since when did the staff room not have plenty of booze? Half of working at the hospital was getting drunk and just laying out with her besties, comparing each other's chesties.

So far, Natalie had the best chestie of any of them. She was so proud of her big, wonderful titties. They looked terrific today in her super-official, super-serious bright red minidress. She was a professional, after all.

The dress had a deep scooping u-shape that lifted up underneath her terrifically titanic tits, putting her cleavage on constant display. Her small, bright white latex coat barely stretched down below the lower curve of her enormous breasts, and could not come anywhere close to buttoning across them. The only thing designating her as a doctor was the name tag reading, “Nataliee!”

Even that had her listed as a nurse. Was . . . was she a nurse? Doctoring was such hard work. It seemed really odd that she would be one. And, the tag on her boobs said she was a nurse, and everything about her boobs was just, really super great.

She giggled, standing up and grabbing her chest firmly, running her hands over their enormous curvature. She *loved* her big titties. They were so large that the clothing store had run out of bras for them.

Female Designs was such a wonderful store. They had donated televisions to the hospital, so that every hallway and room was filled with their advertisements on nonstop loops. The ads were really helpful in deciding what to wear or how to act around big strong men. Queen Kimberly, Female Designs' cunt-juicingly gorgeous spokes model, was on every third or fourth advertisement or so. Everyone stopped to watch when she was on the screen. It was only right and good to pay attention to the Queen of so many cities. She said that, if they were all very good, then she would be the Queen of Favor City pretty soon too.

Shortly after Female Designs arrived in Favor City, everybody realized how totally awesome the store was, and started using them for every kind of men and women's clothing. And all the sheets. And all the carpeting, and jewelry, and curtains, and even some of the pens and pencils.

It was so nice to have someone take care of all those complicated things. Natalie had no idea who was in charge of all of it, but she was sure it was someone smart and strong if even Queen Kimberly was doing as he said.

Someone like her Jake, probably. Natalie swooned at the thought of him.

For a moment, she stood in the hallway, slipping her hand up her tiny dress and between her thighs. The access there was smooth, wet, and constantly hot. It was so easy to just lean against the wall and put a little hot pressure on her clitty, slipping her index finger up into her pussy.

The new teenage intern, Carmen, strutted by in a pair of enormously-heeled thigh-high leather red boots. They matched her tiny red latex dress. Her own short white coat—almost a sweater, really—struggled to maintain its placement around her massive breasts, much like Natalie's. Carmen's Hispanic heritage was noticeable in the easy bronze of her skin and the beautiful rich blackness of her long, long hair. Only eighteen years-old, her

face was bright and fresh all the time, her body completely devoid of any hints of fat or blemishes.

“Thinking about the hubby?” Carmen smiled.

Natalie nodded, licking her index finger clean. “God, he's just so wonderful. I don't know what I'd do without him.”

“When is that wedding, again?”

“Four weeks! I'm so excited.”

“What are you doing for the honeymoon?”

“Oh, probably like, sucking him off while he watches some football? He didn't really want to make a big deal out of it, and you know how just totally correct a man can be. He is *so* right. The only big thing I need is his big thing.”

Carmen giggled, and Natalie giggled with her. Their tits danced across from each other, the enticing flesh bouncing happily.

A shapely redheaded nurse, Layla, was pushing a man on a plush gurney past the pair. Carmen and Natalie admired her form as she both steered the gurney and gave the man a handjob at the same time.

Something inside of Natalie tugged at her whenever she saw a gurney like that, or a hospital bed. It used to be that the beds at the hospital didn't have quite so many pillows, and that people didn't seem quite so happy when they were on them.

Hospitals, she thought she could remember, weren't just a place men came to have their big yummy cocks sucked so that they could focus on the day. It was a place to treat bad sicknesses. Like . . . stubbed toes. Or skinned knees. Or the flu.

Natalie scratched her head for a moment.

“Carmen, how do we treat the flu, again?”

“Oh gosh, Natalie, that sounds complicated.” Carmen ran a hand through the thick mass of her dark hair. Each strand looked wet and shiny. “I'm just an intern. I mean like, the flu? Is that like . . .” the pretty Hispanic motioned with her fingers. “The thing with . . . like, the feet?”

Natalie shook her head. “No, no. It's like a cold. Like a bad cold.”

Carmen shrugged good-naturedly. “I dunno. I guess we would treat it like anything else that's cold, right? If we can't fit our mouths around it, smother it in titties.” Carmen snapped her fingers. “Let's see if something is cold after that!”

Layla, apparently done with moving the man in the gurney, strutted over to them. She was licking her hand clean from all the cum layered over it.

"Did you guys say somebody needed to be smothered with tits?"

Layla—short, redheaded, and impossibly busty—was always full of fire. She had on a bright yellow dress, wearing the same tiny white coat as Carmen and Natalie.

"Oh, no. We were just talking about . . ." Natalie struggled. "A thing. Some kind of . . . bad thing."

Gosh, it was hard to remember anything around such hotties. Especially when Layla was licking her cum-covered hand like it was a sacred meal, and all Natalie could think about doing was falling on her knees in front of Jake.

The three friends walked together to the meeting, enjoying the admiring stares of the custodial staff and patients who watched them pass.

Enjoy it while you can, boys, Natalie thought. Pretty soon only my Man will enjoy the sight of my ass.

But . . . well, no. Natalie's head fluttered for a moment. It wasn't like Jake was going to lock her away. She would still have a job. Like, probably. If he let her.

Plus, men would look at her whenever Jake decided to take her out and show her off. That would be so hot.

"I've got to run to the ladies room," chirped Carmen as they were right outside the meeting room, "but I'll be right back!"

Natalie and Layla both giggled mirthfully. They knew Carmen's visit to the ladies' room was probably for the same reason that most of theirs would be—to slip in a quick finger-fuck session before having to do anything remotely serious.

Hand-in-hand, Natalie and Layla entered the vibrantly colored meeting room. The walls were fun orange, all the chairs bright green. It was like sitting in sherbet.

Female Designs had delivered the chairs and the paint only last week. The custodial staff originally anticipated it would take a month to paint the hospital. Instead, they got it done in three days. Looking at the paint, smelling its wonderful scent, just filled them with good, hard-working vibes, the workers had said.

Dr. Adler walked in the room last. All the girls hushed up, making sure they were paying attention. Listening to the boss was so important to

Natalie. It was almost as important as it was to listen to her Man.

Dr. Adler strode up to the podium and snapped his fingers at the front row of girls.

“If someone would do me the honors, so I can concentrate . . .”

Layla hopped forward, edging out the girls who were raising their hands politely. Staring back at them with a hot, haughty little smile, she slid up between the doctor's knees and took his cock into her mouth. She slurped loudly as he shuffled his papers about. His hands flexed and re-flexed on the podium.

They could all see when he came—the slight repositioning of his chest and stomach, his little shudders. This happened every half-minute or so. And they could all see Layla responding—her legs splaying outward a little more, the hot, heavy spearmint scent of her cum-happy pussy flowing into the crowded, busty room.

“All right, ladies, let's have a look at the numbers, shall we?”

He pressed a button on a little remote. The projector on the ceiling started up, pushing out images onto the stand next to him. A large, bright pink digit showed up.

“This is the number two. Now, how can we remember the number two? Yes, Natalie?”

“Because it's how many titties we have!”

“That's right! Good girl.”

Natalie shuddered blissfully with the praise.

“Now, why is the number two important? Anyone? Anyone?”

Another girl, some pretty brunette that Natalie didn't know the name of, cautiously raised a hand.

“Yes, dear?”

“Because it's how many cums we have to give to each patient?”

“That's right!” He tried to nod encouragingly, but ended up shuddering again, emptying himself into Layla once more. “Every patient in here should expect at least two orgasms before they leave. Now, Natalie was kind enough to bring to my attention that you girls who are serious about a boy should only have to give handies or maybe just do a little dance to guide their jack off sessions. That seems perfectly all right with me.”

Natalie beamed. It was so nice to be recognized for the hard brainstuff that she worked on. In front of the room, Layla's legs were almost

completely spread out, and the luscious redhead was held up entirely by her grip around Dr. Adler's thighs.

“One other announcment, girls. I can't possibly stress this enough—one of you has to be sucking me off at all times. If you're not, then I can't focus on the paperwork that your paychecks require. Without those, good luck getting more clothes when they wear out in a few months.”

“*Yes*, Doctor Adler!” they chorused.

“Good girls. Now, you also need to remember to stick very closely to the schedule. Poor Kat got stuck sucking me off for four straight hours the other day, and when one of you . . .” his gaze zeroed in on the dark-haired vixen in question, “ . . . finally decided to relieve her, Kat was so cumdrunk that she couldn't even walk to the breakroom. Now, I know it's tempting to let a girl get that cumdrunk because of how silly and horny you can get, but really, ladies, let's try and be adults about this.”

“*Yes*, Doctor Adler!”

“Good girls. All right, then, if there's nothing else, Doc Maddie . . .”

He waved his hand to the barely-recognizable-as-a-doctor that stood up in front of the podium. She graciously grabbed the remote out of the hands of Dr. Adler, who was already focusing intently on the apparently-heavenly blowjob that Layla was delivering.

Doc Maddie was a wonderfully buxom woman, her dark hair perfectly coiffed around her beautiful face. She looked like a fashion model from the nineties, her face elegant and timeless, with a beautiful jaw, regal nose, full lips, and eyes full of lustful mystery.

For some reason, Natalie had a memory of her being some old stodgy, wrinkled lady, short and short-tempered. But that didn't make any sense. Sure, Doc Maddie was one of the older girls in town, being like maybe almost twenty-nine and all. But she didn't seem to let it get her down at all.

The youthful doctor clapped her hands in excitement. “Okay, girls! New dress code! It's like, super totally fun, don't stress!”

She pressed a button on the remote. Behind her, Dr. Adler grabbed Layla's head, fucking her face furiously. Desperate, wet sounds filled the little room. If Doc Maddie noticed, she didn't show it.

“Now, from now on, all you hot nurses are going to be wearing white as your dominant color. It's not, like not fair to any girls who walk in, looking totally hot in green, if we're wearing green too! Now, when it comes to like,

footwear and armwear, you'll still be able to wear whatever color you want . . .”

Natalie zoned out, imagining herself in white all the time. She knew she would be wearing white soon enough.

She'd be getting married in her beautiful white dress, already picked out from Female Designs, looking happier and sexier than she ever had before. It was such an honor, being married to Jake. Such a hot, erotic honor that she was so thrilled to be able to achieve.

Next to her, a hot blonde with bright red lips was idly playing with her clit, watching the slideshow with all the pretty dress and skirt combinations. The whole room was full of beauties who couldn't contain themselves, their hands sliding up their tight dresses and short skirts to adore themselves.

Natalie knew she had to leave. It wasn't fair to start playing with herself, calling out Jake's name, when there were so many unlucky girls who didn't have a Jake of their own!

She rushed out of the room, not even apologizing, and slipped slipped into the nearby medical lab, completely overcome with her need.

At some point, the lab was used to like, look at blood samples or something like that. Natalie felt like she had used to know what it was for. But these days, it was just used to hold old boxes of useless stuff like needles and syringes and IV bags.

Natalie wasn't alone in the supply room. As she stood behind a tall row of boxes, she saw the intern Carmen and her Jake, talking to each other in the corner.

What were they doing here? More importantly, what were they doing here, together?

“I don't get it, Carmen. I thought you said Natalie was in here studying something? I just wanted to surprise her for lunch.”

Oh, he was here to meet her. That was okay, then. Jake scratched his head, and Natalie could see the hot bulge of his bicep, the heart-throbbing granite slabs of his shoulders and back through his tight black tee shirt. Natalie almost stepped out, but then she watched Carmen slide her booted leg around Jake's.

W-what?

“Oh, right. I guess she's not.” Carmen slid her fingers inside of Jake's belt buckle. “I guess that means you and I are all alone, huh?”

Jake stepped away. Natalie could have kissed him, right there. Yes! Good Man! She had such a good Man.

“Listen, Carmen. I'm with Natalie. So . . .”

Carmen stepped forward, replacing her fingers around his belt loop, using more of them this time.

“Oh, I know, Jake.” Her voice so soft and sweet. Insistent. “It's just . . . well, Jake. I have eyes. I can see you looking at me. And like, I know you want to fuck me. I know you want to rip this flimsy little dress off my body and fuck me like the little cock hungry slut I am. And I'm just standing here, wondering, how come you aren't?”

“Listen, babe . . .” he put up his hands. “I got a fiance.”

Natalie could have cheered. Yes, she cheered in her head. A hot, wonderful fiance who loves sucking your wonderful cock! I'll suck you off until I'm so cumdrunk I can't even walk straight again! Just get away from her!

Carmen pouted, moving closer to him. Her tits mashing hotly against his thick, muscular chest.

“I'm better than her, Jake. Aren't I?”

Carmen's hands sunk to his big bulge. Natalie watched in growing horror as Jake did nothing to stop her. The beautiful Hispanic's fingers seemed so small and light compared to the throbbing, hot pole of manhood beneath his pants.

Why wasn't Jake stopping her?

And, for that matter, why was Natalie shoving her fingers inside of her own pussy, watching in lust?

Jake wrapped his big arms around Carmen. He pulled down her dress easily. Fuck, he was so strong and smart, working like that. Carmen's educated hands pushed down Jake's pants. Very quickly, he was shoving his clearly hard cock deep inside Carmen's juicy, wet pussy. He pushed Carmen against the nearby shelf, lifting her up off the floor entirely.

Carmen lifted her legs were up around his head, and he held her there easily, lifting her above his head and then slamming her down onto his shaft again and again.

“Oh my God, Jake!” Carmen moaned. “Oh Sir! Sir! Sir!”

Natalie was furious, her entire body flushed red. Natalie was hopelessly turned on, fingering her pussy and squeezing her thick tits. Natalie was, almost more than anything else, *jealous*.

Why hadn't he ever fucked *her* like that?

To make matters worse, Carmen wouldn't stop crying out hot tidbits.

"I deserve you more than her!" the hot teen yelled. "I'm better than her!"

"Better!" he grunted, fucking her even more vigorously. "Better than her!"

Natalie couldn't help but watch her man fuck the shit out of that tiny girl. God, he was so big and strong, his thick masculine musk stretching out even to where Natalie was standing.

Her knees buckled, and she collapsed against the nearby boxes to keep herself standing. One hand slipped inside of her flimsy, silk panties.

God, he was just fucking the *hell* out of Carmen. Why couldn't she do anything but finger her pretty little pussy while her man banged such a hot, beautiful teenage babe?

"I'm gonna cum," Jake grunted. "Gonna cum right in your belly."

"Oh yes, Sir! Please!"

Natalie cried out in hot, thrilling, shameful orgasm when the two of them came together. She watched Jake's cute ass tense up, his muscles flexing hotly as he poured himself into the lovely teen intern. Natalie fell against the nearby boxes, knocking them over.

Jake let Carmen fall to the ground. The pretty Hispanic landed with a cumdrunk giggle. A hot, white puddle quickly started forming from underneath her overflowing pussy. Jake turned around, struggled to pull up his pants. His eyes went wide as he saw who had been watching them.

"Natalie?" His face almost white with shock. "What are you doing here, babe?"

"Don't talk to me!" she tried to scream. It came out, instead, as a very high-pitched whimper. "It's over! We're done! The engagement is off!"

She stormed out of the hospital, believing she was leaving her life behind her.

NATALIE SPENT THE NEXT two days crying her eyes out, locked up in her small apartment. She wanted to tell everyone the wedding was off, but she was too embarrassed. She even confirmed the date and the date with a photographer, a DJ, and the florist.

It was early morning, now, and she needed a shower. She hoped that it would clear her mind a bit. She stepped out of the blissfully soft sheets of the bed and into her small bathroom with its large mirror and linoleum flooring. She turned on the water and sighed.

Her will felt like it had been eclipsed totally.

She missed Jake's sure nature. She missed the way decisions just came to him, like he had them stored in some toolbox he carried around with him.

The walls of her apartment seemed incredibly thin, and she could hear the hot, tangible sounds of sweet, hard fucking from all her neighbors.

When she wasn't crying, she had tried reading fashion magazines while sitting on the cheap wooden furniture of her half-kitchen, or tried stretching on the brown, faded carpet of her small living room, or any other number of distractions. But, with each new activity, there was a new moan or a new grunt or a new vibration from the numerous apartments around her, each filled with the pussy-moistening sounds of beautifully hard fucking.

Hard fucking just like Jake had been fucking Carmen. Like Jake hadn't ever fucked her.

Obviously, Jake had fucked Natalie. And at the time, she had loved every second of it. Whenever she started fingering herself, trying to think about something pleasant, it started off by imagining Jake inside her.

But every time she came, it was to the scorching hot, humiliating image of Jake fucking Carmen's beautiful teen body. Sometimes, Carmen changed into someone else—Layla, or Doc Maddie, or Queen Kimberly. It was like she couldn't help but imagine her wonderful man fucking all the hot women in the world.

As she washed in the shower, she could just almost piece it together. How something was . . . wrong. Something was just off in Favor City. It was like, men were in charge, and women were doing what men wanted, and that was good, but wasn't there something different that used to exist?

Wasn't there some way of looking at this that wasn't what she was doing?

The thought would edge around her consciousness, fluttering like a pretty butterfly that was just out of reach. But then Natalie would start thinking about butterflies and how pretty they were, what wonderful little decorations they were to nature, and then that would start her thinking about all of the ways her body was a wonderful decoration on its own, and then she wouldn't be able to stop thinking about her wet, twin decorations

dominating her midsection, so shiny and large and succulent and cum-happy and how if she bent her head down she could just suck her own nipples ohhh yummy yummy *yummy*!

Just before she came again, again, all her tiny little mind could imagine was the thought of her hubby-to-be forcefully fucking another hot girl.

When she recovered herself, miraculously still standing in the shower, she wished, somehow, that the thought of her Man fucking around didn't turn her on so much.

She stepped out of the shower, feeling wonderful, to the doorbell ringing. For a moment, she almost didn't answer it—she wasn't dressed, after all—but then she remembered how it was only proper for anyone who came by to see what a dynamite body she had.

Natalie's body really was spectacular. If she wasn't like, a super smart medical person, she would know it was totally silly for her to think that her hair had gotten more bright platinum blond, or that her tits had become even larger, or that her legs were more lusciously toned and long than the day before.

So, she kept the towel on, letting it grace her delightful curves. It clung happily to her wide hips.

At the door was Carmen, looking stunning. Her thick black hair was all teased out, falling in waves down past her back, and a short denim skirt and tight t-shirt—sporting a cute graphic of hearts and butterflies—was stretched out over her big tits. She looked every bit the eighteen year-old sex goddess that she was.

Her arms were gathered up under her tits, her face full of apology. Natalie felt fury rush through her, hot and vicious.

"You—you—you—"

Carmen nodded sympathetically, her big eyes brimming with understanding and sadness.

"I know! I'm a *total* bitch," the stunning teen said, right away. "I'm *so* sorry about what happened. Like, I get totally how you could be upset, and I feel *so* bad."

She stepped close to Natalie. She smelled so wonderful. Like rich caramel.

"If you'll let me in," said Carmen, "Like, I'm sure we can work it out. That's what Jake deserves—for the girls he likes to get along, right?"

What Jake deserves. Oh yes. Jake deserves so much.

No, wait, thought Natalie. Jake *cheated.* He *deserved* a good solid talking-to . . . but somehow, she was already nodding and guiding Carmen inside.

Natalie had to be a good host. If she was going to be a good wife, she would have to learn how to play hostess. Maybe Natalie wouldn't be Jake's wife, but she certainly would be someone's. After all, a wonderful babe like her couldn't stay unattached for very long.

She guided Carmen to the small living room, where they sat down on the small blue couch in front of the television. The legs of the two beauties slid close to each other. Natalie had to admit that the feel of someone else's skin—especially when it was a hot, young thing like Carmen—felt amazing.

That feeling only intensified when Carmen slid her warm, tender hands around Natalie's, staring soulfully into the blonde's big green eyes.

"It's like, sometimes I barely even know what's what?" said Carmen. "Two weeks ago, I was like, just eighteen and totally a virgin and you know, gearing up for college. I had never even had a boyfriend. And then I bought some fun new clothes, and then it was like, wow! Every guy I see thinks I'm amazing and wants to bone me."

Carmen sniffed, her eyes welling up.

"I just didn't know how to handle all that attention. But like, it's okay. I don't expect you to understand. You're so pretty, Natalie. I figured you could have any guy you wanted, ever. So, that's why, like, I thought it wouldn't be a problem for Jake to fuck me a little."

Natalie's heart just swelled with Carmen's candidness. It was so hard to stay completely angry at the poor sexy teen when she was being so reticent. And, of course, when Carmen's smell was so delicious and sexy. Natalie almost felt like she could feel soft, invisible fingers pressing into her pussy, moistening her up.

"Oh dear," Natalie shook her head, clasping Carmen's hands firmly. "I was a total nerd, too! That's why I was so upset. I mean, if I was some mega hottie, I don't think I'd mind Jake fucking around a bit, because I'd know that he'd always want to come back to me. But with you being so gorgeous, and I'm like, just a nurse . . . "

"Don't be silly, girl. Nurses are hot! You get to wear those hot coats and everything."

Natalie nodded.

“Well, students are pretty hot too. You get to wear like, tiny pleated skirts. And have like, glasses on and pens in your mouth.”

They giggled together. Natalie's hand moved past Carmen's, riding up onto her elbow, tugging her closer to inhale even more of that perfect rich scent.

“I guess we have more in common than we thought?”

Carmen nodded, smiling brightly.

“Totally! I mean, gosh, Natalie, if all that is true, then maybe like, we're both super hotties?”

For a moment there was silence as Natalie looked away, considering. When she looked back at Carmen, the Hispanic had moved her face much closer.

“You really are just *so fucking hot!*”

Breathing hard, Carmen kissed Natalie, her tongue sliding deep into the blonde's pert, hot mouth. Natalie moaned, feeling Carmen's hands slide up easily through the open space of her towel. The two beauties moaned into each other's mouths, each lost in the hot, easy feeling of the brilliant sexiness of the other's bodies. Carmen pawed openly at Natalie's big, barely-covered tits, and Natalie could not help but do the same.

Carmen was the one to break the kiss, looking around for a moment, her thick dark hair waving.

“Do you think you could show me the ring?” Carmen rubbed her thumb and index finger around Natalie's thick, berry-like nipple. “I'm like, super jealous of you, I have to say. I'd love to know what he gave you.”

Two strong feelings stirred in Natalie. The first was to say no—no, that the ring should stay put up where she had locked it away. That was what had started this entire mess.

But the other feeling—the much stronger feeling—was to gasp at the hot, easy feeling of lust that rose up in her as Carmen touched her nipple. That feeling said to grin and giggle and hop up to go grab the ring straightaway, and that's what she did.

In truth, she wanted to make Carmen feel horribly jealous. She couldn't help but want to rub the teen's nose in how much Jake loved *her* over Carmen, even with their recent connection.

She supposed that made her something of a bitch, but oh well. Carmen had fucked Jake, right in front of Natalie! Natalie deserved a little bit of revenge.

Natalie strutted over to the table in the living room where she had stuffed the ring inside of two days ago. She slipped it out of the silk cloth she had put it in, and then slipped it on without thinking twice, presenting it to Carmen proudly. Hot, easy thrills started looping from her pussy to the sex-crazy mush of her brain almost immediately.

“Oh wow!” Carmen said, her big tits heaving in her tiny top. “It's so pretty!”

Natalie looked at it with Carmen. It *was* pretty. She sat down next to Carmen again, their legs further intertwined.

“Jake is like, so good to you, for giving you a ring like this.”

Natalie nodded. “Jake is really so good to me, for giving me a ring like this.”

They giggled, closing in on each other. The long, hot moist tangle of Natalie's hair started sweeping up against Carmen's shimmering dark locks. Their tits crushed against each other, the ring held in Natalie's hands on top of their combined cleavage. Each girl's pair big, bright eyes was totally transfixed on the sparkling spiral of the ring.

“You're so pretty, to get a ring like this,” Carmen said. Her voice getting quieter.

“I'm so pretty,” Natalie sighed. “Getting a ring like this.”

“Jake deserves so many pretty girls.”

“*So* many,” Natalie breathed happily and nodded. “Pretty girls.”

“So many pretty girls,” Carmen said again.

They were both breathing so hard. It was making Natalie horribly excited, the way her thick, hot nipples pressed up against Carmen's.

“Girls like you and me,” said Natalie. “Jake deserves us.”

She really ought to be fine with Jake having girlfriends on top of herself. After all, she needed to be a good wife to him.

Sparkle, sparkle.

Somehow, they started sliding off the couch, pushing closer and closer against each other. The need to kiss was almost impossible to overcome, but the need to keep staring at the pretty pretty spiral ring was even greater.

So, the two girls knelt down in front of each other on the floor, their hot faces sliding up against each other as they cooed and moaned. Each babe was completely transfixed with the ring in Natalie's free hand.

Natalie's other hand was busy servicing Carmen's clit and pussy, just as Carmen's hand was servicing Natalie's.

“*Serve* Jake,” Natalie moaned.

“Serve *Jake*,” Carmen echoed.

Natalie's hand was quickly dripping, sopping wet, the same as her pussy as Carmen lovingly finger-fucked it. Very quickly, the two gorgeous bimbos forgot how to say words entirely. Words were too complicated and smart for empty-headed little fuckdolls like them.

All they could think of was their Jake's enormous cock filling them up. All they knew was that they needed to serve him exactly how he deserved. They were just hot girly girl babes, and he was a big strong man who totally deserved all the hot pussy in the world.

The two scorching hotties continued their hot, soulful finger-fucks, happily staring into the spiral ring on top of the slippery hot meshing of their cleavage as more and more of their minds and personalities were sucked away, replaced completely with giggly, hot, submissive servitude that wanted nothing but to adore and worship the thick, hard cock of the man they had recognized as deserving them.

Their first orgasms shook their bodies completely, but still they held on to each other, fingers practically melted into the others' pussy now. They couldn't let go now. They were being such good girls.

Natalie adored Carmen. Had always adored Carmen. Wasn't it silly, how she thought she hadn't? That was such an odd little brain lapse she had. It would be better to think if they had always been friends.

Oh yes. Friends their whole life, each girl the same age at just eighteen. They went through high school together, hoping beyond hope that they would find a man who would love them both for who they were.

“Sooo lucky,” Natalie managed to blurt out.

Carmen moaned in agreement. They *were* lucky to find Jake. Natalie only just edged out Carmen a little bit, being the one who Jake proposed to. But, they each knew that Jake proposing to one was just like Jake proposing to both, really. They would each be serving him for as long as he wanted.

Natalie would be a perfect wife. And Carmen would be there to replace her if Jake ever tired of her, which Natalie thought was just *so* good of Carmen to do.

They came again, each moaning Jake's name.

They slept and woke, each still fingering the other. Dawn came and went, and they were still staring deep into the spirally sparkly ring, adoring

each other's gorgeous tits. Adoring Jake. Murmuring out hot, needy praises of everything about him.

They knew, more than anything, that they were being such good girls.

ON FRIDAY, TWO DAYS after Carmen arrived at Natalie's apartment, the incredibly-built blonde went to go see Jake.

For the entirety of Thursday, she and Carmen made blissful, thought-free, carefree love. They licked each other's clits for hours on end, their tanned, busty bodies becoming shiny and slick with pussy juices.

But, even as good as that was, Natalie knew it was nowhere near as good as having her Man's beautifully thick rod fill her up again. So, she made out to go see him and beg for his forgiveness.

She was dressed to kill in a tiny orange strapless minidress. Her shoulders were bare, the fabric of the sinfully thin dress staying on her body only by virtue of being incredibly clingy. The way it hugged her tight, sensuously muscled body, it was easy for any passerby to imagine sliding it up just a couple of inches to reveal her bare ready-to-fuck pussy, or slide it down barely a centimeter to reveal her jaw-droppingly gorgeous tits.

Her long, heart-attack inducing legs were decorated with tight, hot orange leather boots that stretched up right past her knees, long flashy white zippers striping down the sides. A big, funky white leather belt with no real purpose was around her waist, highlighting her already smashing hourglass figure and the disparity between her hips' width and the succulent slenderness of her waist. Her thick blond hair, spreading out down her back in a thousand hot locks, only re-emphasized her perfect figure.

Natalie carried a thick, long duffel bag with her. The contents of the bag was somewhere over a hundred pounds, but it was no problem for her to lug it along. A good girl slavewife had to be so strong to keep up with her stud husband's fucking, and Natalie aimed to be no exception.

He answered the door of his apartment, dressed in sweatpants and a blue a-frame tee. His muscles, always so tight and cut, looked even bigger than they had at the start of the week. Natalie felt her knees go all rubbery at the sight of him.

“Oh,” he said, looking her up and down—mostly down, directly into the perfect valley of her cleavage. “Natalie. Wow. You look . . . um, really hot.”

The bag in her hands slid to the ground as Natalie just melted completely.

“Oh, gosh,” she purred, clasping her hands together. “Do you really mean it?”

Unable to contain herself or wait for an answer, she slid her arms around her Man, kissing his neck.

“I've *missed* you, baby.” She licked his ear. “Please, please won't you take me back? I've been so very terrible to you.”

Jake slid his hand between the crack of her ass. He seemed somewhat stunned, still, but unable to help himself in front of Natalie's hotness.

“Of course I'll take you back,” he said, pulling her inside.

Natalie made sure to grab the bag and lug it inside before he closed the door behind them. The contents squeaked a bit as she set it down near the wall of the entry.

“Really, Natalie, I should be the one asking you to take me back. I apologize.” He shook his head, moving away from her, staring out the window. It was a bright, sunny day. “I don't know what came over me. I mean, you're so much woman. You're an incredible woman.”

“Girl,” she corrected him.

Or slut. Babe. Hottie. Any of those terms were more correct.

“Right. Girl,” he nodded. “Such an incredible girl.”

She tried to move closer to him, but he edged away again.

“I just . . . it's really hard for me to think straight, lately. All I want to spend time on is fucking as much pussy as I can. I really don't understand it.”

She giggled. “I do, stud. Gosh, you're *such* a stud.” She traced a line down his thick, hot arm. “How could you want to do anything but fuck hot, helpless babes like me into perfect hot submission?”

Shaking his head, he stepped away from her once again. In the corner of the living room was a laundry basket. He picked up a few shirts from it.

She tsked. Men didn't do the laundry. That was woman's work. She would have to punish herself for letting things lax so much. She would do it later, wearing extra high heels as she licked his balls while he slept. Yes, that was fair.

He deserved to be adored all the time, even when he was sleeping. That was how a good girl obeyed her man.

“You see this shirt?” he held up a plain gray undershirt. “I had this shirt on, and all I could think about was fucking that Carmen chick. I just saw her, and knew I needed to pump her full of my seed.”

Natalie's eyes lit up. Her tits crushed together as she squeezed her hands together and nodded enthusiastically. “Oh yeah, baby. I bet you did.”

“N-no, Natalie, hon. Look.”

He threw the shirt down, putting his hands on her hips. She licked her lips, pushing herself forward. If he moved his hands up to her waist, he would find out that his big fingers could wrap all the way around and touch each other. A good girl's midsection didn't need to be too big. Especially not a married good girl's waist—after all, it wasn't like she needed that much room to accommodate her planned diet of subsisting solely off of Jake's cum.

“Yes,” she said, breathing happily. “I'll look. What would you like me to look at?”

“Aren't you worried that people are acting a little strange? I mean, I fucked another girl, doll. That's not like me.”

She nodded thoughtfully.

“I think I understand. You want your personality to be more like someone who fucks lots of girls.”

He didn't say anything, so she felt the need to follow up.

“Like you deserve,” she offered.

“Y-you want me to fuck other women?”

Natalie giggled. “Oh, baby. I can hardly stop you. We've proved that. I'm just happy you decided to fuck Carmen. I mean, isn't it every girl's dream for her Man to choose to fuck her best friend?”

“Y-you and Carmen are best friends? But . . . what? She's like . . . years younger than you, and . . .”

His protests, weak as they were, were cut off abruptly as she slid her tongue into his mouth and wrapped her hand around the thick bulge in his pants.

“She's the same age as me, stud. I know how many hot, eighteen year-old sluts you deserve begging for your cock. And if it's something you need, then I want you to have it. I just . . . I j-just want to be your *best* teen girl, is that okay? Can that be true?”

He nodded dumbly. “O-of course, doll. I'm just really . . . surprised. I mean . . .”

His mouth was still hanging open. Feeling the need to expound, she reluctantly moved away from his manly grip and strutted toward her duffel bag.

“I have something in here for you to show you what I mean.”

She unzipped the bag, and tugged at the first thing she could find inside. The first thing Jake could see were bound hands and long dark hair.

“Holy shit, Natalie. You kidnapped a girl?”

He paused, gaping, as Natalie pulled her “captive” all the way out of the bag.

“Is that fucking Carmen?” Jake put a hand to his head. “Shit! You kidnapped Carmen?”

Natalie giggled helplessly.

“Kidnapped?”

She looked down at Carmen. Her hands and feet tied together behind her, her mouth gagged with two pairs of silk panties. Her dark hair covered her body almost entirely, so thick and shiny. She wore a bright yellow sundress. Little canaries were painted on the platforms of her tall, tall platform heels.

“Oh, all that. No.” She shook her head. Her blond tangle whipped into Carmen's gagged face. “She just asked me to present her like this. She said it was, like, important, to show you how you had all the power.”

Jake still looked somewhat terrified, his eyes widening at the two. Carmen just moaned in her bonds, squirming uselessly. The feel of the rope, and her inability to get out, seemed to arouse her a great deal.

Natalie bent over at the waist, grabbing Carmen's head and pulling her up onto her knees by the elegant curve of her young chin.

Carmen looked on with big, needy brown eyes as Natalie unzipped Jake's pants and presented his hot pillar of meat, stroking it happily.

“We have like, a partnership,” Natalie purred as she stroked. “And so Carmen needs to know that when you fuck her, it's because you know I want you to. That I love the idea of you drilling hot, horny teen babes until they can't walk. You'll fuck them all so hard, Jake baby, you fucking hunkstud. I just know you will.”

Winking mockingly at Carmen, she stroked Jake even harder. It was so fun to be haughty toward Carmen, even though they were best friends. It was so fun to shove it in the Hispanic's face, this cock that Natalie was hot

enough to feel whenever she wanted. It just turned her on immensely to show how she was above Carmen.

“We have to teach our little slut a lesson, Jake. Would you like that, stud? Do you want me to stroke you off into her helpless little face? Can you help me prove to her that I'm the perfect girl to be your wife, so she'll stay in line for us?”

Carmen moaned through her gag and nodded, eager pleas written across her face. Her big brown eyes so wide.

“Oh, fuck,” Jake moaned. “Wow. That's so . . .”

Almost tenderly, he ran his hand over Carmen's face, snapping the band of the panties wrapped around her face.

“ . . . that's so hot.”

His cock was throbbing hard now. Precum oozed out of the tip, and Natalie used it to lubricate her hand and his shaft. Kneeling down, she kept stroking, but added her tongue to the mix, licking her Man's big balls as he stroked her and Carmen's hair. Her tits crushed against Carmen's, all four big hot breasts pushing hard into Jake's legs.

The two girls stared at their Man with complete adoration in their eyes, fascinated and in love with every new movement he made. Every tiny little twitch was an excuse to gasp in delighted surprise that he existed, that he was real, that he was their dreamdoll ace-stud come to life, being so good as to present them with his enormous cock.

It appeared like it was too much for their Man to keep up with for long. He kept moaning out how it was so hot, the two of them like that. How big their tits were, how hot their faces looked.

He came furiously, his cock spurting out what seemed like gallons of cum on the two of them. First Carmen's bound and gagged body was covered with his hot, creamy white gift. It ran down her tits and into her ass in hot little rivers of goo, ruining her yellow dress.

But he kept fountaining out, and Natalie had to latch herself to his cock to try and swallow some down straight from the source. Very soon, though, it was too much even for her to handle, and she had to let go as he sprayed her face and tits. Her entire dress, her hot orange outfit was layered with cum just like Carmen was, like icing on her hot bimbo cake.

He breathed heavily, his muscles flexing as he leaned against the nearby wall for support.

“Thank you, Sir,” Natalie cooed, licking Carmen's face and tits clean.

She could hear Carmen moaning something similar through her panties.

"You've marked us both, Sir," Natalie moaned. "Now everyone will know you own us."

It was such a happy, wonderful feeling, being owned by their big strong man.

THE CEREMONY WAS JUST completely lovely, held in a small chapel in the middle of town. Like so much of Favor City, the building had been furnished by Female Designs, with thick, soft carpet on the ground, and sexy leather seats on all of the benches. The windows were tall and wide, letting in plenty of sunlight.

Most of Natalie and Jake's families lived out of town, and none of them had been able to RSVP. Everyone was too busy having a terrific time screwing. Natalie hardly minded. All she needed at the wedding was her own gorgeous self and her big, strong Man to marry.

So, the wedding was populated largely by Natalie's friends from the hospital. The big-titted vixens all had a man with them, many of them sharing one man. More than one stud had the triad formation working—two girls on either side whispering and licking in his ear, with a third girl suckling happily on his enormous cock.

Natalie, peeking out from her position at the back of the chapel, could see her bridesmaid Layla happily slurping away at some lucky groomsman's cock near the altar.

Taking a moment to look down at herself in one of the chapel's many mirrors, Natalie once again noted how her wedding outfit was just so elegant and beautiful. From her lacy, frilly opera-style gloves to her eight-inch platform heels, she was completely covered in white. Her thong panties were crisped with little white jewels, and her lingerie bra, made entirely out of tiny, sparse threads of silk, clung for dear life around her enormous rack. A tiny sheer cloth hung from the edge of the bra. It was such a perfect bridal gown.

Finally, the procession music started. Quickly arranging the long, lacy silk train attached to her elaborate bra, Natalie began her long crawl down the aisle. This act was so important, though of course she had knelt down and sworn her undying love and fealty to Jake for many days before this.

This crawling today was symbolic—it was a message to everyone she knew that Jake was her number one man, and that he came before everyone else in her life.

The crowd stayed sitting down as she passed. It was more comfortable for them that way. They all watched her, though—how could they not want to watch such a hot babe crawl, her wonderful ass and back on display?

She made her way all the way up to the front of the chapel, where her man and Carmen waited at the altar. The altar looked like a sort of large stone bench. Carmen, totally naked, was settled on top of the stone as Jake, also naked, casually fucked her, waiting for Natalie to finish her wedding crawl.

Carmen, sweet little Carmen, had volunteered to be their pleasure-girl during the ceremony. The hot teen's legs were wrapped around Jake's naked waist, and the enormous, mouthwateringly fuck-off huge cock of Jake's was buried to the hilt inside of Carmen's splendid little body. A small white collar with a gold buckle sat on Carmen's perfectly muscled abdomen.

The purpose of the pleasure-girl was to ensure that the man didn't get so aroused, after seeing the bride's customary bridal outfit, that he fucked the bride senseless before the ceremony was over. In a few moments, once Natalie was in position, Carmen would also serve to give the bride enough orgasms so that she could have a few lucid moments outside of the ever-present haze of lust permeating through her cockhungry brain.

Natalie finally stood up and took her place across from Jake, sighing happily as she examined him. He was so strong and tall, each muscle a hulking granite block of masculinity. She slid her pussy across Carmen's open, waiting mouth, feeling her body heat up even more as the teen's educated tongue went to work on her hypersensitive pussy.

There was no one standing behind Natalie, as everything she owned and thought and wanted belonged to Jake anyway. That's what becoming a hot little slavewife was all about. So her bridesmaids from the hospital were on their knees behind Jake, eagerly sucking the cocks of his groomsmen. The groomsmen, all grins, traded high fives until the wedding officiant began speaking.

Behind the altar was a television screen, which served to present the wedding officiant. He was just a handsome, blond-haired man in a white suit transmitted on the screen. A recording. Nobody seemed to mind.

This was all normal. This was how weddings worked.

It had been discovered that if another man was nearby when a husband was taking his wife for the first time, fights would break out. It was just simpler and more reliable if the officiant was remote, instead.

The ceremony itself was short and to the point.

“We are gathered here today,” the officiant said, his voice crisp and clear, “because hot babes belong on their knees in front of real men. And sometimes, a man is so damn good, he deserves to have a babe that is exclusive to him. That's a real cool thing, folks. I hope you realize that. So, let's get down to it.”

He turned to his left, giving the impression that he was actually addressing Natalie.

“If you take this man to be your masterhusband, to obey and to adore, to gather new fuckslaves for whenever he feels like he deserves them, to be completely compliant in all possible ways, and to always kneel in his presence, cum now.”

She hadn't *stopped* cumming for what felt like days now.

“MmmhmmM!” she moaned in ecstasy.

“If you take this woman to be your slavewife, to protect and to own, to command and to sometimes pay attention to if you feel like it, cum now.”

He did. Carmen bucked on the altar as he filled her, her tongue sliding far up into Natalie's pussy. Natalie had trouble standing, watching her Man's thick muscles jerk so hotly.

It was so hot, Natalie thought, how she could see the hot, white drops of her soon-to-be husband's cum dripping out of her girlfriend's tight pussy.

The officiant's smile was bright and wide.

“I now pronounce you Master and slavewife.”

A happy round of applause went up through the chapel. The officiant smiled, putting his hands on his hips.

“You may now collar and fuck your bride.”

Jake growled gutterly, snatching the collar off of Carmen's taut belly before pushing her off the altar altogether. The hot Hispanic teen giggled as she bounced onto the ground, her tits bouncing with the jarring movement.

The entire crowd started cooing with anticipation. Nobody noticed as the television flickered off to still photos of Queen Kimberly, posing in the newest cheerleader-lingerie line from Female Designs. In the small chapel, the sexy soft slurping sounds of dozens of fellatio-flinging foxes increased in intensity as their Men starting pumping harder than ever.

Up on the altar, Natalie hardly noticed the growing orgy in the rest of the room or the increasingly pornographic nature of the photos on the television behind her. Her pussy, and therefore her mind, was too busy cumming with anticipation as Jake's cock edged nearer and nearer to her angelic slit.

Jake pushed Natalie down, taking the collar that had been resting on Carmen's stomach and snapping it around her neck with a little click.

Finally, he entered her. There had never been a happier moment in her life than that, her hot folds molding around his cock, sealing their marriage forever.

Feeling thoroughly naughty, Natalie wrapped her legs around her Master's head. He lifted her up high, strong hands on her perfect ass. This would be the same way that he fucked Carmen, not too long ago.

Natalie reveled in the fact that she would be fucked by him better than Carmen ever was. Carmen was a hot little fucktoy, no doubt, and a great pussylicker to have for a best friend, but Natalie was a *slavewife.* She was Jake's prime real estate, his number one piece of property.

Of course, Jake deserved lots of slavewives. Probably Carmen would be chosen to be a second or a third down the line. But Natalie was the first, and nothing could ever change that.

“You're my little fuckwhore slut,” Jake grunted. “I own your body. I own your fucking tits. I own your pussy.”

Each new word he said, he dropped her down and shoved inside of her again. She lost count of her orgasms, each one rolling on top of the next one, just like her own words of affirmation to everything Jake said

“Fuckwhore slut! Own my body! Own my tits! Own my pussy!”

His shaft pumped into her again and again, the thick rod of his meat completely enveloped by her bimbo-hot warmth. There was no part of her not designed exclusively for his use. His pace picked up, dropping her harder and harder onto the thick hard rod of his manhood, and then even he picked up the pace again. Natalie felt like she was going to break in half.

In front of the entire orgiastic crowd, Jake came inside of his new slavewife. His thick, liquid warmth filled her, completed her. It unlocked a whole new level of pleasure in her brain. Her orgasm was constant, now, without end; sometimes it spiked, and sometimes it dipped, but always she was cumming like the good girl slavewife she had become.

He pulled out, still so full of cum like the hot stud that he was born to be, and shot another hot load out onto her belly. It practically sizzled on Natalie's hot skin. She wished he would drown her in it, that she could wear hot lingerie made from his cum.

“You see all this?” He scooped up a handful of his liquid white gift and slapped it on her tits, and then ran some up to her mouth, where she sucked it down eagerly. “This means your mine. You don't take nobody else's cum without my say-so.”

“Oh yes, Master!” she moaned. “I'm gonna be your perfect slavewife from now on!”

For the rest of her life, Natalie aimed to do everything she could to prove that to him.

Housewife Hottie

Layla knew it was a bad idea, but she sniffed at her daughter's laundry anyway.

There could be any number of horrible things that she would smell. Outside of the rather large potential for poor hygiene, there could easily be the stench of alcohol or cigarettes, even drugs. Hilary was eighteen, and she was at college, after all.

So, it surprised her then when the bright red tube top she held smelled . . . rather sweet. Kind of like orange sherbet. And was that . . . just the faintest hit of sex?

Pushing a thin strand of dark hair out from her face, she picked up another top, this one neon pink and much skimpier than the other, with what seemed like an enormously deep scooping neckline. It smelled even stronger of sherbet, and even stronger of sex.

Layla wondered if it was worth it to have a discussion with Hilary about this.

The relationship between Layla and her daughter had been strained for a time, ever since Hilary was accepted to Western University three states over. It was a prestigious school, and Layla was proud of Hilary for hunkering down and devoting herself to her studies.

But, as proud as she was, Layla was equally upset that Hilary was moving so far away to go to school, but had only expressed this through pessimism and a snarky attitude for the past year. It had hurt her daughter, and forced her husband David to choose sides.

It was no way to treat a daughter, and no way to maintain a family, and ever since Hilary had moved away, the teenager had only become more distant.

Layla had resolved to make things better.

Thus, laundry. An expression of caring.

An attractive young man—she could even say young *stud,* with his bulging biceps and thick, styled blond hair—dropped off the laundry yesterday afternoon, heralding Hilary's imminent arrival in a few days. She had a few more exams to catch up on, the young man explained.

His exams were done already, he said and he was heading home anyway. As winter break approached, many college kids came home for the comfort and easy meals of their parent's homes.

“Anything for Hilary,” he said. “Totally anything.”

He was such a nice boy!

Layla assumed Hilary had helped him study, because certainly her daughter wasn't dating a male of such obvious . . . attributes. Layla loved her daughter, but, being realistic, she had to imagine that her Hilary was going to be single for quite a while.

Layla was a housewife, well-accustomed to the roles she had to play to keep in her house in order. She loved her husband, and found a certain serene joy in arranging the house to be kept up and nice. There was always another task to learn. In the past two decades, she had learned all manner of plumbing, cooking, cleaning, quilting, and had even picked up some lessons on the ukulele.

She loved her family's house. She had done all the decorating herself—the Aztec-patterned curtains, the deep earthy rich tones of the furniture clashing so nicely with the wood floors and mosaic tile work in the kitchen (that she had done herself). The house was just big enough for the small family, with an extra-large basement for her husband's workshop where he built models.

Now, though, after nineteen years of marriage and chores, Layla was getting decisively bored.

With the child gone, there just wasn't nearly as much to *do* anymore, and with Layla, not having something to do meant understanding that she wasn't all that sure what she was *about*.

It was a troubling feeling. She was glad for the laundry her daughter sent her. Too often, her boredom had led her in front of the television once again, binging on reality shows and ice cream. She had gained too much weight. Her love handles, once at a manageable level, were now nearing disastrous proportions to her hips and breasts. Layla dreaded any trips through the house that had her pass in front of a mirror.

She refocused on the laundry. Too much daydreaming would get her nowhere, and it was not even ten in the morning. She had to keep on task.

All of the clothes, worn by her daughter for who knew how long, had that same sherbet-like smell. She inhaled again.

Yes. Sherbet.

It was almost pleasant in a way, except for that strong sexual undercurrent to each inhale.

She picked up and smelled a bra, and some long socks, some tights, even panties (not deliberating nearly enough, she felt).

The more clothes Layla picked up, the more confused she was.

Hilary was a wonderful student. All of her time was spent either studying or thinking about studying. Rare was the day during high school when Hilary would wear anything other than thick jeans and a t-shirt; if it wasn't that, then it was her flannel pants and thick hoodie ensemble, destined to drive boys away.

Layla didn't think too much of it, though she did want her daughter to have a full social life. But, Layla had resolved long ago that when Hilary wanted to make herself presentable, she would.

It wasn't that Hilary was unattractive. She just didn't try very hard, and ended up looking frumpy. Her thick unkempt hair was always in tangles, and her body was thick from leaning on junk food too much.

Layla, when Hilary was around, had tried to keep herself in shape, and had tried to impart her ideas on the matter to Hilary. Not much of it had gotten through.

Blaming that on herself was easy as well, though. She would have to admit she had always been a little thicker than she would like, so she wasn't setting a great example.

Those last ten pounds of her ideal shape were always out of reach, but long ago she had attained a wardrobe to make up for it. Her breasts, thick and heavy, made up a great deal of her short frame, and her hair, unlike her daughter's, was kept short and trimmed around her shoulders in a cute dark bob.

Of course, with her recent binging, those last ten pounds had turned more into those last twenty or even thirty. She didn't have the courage to test the scales and find out, in part because she knew that would require immediate changes on the part of her diet and routine once she did.

Layla picked up yet another frilly, neon-colored mini dress, not feeling any less confused.

She knew her daughter very well, in any case, and these clothes . . . these were the clothes of some party girl. Some—dare she say it?—some bimbo *slut* who didn't know how to keep her pants on.

Certainly, her daughter wasn't the one wearing this micro kilt, or this halter top, or these intricate lacy pieces of lingerie that looked like they were designed for porn stars.

Layla leaned against the wall, putting a hand under her chin. This bore thinking about. Under one arm was the stack of skirts she had already sorted for washing. In her hand was a bright yellow sundress. Every time she breathed in, more of that sweet, hot orange sherbet smell floated into her lungs.

Well, say that Hilary was wearing these clothes. So what? The size on them meant that she would have had to have lost some weight (and gained some around her chest).

That was perfectly fine, as far as Layla was concerned.

After all, her daughter ought to be having fun in college. Wasn't that was college was for? Going out, making friends, having fun?

Of course it was.

Without noticing, Layla had stepped into the pile of clothes. She was barefoot, as she usually was when walking around the house.

Her body started getting warm.

The fabric of thick, knee-high socks had slid between her toes. They felt incredible.

Her own time in college was full of fun. She was always going to college, drinking more than she should, and giving guys lots of handjobs.

No . . . no . . . what?

David was her first lay. He was incredible in the sack, of course—he was a man. Men were so good at sex. Sex was so much wonderful fun. She ought to be having more of it, all the time.

If she hadn't been giving handjobs in college, then surely she had given lots of blowjobs? She loved the taste of cock so much, after all. It would be strange not to have spent her entire college career auditioning cocks to find the one she loved the taste of the best and marry the man it belonged to.

Layla stepped back, putting a hand to her head again.

This was all so strange. That was . . . that was such an odd rush of thinking.

Where was that coming from?

Would she be able to think better with her fingers sliding inside of her pussy?

It was very warm, after all, and very needy.

Yes. Yes, she needed to finger her pussy and think about blowing David. That would calm her down.

That made sense. That made *so* much sense.

She leaned over onto the washer, her feet sliding firmly inside of the thick pile of clothes, her fingers running inside of her sweet, hot cunt.

Her footing slipped on the hot pile of laundry beneath her, and somehow, she found herself on the large pile of clothes, fingering her pussy. Every motion of her hand rubbed her palm against her clit, coaxing her ever closer to that wonderful plateau of bliss where her every atom was singing to arrive at.

The orgasm hit her like some freight train of pleasure. Layla's mind turned off and on so many times that she wasn't even sure what was real anymore. Her hands pressing up against her big tits felt so perfect, so otherworldly good, that she wasn't even sure they were hers.

The bliss pushed her consciousness out of reality, tearing at the fabric of time and space, and when it was all over, she still landed inside of her body that was still vibrating with purest rapture. She felt she had seen the face of happiness itself, smiling and lighting her pussy on sweet, everlasting fire.

When she came-to, she started fingering herself again. Some of the stockings landed in her mouth. She sucked on their hot, sherbet-tasting surface, gleefully slurping up the taste.

Laundry was so much fun. She was so lucky to be a housewife.

HER HUSBAND DAVID ARRIVED home at a little past six in the evening. That was normal. Layla rushed to him when he came through the door, decked out in a tiny pleated skirt and a blue mesh top, her tits barely contained inside of a lacy white bra. All of the clothes had the same tag, “FD.” She didn't know what it meant, but she loved it.

It was hard to rush in her high-high five-inch platform heels, but Layla had been practicing all afternoon, trying to make it work. It got easier and easier the longer she wore the sexy clothes.

“Oh, like, my god!” Layla said. “I'm so glad you're home, honey!”

Kissing him so hard that his glasses fell off, Layla wrapped her arms around her befuddled husband. He seemed surprised. Her lips were shiny and plush and pink. She hadn't even put on any lipstick.

“Layla, you're wearing . . .” he shook his head. “What are you wearing?”

It wasn't hard to coax him out of his jacket. His hands on her curves felt tremendous.

“I'm wearing something just for my big, handsome hubby,” she purred. “Won't you tell me that I look pretty?”

“Of course you look pretty, Layla, but—”

Her moan cut off whatever he was going to say. It was so delightful, having her existence affirmed by a big strong man like him. She leaned in and slipped some hot kisses along his neck.

Well, David wasn't that big, or that strong, but he was a strong accountant or whatever-he-did. He was strong enough to take care of her. That's what counted.

The thought made her feel so weak. Swaying her hips sexily, the front door still open ajar, she fell to her knees in front of him. Her heavy tits pushed against his legs as she slid downward. The motion sent happy thrills through her body.

It was easy and fun to unzip his pants and then to pull his already-hardening cock.

“F-fuck,” he moaned. “Y-you haven't given me a blowjob in . . . y-years . . .”

“I know, right? There's only enough food left in the fridge for you tonight, so I really need you to give me my dinner, okay?”

She had been eating all afternoon. For some reason, she was ravenous. When she woke up out of her food and cum coma, her tits had been way bigger, and her hair even darker and longer. That was so sexy and cool.

David seemed not to understand at first. “Give you your dinner?”

She nodded, stroking his cock as she stared up at him with adoring eyes. “Please, sir? I need my Husband's big hard cock to get so thick n' excited so I can go to bed with a full stomach. Please?”

“Go to bed with . . . oh. Oh, fuck. Wow.”

“I know. You'll probably have to shoot inside of me like three or four times before I'm full. But you can do it, right?”

Inhaling deeply, probably filling his lungs full of the sweet orange sherbet smell now populating the house, he nodded.

“Yeah,” he said. “Fuck yeah I can.”

He pushed his cock inside her mouth then, and Layla slurped it down happily. Her big, brightened blue eyes stared up at him with clear submission. He was her *husband*, and she had to make him *happy*. That was her *function* as a wife.

His meat hardened quickly—and how could it not? Her tits were so plump and eagerly resting against his legs. He bent down and grabbed them, squeezing them tight as he pushed forward on her mouth.

She remembered, vaguely, being disappointed with David's size, and how long he lasted.

Those thoughts seemed to have evaporated completely. There was nothing more perfect than the weight of his cock in her mouth. Nothing more wonderful than getting his cum as soon as she could!

"Oh baby," he moaned, his head casting upward. "Oh Layla. I'm gonna cum. You might want to . . . you want . . ."

She wanted to *swallow*. She told him that. Perhaps he thought she was exaggerating.

Nothing could be further from the truth. From now on, she wanted every dinner of hers to be spilling out of his delicious cock.

He began to pump spasmodically, his wondrous rod spraying inside of her mouth and her throat. Her own orgasm matched his somehow, and her moaning ministrations seemed only to encourage him to spray even more down her throat.

That was *so* delightful.

She slipped it out of her mouth and stroked him off as his orgasm tapered down. She gasped hard, her pussy sending little infernos of lust and need across her brain.

Strands of hot white goo shot against her chin and neck. That was so hot. She smeared it down against her chin, staring up at him with glee.

She scooped up a thick dollop of cum from her cleavage.

"Thank you, darling," she purred. "If we go to the kitchen, you can eat your dinner while you feed me dessert. How does that sound?"

Of course, he loved the idea.

A WEEK LATER, LAYLA was having a terrific day.

She had a stellar outfit on, and she was zipping around in a hot new sports car that her new best friend at the dealership let her borrow after only

three blowjobs in a row. The sun was shining, the weather was nice, and she was smiling constantly.

Best of all, her darling daughter was due to come home at any time. Her trip home had continually been delayed—Hilary kept saying, “My finals are just taking forever! Each professor has needed to give me lots and lots of examinations. Like, all night, sometimes, and lots of times right away in the morning too!”

Layla understood totally. Her daughter's education was important.

It was sometimes hard to keep her mind on her daughter, though, because of how good Layla was feeling and looking lately. Every single step Layla strutted was good news for anyone with eyes in her vicinity. Her body was a revelation. She even made herself happy just looking in the mirror every morning. And afternoon. And evening. And anywhere in between that she could manage.

Her tits, already substantial, had grown two cup sizes in the past several days, but also tightened and rounded considerably. There was no more sag in her chest, nor in anywhere on her body. Any fat seemed like a distant memory—all her muscles were toned and lovely. No term less than statuesque could be used to describe her ass, legs, and abs.

The ridiculously tight leopard-print dress she wore fit her like a dream.

Layla loved her body. She loved herself. She wanted to write a novel about how fucking hot she looked. Every fifth word would have to be tits, and every tenth would have to be legs. Both looked better than anything she had ever seen on the cover of all those silly fashion magazines she used to read.

She rode with the hot red sports car top down. Her thick, lovely dark locks flew behind her. The precious dark silken tangle looked like something out of one of those fantasy novels her husband read. Perfectly coiffed and ready for action at any time.

Last night, David had fucked her face, holding her pig-tailed hair to drill her mouth over and over. She had been wearing the schoolgirl outfit again. He seemed to like that one.

After he came, she sucked him off till he was hard again.

Layla had been hungry, after all, and all she was eating for meals lately was her darling Husband's cum.

Over the past week, her darling David was getting harder, quicker. That was a nice change. So was the sexy six-pack he was developing, and the

thick, hard biceps and chest muscles. If Layla could think to take her mind off sucking and adoring it for a few moments once she was in its presence, she would also probably have noticed that his cock was heftier as well—approaching nearly nine-inches of facefucking meat.

He barely spoke to her at all when he came home now. It was expected that if he spoke, it was because she wasn't already doing something he wanted. His voice was something to be feared and respected, and Layla tried to coo and adore her way past any of his vocalizations—all she wanted her husband to feel was happy and aroused, like her.

Rushing on the highway, her day had just turned even more terrific.

After speeding and changing lanes without turn signals and driving in opposite lanes of traffic, she was getting pulled over! This was so exciting.

Pulling onto the shoulder, Layla examined herself in the mirror. She licked her thick, puffy lips several times, making sure her mouth looked like the hot little bimbo cockslut it so clearly was.

The cop's steps were heavy as he approached. Layla rolled down the window.

“Do you know why I pulled you over todaaaay....” the cop's voice drifted off as he examined Layla's tiny dress.

He was a rather handsome young officer. Dark stubble lined his chin. His uniform was tight around his trim, cut figure.

Layla's uniform was better, though. She was incredibly proud of her outfit. Decorating her glamorous body was a gold mini dress, with silver stitching attaching the two long strips of tight fabric that made up the dress, so long gaps of delightful skin showed underneath the criss-crossing pattern of the stitches. She felt certain that originally, the dress was meant to be worn with the stitches running down her sides.

But that was super lame—she had such fantastic tits, after all, and her pussy looked so fun and inviting with the tiny matching gold-and-silver g-string lace panties over it. So with a few simple adjustments, the dress was worn with the wide, skin-baring stitches across her front and back.

The cop could most definitely see how her crotch was entirely bare of any hair—probably he thought she waxed it. But no, her skin was just so hot and fabulous that it totally rejected any hair anywhere below her scalp.

That had happened four or five days ago. David loved it.

“Here's my ID, handsome. I know you'll want to see it.”

She just wanted to show off. The confusion on his face when he examined it was the perfect reward.

“Ma'am . . . are you sure you didn't mix this card up with your mother's, or something? You couldn't be a day over twenty-five, and this says you're nearly fifty.”

She giggled. “I *know*, right? Isn't it great? I've had a wonderful new diet lately. I live off of the cum of any hot men that swing my way.”

The cops eyebrows went up. “Wow.”

“Right? Do you want me to show you?”

“Ma'am . . . uh . . . ma'am?” The cop looked lost.

Sliding one finger up and down an inviting tit, Layla giggled. The tit bounced against her slender finger, rubbing her nipples. Easily, the cop would be able to see the flush building between her tits.

“Oh officer,” she demurred. “I don't know what I was doing to be pulled over. But maybe you should teach me?”

One of her fingers lazily stroked his thigh, so close to the window.

“Teach . . . teach you.”

“Oh yes. I know that you policeman are all about . . . correction.”

With as shiny and wet as her lips had become at all times, it wasn't necessary to lick them. Of course, she did it anyway.

“Yeah.” His voice was getting foggy and thick. His eyes fixated purely on her cleavage. “Correction.”

She giggled delightedly. “You might even have to show me your gun.”

Her hand rode up to his crotch.

“Oh my. Yeah, you have such a big gun. I don't know if I'll listen to you unless you show it to me.”

He stepped back for a moment.

“Step . . . step out of the car, honey.”

She obeyed, of course. Then she stepped around to the side of the car closest to the shoulder, bending over against the passenger-side window. Her ass cheeks could easily be seen—her perfect backside cleavage shown off by the ridiculously slutty dress.

“Aren't you going to frisk me, officer?”

“Y-Yeah. Yeah I am.”

His hands grabbed her thighs then, probing and thrusting up inside her tiny skirt.

“Fuck, this dress . . .”

“Don't fuck the dress,” she purred. “Fuck me instead! You don't even need to take the dress off, handsome.”

She could feel him hesitating.

“We're . . . we're on the road . . .”

“Nobody can see, baby. Hurry! Please hurry! I need it!”

She could hear him breathing deeply. Breathing in her hot, happy fun times sherbet scent.

“Yeah,” he said. “You need it. You need my fucking cock.”

“Yes, I do! I need to be taught my lesson! Show me, baby! Fill me up with your law and order!”

She heard his pants come down, his utility belt clanging against the concrete. She could feel the tip of his cock probing and sliding, searching for a few moments for her entrance underneath the tiny covering of her dress.

Her hot, sweet cunt was so well lubed from her own constant state of arousal, though, that this probing didn't last long.

Soon he was completely inside her, his thick hardness swelling inside of her hot lubed folds. The stud policeman fucked her right there on the highway, her big tits mashing against the new car. Throwing any restraint to the wind, Layla screamed loud and often, begging for more.

“Yes!” she called. “Yes, baby, yes yes yes! Fuck me like that! Just like that! You big fucking police hunk stud! Oh god!”

“Yeah,” he grunted. “I'll fuck you like the fucking slut you are. You don't fucking,” he jerked, her pussy sliding tighter on his thick rod, “ahh . . . don't fucking speed on my roads, you slut.”

Her sensuously dark hair was wrapped around one big forearm like he was holding a whip. His other hand was clasped to her thighs, pulling her tighter against his hips as he drove into her harder and harder.

Cockmeat stretched and pushed inside of her hot cunt, throwing Layla into a cum-crazy frenzy. Orgasm after orgasm pumped through her sensationally hot big-titted body.

She was lying when she said no one could see. Multiple cars slowed down and honked, watching the gorgeous dark-haired beauty getting filled up by the police officer. Layla smiled and waved. She wished she could fuck each and every one of them.

The cop seemed to figure it out pretty quick, but did not seem to care. In fact, it seemed to excite him all the more. His orgasm started after the fifth

or six car honked and slowed down to watch them.

"Oh fuck," he moaned. "Oh god, I'm gonna teach you to follow the law . . ."

"Yes!" she cried happily as his white hot flood unleashed inside of her dynamite pussy. "Show me how to obey!"

Later, after they both cleaned up, and after the cop wrote down her address and phone number, he let her off with just a warning to not go a hundred miles-an-hour in a fifty mile-an-hour zone.

PULLING BACK UP INTO her driveway, she saw her neighbor, Fred Banks, walking away from the front lawn.

He was an older man—a golf partner for David. Blond and affable, he had been a friend of the family for almost the entire twenty years that she and David had lived at that address.

Layla stepped out of her car, openly flashing Fred. She heard him swear in aroused surprise when she did not cover up her bare, hot pussy right away.

On her way to greet him, she "accidentally" dropped her purse two or three times. It was only polite, in front of a man, to bend over at the waist to pick such a thing up. Her dark hair puddled on the ground when she did so. It was so long and thick.

"Hi there, Fred," she purred.

Everything Layla said these days was a purr. Her voice was velvet sound. She loved it.

"Hiiiii . . ."

Layla giggled. Just like the cop, he was eating her up with his eyes.

"Why don't you bring your handsome self inside? I'd love some company, all right?"

She trailed her finger across his chin. He followed happily.

Inside, she sat him down and set out to the bar to make him a drink right away. Men deserved a wonderfully hot woman doting on them at all times. Fred was so sad, because his wife Edna was such a drag. She was so old—like, fifty five or something! Fred needed a young, hot woman in his life, and Layla was that woman.

"Oh, none for me, thanks. It's a bit early."

She slid onto the arm of the chair he sat in, couching the drink between her tits.

“Oh, please have some, won't you? It's my special drink that I made just and only for my studly neighbor. Please?”

His hands shook as he reached forward and grabbed it. They slid easily over her tits tentatively at first. Layla moaned at his touch, drawing his hands on her closer and staring him in the eyes. She bit the corner of one lip and raised an eyebrow. Bulging out from Fred's pants was a thick, hard rod that she could not wait to wrap her lips around.

“What brings you over here today, handsome?” She giggled. “Not that a stud like you needs a reason to see me, of course.”

She giggled again. Fred's eyes lit up, watching the little bounces of her cleavage. This was so much fun.

“I was . . . just wondering if you were home. If you . . . needed anything. So much . . . so many predators, you know. Wanting . . . wanting . . . taking advantage, you see.”

“Oh my, that's *so* brave and good of you Fred. You're such a strong, upstanding member of our neighborhood . . .” her hand fell on his crotch. “ . . . and you have such a strong, upstanding member, too.”

Layla had started to actively believe against wasting time. She had only been fucked like thirty minutes ago, and already she was hungering for more. Insatiable might have described her, except that Layla was sure if she was fucked hard enough, long enough, her happy little mind would be perfectly sated.

Fred stood up out of the chair, rattling his drink down on the table and stepping away.

“Gosh, David'll be home soon, huh? I better run. Let you two catch up. I wouldn't want him to think . . . to think . . .”

His voice trailed off as Layla's dress slipped down to the floor.

“Don't want him to think that I really need you to fuck me hard right away?” she offered.

“I . . . I couldn't . . . do that to him. He's my friend.”

One foot in front of the other, Layla moved forward. Her hips swaying enticingly.

“That's why you'd be doing it to me, Fred. He'll understand. He's your friend. He knows what a hot wife he has.”

She slipped on top of the table in front of him and wrapped her legs around Fred's waist.

“Go on,” she encouraged him. “Be a good neighbor. Give me the hot fuck I need, please? It'll be way better than what Edna can give you. I promise.”

“Shit,” he muttered.

His pants dropped down to the floor. He was already hard, his cock standing up and staring her in the face. It was so beautiful and perfect.

All cocks were so delightfully hard and throbbing, just for Layla. It was such an honor to inspire that sort of attention from men.

Her wedding photos were on the coffee table. She slid them off the table, letting them shatter. They were outdated, anyway. Everything about Layla looked *way* better than it did twenty years ago.

Fred pushed up inside Layla. His cock thrust inside of her, so educated and knowing. He must have fucked his wife Edna *so* well.

Of course, now he'd never want to fuck Edna again.

Unless . . . maybe she could let Edna borrow some of Hilary's clothes? That would be nice of her. Certainly the old dog could use a makeover.

Anyway, it was hard to focus on anything outside of the hard, forceful strokes Fred was delivering to her.

Layla was just getting started on her third hot, wet orgasm when David busted in through the door. He held the doorknob in one hand, the door swaying on two broken hinges. He was getting *so* big and strong lately.

“What in the fuck, Layla! Are you fucking Fred?”

His voice was so deep now, so urgent and demanding her attention.

Layla giggled, completely cumdrunk.

“Actually, he's the one fucking me. Aren't you, big fella?”

Fred nodded, apparently unable to stop himself.

“S-soo close,” he grunted.

She could see her husband was getting upset. That simply wouldn't do.

“Come here, quick!” she reached out her hands. “Please, darling?”

David obliged her. Layla felt so gratified. Fred fucked her even harder, her tits jiggling wildly in the air.

Perhaps mesmerized by her bouncing tits, David came closer and closer. When in range, she grabbed her husband's pants and tore them down, immediately turning to the side with her incredibly flexible torso and wrapping her mouth around his thick cock.

Being filled at both ends felt like a neverending essay on orgasms. There was no reason to stop feeling good, ever. Her whole life, her beginning and her ending, her alpha and omega, was cock cock cock.

There was nothing to think about, nothing to account for, nothing to plan for or wonder about except for more beautiful, sperm-heavy dick filling her up from either end.

Her orgasms continued without cessation. As soon as one ended, Fred or David would thrust into her again, and she would start to cum again.

Both men began to grunt and gasp. She could feel their muscles getting all tensed up. It was like Layla's hot body was coaxing them to orgasm at the same time.

They sprayed into her, their hot loads pouring down her throat and up into her cunt.

After several seconds of the cumfilling, she slid outward and had them spray her down, reaching around and grabbing both cocks to spray all up and down her big-titted bimbo body. Her face, her tits, her stomach, her hair, all of her completely covered with hot seed. There was much more of it from David than from Fred.

The warmth of it, the hotness was like nothing before. She made a mental note—although a thoroughly fragile one, given the state of her silly little mind—to fuck even more guys at once in the future.

After several seconds, she heard her husband and Fred both swear in tired tones, looking toward the front of the house.

Her daughter Hilary was in the doorway. On her arm was the cop who had pulled over Layla, openly pawing Hilary's enormous tits. One of his hands was deep within her asscrack from behind. She was wearing a tiny orange dress that made such a movement seem completely natural from a man.

When had Hilary become so big-titted and gorgeous? She was like some boob-lover's wet dream.

That was *so fucking cool*. Layla had never been prouder.

Her daughter had seen the whole display between herself and Fred and David, presumably, including the hot cum shower that Layla had received.

“Mom, were you like, fucking Dad and Mr. Banks at the same time?”

“Yes, dear.”

Hilary put a hand to her mouth, eyes wide.

“That's totally cool. Way to go, Mom!”

Layla tittered, licking up a little more cum. “Thank you, dear.”

“We like, totally need to catch up. Especially because you're so hot and cool now. But first, like, I gotta help out this poor cop. He like, can't find his nightstick, can you believe it? I've like, got to like, help him.”

Layla, watching as the cop took her daughter upstairs—presumably to fuck her all night long—was so happy to be a cool mom.

She turned back to her husband and Fred, who were both panting and looking at her sensational curves with greedy eyes. If they weren't both able to fuck her, they would probably start fighting over her. That was *too* fun.

They were both so generous to bath her like they did, but now she wanted seconds. Her hot wife life was just getting started.

In the Bag

Abigail—drenched, tired, and holding the wrong luggage—was in a sour mood.

Apparently, it wasn't enough that she been forced to stand outside in the rain for twenty minutes before a taxi would pick her up from the airport, or that she had been forced to walk another ten minutes in the rain when that same taxi would only drop her off down two blocks from her crappy hotel in the middle of town.

It certainly also wasn't enough that she had been running on three hours of jet-lagged sleep for over a day and half, on a marathon circuit of business meetings all across the Midwest.

No, now she had the wrong luggage, too.

Abigail couldn't believe her rotten luck. The biggest meeting of her brief career was tomorrow, poised to propel her far beyond her relatively low place on the totem pole at her posh workplace, and all of her possible outfits were gone.

As she stood in the entry of the small express hotel she had reserved her room at, she recalled that she felt like her suitcase had been a little light when she picked it up. At the time, she had attributed the weight disparity to her own lightheadedness, crafted from hours of staying awake and poring over sales reports.

But, examining the large leather suitcase now, looking at the ID tag hanging off the top zipper, there could be no mistaking. The tag read:

NAME: CHERRY BANKS!

Phone number: Just ask!!

Address: I have lots and lots in here, silly!!!

EITHER IT WAS THE JOKE of some highly ironic young woman, or the property of some psychopathically ignorant girl. In either case, Abigail

resented her. She had no time for jokes, and less time for ignorance.

With so much of her life spent preparing for the big leaps in her career, like the one tomorrow, Abigail put herself on quite the pedestal, and she knew it. But after graduating from her Ivy League school in less than two years, taking over thirty credit hours each semester, and working at the highly prestigious and exclusive Monetat Corporation for over five years, she felt she had earned something of a big head, especially when it came to apparent bimbos that didn't know how to fill out a contact card so she could call them.

Of course, Abigail thought wryly, all her own education hadn't seemed to allow her to pick up the right damn suitcase.

Sighing, she examined the arrangement of her clothes, wondering if any of it could be salvaged.

She doubted it. Her elegant pantsuit was completely ruined. She had it tailored just for traveling—it was lightweight, breathed well, and presented a crisp, professional image just in case she happened to meet any business contacts on a plane or in an airport. Presentation was everything.

Her form—skinny, almost rail-like—lent itself to many outfits, and she did not have to ever worry about breasts getting in the way of a good fit because hers barely existed in the first place.

With the long elegant lines of her face and chin, dark green eyes, and short brown hair, she was the epitome of a modern city girl.

But now, the elegant silk blouse that had cost her a month's salary and the sleek gray pants and designer jacket that had cost her much more than that were totally ruined for anything except lament.

She walked over to the front desk, leaving soaking footprints in the entryway as she went.

It did not seem like a very busy hotel. The man at the front desk was laying back and watching some football game, not paying any attention to her approach.

“Excuse me,” she said.

The man did not move, entirely invested in the game.

Abigail rang the little bell on the counter three times in quick succession. The man nearly fell of his chair.

“Hi,” said Abigail, trying to smile. “I have a reservation. I would also like some towels.”

The man nodded, searching around for papers on the desk. “Okay, okay. Reservation, right.” He worked at the computer for a moment. “You're Abbey?”

“Abigail, please.”

Abbey was such a feminine, silly name. It didn't suit Abigail at all. Weeks ago, she had told the man on the phone that he wasn't to use that term to refer to her—she supposed somehow the lines got crossed, though she felt a bit suspicious. Men were always trying to tear women down somehow.

The man made a few more clicks with his computer.

“Okay. You're all set up,” he said. “As far as towels, though, we don't have any.”

Abigail had to take a moment with that.

“I'm sorry?”

“We don't have any towels. Our cleaning service busted up a couple days ago. They should all be fixed by morning.”

“Are you saying I cannot dry myself? Or take a shower? Or . . . or anything?”

Abigail's voice was nearing hysterics.

“Oh, sure you can.”

He reached under the counter and handed her a few rolls of toilet paper. “I got the good stuff, don't worry. It won't scratch.”

HER LUCK DID NOT CHANGE when she phoned the airport.

“We're sorry, ma'am, but no one else has called saying they've received the wrong luggage. As soon as they do, we have your number.”

“Please, give whoever it is, this Cherry, give her my hotel, and tell her that I would very much appreciate it if she came here directly. I need that bag as soon as possible.”

“Yes ma'am.”

Abigail hung up then, and examined the room.

Moments before the telephone call, she had left her suit with the bellhop, hiding her exposed body behind the door, telling him to take it to the nearby dry-cleaning service.

So now, she was shivering and half-naked, wearing only her large granny-pants underwear and her tiny bra for her nearly non-existent breasts.

She had gotten this hotel because it was cheap. Abigail spent all of her money on rent in her expensive city condo, and on her wardrobe for business reasons. When she traveled, she skimped. She rode coach, she only took one suitcase that she stuffed full of as much as possible, and she made sure she found the cheapest hotel available.

This place, however, was beginning to change her mind about her philosophy.

It was a thoroughly rotten little room. It had a small bed that seemed like it was crafted out of yellow taffy. The one chair was wobbly and bright lime green. The wallpaper sported paisley blue skies and airplanes dogfighting—like some child's room. There was a deep, almost unpleasant smell of flowers sprouting from every corner.

Nothing matched. Nothing felt homey. There was no place for her laptop—not that she had one, it had been in her suitcase—and nothing that seemed comfortable.

The suitcase that wasn't hers was on the bed, next to the roll of toilet paper. She eyed both venomously.

In an effort to dry as quickly as possible, she had turned up the heat all the way. Still, though, it seemed to only be blowing out cold air. The man downstairs had warned her that the thermostat might be a little wonky.

It was *freezing*, and she was not getting any warmer just standing there seething rage.

Feeling a brainstorm, she decided to open the woman's luggage. Perhaps there was a towel inside. She would explain it to the woman, whoever it was, and offer recompense of course.

With a loud, satisfying zipping sound, she threw open the top flap of the suitcase.

Inside, there was no towel. She searched through the clothes—through layers of tiny panties, lacy bras, piles of lingerie and tiny dresses, each softer than the last, and there was nothing. All Abigail got was the soft sensation of the clothes. That was nice, but certainly not what she was looking for.

Abigail cursed, kicking the bed. Her face was getting flushed, she thought with anger.

This was *so unfair*.

Another thought—mischievous, evil, and thoroughly unlike her—wafted through her brain.

She could use the clothes to dry off.

No. No, that would be wrong. Why ruin another woman's day?

But she could explain it away—saying the luggage busted open or something similar, and the water dripped in. That could work.

And then . . . then she could feel the softness of the clothes again. They *did* feel nice. She could feel them all up and down her body. In every single little nook and cranny of her cold, lonely form.

Just . . . just a top, then. Something small, easily replaceable.

She took a bright yellow one, probably the most offensive she could find, and slid it across her slender neck. It felt divine. Her body heated up right away. The soft material felt like the voices of angels singing across her skin.

Without noticing, she had picked up another piece—a hot pink skirt with big gold buckles hanging off the side. Continuing with the yellow top, she rubbed the skirt against the smooth line of her backside, adoring the feel of the sinfully soft cloth.

It was soft like silk, but shiny and attention-grabbing. If she wore it, it would be showing off her body like almost nothing ever had before.

Soon, the two pieces were soaked. She picked up more—a dress for one leg, another skirt for the other. Slender neon tights for her face and breasts, the feeling pure titillation. Thick, striped socks for her short hair.

It was working. She was getting dryer and much, *much* warmer.

Warm in every little place.

After some minutes, she realized she would have to take off her bra and panties. They were keeping her wet, after all, completely soaked themselves from the downpour. Little cold droplets ran down her legs and torso every few moments.

Eager now, she slipped her bra off, then her panties. Her mind was entirely preoccupied by the thought of replacing them with the new clothes.

She slid a hot pair of smoky hot stockings between her legs. The feeling made her gasp. It felt. so. *Good!*

Her knees went weak and she fell down on the bed, the other woman's suitcase spilling open beside her. Soon, she was practically swimming in the clothes, thrashing this way and that on the bed, overwhelmed with the hotness of each individual part coming together to flood her body with feel-good-and-warm-and-horny sensations.

Abigail couldn't contain herself.

She reached a hand down to her naked crotch and started rubbing. A pair of frilly silk panties slid underneath her fingers, like water, and suddenly she was moving the hot perfect material against her needy clit. Abigail opened her mouth and a stocking slid over her lips, and she could not help but lick it.

It tasted like candy!

She was going to cum using Cherry's panties against her pussy. She was practically a lesbian.

Wait. She was what?

The thought sent sobering chills through Abigail's body. Her arousal level sank down to almost nothing, and she stood up, horrified. Backing up against the wall, underneath the vent still blowing out cold air, she looked at the enormous pile of clothes in the bed, staring with her mouth open, her hands clinging to her face.

The clothes had . . . done something. Maybe the bimbo had some aphrodisiac laced in them, or spilled a bottle of Spanish fly all over them, or something.

She could never touch those clothes again. She would just wait for hers to dry, that was all.

Now she was cold again, the heat of her arousal totally gone, just shivering in the room, alone and completely naked.

It would be a good idea, she thought, to know who made the clothes.

After all, maybe the reason for the effect they had was the manufacturer. She recalled the address tag that Cherry had apparently written.

Abigail had bought this type of suitcase primarily because it was completely for the business woman living out of luggage. It had an extra-safe pocket for laptops and tablets, and a hidden compartment for business shoes, workout shoes, and casual shoes. It even had a calendar and a notepad built into the top.

It wasn't a suitcase for some bimbo. What if . . . what if Cherry had originally been Charlotte or Cherise or Cheryl? What if her mind had left her, somehow?

Feeling bold, Abigail picked up a pair of panties lined with happy little bows. The tag said “FD.”

Thinking hard, she put her hand to her face. The panties brushed against her neck. She had never heard of an FD clothing designer, but then, if they were nefarious somehow, she supposed she wouldn't have.

Gosh, she was cold. The soft frilly bows of the panties licked at her ear and chin. She probably could think better if she was warmer.

She supposed it couldn't hurt to just wear some of the clothes, for decency's sake. That bellhop could come back at any time with her pantsuit, after all.

Choosing carefully, and making sure only to touch one piece of clothing at a time, she put on a tiny jean skirt and a pink top. Each piece gave her hot little thrills as they slid over her skin.

There. That was still about as professional as she was going to get with this lot. She supposed she looked good enough.

She sat on the suitcase, determined not to let any more clothes out. They were . . . doing something funny. All acting together like that, conniving to get her to wear them.

Which she was.

She *was* wearing them, and she felt stupendous. Like she was sitting on a cloud with birds serenading her every motion. Her head warm and happy, she did a little spin, swaying her hips to the hot music that the clothes pumped through her body.

If only it wasn't so cold in the room.

Where was the harm in wearing a little more? She was cold, after all.

Opening up the luggage again, she put on a long pair of pink, elbow-length gloves. They matched the top, after all. Then she slipped on a pair of bright pink tights—they looked the warmest—and some stretchy pink leather calf-high boots.

There. She was much better now. She looked at herself in the mirror, her outrageous multicolored ensemble.

Perfectly reasonable, she thought. She might even get away with wearing this very outfit to the meeting tomorrow.

But no matter what, she had to find out who made these clothes. What did “FD” stand for?

Her stomach rumbled. Suddenly, Abigail realized she was ravenous. She could figure out all that stuff—what these hot cool clothes were doing, who made them so she could buy some more—later on, after she ate.

Next to the phone on the night side table, there was a laminated menu of the restaurants nearby. Picking up the phone, she dialed the pizza place.

“Yes? Hello. I'd like to place an order for five meat lover's pizzas.”

ABIGAIL WOLFED DOWN the final slice of the final meat lover's special. It was delicious. It was amazing.

And what was even more amazing was that, after eating five pizzas all by herself, she still wasn't full.

By the time the pizza guy arrived, she had decided she needed to put on a pair of bright pink lacy panties to match the rest of her outfit, and also decided that her denim skirt like, wasn't nearly professional enough.

Professional babes wore cool dresses. So she slid on a tiny sheer pink mini dress with a halter top that opened up on the bottom, showing off her excellent bright pink panties. Fun purple swoops decorated the dress. The material clung handily to her thin body, and made her almost feel . . . well, womanly, for once.

The pizza guy's face, as she answered the door, hung almost all the way down to the ground.

Instead of paying, she kissed his neck, hurriedly squeezing and pumping his shaft through his jeans. He left with a big stain on his pants and a big smile on his face.

Abigail had never done anything like that in her *life*. But it was so, so fun.

She was a beautiful girl, after all. A really hot babe.

Men would fall all over themselves to make a sweet hot babe like her super happy. They would sacrifice money, jobs, other women, and all kinds of things just to see a smile on her face.

That was so hot. Abigail felt *powerful*, giving him a sneaky little handjob like that.

Sitting in the bed, reliving the hot experience, her fingers wandered down to her crotch once again. God, it was so fucking fun and hot down there!

She slid down the pillows, her hair flipping in her face.

Wait.

Her hair did what?

Abigail's hair was short. Terrifically styled, always gelled up to never let a single strand out of place. Her short hair was a point of pride with her when there were so many women who seemed to use hair as a kind of

decoration. A talking point for the men in their lives, something to make them seem more like objects than people.

She slid her hand through her hair, grabbing it by the fistful, and was shocked to find that it stretched out over a foot.

What on earth was going on?

She slid off the bed and walked to the bathroom, examining herself under the dim light.

Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Her hair was longer. It was styled, even, growing out in long feathered waves, like she was some seventies' housewife.

It looked . . . well, it looked good, she had to admit. If she were to have long hair, she would want it to look like this. It framed the high angles of her cheekbones perfectly, and the lightness of the color set off her blue eyes.

Hold on.

The lightness of the color?

The blueness of her eyes?

No . . . no! Her hair was brown. It was dark, mousy brown. It was nearly chocolate levels of thick, lustrous brown.

Except it wasn't. It was dark blonde, and seemed like it was getting blonder at the roots, like God was giving her a dye job as she stood and watched. And her eyes—formerly dark and brown, cool and mysterious, echoing the pitiless state of mind she aspired to learn from her business colleagues, were turning a serene blue.

How had any of this happened?

She turned away from the mirror. A flash of movement made her turn back.

Oh no.

No, no. This was too much.

Were her tits . . . growing?

She hopped up once, then again.

Yes, there was no denying it. There was a definite jiggle there. Noticeable tit slapping. Substantial, even.

“Existing” would perhaps be a better term than “growing.” Abigail had been flat-chested her entire life. She felt like her trim physique more than made up for it. Even so, she had to admit that her tiny frame was only improved by having big, hot breasts ready to knock men off their feet.

Hurriedly, if a bit regretfully, she slid off the hot little halter top to get a better look.

Yes, there was no denying it. They were easily B cups now, approaching C cup territory.

But even though her tits were growing outward almost before her very eyes, her body only seemed to be getting into even better shape. Her slender torso seemed to be developing a hot, noticeable washboard whenever she flexed her midsection.

Her waist, already slender, seemed only to be getting narrower as her hips seemed to get only wider. All of her body tingled and flushed with hot, easy sensual energy.

Abigail put a hand to one tit, testing the weight.

Immediately she had to bend over. Overwhelming electric heat rushed through her body.

“Oh god!” she moaned, grasping her tit even tighter.

It felt so incredibly good! Just the sensation of holding her newly engorged tit felt better than any orgasm she had ever experienced.

She could not help but slide down to the bathroom floor, holding both newly-perfected tits in either hand, hotly massaging the nipples as she moaned and cooed, happy little trills emanating from her throat.

She was decisively wet, and it wasn't because of the weather.

It was the panties, she decided. It was the panties she had put on, tickling her moist, amorous pussy and playing tricks on her mind. She maneuvered to slide them off, but somehow, they ended up staying on her clit, just they had threatened to before, as her fingers slid up and down on her sweet mound.

Her thinking went all wavy. Nothing seemed real or even very important outside of continuing to approach her hot little orgasm. It had never been like this before! Since when had masturbating delivered so much pleasure?

And what made it even hotter, somehow, was knowing that she was only touching herself so furiously because of how hot she was looking.

It wasn't because of some guy or a scene in a movie, it was because she looked *sensational* and she was just priming herself for the lifetime of fucks she was sure she was going to receive because of her new good looks.

And for some odd reason that she couldn't put together anymore, rubbing the silk panties against her clit made it all the better.

Her orgasm arrived quickly, like a cloudburst, and just like a sudden storm it left her completely soaking. It made all other orgasms previous seem like paltry little things, mere footnotes to small appendices compared to the monumental multi-volume tome powering through her transforming body now.

She tumbled back into the room in a daze, her fingers not willing to move away from her cunt for any reason. Slick flecks of drool layered around her lips.

It had been just three hours since she arrived soaking wet in the hotel.

ABBEY WAS LIKE, SUCH a way cooler name than Abigail.

“Abigail” was so serious, ending with that weird consonant sound. It rhymed with “ail” and “hail” and “rail” and “mail” and all sorts of other boring, bad things.

“Abbey,” though; that was a fun, cool name for a fun, cool chick like her!

It rhymed with “happy” and “horny” and “sexy” and “cummey” and “boobie” and “cummey” and “tittie” and “orgasmey” and “cummey” and oh god was Abbey cumming like crazy.

“My name is Abbey,” she cooed happily, her most recent orgasm still pulsing through her body, pushing a warm cushion of delight beneath her every thought.

She was sitting in the incredibly comfortable arrangement of clothes she had piled up on the bed.

“Happy Abbey. Not-too-shabby Abbey. Sucks-off-cabbies Abbey.”

Her voice reached sing-song levels of happiness as she rubbed her enormous tits. Her hands didn't come close to covering them. The thick, bouncy flesh jiggled happily with every single movement. They were just pure liquid sex now, like the rest of her. If she were forced to guess, she would put them at maybe D cups at the smallest.

They were terrific fun. Each little stroke of her berry-like nipples brought her halfway to orgasm. If she slipped her head down and let her tongue wrap around one of the sexy protrusions, she came within seconds. It was a fun game, feeling her thoughts wash away with each new hot cum she gave herself.

Her pillow was now the thick collection of panties. Her blanket, the mini dresses. Stockings were slid under the dresses, used as hot soft material to rub her perfect clit with.

Her hair—deeply blonde, over four feet long—was also perfect for use as a blanket to wrap around her smoking hot body. She loved her long, lovely hair. It was so soft and thick—like a real blanket. She was considering throwing out any of the ones she had it home, as they were hardly necessary now.

Someone knocked on the door.

"Room service," came a voice.

Abbey moaned. It was a *male* voice. It was a voice that could *command* her. That could tell her to do *all sorts* of naughty, hot things, and she would have no choice but to obey.

That was why men did so well in business. She would have to learn how to make them happy if she wanted to succeed.

To succeed was a two part process, after all. First you sucked, then you ceded any possible power you had to them.

Men liked that. Abbey liked it too.

"I'm coming!" she moaned.

She was, and how. Slipping her wet fingers into her wetter pussy, she made her moans hot, sultry, and loud as another orgasm pranced through her dynamite body.

She wanted him to *hear* her. She wanted him to know that his presence was getting her fucking *turned on*.

Out of the bed, she slipped on the highest pair of heels she could find—eight-inch neon pink-colored glass platforms, and the tiniest negligee in the pile. Her enormous titties held the lingerie fabric far away from the rest of her tiny body. Streaks of her hot pussy juice stained the soft fabric. She hardly cared. Her pussy juice was on practically everything in the room at this point.

She opened the door, toying with one immensely long lock of hair. If she twirled her hand, she could gather up what felt like a foot of hair without even tugging at her scalp.

"Hi, stud," she cooed, before even seeing the bellhop properly.

He *was* a stud. Young, dark haired, built like he lifted weights regularly. He looked like he could hold her down and make her scream like the hot bitch she had been transformed into.

The hot bitch she was born to be.

For several moments, he just looked her up and down, apparently having trouble working his jaw.

“Towels, ma'am? The manager downstairs said you requested them. We . . . we found some extras.”

Abbey grabbed them for a moment and then tossed them down on the ground behind her. She leaned up against the door frame, sliding her leg up against his.

“Thank you *so* much. I'd love to give you some kind of tip.”

He backed away, blushing. “Oh, I'm sorry ma'am. We don't . . . wow. We don't take tips.”

Disappointment fell over his face even as he said the words. He didn't seem very invested in any of them. Abbey's smile become smokier and smokier. She bit the corner of one lip.

“Gosh, you are so fucking cute. Are you sure you don't take tips?”

“I'm afraid . . . wow. I'm afraid not, ma'am.”

“Mmm, do you know, I don't take tips either?” She wrapped her hand around his bulge. “I take the whole thing. Head and shaft, pushed right inside my hot pussy,” she slid her other hand across her narrow waist up to her belly-button, “and showing me how to act like a good girl.”

The bulge under her hand on only thickened. It felt tremendous. Abbey felt like she could tell who would be a good fuck just by how their cock got hard.

If that was the case, she thought, she'd have to hold lots and lots of cocks.

“I . . . I . . . it's just . . . I got a girlfriend . . .”

Abbey stroked more insistently. “I'm hotter than her, though, right? I can fuck you way better than she could. I'll do *anything* you want me to do.”

She pushed up against his body. He was taller than her. That was hot. Her tits crushed up against his chest, even in her tall tall heels. That was hot too.

“Does your wife ask you to unleash on her? Does she ask you to call her your slut? Your fuckpet? Your whore?” Abbey slid her mouth next to his ear. “Because that's what I'm doing, handsome. Please do all those things? Please fuck me how you need?”

“Oh,” he breathed.

One hand came up and grabbed her newly thick, sexy tit. Abbey's orgasm was immediate and powerful, pushing her against him. She wrapped her arms around his thick, chiseled chest, one leg sliding around his.

"Oh fuck." He said, awe in his voice. "D-did you just cum?"

"Gosh," she purred. "I've never had *anyone* just touch me like that. You must be such a *real* man . . . "

She pressed closer against him. "Won't you show me just how real of a man you can be?"

His hand came up around her shoulders and he pushed her in the room, slamming the door shut with one foot. She hopped her legs up around his waist and then guided his hands around her neck.

"Goddamn," he said, squeezing tentatively.

Abbey moaned, her eyes wide. She wanted him to *fuck* her while he *choked* her. She wanted him to *own* every part of her body, including how she breathed. That was so hot.

Hands still on her throat, he tugged her in and kissed her. Abbey melted, kissing him back forcefully, letting her tongue ride over his.

Soon, he tossed her on the bed on top of the pile of slutty hot clothes. His pants were thrown against the wall. Abbey tried to crawl into position, but he flipped her over, like she was nothing at all.

He was *manhandling* her. That was so hot.

Shoving her face into the clothes, his arms came down on her upper back so she couldn't move. He pushed her legs out wide and unceremoniously jammed his cock inside of her all the way.

Abbey screamed in pleasure. She was sure she woke up the entire hotel.

His hand slid around and he grabbed her throat. Again, Abbey screamed happily, quickly running out of breath.

"You're just a fucking slutdoll, aren't you."

"Oh yes, Sir!" she moaned between breath-gulping gasps, her voice getting deep and whiny. "I'm your fucking slutdoll."

"You're my hot little fucktoy bitch."

"Your hot fucktoy bitch!"

Entirely on top of her, he pounded into her cunt from behind again and again. His hand wrapped so tight around her throat that she had to stop moaning. Abbey couldn't stop cumming. She hoped she never would. His meat filled her entirely, made her life feel complete. The way he was pulling her from both ends—one hand coiled around her throat, the other

around her thigh—kept her entirely under his control. That was so hot and good.

She could feel his balls tense up behind her, knowing somehow instinctively that he was about to cum.

“Spray it in me!” she cried out with all the breath she had, begging. “Spray me with your hot fucking cum, darling, please! I need it, oh my god I need your cum, please!”

He seemed happy to oblige her. Deep inside her cunt, his cock unleashed the thick, hot fountain of cum that he had been working up to give her.

Her own orgasm matched his—maybe her thirteenth or fourteenth since he entered her. Her cunt muscles squeezed tight on his spasming cock, milking each and every bit of cum she could out from his terrific rod.

When it seemed like there was nothing more he would bless her body with, she slid off and wrapped around his body, so grateful and happy that she was good enough to make a man happy.

SOMEHOW, ABBEY ESCAPED from the orgasm-induced coma the bellhop had delivered her.

The clock read eight thirty in the morning. Her meeting had started at seven.

Abbey, sliding her tongue over the tired, perfectly chiseled body of the bellhop, decided she didn't care.

Her thick tits jiggled wonderfully as she adored his sleeping form. She wished there was another man there to jerk off to her enormous knockers as they paraded naked in the room. Maybe she could put pictures of herself on the internet? That would be so cool. Way cooler than any stupid meeting.

Meetings were boring. Why would she need to go to some business meeting when there was a man to take care of? This world was all about being serious and doing all the things men wanted. There was no reason to like, go to stupid business meetings when so many cocks needed servicing.

Her tongue ran over more of the bellhop's muscles. Had he gotten in better shape since he came in? That would be really cool. He *was* laying on top of all those clothes with her.

Had the clothes . . . changed her? Was she always this hot? Could the clothes change anyone to be better? That would be like, really cool.

Her wondering was interrupted when someone knocked on the door.

She considered not answering it, but then she thought that it could be another man. That would be so hot. She could get double-teamed. That sounded super fun.

Abbey slid off the bellhop—giving his cock a sweet, loving kiss before she got up—and answered the door wearing nothing but her heels and sexy pink gloves.

Behind the door was a drop-dead gorgeous blonde. She was Abbey to the 10th degree. Bigger tits, longer hair, blonder hair, sexier face. Abbey would have been jealous if she wasn't so furiously turned on.

A bright pink mini dress, torn in several places, was wrapped around the blonde's amazing body. It looked like she had been getting pounded and hammered all night by men who couldn't even bother to take off her dress first. Even so, her face was perfectly made up, not a lash out of place. Her lips were shiny and glossy, perfect for sucking cock.

That was so hot.

"Hi," said the angel. "I'm Cherry. I think you have my bag?"

She held up Abbey's old suitcase. It seemed . . . so drab and distant, somehow.

Abbey put a hand to her mouth.

"I'm so sorry," said Abbey. "I feel like I used all your pretty clothes."

"Oh, don't worry about it."

The blond giggled delightedly. Abbey giggled with her. Their tits bounced hypnotically. Not worrying was something she was getting really used to.

"I can just get more!" Cherry enthused. "That's all I make money for anyway."

Abbey nodded, sliding forward and slipping her gloved arms around the blonde's neck, her fingers trailing through the thick, beautiful waves of hair.

"But . . . I'd really love to repay you. Please . . . won't you let me?"

Cherry seemed to already know what was happening. Her hot candy smell was so intoxicating.

Abbey kissed her, loving the feel of her soft tits against Cherry's giant, man-melting rack. Their lips were so soft, so right together, it was impossible to tell where one sensation stopped and the other began.

Somehow, they ended up on the bed, on top of the bellhop's body.

The bellhop began to stir.

“Oh god, it's nearly nine. I'm so fired. I have to . . . holy shit,” he drifted off.

Abbey could only imagine what world the bellhop had thought he had entered. Right on top of his body were two angelic beauties kneeling, their big tits sliding against each other, lips locked like they would die if they stopped kissing.

“Uh . . .” the bellhop muttered. “ . . . uh . . . ”

His erection, probably once thought to be impossible to revive after the all-night adoration that Abbey had given it, was now throbbing and hard once more. It looked even bigger than before. The look on the bellhop's face changed from stunned arousal to thick, almost-angry concentration that he wasn't the middle of the action.

To placate him, Abbey gripped his cock happily, holding it like a thick, hard handle as she moaned into another kiss from the blonde.

“Oh man,” the bellhop groaned. “Oh *shit* this is so good.”

“You'll help me repay this poor woman, won't you baby?”

Nodding, the bellhop stood up on the bed.

“Get on all fours,” he said to Cherry.

Abbey looked disappointed for a second. He shrugged at her.

“What? I've already fucked your pussy.”

Understanding sparked in Abbey's tiny bimbo brain, and she nodded with a smile. That was true. Fair was fair.

“Come around here,” Cherry cooed to her. “I'll make sure you're taken care of, sweetie.”

Curious, Abbey crawled on the bed in front of Cherry's face. Smiling wickedly, Cherry began licking Abbey's thighs and then the sweet, wet folds of her pussy, before moving on to Abbey's hypersensitive clit.

She came almost immediately. When the bellhop hunkered down and entered Cherry, encouraging a spout of even harder licking and moaning, Abbey came again.

Her body felt weak and weightless. Everything in the world was good. Nothing could ever be bad. Cherry's tongue made her feel like a waterfall of pleasure had been unlocked inside her body.

The bellhop fucked Cherry like he had owned her for a long time. He rode her hard, each pump of his cock more vicious than the last. His face was intense, almost angry, and he spanked Cherry mercilessly. The loud slaps echoed throughout the room.

Every single hard thrust pushed Cherry's face deeper into Abbey's pussy. Abbey was fairly sure that Cherry was having a hard time breathing—but it was really hard to care. It was all so hot.

"Yeah, baby," Abbey cooed. "Fuck her hard."

"Spank her ass," he ordered Abbey. "Spank her with me."

Cherry moaned in affirmation.

Obeying happily, Abbey's hand slapped down on Cherry's ass right when the bellhop's did, reaching across Cherry's sensational body.

Orgasms flowed through Cherry like water through a river—there was not the one without the other. Abbey could feel them, one right after the other, moving in time with her own.

"I'm gonna cum," the bellhop grunted. "I'm gonna cum right in your slutty fucking cunt."

"Do it, sir," Abbey urged. "Cum in her hot slit. Fill her up like the sextoy she is."

Stiffening up even as his hips still bucked and rammed, the bellhop released inside of Cherry. Abbey felt hot, easy adoration fill her as she saw the orgasm rushing through the bellhop's face. She came to, watching him cum, feeling Cherry cum, feeling Cherry's hot tongue against her clit.

His hot, perfect goo dripped down from Cherry's pussy onto all the thick pile of clothes. All three lovers slid around each other, the clothes winding up on top of all of their bodies.

Abbey licked the cum off his cock as soon as it slid out of Cherry's pussy, cleaning it attentively, looking the bellhop in the eyes. He was getting hard again already. That was wonderful. Abbey would be ready to take care of him.

It was important to be attentive to a man's needs, and Abbey was a serious woman, after all.

Her Change In Style

Monday

Gloria Phine was at the school, in her classroom, hunched over her desk. It was after hours once again, and once again she was grading papers for her History class.

It was important to her to keep her personal life and her work life separate. So long as she graded all the homework she handed out at school, there was nothing stopping her from going home after a long day and relaxing. She pushed back her short dirty-blond hair from out of her face, trying her best to be only casually condescending about the latest paper she was looking at. Alexander the Great, indeed, did not lead the fight against Jesus's Disciples two hundred years ago.

She finished at about six o'clock, which was more or less par for the course. After gathering her notebooks and books and binders in her bag—a big clunky catch-all that would hold all her school materials, her wallet, various essential feminine products, and a spare change of clothes just in case one of the seniors tried to "accidentally" wet her shirt again—she headed out the door.

Anchor Creek High School was lovely, flooded with money from all the rich homeowners nearby. It had two stories, tile and wood floors in the classrooms, high arching ceilings in the hallways, ornate trim around every wall, and enormous expectations from all the parents.

It wasn't easy being a good-looking high-school teacher, and Gloria certainly was one even at thirty-five years of age, despite her determination in hiding it in dull-colored pantsuits like the one she wore today and by trying to look as mousy as possible.

Her pretty face only accentuated a frame that was kept slim by semi-regular workouts and proper diet, and her short hair suited her no-nonsense personality. Gloria kept herself in shape not because she wanted to look good, but rather because it didn't make any sense to her to leave her body open to sickness.

It was plain she didn't care too much about her looks from her pale, almost sickly skin tone, but Gloria had no interest in catering to the desires of men who just wanted some beach-bronzed bimbo. She wanted to be taken seriously around the school, not viewed as some pretty-girl who needed to use looks to make students pay attention.

Right outside her office she ran into Anchor Creek's High School Principal, Claire Adams. She was a shorter, petite woman, a few years older than Gloria, with curly red hair and emerald green eyes, wearing a crisp, professional suit in a pleasant shade of blue.

"Good evening, Gloria," she said pleasantly, "Finally heading home?"

"Yes, just as soon as I swing by the post office."

Gloria liked Claire, they were kindred spirits. When Gloria wanted to start the Young Women's Awareness Group, a pro-feminism organization with the goal to help educate and organize the school's impressionable young women against male superiority, Claire not only agreed but did her best to help Gloria architect events promoting their message.

The Group was especially important in a school like Anchor Creek, where the population ratio of girls to boys was easily two to one. Most of her classes had two-thirds girls and one-third boys, the latter of whom were always doing too much staring and not enough listening. The unusual ratio was one of the reasons she had chosen to work at Anchor Creek, because had known for a long time, since college in fact, that she wanted to start something like YWAG, and didn't see any sense in pursuing an uphill battle at a male-dominated school to begin with.

"How's the speech coming?" Claire asked.

She referred to the speech on women's issues in the school that Gloria was going to give at the annual YWAG Banquet Saturday night. It was to be a milestone in the life of YWAG, representatives from other schools in the area would be in attendance, and if Gloria was persuasive enough the organization would start to gain some steam across the county.

"I've got some good ideas down, they just need to be put in the right order." Gloria grinned a bit. "And have words added to them."

Claire laughed. "Well, let me know if you need any help."

"Thanks, Claire. I will."

GLORIA ARRIVED HOME a few dozen minutes later with an unexpected package in tow from the post office. She had only been going there to drop off some mail, but when she checked her box she found a brown parcel inside from something called Female Designs.

The name was a bit unsettling. Gloria had not heard of it before and certainly did not want to open up the package and see a bunch of tampons fall out in public. She hadn't ordered anything, and she was sure no one had ordered anything for her—she had been single for over five years, and any time her family sent her something there was notice given well in advance via phone or email.

She set the package down on the kitchen counter of her modest one-bedroom apartment, going to her room to change into some more comfortable clothes before doing anything else. Pantsuits were all well and good for work, but at home Gloria liked to relax, and dressed mostly in sweats. She made herself a quick sandwich for dinner, sitting down on the nearby couch to open the package.

The brown paper ripped open easily, and it wasn't long before Gloria found herself staring quizzically at a pair of very comfortable-looking pink slippers, attached to a plain white note, with the words, "Enjoy" written in big, block letters. Gloria shrugged, and put the slippers on after suspiciously checking them for anything that might be inside.

They felt fantastic. Gloria felt fantastic. Almost immediately a relaxed, nearly-euphoric daze swept over her.

She realized how intensely tired she was, and how good it felt just to sit back and let the slippers massage her toes. It was so strange that it felt that way, getting a luxurious foot massage just from a pair of slippers, and Gloria felt her feet beneath the slippers just to check for some kind of hidden motor, but that just led her to start rubbing the soft cloth of the slippers with her hands like they were a long-lost lover.

The fabric wasn't quite silk, and it wasn't quite fur, but it was some combination of intensely soft and cool cloth that agreed just exactly with Gloria's disposition. She felt herself laying down on the couch, wanting a nice little nap to enjoy her new footwear. No matter why Gloria was the one to get that package, it was one heck of a way for this Female Designs place to sell their products.

When she woke, it was nearly midnight. Gloria found herself feeling absolutely ravenous, and raided her fridge like she hadn't since she had

been in college. Loaves of bread, gallons of milk, carrots, hummus—even the frozen pizza deep in the back, almost forgotten about. She munched it all done happily, sitting at her tiny kitchen table.

She wrote a small note reminding herself to go to the grocery store the next day before humming her way to bed, still wearing the pink slippers. She slept in them all night.

Tuesday

GLORIA WOKE TUESDAY morning feeling better than she had in ages. Mornings were normally a tempestuous time for her, never having enjoyed being broken from the easy motions of sleep, but not so today. She felt like someone had given her a shot in the arm.

Her slippers were still on, which surprised her somewhat. Wouldn't she have kicked them off in her sleep?

Oh well. They felt fantastic.

Where the slippers on her feet made her relaxed and sleepy last night, she now felt jazzed and ready for the day. She almost showered with them on, before reminding herself that she didn't want to ruin them after only owning them for a day.

When dressing herself she noticed that the pants she had picked out for the day were a little high on the ankles. That wouldn't do at all, it would hardly serve her interests to look unprofessional at school. She must have altered the fabric somehow—to her recollection, the pants had fit fine just last week.

She settled on a black skirt near the back of the closet, not worn in well over a year, and wore a gray blouse and matching black jacket to go with it. Her bra clung to her breasts tightly, but a little bit of swelling was hardly surprising given how much she had eaten the night before.

Even with that enormous feast last night, Gloria gave herself a big breakfast, still feeling almost wanton in her hunger even after nearly emptying out her fridge the night before, and then set out to school thinking she could conquer the world.

Her first class went by swimmingly. It was like her good mood was infectious, and though normally her morning classes were lethargic and apathetic, she really felt like she reached a few, made them care.

In between classes Gloria went by the office to check her mail. The mail room was in the back of the busy office, closed off a bit from the ringing phones and bustling interchanges between students, teachers, and parents.

Usually, in Gloria's mail at the school, there were just messages from parents wanting to talk about a child's grades, or announcements about upcoming school events. But that day Gloria had a small brown package in her box, almost identical to the one that she had picked up yesterday at the post office. And just like the one the day prior, it too was from that Female Designs group.

Did they know where she worked too? It was unsettling what the internet could find out about a person these days.

Curious and a bit apprehensive, Gloria opened the package, and found another pair of shoes, this time two shiny black flats, similar to the ones she was wearing but made from leather, with one thick strap going across the feet right behind where her toes would be.

Small flowers were stitched into every side, a style that Gloria wasn't partial to. But, she had to admit it looked festive, if nothing else.

Before she knew what was happening Gloria was slipping off her old shoes and trying on her new ones. A soft sigh of exquisite happiness escaped her lips.

This was something different than before with the slippers, something flat-out amazing. She felt like running a marathon and grinning at everyone and everything on the way. It was like every molecule of her body had woken up and decided today was the day to burst.

The mail room suddenly felt unbearably hot, but in a good, sauna sort of way. She put a hand up on the nearby bulletin board, littered with school announcements.

Gloria unbuttoned the top two buttons of her blouse unconsciously, and then walked over to the nearby fan, enjoying the cool air as it tickled her exposed bare skin.

"Gloria, are you alright?" Came a voice from across the room.

It was Randall Jung, the football coach. His stout, muscle-stacked form took up the whole doorway. The two of them were typically at odds with one another, Randall thinking Gloria was an uptight feminist and Gloria thinking he was a chauvinist pig, but there was something different in his voice. Was it almost . . . admiration?

"I'm fine," Gloria said happily. "Just fine. Why?"

“I’ve just never seen you smile before.”

He had a way of smiling that made him seem like he thought he knew everything that was going on. Every time he would do, his thick hands would move up to his unshaven face, rubbing the beard there.

Gloria put a hand on her hip. “Do you have a problem with me smiling?”

“Not at all,” Randall said, smiling back at her. “It rather suits you. You should do it more often.”

“Maybe I will,” Gloria teased, and sauntered out of the office. She turned her head to flash him another smile before leaving. She really was filling out the skirt she was wearing today. She hoped he noticed.

Only seconds after leaving the room she pressed her back against a nearby wall, finding that she was breathing hard. Did she just flirt with Coach Jung? Yuck! He was everything she stood against.

The leggy history teacher hardly had time to think about it. Holly, the school’s receptionist, was walking towards her.

Holly was a sweet girl, but Gloria felt she needed to learn a few more life lessons about how powerful a woman could be. She was only a few years older than most of the seniors, and far too friendly with them.

Nothing inappropriate, of course, but encouraging friendliness with the students only made them think they could get away with more. It didn’t help that Holly was painfully cute, with dark short hair and a busty figure, covered today with jeans and a tight shirt, with a lovely face to top it off.

“Gloria, what have you done with your hair?”

Gloria ran a hand through her dirty blond hair, noticing it felt a little longer than usual. “Oh, nothing, really, I think I just need to give it a trim.”

“You haven’t done that already? It looks different.”

“Oh, what?” For once, Gloria sounded surprised. “I guess it’s just a new conditioner . . . ?”

“Well, you’ll have to tell me what it is.” Holly enthused. “You’re practically glowing.”

This was getting complicated.

Gloria wasn’t using new conditioner at all, just the same stuff she had owned for as long as she could remember. Her hair was trivial to her, it got in the way. But now someone noticing it, it was . . . nice?

She had to fight such utterly feminine tendencies.

“Look, Holly, I need to get back to class.”

Holly just smiled. “We’ll talk later then, okay?” She bounced off back to her desk.

The rest of the day went by fast, but Gloria couldn’t seem to get enough of it—living, breathing, interacting with the world. She honestly felt for the first time in years that she simply loved life. Every step she took in her new shoes she felt like a new woman, each version happier than before.

By the time her last class rolled around, she completed only half of her lecture before beginning to just simply talk with her students, finding herself honestly interested about their futures, their lives, their desires. She felt like everyone’s best friend, and like everyone was hers. Her mood was insatiable, and even when Principal Adams came by, she joined in the fun.

Gloria even forgot to be condescending to the boys when they tried to flirt with her. She even encouraged it, just a little, brushing her hair the right way, smiling at their half-hidden jokes.

It was exhilarating.

By the time she left the school she felt unstoppable, her shoes bouncing along in the hallways to the tune of her new attitude. She left right after the bell rang, throwing her usual grading responsibilities off to the future. There was no time like the present to enjoy putting things off, she thought, only half-joking.

She stopped for groceries on the way home—restocking her depleted food supplies—and quickly found herself enjoying watching the bagboy’s young, tight bottom as he carried her things out.

She only realized how inappropriate it was on the way back to her apartment inside of her car, when she was wistfully rubbing her thighs together, imagining herself propositioning the nineteen year-old with hot, needy whispers in his ear.

Gloria had no idea what was getting into her – or more accurately – why she wanting someone to get into her. Her sex life had expired long ago, but she had rather enjoyed the lack of complication, or so she thought. She bit her lower lip in thought as she carried the groceries back up to the second floor of her complex, walking through the door.

Sex didn’t have to be complicated, she supposed. It would be simple to go out to a club, pick some hot guy to grind with and take him home, then kick him out before the morning came.

Yes, that would be simple; she would get what she wanted and no unnecessary connections were made.

Gloria set down the groceries and slipped off her fantastic new shoes, going to her room to change. She put on her lovely pink slippers before dressing, and after a few minutes stepped out of the room dressed only in a pair of white panties and a tight pink t-shirt instead of her usual sweats.

The only justification for wearing the t-shirt, which hadn't been worn in at least ten years, was that it matched her slippers. It also made her tits look perky, which she had to admit made her feel good about herself.

It all just seemed more . . . comfortable. She knew she had a nice body, she could at least show it off a bit around the apartment, by herself.

The doorbell rang when she was in the middle of putting up groceries. It was the building manager, Derek, holding a brown package smaller than the others she had received. Gloria surprised herself by not being at all surprised when she saw the words "Female Designs" written along the side of the package. Derek was short, in good shape, compact like a wrestler. His hair was thick and dark. He had a friendly face, like a man on a billboard selling insurance.

"Wow!" Derek said. "I mean, uh, package for you, m'aam, been in my office all day."

Gloria only just noticed that she answered the door in nothing but her underwear and a t-shirt, and immediately after being aware of it she was very aware that she enjoyed Derek's eyes on her, memorizing her half-naked body.

"Thanks, honey," she cooed.

Gloria never cooed, much less call someone "honey." She took the package out of his shocked hands, letting her fingers linger a bit on his.

"You're so nice for bringing this up to me personally," she cooed again. "I'll just have to find some way to thank you properly."

"Oh, um, just . . . doing my job, m'aam. I have to go back now," Derek stammered. "The office is closed and this is my last item of the day and I need to go back."

His words came fast, like he was trying to convince himself of something.

"I need to go back to my wife. My wife, I have one, I need to go back to her."

His cheeks were flushing, and Gloria just stood in the doorway, one leg positioned forward, her chest thrusting upward. She found that if she stood

up on her tippy toes, her chest pushed out even more, and her legs had more arch.

"Bye then, hon. Thanks for this, again." She laughed, and closed the door.

As soon as the door was closed Gloria pressed against it back first, dipping a hand down her panties to touch her steaming hot snatch. Her fingers were rapid-fire against her clit.

She could have seduced the building manager right there. She could have asked him in for a drink that would have turned into a frolicking good time.

She was soaking wet, her body an inferno of desire. She couldn't even remember the last time she was so turned on. Hand still on her crotch, rubbing it softly, she made her way to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of wine, downed it, and then poured another.

She bent over, her heavy breasts rubbing on the counter, flooded with images again of getting down to her knees in front of Derek, slowly unzipping his pants . . .

She backed off once more, taking another swig of wine.

One-handed, she opened the brown package, and found a pair of frilly pink socks inside. She almost moaned in anticipation of putting them on – they would match her slippers exactly. It was very important suddenly, matching.

She took off her slippers only long enough to try the socks on. She had them back on, socks included, in less than a minute.

The leggy blond fell to the floor in delight, fingering her hot wet snatch, and quickly brought herself to orgasm thinking about dragging Derek inside and using him for her own carnal desires. His hands on her, her hands on his thick cock, making him forget about his silly wife.

She downed three more glasses of wine in the space of ten minutes before she felt randy again, in that time barely noticing that the package also had a pair of bright, white stockings in it. They would be tried on tomorrow. She finished the bottle of wine and made herself cum three more times before crawling into bed with both her socks and slippers still on, dreaming of seducing every man who looked at her the right way.

Wednesday

THE NEXT MORNING GLORIA found herself in her bed with the sheets thrown off, lying in her sweat-moistened sheets. She didn't remember too much of her dreams, only that they were hot, delicious, and wonderful. Something about getting screwed over her desk at school.

Trying to recreate the glorious sensations from last night, it was twenty minutes before she made it into the shower, where she came twice more, imagining herself with the grocery boy from the day before. She was fairly certain she recognized him from a class just a year or two before, which was what made it so wrong and so hot, all at once.

She examined her glistening naked body once she stepped out of her steamy shower, wondering if her eyes were deceiving her. Her hair, soaked only moments before, was already mostly dry, fluffy and bouncy around her shoulders.

Her shoulders! Two days ago it hadn't gone past her ears, and it certainly wasn't so bright and blonde. And her face looked different too, certainly not the face of a thirty year old.

Wasn't she thirty?

Gloria suddenly found it hard to think about that sort of thing, and whatever worry she felt about that was disintegrated when she examined the rest of her body – more tanned, more toned, her skin looking healthier than it had even when she spent that spring break in Hawaii five years ago.

And her breasts looked heavier too, but just as perky, bigger and more full but not being affected by gravity's pull at all, regardless of being a good cup size larger than they were the day before. Her legs, her abs, her ass, all of her was tighter, hotter, sexier.

Wasn't that strange, Gloria thought suddenly. Thinking herself of sexy.

But she was, and how. Her high cheekbones, pouty lips, beautiful blue eyes, and smashing body – she felt like she belonged in a hair commercial. Gloria had no idea how this was happening, but for the most part she felt too good to care about it.

So what if she had dropped a few pounds only to gain some back in all the right places? It wasn't as though that was something to complain about.

It was twenty minutes before school started when Gloria finally tore herself away from her puzzling but dazzling reflection, and decided to dress. Every little item of clothing was a joy to put on, sliding over her smooth, soft skin.

She strutted through the school doors forty-five minutes later with a tight, peach-colored knee-length skirt she hadn't worn since she was in college. It meshed nicely with the even tighter bright white blouse she wore, unbuttoned enough to show the hot peach-colored bra barely containing her bouncing breasts.

She had picked up the bra from a small clothing shop on the way to work, seeing as how her old ones didn't fit anymore. Before, she had considered the shop a nuisance, always advertising such shamelessly flirtatious exhibits. But it sure had come in handy today.

Her blond hair caressed her shoulders as she walked, somehow naturally styled to be feathered. On a whim, she had worn the bright frilly socks that she had gotten last night.

She was only going to try them on to see how they looked with on her lovely legs, but found herself immediately in love with the way they looked.

The only thing that didn't entirely fit, as a matter of fact, were the black flats she had received the day before, but she wasn't about to spend any amount of time without a pair of shoes from Female Designs on. They were just too wonderful to even consider wearing anything else.

Still, she worried that she might not look professional enough if her wardrobe was off-colored. She was a serious teacher, after all, with serious plans about being even more.

It was a worry that didn't last long at all. Her first class went absolutely splendidly, her fabulous mood making up for her tardiness and any imperfections in her choice of clothing. For the few who were still annoyed at her tardiness, her fabulous body made up for the rest.

She strutted back and forth in front of the class like a model on a runway, making sure to walk in between all the aisles of desks so that everyone could get a good look at her wonderful ass as she swayed past.

"I think it's totally silly for us to focus entirely on lectures today," she announced. "Your heads are so full of thoughts, jokes, stories, love, and wonder. Why should I be doing the talking?"

Everyone looked a bit surprised, but excited.

"So, today, I want you all to focus on each other. Learn something from each other! Talk! Discuss! Engage!"

The seniors started buzzing with activity. They dived right in, feeding off the positive energies that Gloria exuded. Gloria beamed. It was so fun to

have a classroom activity be received so well.

One senior, Ruth Ann, was wearing a delightfully skimpy blue skirt. Gloria bent over to whisper in her ear as all the students around her stopped to admire Gloria's exposed behind.

“You're totally sizzling today, dear.”

Ruth Ann blushed, squirming a bit in her seat.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “That means so much to me.”

Her gaze, looking up at Gloria, was full of appreciation.

That response was so positive that Gloria went out of her way to complement every girl wearing something daring or sexy – it was important that young women played up their attributes, that way, men would notice them, and then they could have their voices heard.

Her smiles were contagious, and soon the whole class was giggling with each other, the stand-out babes casting deep-lidded stares at the top studs. Gloria saw several notes passed, and picked one up on a whim, revealing a “study-date” invitation.

The sender was Michelle Watson, a bubbly, chesty cheerleader, who hadn’t stopped looking at Roger Jackson all morning. Gloria gave her a wink, and slipped the note onto Roger’s desk. No reason to interfere with puppy love.

Five minutes before the class ended Gloria suddenly remembered she actually was supposed to teach a lesson that day, and not just socialize. She haphazardly assigned some reading that she explicitly stated she expected no one to read thoroughly. The planned quiz for the next day was moved back a week.

The mailroom was empty when Gloria entered it, happily finding another package in her box. Tearing it open, she found a pair of (what luck!) peach colored pumps inside.

They looked absolutely adorable, and the heel was only three or four inches high, nowhere near enough to look like a tramp. She would be classy but fun with them on; a good time, but still utterly serious about where her career was going.

Along with the pumps was another little card, this one reading, “Delight.” It seemed like more of a command than a suggestion, but Gloria certainly felt delighted. She gleefully slipped the new pumps onto her feet, and immediately collapsed in the corner as wave after wave of sexual heat pulsated through her body.

Her legs trailed across the tile of the mail room, and Gloria kept nuzzling her head into the hard firmness of the corner. It felt so nice to have such a thick, strong boundary nearby. She wasn't cumming, just lost in that beautiful spot of bliss that usually only lasted a few moments before orgasm.

The arousal mounted and remounted with such intensity that Gloria felt like she hadn't cum in a decade, much less fewer than two and a half hours ago. It was all she could do to stop herself from under her skirt and letting her fingers dance their way to her heart's content. Strong, sudden hands on her hips helped her up.

"Ooh, what?" Gloria asked, dazed.

She turned to see Coach Jung right in front of her, big hands still on her wide hips. "Are you okay, I said. Why were you in the corner like that?"

He was so sweet, Gloria thought, he sounded genuinely concerned. And he was probably genuinely hung like a horse.

She giggled, taking one strand of her blond hair in her fingers. "Oh, I was just feeling a bit dizzy," she explained breathily. "I think maybe all the handsome men around are making my head spin."

She giggled again, making her breasts bounce in her new bra. Coach Jung definitely noticed.

He didn't know how to react. Heck, Gloria didn't even know how to react. She was giggling, she was twirling, she was flirting and she didn't even care because her nipples were hard and her pussy felt like it was on fire and here was a man right here who had to want her.

The Coach's hands were still on her hips, forgotten about by him due to the pure heat emanating from Gloria's body. She took one of his hands in hers, and helped it slide up her curvaceous waist until it was resting on the side of her breasts.

"My off-period is the one after next," she breathed, looking at him with bright blue eyes. "Do you think there's something you could give me for my head? It feels so light . . ."

Her eyes drifted down to the bulge growing faster by the second in the Coach's pants.

" . . . maybe you've got something that could steady it?"

She licked her lips, in case the message wasn't across already.

The Coach was as flustered as she'd ever seen him. It was hard to believe at that moment that he made his living by ordering people around.

“Um, I mean, uh, wow, Gloria, um . . .”

She silenced him with a long finger on his lips. “Meet me in my office, kay?”

She giggled again, and then glided out of the room, her new pumps clicking softly on the carpet. Gloria felt so empowered. Jung couldn’t do anything except what she wanted him to do – surely, this was what feminism was all about.

She bumped into Holly on the way back to her class, trying not to be late. The young receptionist was all smiles.

“Wow, Gloria! You’re looking great today!”

“Oh, thanks,” Gloria gushed. “You’re looking fine yourself, sweetie.”

Holly looked a bit confused at that, probably wondering when the word, “sweetie” was introduced into the beautiful History teacher’s vocabulary. Gloria was telling the truth, though, Holly was looking quite fine. Low-riding jeans rested on her hips, the top of her black thong just barely visible whenever her tight red sweater was shifted. Gloria took one of her hands and smiled at her dazzlingly, looking just as good as she felt.

“I love that outfit on you,” Gloria said, “Tight clothing suits a frame like yours.”

Holly blushed, obviously a bit uncomfortable with Gloria being so open, touching her. Gloria massaged her hand soothingly.

“I mean it, you should hear what some of the boys in my classes have been saying about the hot, new receptionist. I bet you get young studs lining up in the hall with all kinds of excuses to try and flirt with you.”

Holly laughed nervously, her cheeks staying flushed, biting one plump lip. “Well . . . ”

“Don’t be so modest, honey,” Gloria chided. “So what if the whole student body thinks you’re good-looking? Take it as a complement that they want to be around you. Just don’t let it go any further than . . . “ Gloria gave her hands a soft squeeze. “. . . you want it to.”

Holly gasped softly, looking like she wanted to pull away but was unable to tear herself away from the vision of temptation in front of her.

“Gloria, I don’t think—”

“Oh, sweetie,” Gloria giggled. “I’m just having a bit of fun with you. There’s nothing wrong with fun, is there?”

Holly shook her head reluctantly.

“That’s right, nothing at all. And the great thing about fun is that you can even find it at work, can’t you?” Gloria giggled again. “Ta, darling. I’ve got a class to catch.”

She sauntered off, turning her head to wink at the stunned Holly after a few yards.

More like she had a bathroom stall to visit. Gloria needed a cum, and bad. She didn't even bother to check the other stalls. Her hands slipped easily right past her slender panties, her hot fingers pressing so artfully inside of her hungry pussy. It took less than thirty seconds for her to climax, crying out against the thin wall of the bathroom. She hadn't even sat down.

In the aftershocks of her heated exchange, she still shook, and her nimble fingers wouldn't stop massaging her still-sensitive clit. It took very little convincing to have another quick little cum, just to calm down. Just to get her mind straight. She was a professional. Having your mind straight as a professional was a must.

After that one, shaking and moaning again in the tiny stall, she decided what she really needed was one more.

Her head finally felt a little clearer, for the first time since putting on her new pumps. She wondered idly if she should remove them . . . but decided against it. It wasn’t as though she could walk around barefoot.

But still, the way she was acting! She had propositioned a coach for a blowjob, and practically told Holly to start making out with students! She sighed audibly. It was so wrong. She shouldn’t be acting this way, she shouldn’t be using her hot body to make people do things just because she was turning them on, she certainly shouldn’t have offered sex and pleasure to other members of the faculty, and she shouldn’t be sliding her fingers down her tight, yummy body down to her hot little pussy for another delicious climax . . .

Gloria arrived to class fifteen minutes late, but nobody seemed to care. Everyone seemed absolutely ecstatic that she had finally arrived, and Gloria felt the same way. Just like before, history was the last thing on her mind – it just made no sense to her that she knew so little of the way her students thought, and talked, and played, and kissed, and fucked.

Gloria found herself talking about make-up tips with the senior gals, and openly checking out all the young males with them.

She sat down on a desk across from three girls, her long legs crossed. Her skirt rode up onto her delicious thighs.

“I think Joey's chest is so perfectly defined,” Gloria sighed. “It's no fair how he has a girlfriend already.”

“Ms. Phine.” The girl next to her coughed. A cute dark-haired girl with red streaks in her hair. She had a pierced lip and deep blue eyes. Lydia. “He's my boyfriend.”

“Mmm,” said Gloria, momentarily imagining the two of them together. “I hope you're living it up, then.”

“Ma’am?”

“Making love, dearie. You're both of age. You should be having a ball with each other's bodies.”

She leaned over and touched Lydia's thigh. The poor dear was trembling.

“Trust me. This is the time to propose.” Gloria giggled. “There's a supply closet down the hall that's always unlocked, and the janitor won't be on duty for another two hours.”

“Huh?” After a moment, the lights went off in Lydia's eyes. “Oh. Ohhhh.”

“I won't tell, dear. Make him feel special, and then he'll do anything you say. That's how women get power.”

Lydia hopped up and strutted over to Joey and whispered something in his ear. His eyes got as wide as plates. He followed her, slack-jawed, out of the room, obviously trying to hide his boner.

Gloria didn't stop there. She had never had any idea how fun it was to whisper hot little ideas into the heads of pretty high school girls – telling them to make sure to dress to impress, to try out stockings, to maybe shop for some sexy new heels, skip out on work to enjoy a date or three.

Never skip school, though, school was were the boys were; girls could hardly be allowed to stay away. Skipping class to neck with some hot senior hunk who had been eyeing them all week, though, why not?

Her words were like elixir to their impressionable young ears, drank eagerly, every word believed. Gloria felt like an icon, a talk show host or a preacher, someone to look up to.

She handed out long, sensual hugs to all her students before they left the room when the bell finally rang. Most of the boys didn’t seem to mind when her hands dropped below their waists and copped a bit of a feel on their tight buns – Gloria knew she didn’t mind when they returned the favor.

THIRD PERIOD SWUNG around. Gloria was behind her desk, fingering herself silly once again. Thinking about all the things she could convince her students to do. The door swung open, and there was Coach Jung.

Oh yes. She had forgotten about him.

They said practically nothing to each other. The Coach lifted her up by her hot ass and dropped her on the desk. The hard wood stung against Gloria's tight buns.

His lips were rough, hard, just like everything about him. There was no stopping his hands from groping her ample breasts, from sliding up and down her tight, sweet curves. She thrilled in the largeness of each muscle, the flesh that she could grip on to and steady herself with. He was a rock.

“Oh, Gloria,” he moaned. “I've wanted you . . .”

She was sure he did. She was so hot, every man who saw her wanted her. It was time to take advantage. He mashed his lips again hers, forcing his tongue in her mouth. She suckled on it happily. Her tall heels were wrapped around his waist, guiding him closer and closer.

She opened her eyes for a moment and noticed there was a crowd building outside the classroom. She had forgotten to shut the blinds. She pushed Jung away for a moment, and strutted over. There was a chorus of groans as she closed the blinds.

Jung was sweating. “Maybe...maybe we should call this off.”

She came close and put a finger to his lips, and dropped to her knees.

“Are you sure?” she asked, fiddling with his zipper. “I mean . . .”

It was easy to slide her hand inside his pants and start stroking. He was mostly hard already, fitting nicely inside her dainty hand.

“It sure seems like part of you wants to stay.”

He was growing faster now. Gloria started using two hands. She brought her mouth forward and flicked the tip softly with her tongue.

“Fuck,” the Coach said. “Oh . . . oh fuck.”

“Fuck it?” Gloria asked coyly, stretching her strokes out long and slow. “With my mouth?”

He gulped loudly. “Yes. Yes please.”

Her lovely mouth slipped right over his rod, sucking him down artlessly. It was her first blowjob, after all. Before, it seemed like a blowjob was

something a whore did, or a slut. But she realized, it was just really an excellent way to get what she wanted.

What Gloria really wanted was to cum in front of a man, she realized. That was so hot. To show a man how much pleasure she could have just from her own womanhood, just from being a wonderful lady. That was power.

Sucking his cock was simply an excellent way to keep him in the room as she fingered her dripping wet pussy.

Somehow, her shirt had come off. Her tits exposed in her sexy new bra. They shook and bounced as she sucked, and she could not stop herself from stroking her nipples with one hand as his cock slid down her throat again and again.

The hardness of his cock was so nice, such a beautiful big anchor to keep her steady. Even as her delightful fingers made her thoughts want to prance her off into neverland and never come back, sucking him off kept her resolute and grounded. She found that, if she moaned, she became even more invested in the "now"ness of it. He seemed to like it too.

It did not take her long to cum. That was par for the course by this point.

Jung watched her bucking, moaning, feeling herself from sucking his cock. It seemed too much for him.

"I'm gonna . . ." he breathed. "Fuck you're so hot. I'm gonna cum,"

She popped her mouth off his meat, grabbing a kleenex from off the desk. She guided him the rest of the way with a sizzling hot kiss and her soft hands stroking his pole. His big cock jerked hard in her hand, spilling cum everywhere. It was so white and sexy. It looked so warm. So inviting.

Gloria wasn't about to swallow, not for the first blowjob she had ever given. It hardly seemed dignified for a professional like herself.

He mumbled out a thanks and asked if he could please see her again. She told him she would think about it.

Minutes after the Coach had stumbled out of her office looking drunk on lust, Principal Adams walked in. Gloria had just put her blouse back on.

"Hi Claire," Gloria chirped. "What can I do for you?"

The pretty Principal looked furious. "Gloria, I've just had several eyewitnesses tell me that you were making out with a man in this very office!"

Gloria giggled, looking around the place. Her desk had been cleared off, the lamp and monitor that had rested there previously had fallen harmlessly onto a pile of books and papers, similarly discharged.

“Oh Claire, I hope you don’t believe silly accusations like that. I don’t even have a boyfriend,” she smiled, stepping closer to the older woman.

“Gloria, I can’t just disregard over fifteen people – oh,” Claire said suddenly. “That smell, is that new perfume? You smell like . . . like, sex?”

Gloria just grinned and stepped closer. Claire tried to continue.

“And, I mean, you can’t expect me to take your word over so many others!”

“With as long as we’ve been friends?”

Gloria stepped closer to Claire, letting her feel her influence, her appearance. Gloria didn’t understand it, but lately everyone was just seeing things her way. She felt invincible.

“Claire, tell me the truth, it was just women that complained, wasn’t it?”

She didn’t need to ask that – it wasn’t like any man was going to complain seeing hot Miss Phine with her boobs getting fondled.

Claire suddenly looked unsure. “Well, yes, that is correct . . . ”

Gloria smiled, stepping closer still, right in front of the principal now. Their chests were touching, and Gloria could feel her own erect nipples touching the blossoming buds of Claire's.

“These are just some nasty rumors popping up because other women in this school are getting jealous of my success. YWAG is about to take off, and they just feel threatened and are lashing out because of it. Now I know you hate rumor-mongers, and I do too, but we can hardly be mad at them for being a little envious of my good fortune, can we? Honestly, Claire, I don’t think you should take it out on them.”

Claire nodded, looking dazed. “Of course. You’re right Gloria.”

She didn’t even motion to stop the fabulous blond when Gloria's hands ran through her curly red hair, focusing entirely on her bright blue eyes. Claire's nostrils flared as they inhaled her amazing scent.

“Yes, absolutely right. You don’t need to hear about things like this. You should be focused on the banquet. It’s all going well, I hope?”

“Lovely, darling, thanks for asking.”

Gloria had spent less than two minutes on it, but had put it on her mental to-do list.

She let her hand rest on Claire's neck, and pulled her in for a hug. Claire was much shorter than Gloria, and her head came to rest on her giggly, jiggly breasts.

"G-gloria, I don't k-know tha . . . "

Gloria held her tighter. Claire quieted, still squirming for a few seconds, and then relaxed.

Gloria couldn't help but giggle some – she had just talked her way out of being fired, and probably could have managed to have some of her detractors reprimanded.

Claire went limp in her hands, obviously enjoying the sensation of Gloria's soft, full globes against her head. She moaned softly in protest when Gloria pushed her away.

"I've got to get ready for final period, love. You tell everyone in the office that there's nothing to these baseless allegations."

"Of course, Gloria," Claire nodded fervently. "Whatever you say."

Claire walked out of the room with the same drunk look that Coach Jung had. Gloria smiled to herself. It was amazing, what a little influence and attractiveness could attain for a girl. Success was imminent.

Her fourth and final class of the day went much like the previous two, with Gloria just chatting with her students, encouraging all the girls to take whatever hot things they wanted, making sure the boys were receptive to it, sitting in a desk among them after having arranged them all in a circle.

Her hot mood was intoxicating for them, her hot scent being breathed in by everyone, and more than once she had to stop couples from making out in the corner, by the bookshelves. Some of the time they weren't even actual couples.

When Gloria walked out of the school to her car, she saw more pairs than usual making out in the parking lot. She strolled by teachers tsking at the sight. Inspired, Gloria walked up to them.

"Oh," said the boy. It was Joey, from before. The girl was not Lydia. "I'm sorry, Miss Phine."

"Nonsense," said Gloria. "I wanted to commend you for encouraging so many girls to speak what was on their mind. Keep it up, you two."

SHE ARRIVED AT HER apartment to see Derek waiting outside of it, with a brown package in his hand. He wore a light grey shirt and tight pants,

thick workboots on his feet. He was sweating nervously. She took the package out of his hands with a gleeful grin on her face, entering her apartment with the manager in tow.

“I just can’t thank you enough for this,” Gloria said. “You really know how to look after a gal. Do you know that, handsome?”

Derek was grinning like an idiot, a grin that only got wider when Gloria began to stroke her fingers along his chest, and then her own, drawing his eyes to her barely-contained breasts. “Shucks, Miss Phine, I was only doing what anybody would.”

She ran her hand down his chest to his crotch. “Then I suppose I’ll have to do what any girl would, around a helpful guy like you,” she whispered hotly.

He backed away. A red blush crept up his neck.

“M-Miss Phine, I should really be getting back to my, my um, my . . .”

“Wife?” She suggested. He nodded slowly. “Oh poo,” Gloria waved her hand dismissively. “I can show you all sorts of things that she never would. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“M-Miss Phine, I mean—”

“Call me Gloria.”

“Gloria, it's just that . . . oh wow.”

Gloria's hand had found his crotch.

“Wouldn't it be better, Derek honey, if you said whatever you wanted to say inside? On my bed, maybe? While I have my clothes off? I think that could really help your concentration.”

He gulped.

“I'm a teacher, Derek. You should trust me. I know all about concentration. Come inside, okay?”

“Oh yes, please,” Derek choked.

Gloria smiled, and then turned away suddenly. “It’s just that . . . well, if you could help me out with one more tiny little thing, so that I could help you out with your big, long thing?”

Derek sounded like he might die if she didn’t continue. “Oh, sure, gosh Gloria, anything you want.”

“I don’t think I’ll be able to pay the rent this month. Lot of tertiary expenses, you understand.”

This was patently untrue, of course. But Gloria was feeling adventurous.

He rubbed the back of his neck, unsure. “Your rent...I mean, it’s over eight hundred dollars, Gloria. That’s a lot of money.”

She pressed her body against his, seeing that he was wavering. “I know it is, silly,” Gloria giggled, letting him feel the bounce of her tits against his chest. “That’s why I can’t pay it. You understand, don’t you?”

She leaned in and kiss him lightly on the lips, before putting a slender hand down his pants.

“Oh my,” she said excitedly, “What a big package you brought for me!”

Derek understood her problem very well, as it turned out.

THE NEW PARCEL FROM Female Designs was like Christmas come early. Not only did it come with a pair of hot new pink wedge sandals just perfect for home-comfort, but along with it were two full outfits. One was for home – the hot pink lace babydoll and matching thong, and the other was for school – a skin-tight leopard-print mini dress, complete with black lace stockings with leopard print at the tops. It didn’t come with a bra, which Gloria supposed she could fix herself, but the thong was leopard print too.

How perfect!

Gloria wondered if this company had known that her school’s mascot was the leopard. Probably, she giggled, pouring herself a big glass of wine. They seemed to know everything else about her. She gulped down the glass, immediately refilling it.

It didn’t worry her at all that Female Designs knew how to find her – why should it? This way she could wear their clothes wherever she was. The only matter that did worry her, in fact, was that eventually the free samples were going to run out. She would have to find out where their shop was.

With the clothes there was a little card, reading, “Serve” in red calligraphy. Gloria certainly could identify with that. She was a teacher, it was her job to serve. Serve her students, serve her co-workers, serve hot men and women that wanted to get a look at her sumptuous behind. Certainly, Gloria was all about serving.

She worked on finishing the rest of her wine after changing into her new house clothes. The neon pink babydoll only accentuated her tanned skin, clinging tightly against her breasts and stomach, making every touch to her

nipples or belly or anywhere the soft lace touched feel like sexual providence, while the new sandals did their usual magic and made her feel utterly and completely relaxed.

And horny. God, she was horny.

She kept on her stockings in her dazed, sex-hungry state, loving how they caressed her legs. She turned on the TV and soon found herself watching one of those high school dramas, where all the girls were out to just fuck and suck whomever they could, breaking up relationships just for a quickie in a bathroom stall.

Gloria could totally identify with that; she could get off to it; she did. She wished she had spent high school like that, instead of studying.

The beautiful babe ended up snoozing on the couch after a particularly hard cum, waking up a few hours before dawn to raid the fridge once more, thinking sultrily that if she ate all the food then that would just mean she could suck off the grocery boy.

Again? She couldn't remember if she had or not. It sounded like something she should do.

Thursday

GLORIA'S REFLECTION was hard to believe, even for her. She looked like a movie starlet, and posed nude like a model in front of the mirror, which felt surprisingly natural. Sometimes she would toss the long, mid-back length of her golden tresses behind her shoulders, other times she would let them fall down her front like a golden waterfall on top of her buoyant boobies.

They had grown overnight, again, this time much more noticeable than the last. They were easily a D-cup now, probably larger, except unlike most girls she saw with bosoms as large as hers were now they didn't sag in the slightest, and fact bounced hypnotically when she walked back and forth in front of the mirror.

That was another thing – her walk was different too. Try as she might, Gloria couldn't pace around her bedroom doing anything except for a model's gait, one foot crossing right in front of the other to make sure her tight, perfectly-molded heart-shaped ass swayed.

It didn't hurt that her legs didn't look like they would ever end. She could've sworn she was taller now, except that sort of thing didn't happen.

She just must have simply been having . . . a good leg day, just like her fabulous hair, boob, skin, boob, face, boob, and ass day. Gloria would have thought it was a growth spurt, except that she knew those were impossible for a woman of twenty-five, like she was.

She . . . she was twenty-five, wasn't she?

Of course she was. People didn't just forget their age.

Her face looked beautiful, as it always had, but her lips looked a bit fuller, more naturally pink, and though she was sure she hadn't put any on it certainly looked like she had on make-up . . . but putting her fingers to her cheeks didn't rub off any rouge, and her long, fluttery eyelashes certainly had no eyeliner on them.

It must have just been a trick of the light, one that was also making her tan look better than it had in at least five years or so. Her skin was golden, contrasting wonderfully with the cascade of shiny blonde locks that showered down her back.

Still, she certainly didn't look bad for a chick in her mid-twenties. She knew every single hot senior at school would kill to have her body. She giggled again at the thought, knowing she could interpret that however she wished, male or female, have or "have."

She blew herself a kiss, rubbing an index finger and thumb between a pink raspberry of a nipple, and suddenly found herself wet at the sight of her reflection. Her sweet pink tongue ran across her lips, the taste there reminding her of some kind of sweet fruits, and in an experimental mood, Gloria reached her head down to her nipple, delighted to find she could suck her own teat.

She giggled, making her boob jiggle against her face, which in turn only made her hornier. Her fingers had found their way to her pussy, again, where it was already dripping honey.

Gloria didn't need a shower—waking up smelling fresh and fantastic despite spending most of the night lost in lust with hot and sweaty erotic dreams about getting screwed bent over a school desk—but she found the shower a great excuse to rub her body as much as possible.

She made a special effort not to be late at all despite wanting to cum several more times in the shower, and compromised with herself and simply played with her pussy on the drive to work. Nobody who noticed seem to care, at least, not negatively. Most stared.

Twice, she almost got into a wreck, but both times the drivers accepted full responsibility, despite the fact that she had obviously been closing her eyes during the sweet afterglow of another nice cum, after she had slipped her chest and head out of the window at the next stoplight, looking as contrite as possible.

She arrived to school looking like a vision, an angel straight from some boob-lover's heaven, the form-fitting mini doing everything it could to accentuate her cleavage, pressing her fabulous tits up and together, two black strings criss-crossing in a halter-style around her neck.

Her body poured into her new minidress, making it hard to distinguish exactly where the leopard print began and her own silky soft ended. Its tight material reminded her of the lycra skirts she used to wear back in college on test days to endear herself and her image to her professors.

It had always worked, probably because of her stellar legs more than anything else. The stockings on her legs made them now all sleek and shiny and only accentuated her perfectly formed calves and terrific thighs.

There was a staff meeting before classes started that she had to attend, held in the library. These happened every every Thursday.

The library was a lovely place. Entirely filled with hundreds of shelves of books, it had vaunted ceilings, and an enormous window in the back that looked into the lovely courtyard in the middle of the school grounds.

Gloria sat in the back, a few minutes late, and few noticed her walk in. Those that did refused to stop staring. She smiled at them knowingly, tossing her lustrous hair back and pursing her lips innocently.

Melanie Starr was at the podium, a sumptuous thing with long, chestnut hair and a voluptuous body that Gloria used to find herself wishing she had. It was just too bad the prude dressed in scrubs every day, often in horrendously tacky flower patterns.

Gloria knew Melanie kept extra large t-shirts and sweatpants in her office, just in case any girl that came to her was in violation of the strict dress code that Anchor Creek was supposed to enforce.

"As Anchor Creek's nurse," she began, " I feel I must protest the blatant disregard of our school's health and dress codes seen lately. As a signatory on both, it is my responsibility to remind everyone here to constantly remonstrate any student that wishes to engage in any sort of 'romantic,'" she even held up her fingers as quotation marks, " . . . activity. As well, all of us must be on the lookout for dress code violations, no shirts that reach

above the waistline, no skirts above the knee. That's the Anchor Creek way, and I do believe we are all in support of that, are we not?"

There was a timid spattering of applause.

Gloria decided to stand up and strut her way up and down every aisle of faculty as Nurse Starr spoke, waving hi to everyone. It was only polite to greet all of her colleagues, and besides, networking was an important part of any woman's repertoire to success. She winked and giggled her bouncy steps past everyone, men and women she had worked beside for such a long time (well, it seemed like five or six years, but it couldn't have been more than two or three), including Claire.

She stopped in front of the Principal, sitting in the very front row, and leaned over to give her a wet kiss on the cheek, letting her pink tongue slide across her friend's face before stopping.

Her petite boss only sighed in delight, as did everyone behind her, checking out Gloria's considerable cleavage. She smiled seductively at all of her admirers.

Nurse Starr had been trying to continue as Gloria made her way down.

"We have to make sure that we are checking everyone, especially the girls – oh, what?"

Gloria had stepped up right next to Nurse Starr, placing a soft hand on her shoulder. "Darling, I think I could verbalize this better than you, don't you?"

The nurse put her hand on the microphone on the podium, facing entirely towards Gloria. Her mistake. That only made her ogle at Gloria's perfect curves, inhale her heady scent. "I um, well, I don't think—"

"That's the idea, Nurse. Don't think about it, just go ahead and sit down, I can take it from here."

"Let her speak!" Came a shout from the back. Within seconds the entire library was resounding the sentiment.

Nurse Starr stepped down, looking a bit stunned. Gloria grabbed the microphone from the podium, not wanting to hide her body in front of her adoring crowd.

"I couldn't agree more with Nurse Starr," she said, her voice practically making love to the mic in her hands. "Discipline is incredibly important in a high school setting."

Melanie, sitting down in the front row, smiled wide.

“But, let’s think for a second. What is discipline for in a place like this? Only education, am I wrong?”

No one said she was.

“It’s our job to educate young men and women about the rigors of the real world, whether they be ‘acceptable,’” she mocked Melanie’s use of hand quotes, “or not. As professional educators, it’s our job to make sure our children are well prepared for the real world, and sex is a part of our world. A hot, fun, delicious part of our world that no one should be without.”

She flipped her hair behind her back. Her immense volume of hair meant the simple motion took several seconds to complete.

“So what if a hot young babe wants to walk around in a short skirt? It’s not harming anybody, and as a matter of fact, I’m almost certain most of you randy men enjoy it. The thought of a hot, young, high school babe doing whatever she could to look her best in your class, why, I bet that’s turning you on even now.”

Most of the men laughed nervously, a few, near the back, shouted approval.

“And so what if some hot hunk wants to neck with his girlfriend in the hallway? Who are we as educators to prevent education about love, the most powerful force in our universe? Surely every time we stop some impromptu make-out session we’re interfering with what could be the next Romeo and Juliet, or Westley and Buttercup? I hardly think it’s fair to deny our splendid students the glory of love. Or lust, if that’s what it comes to.”

She giggled, and nearly everyone laughed with her.

“After all,” she concluded, “if we can’t support our children, who can we support?”

Gloria strutted down the aisle to a standing ovation. So much for complaints about dress code. The only person that refused to clap was Nurse Starr, and the buxom History teacher made sure to blow her a kiss on the way out.

She stepped into the main hallway of Anchor Creek right when the first bell rang, signifying that class was starting in ten minutes, just so everyone who was working hard enough to show up early got a look at her first. She had to reward her students for good behavior, after all.

The half of the seniors who didn’t trip over their feet admiring her bodacious bod as she stretched in her doorway were walking into their

lockers. She made sure to help the poor souls back on their feet, and a kiss to make them better, usually on the lips, always longer than it had to be.

This was what started a return to the long, sensuous hugs for every student that entered her classroom, her bountiful bosom pressed tight against their own chests, long silky-soft hair falling against their faces, her intoxicating scent getting a wonderful chance to leave them dazed and turn-on.

“I'm just so glad you're here,” she would whisper to each one.

Her students just had to know that she cared, otherwise, how would she ever get ahead? Or get some head, she giggled, closing the door shut after the bell rang.

Every eye was on her, the way it should be.

A teacher had to do whatever she could to get her student’s attentions, even if it meant dressing up like a totally hot babe. Especially if it meant that, actually, since Gloria knew she was a totally hot babe and could hardly look like anything else.

Most of the girls in the class were wearing mini-skirts, just like her. She beamed at the sight, glad of her positive influence. The ones that weren’t still had on tight sweaters and pants, if not shorts. They largely wore high heels, and all of them were made-up perfectly, obviously having woken up early to apply each stroke of lipstick and eyeshadow perfectly.

Gloria knew from experience that most pretty girls tended to look at the prettier ones with envy, but their looks at her were pure adoration. The collective gaze of every boy’s eyes on her, besides making her hot, was pure appetence. She knew without even asking that they wanted her more badly than any other girl they ever had, because she was available, because she flirted so wantonly with them.

It was delightful to think they had probably all ruined a few sheets of toilet paper last night thinking about her, she could only imagine what they’d do tonight. Or after class in the bathroom, if she really worked at it.

She didn't bother to tell them to work on anything. Boys and girls started pairing up, holding each other tight, or even kissing, and Gloria simply didn't interfere. These students taught themselves. What a wonderful class.

Wistfully, she found herself thinking of one of the studs in the third row jacking himself in the bathroom right next to her office, stroking his long pole to thoughts of her and only her. Absently she spread her legs, leaning

back on her desk, sending a smoldering stare to him, licking her lips. Every guy in the class coughed and cross their legs in concert, and Gloria giggled, hopping lightly up on her desk and crossing her legs . . . eventually.

Every girl in the class followed her example, crossing their legs, staring smolderingly at their chosen hunk. Monkey see, monkey do. A class full of boners and not even fifteen minutes in. That had to be some sort of record.

"Tell you what, my lovelies," Gloria said cheerily, "let's do a little writing assignment."

Normally they would have all groaned. Now they just sat with rapt attention on whatever she said. Gloria was fairly sure it was because talking made her tits dance in her too-small dress.

"History has a long standing record of kingdoms and even empires falling because of a single woman. Love conquers all, wouldn't you agree?"

They all chorused that they did.

"Lust conquers even more, I'd say."

Her voice was soft, melodious, and entrancing. It would be perfect for phone sex, though the incendiary instructor doubted she'd be without the real thing for so long as to try it. She licked her lips. Someone in the back moaned.

"Why don't all of you write me, say, a page, on why there's nothing wrong at all with giving in to our more carnal desires. With making out with your honey on a street corner, or screwing while your parents are upstairs. Or sneaking a quickie in the school bathroom."

Someone gasped, Gloria just grinned.

"Oh don't lie, if you don't like that, you just haven't done it yet. Don't be afraid to use real names for your fantasies, either – a cheerleader, a football stud, a teacher . . . "

She lingered on the last word, rubbing a hand down one taut side.

"I promise not to tell, unless you want me to. One page, due by the end of the class."

While they wrote, Gloria made sure to give as much assistance as needed, leaning over in front of the desk of every guy or gal that she spoke with.

When that got old, she spoke to them only in hot little whispers in their ears, pressing her giant boobs against their backs, letting her hair massage their faces. If they needed any more help concentrating solely on lust, one dainty little hand would drop to their crotch and set their world on fire.

She had even more fun by going to her desk at the front of the classroom and pretending to organize it, mostly managing only to drop very small items and then bending over at the waist, her ass towards the class, to pick them up. Her thong was very tiny and very visible.

When the papers were turned in at the end of the class, for some reason, most of them described fantasies about her. Gloria read them in her office during the break between classes, idly diddling herself as she did, until she remember suddenly that she hadn't checked the mail yet today.

Inside her newest package was a pair of lovely leopard-themed platform sandals, the heel reaching more than four inches.

She had barely been able to decide between the wedge heels she had at home and the perfect peach pumps she had received the day before, and it was such a relief, knowing that Female Designs would make these kinds of hard decisions for her. Sometimes, as a girl, it was just so hard to think.

Thinking became immensely harder as soon as she slipped on her new platforms. So did her nipples. She came almost immediately, an earth-shaking orgasm that nearly took Gloria off her feet.

It was a good thing she had been practicing at playing with herself so often lately, otherwise she might have been paralyzed with pleasure.

For some reason she found herself concentrating on college, how she had seduced her conservative roommate within two nights of meeting her; dressing and redressing in hot red lingerie, asking her how she thought her fabulous body looked in each new pair of exotic panties, how the stockings she had on displayed her legs, if the silky soft lace she was wearing was soft enough.

The poor thing had barely even had a drop of alcohol before—by the time Gloria finished with her she was a total sexpot, on the prowl around campus for the next guy to give her a midday romp.

Another card was in the package, listing an address with the letters, "FD" written in flowery, flowing font next to it, "Come and Visit" right beneath that. Did they have a store? How delicious! Gloria would have to go after school.

Now, hot new sandals decorating her toes, Gloria was just jolted with lust, ready to fuck the first person she came across as she exited the mail room.

Luckily for her, it was Holly, dressed in a black miniskirt and tiny yellow halter-top, showcasing her perky young breasts. A hot red thong was

pulled up above her skirt, just high enough to be scandalous.

“Hi lovely,” Gloria breathed, quickly cornering the young beauty in the back hallway behind the receptionist’s office. “Love that outfit.” Gloria’s tits pressed against Holly's face, her scent filling the hot brunette's entire world.

Holly appeared as if she desperately wanted to touch herself, a look Gloria was getting used to seeing.

“Oh, oh, Gloria, I um, was um, just um . . . ”

“Just wearing it because you thought I’d like it? Or because maybe you thought the boys ‘round here would like it, like we talked?” Gloria’s voice encompassed every hot sexual moan that had ever been uttered by anyone, a symphony of lust.

“Gloria, please,” Holly moaned, the hot teacher’s hands on her midriff, slowly working their way down. “Please don’t tease me like this.”

The lust-loving lovely teacher slid her hand right down past Holly’s skirt and inside her panties, leaning in for a sensationally hot kiss. No one was watching – not that Gloria would care if anyone was.

“Mmm,” she murmured softly. “A tease is someone that promises without delivery. Does that seem like a lack of delivery to you?”

“N-no,” Holly stammered. Her hands had started to rub the small of Gloria’s back. “I just, I need, I had so many dreams about you last night, hot ones, and I need—”

The stunning schoolteacher silenced her with another terrific kiss. Holly’s hands sank down to Gloria's ass, gripping it firmly. Gloria did nothing to stop her, until breaking the steamy, wet contact between their lips to slide her now-soaking fingers out of Holly’s skirt.

“Meet me at my apartment after school. Bring wine.”

Gloria dangled a key off her finger, and quickly scribbled down the address on a nearby piece of paper. Holly snatched both up eagerly, breathing five kinds of thank yous, and then dashed down the hallway.

Gloria knew Holly had gone straight to her office. There were three windows looking inside of that room from every direction, and even so, as Gloria walked back towards class she was certain she heard Holly moaning in delight.

Gloria was all smiles as she entered second-period. She had decided, rather spontaneously, that it was time to teach these lovely students something about lust.

A woman had to use a man's lust to get ahead, after all, otherwise they would never be taken seriously. Short skirts and dresses were a must, as were stockings, high heels, perfect make-up, flawless hair.

And men needed to know when a woman was begging for attention, otherwise nobody would ever get some head. Ahead. Some head. She giggled. Whatever. It was all the same.

"Now, there's a dance tomorrow night at the school, as I'm sure you are all aware."

The ads had been blaring on the announcements all week long.

"So, I want to make sure you lovely girls know what it takes to make a man want you. After all, I don't want you gals staying home and being lonely. That wouldn't do at all."

Her bright blue eyes searched the class for a moment.

"Henry, would you please step up to the front of the class?" She didn't have to say 'please,' of course, but it made her feel better to make the men in the school feel like she was . . . privileged to be in their presence.

Yes, that was the way to think about it. Being a hot little pretty babe in front of a big, hunky man was a privilege. A wonderful, cunt-soaking privilege that made her dizzy with lust.

Henry Franks was the star linebacker for the football team, one of the reasons for their spectacular winning season. With his dimpled chin, thick brown hair, tall frame, and plentiful muscles, he was sexy as hell as far as Gloria was concerned, and frequented her dreams often, usually with her in a cheerleader's outfit sucking him off in the locker-room showers.

She hadn't thought about those dreams until just now, seeing him there in front of her. It was almost like they had just manifested at that very moment. Of course, they hadn't. They were too vivid and real. Dreams didn't just pop up from nowhere.

"Henry, I was hoping you wouldn't mind if you assisted me in a few kissing drills?"

Gloria giggled as he nodded eagerly. She knew he'd agree, nobody could refuse her, but it was fun to appease the egos of young boys by asking them questions as if she needed to hear them say "yes."

It was a lesson she'd have to teach to her girls someday soon.

"You see, ladies, we want men to know that we're all about passion, that we're worth spending time on. So when I grab Henry like this," she wrapped her arms around the muscled linebacker, one arm cradled around

his neck, one hand firmly attached to his ass, “He knows the only thing I’m thinking about at that moment is pleasing him. Like, aren’t you, Henry?”

“Yessss,” he groaned, eyes focused entirely on her.

“And just in case he’s not,” Gloria continued, “That’s when you wrap one leg around his. This is why it’s important to wear stockings, so you’re sexy all over,” Gloria demonstrated, pressing the entirety of her taut, busty body against Henry’s musclebound frame, “and just in case he really doesn’t get it, go ahead and jump up, pressing your crotch against his waist, and just wrap both your legs around him, and then kiss him like this.”

At that, Gloria leaned in for the hottest kiss Henry Franks had ever received. His teacher’s long, perfect, stocking-wrapped legs wrapped around his midsection, her hands guiding his up her skirt, on her tits, anywhere where she thought he might enjoy their presence. He was so, so hot and young and strong. Her legs ground hard into his waist, her hot steamy snatch burning against the rock plate of his abs.

After ten glorious minutes of this, Gloria stopped for maybe fifteen seconds to address her class. A couple of boys were openly touching their crotches, fingering the bulge hiding in wait beneath. Many girls were mirroring them, either drooling at Gloria's display, or fixated on the forest of thick shafts sprouting in the room.

Gloria's dress had been hiked up over her beautifully curved ass cheeks, and they could all see her dripping wet underwear.

“Well?” She asked, one hand stroking Henry’s hair as he laid backwards on her desk. “What are you waiting for? Pair up, and try it for yourselves!” she laughed, and then went back to her necking session with the linebacker.

It lasted the whole period. She had never had a class with less talking, though everyone’s lips were certainly busy.

AFTER AN ENORMOUS LUNCH in the teacher’s lounge, where she eye-fucked Vice Principal Peters while downing foods including (but not limited to) a kielbasa sausage, two popsicles, and a bright red lollipop that sent him over the edge and into the men’s bathroom, she strutted her way to the auxiliary gymnasium in her clunky platforms where the cheerleaders were practicing.

They were going through their routine, fully dressed in their uniforms to make sure they were prepared for some competition coming up. They all

noticed her immediately and smiled wide; Gloria's presence, as usual, preceded her.

She approached the lovely Miss Flores, a busty Latin-American with long chocolate-colored hair with a physique well-honed by both instructing the cheerleaders and from teaching yoga and Pilates at the recreation center on the other side of town. Her mouth-watering form easily filled out a tight spandex top and matching pair of even-tighter spandex shorts—she was looking cautiously at Gloria with a mix of apprehension and arousal, but with how her eyes kept flicking up and down the blonde's bodacious body, it was easy to tell which side was winning.

Gloria threw back her own shiny, silky hair, letting it fall perfectly down her back, and smiled brilliantly at her newest target before bending over at the waist to turn off the stereo that had been blaring upbeat dance music.

"I was hoping I could watch you and your girls do your routine, Carolina?" Gloria put a hand on the lovely Latina's shoulder for no real reason other than to feel her soft caramel-colored skin. "It's my off period, and I just hoping you wouldn't mind."

Carolina's face lit up, breathing in deep, making her terrific tits stretch against the fabric of her top. "No, I don't mind at all, no problem at all," she effused. "I'd love you, I mean, love to have you watch me dance, I mean us, perform our routine."

Gloria reached up her other arm and wrapped both of them around Carolina's neck before drawing her in for a hug, meeting absolutely no resistance. Every girl in line was jealous – she could see the two or three that were in her classes before with smoky desire smoldering in their eyes.

"Thank you soooo much," Gloria whispered, her hot pink lips brushing against her ear. "I'll have to repay you somehow."

Carolina shuddered involuntarily when Gloria drew away, her eyes a bit glazed. "Smells like . . . sex n' fruit . . ."

She shook her head a bit.

"Yes, well," Carolina said softly, trying to find her thoughts in a forest of lust. "Let's get started, shall we girls?"

Carolina turned the stereo back on and they went through the routine with Carolina commanding at the helm. It was high-energy and lots of fun, involving a lot of flips and twirls and yelling like most cheerleader drills. Gloria clapped loudly when it was done, enjoying the spectacle of the young, athletic babes showing off their skills.

“I just love cheerleading,” Gloria said, when the music was off. “I used to be a cheerleader, did you know that?”

Carolina shook her head. Gloria wasn’t surprised, she had forgotten about it until she had just mentioned it.

It was funny how little things kept popping back into her mind like that. Like how she had boned her high school’s rival football captain on the top of his car outside the stadium before and after the game. He had been too tired to play, and his team was shut-out by Gloria’s, but he didn’t seem to mind.

Even then she had been focused on success.

“You wouldn’t mind if I gave you a few pointers, would you?”

Carolina gave a confused look, like she felt that she should be more angry at the suggestion but wasn’t. “I’ve worked on this routine for two years now,” she protested.

“Oh don’t worry,” Gloria reassuringly put her caramel-colored hands in her own. “I wouldn’t change a thing about the routine. I think it’s superb.” Carolina beamed, and Gloria went on. “I just want to talk a bit about the philosophy behind cheerleading, in general. Girls, take a seat, please?”

She gestured over towards the benches against the wall, and all of them obediently trotted over to them and sat down. Gloria motioned for Carolina to do the same, who lingered for a while staring wistfully into the blonde’s bright blue eyes. Gloria looked them over, and tsked.

“See? This is my issue. None of you have your legs crossed.”

Immediately they all crossed their legs, some looking a bit bewildered at their own obedience to the suggestion.

“Much better. A girl with her legs crossed is showing off one of the female body’s best attributes. It makes your skirt slide up, shows off a little more leg. Of course, you have to cross your legs often, maybe flash a little panty to whoever’s watching, right?”

They all laughed.

“You should sit up straight, chest-out, and display the rest however you can. Cheerleading outfits are great, because they all have short skirts and tight tops, which guys like.”

Gloria smiled warmly.

“It’s important to dress the way guys like, otherwise they’d never want to listen to us. And since we do live in a male-dominated world, we have to do whatever we can to make them pay attention to us.”

Gloria said the words happily, never once thinking that this use to be the only kind of thought that could make her actually infuriated.

"Luckily for all of you, cheerleaders are natural attention-getters. You've all been chosen by Carolina because you're hot, fun, and sexy, just like boys like. Isn't that right, Carolina?"

The Latin beauty seemed to snap out of some sort of trance.

"Oh, yes, whatever you say," she said softly. Then realization peaked its head a bit. "I mean, well, not really. That is to say – "

Gloria stepped toward her, stroking a hand through her thick chocolate hair. Carolina closed her eyes and bit her lower lip. A soft little whine of need escaped her pursed lips.

"Let me explain," said Gloria.

She stepped in front of Natasha Chase, the cheerleader captain.

"Could you stand up, please?"

Natasha complied, nearly as tall as the captivating teacher, and Gloria led her by the hand in front of the whole team. Just eighteen years old, she was a stunning young woman: blonde, leggy, buxom, gorgeous face, almost like a younger version of Gloria. They could have passed for sisters.

"Natasha is definitely sexy, wouldn't you agree?" She asked the girls.

Everyone said yes.

"A cheerleader Captain ought to be, because being a cheerleader is all about being sexy."

"No," Carolina spoke up, "Girls, that's not—"

"I see you don't agree," Gloria interjected. "Carolina, why did you choose Natasha as your Captain?" Gloria drew the young blonde closer to her side, letting her hand rest right above her taut, firm ass. Natasha's puffy lips let out a soft gasp of excitement.

"Well," Carolina began, "she was the best girl for the job. She had the most athletic skill."

"You mean she had the best body?"

"Well, I suppose that's true, but—"

Gloria interrupted again. "And she's charismatic, as well? Fun to watch, easy to be around?"

Carolina looked like she knew she was sliding down a slippery slope. "Certainly. She's very likeable."

"Great body, fun, peppy. Probably the sexiest girl on campus, wouldn't you say?"

Carolina looked uncomfortable, like she knew she was being lured into something but couldn't think about what it was. "I would say that's right, I suppose."

"What do you think, girls? Natasha is the hottest thing around, isn't she?"

All of them obediently agreed, except for a few that shouted out, "No, you are!"

Gloria giggled. Such good girls, she thought, before letting her hand slip down below the teen's skirt, happy to find an easy-to-move-around thong below. Gloria grinned inwardly at finding the sparse material of the thong—usually cheerleaders wore tight little shorts under their skirts. It was so fun to know her influence was spreading so well.

It was fun, too, sliding her hand between the tight crack of Natasha's ass and then right on top of the beauty's already moist pussy. The teen gasped, but stood still. No one could see what Gloria was doing.

"The hottest student, then, also the hottest cheerleader, is the captain. I find it hard to be just a coincidence, Carolina. I think you'd agree with me that Captains are always the hottest and sexiest girls in school, wouldn't you?"

The brown-skinned beauty could only nod in a daze, her eyes not on Gloria's but on her jiggling tits, her stocking-clad legs, her perfect form in the tight leopard dress. She looked ready to worship. Natasha's eyes were closed, her knees beginning to buckle as Gloria's fingers went deeper into her needy slit.

"Wouldn't you say you chose Natasha because you knew that cheerleaders are supposed to be sexy, and the Captain had to be the sexiest girl of all?"

"Of course, yes, that . . . that makes so much sense, Gloria."

"So naturally, all of you girls should look up to Natasha, to help you with hard decisions and to guide you in what to wear and how to act. And since cheerleaders are icons in the high school community, all the other girls will look up to you. It's a very important responsibility."

Natasha moaned. Gloria pretended to take it for a moan of worry.

"Don't be concerned, darling," Gloria said cheerily, brushing some hair out of the teen's flushed, beautiful face. "I'll be there to tell you how to act, and dress, and decide. Isn't that great? All you have to do is what I say."

Her fingers went deeper, moved faster.

“Yes!” Natasha gasped loudly. “Yes, that’s so good!” Her hands were clenching in tight, sweaty fists at her sides.

Gloria smiled. “I’m so glad you agree. Now there’s one more thing . . .” Gloria said, letting her fingers dance faster in the young teen’s pussy. “Since cheerleaders are supposed to be sexy, that of course means that they are for sex, and lust, and hotness. Right, Carolina?”

The Latina's tight, busty body was glistening with sweat, her hands apparently unable to stop themselves from rubbing her crotch, tweaking a nipple here and there. The students behind her were following suite. All eyes on Gloria, as she deserved.

“Oh of course, yes, that’s so right. You’re so right.” Her voice dropped off. “And gorgeous.”

“Yes,” Natasha moaned. “God she is yes.”

“Then I would suggest that at least half of your time is spent on drills relating solely to just that. Makes sense, doesn’t it? Hot girls doing hot drills so that hot guys can drill them hotly.”

She giggled, her impromptu class laughing with her, continuing to finger the teenage beauty queen next to her, sensing her orgasm was coming.

“There’s a dance tomorrow, if you want to impress your dates, you’ll have to be in top form. So everyone pair off, and work on kissing. If you’re going to be making out with cute guys in the hallways where everyone can see and wish they were you, you’ll have to practice.”

With that, Natasha came, loud and wet, and collapsed against Gloria. Somehow she was still standing, but her entire busty weight pressed on the amorous teacher, her gorgeous face resting on Gloria’s spectacular rack.

Gloria giggled, and Natasha hugged her tighter.

“Mmm, no, darling, you have to go teach the other girls. Take two if you need to.”

She sent the young blonde on her way, slapping her ass affectionately as she went. Then she turned front towards Carolina, who was panting with desire as she looked at Gloria. A long, wet strand of drool dangled from Carolina's lip down to the top of her chest.

The seductive siren crooked her finger at the Latina, licking her pouty lips.

Carolina eagerly rushed over to Gloria and immediately wrapped her arms and one strong leg around her body, the two of them melting into a

searing-hot kiss.

Gloria tore herself away for one second to address her girls, who had started out with soft little pecks on the lips but quickly escalated into heavy petting and tongue-play.

“Now darlings, if you feel you’re up to it, you can always make sure your partner is getting plenty of attention downstairs. The boys always appreciate it, and I know the girls do too.”

She giggled and slipped her hand down Carolina’s sopping wet spandex shorts in between long, tongue-filled kisses, her magic fingers quickly bringing the dark-haired Latina to a mind-numbing orgasm.

“Oh my God,” whined Carolina. “Oh my god oh my god oh my godddd.”

Carolina was barely on her feet, supported only by resting on Gloria’s glorious chest, just like Natasha had. Gloria petted her soft hair affectionately.

“Now listen, love, one more thing . . .” Gloria started.

Carolina was all ears, softly kissing the perfect globes her face rested on. “Mmmhmm?”

“As coach of the cheerleading squad, I really think you need to set an example, and start wearing a proper uniform every day.”

“But it won’ fit,” she contended, her voice a bit muffled as she began to kiss Gloria’s boobs. “My titties are too big.” She laughed helplessly, like she was drunk.

“Of course it will, you just have to make a few adjustments. And if those adjustments mean showing a lot more cleavage, and raising the hemlines by several inches, maybe adding some stockings for a little more flair, well then what’s the harm?”

“Thassa good idea,” Carolina agreed. “God you are sooooo beautiful.”

“Thanks love,” Gloria said with a soft kiss on her forehead. “And if you happened to get a little drunk tonight and maybe mix up the girl’s uniforms, re-adjusting them all like yours, I’m sure none of them would mind, would they?”

“Oh no nobody minds anything you say. I’ll do anything you want,” she promised with a whisper. “Anything for you. Hot, so so soooo hot. Smell sooo nice. Soooo fuckin’ horny.”

Carolina’s kisses on her breasts were getting wetter, which was making Gloria hotter. She realized she hadn’t cum in a long while. Her dress found

its way to the floor, as did her and Carolina’s naked, intertwining bodies.

Carolina's tongue slid expertly over Gloria's needy clit, licking there diligently. Gloria's pussy throbbed with pleasure, her heat and scent pouring into Carolina full-throttle. She almost felt she could see Carolina becoming more in love with her by the second.

Certainly the Latina's dark, lusty eyes were becoming even more empty as she stared longingly at Gloria from downstairs, adoring her totally.

Gloria couldn't blame her. She was a total fuck goddess. She was the babe of babes. There hadn't ever been anyone as sexy as her. Gloria had to hold her tits apart just to watch Carolina's eyes get bigger and emptier, and this just made cumming even easier.

How had her nipples become such fun little strawberries of cum-happy control?

Why did she even care? It was so delightful.

SHE ENTERED FOURTH period thirty minutes late after a marathon love-making session with Carolina to find every single member of her class already making out with one another. The half that weren’t out in the hallway, still, locked together in between rows of lockers. Girls sat on guy’s laps, looking at them adoringly like they were Adonis reborn when they weren’t getting their breasts felt up and moaning longingly.

Gloria licked her lips, and sauntered over to Jack Walsh, the football team’s starting quarterback. He had a lean, tall body, every muscle rippling under the fluorescent lights. He wore his cap backwards—he wasn't supposed to be wearing caps at all, but Gloria hardly cared.

Some other girl was on his lap, not even in her class. Gloria wondered idly if she had snuck in for Jack or for the super hot teacher that everyone was talking about. Gloria tossed her glorious hair back, and posed with one long leg forward.

“Tell me, handsome,” Gloria asked, pouting, “How come you’d rather be with some high school girl than a super-rad babe like me?”

One look at Gloria’s leopard-clad form and Jack unceremoniously dumped the junior girl on the floor, who looked sad for a few moments, knowing she couldn't compete. After a moment, she simply crawled over to another boy, already being entertained by two other girls. Gloria was fairly certain they were all in the Math Club.

Gloria grabbed the hot senior by the hand and led him toward her the supply closet, closing the door behind him.

“Look at you,” she said, utterly turned on, “All the girlies fighting over you. I bet you get that all the time, don’t you, hunky?”

He was leaning casually the nearby shelving, like he owned it. Cock of the walk; Gloria wanted to give his cock a nice walk, indeed. She strutted the few feet towards him, managing to make it appear as if he was the only one she’d ever come like that to.

“A little, I guess,” he said, playing it cool.

Gloria knew better. “Oh, don’t be coy. I know that like, you love watching girls pine for you.”

Her soft, svelte body was pressed up against his, big eyes looking only at him.

“You know you’re like, the hottest guy in school, and you love it. You know you get to have like, whatever hot babe whenever you want just by like, looking at her right. You and I both know you totally deserve it for being so irresistibly hunkalicious.”

Her speech was making her hot; Jack was making her hotter. Gloria kissed him, long, deep, and slow, their tongues twirling around each other for one long minute as Gloria unbuckled his pants. He was rock-hard, just for her. She felt so flattered. His cock an easy eight inches of delicious, mind-blowingly hot meat. Her need was palpable.

She turned around and bent over against the shelving, advertising her bubbly ass and the runway of her shiny, stocking-covered legs.

“Oh Jack,” she cooed as his hands moved her dress up. “I knew I like, just had to totally fuck you today.”

Her panties were still in the gym. His entrance to her was smooth and easy, the hot young shaft sliding perfectly inside. There was nothing else she could do – she was a woman in a man’s world. She wanted to moan, wanted to scream, and yet all she could utter were hot, shuddering moans and squeals of delight.

Good girls didn't scream and thrash like animals, she realized. They moaned appreciatively and cooed in worship of the way their man filled them up. Gloria wanted to be a good girl so bad. Good girl Gloria. The words were like sugar pouring on the warm fruit of her mind.

She pumped her ass backward into him, and felt her body light on fire when he grabbed her hair and shoved her face into the hard surface of the

shelf.

“Fuck me, Jack!” she cried happily, her voice never raising above speaking volume. “Fuck me with your fuckstud senior cock!”

He groaned, picking up his pace in response. “You hot fucking babe. You love it, don't you. You love my dick.”

“I love it!” It felt so good to agree. Another hot little orgasm danced through her body just from that realization. “I love your dick!”

It seemed like every little motion, every inflection, inspired its own form of orgasm in Gloria. The way he grabbed the handle of her ass so roughly and continually shoved her hot pussy into his throbbing mass of fuckmeat. The adoring, appreciative moan that spilled out of his mouth when he noticed the delicious curve of her back muscles. The way her hair became like rope when he fucked her, long enough to keep her tight under his control.

The only strange thing was that Gloria made sure he pull out when he was going to cum.

“Soon, soon!” he groaned.

There was a hot schlicking noise as Gloria retreated her sensational behind from his studmeat. She slid around and knelt down in front of him, expertly stroking him off.

“Please cum on me,” she blurted out, utterly sincere. “Please cum on my big hot tits!”

He did, and how. Hot, thick spurts of white seed splashed up and down her enormous breasts, and she automatically started rubbing his warm gift into her skin. It made everything shine. She even licked it off her hand. Yummy.

He knelt over her, stroking her flawless hair.

“Oh fuck fuck,” he breathed. “Oh fuck fuck fuck.”

Of course, that was totally hot, being sprayed with his hot manseed like that. But she knew, atomically, that she *should* be filled up by a man's seed.

Just . . . not by Jack.

In any case, it felt amazing, having her hot bod getting fucked for the first time in ten years. No, days. Must have been ten days. If that long, her memory was so shoddy lately. Ten hours, maybe? That seemed more right. Hadn't she fucked a delivery boy? Shouldn't she?

That sounded like fun.

A LITTLE AFTER FIVE o'clock Gloria drove into the parking lot outside a small shop inside a secluded shopping center nearly outside of town, the words "Female Designs" written on its bright yellow sign. It had windows on all sides, but they were all heavily tinted.

She walked in, happy to finally meet the people that given her such great new clothing, but the counter at the front was empty. Taking a look around the store, she saw rows and rows of scandalously skimpy clothing, from tiny hot-pants to micro mini skirts to tops that were barely there, either because of sheerness or lack of fabric, or both.

There was footwear as well, skyhigh platforms and skin-tight boots, and all sorts of lacy, sheer, girly hosiery. In one corner of the store Gloria even found accessories – all manner of jewelry and chains, belts, collars, gloves.

There were mirrors on every wall, so Gloria got to admire her stunning reflection as often as she wanted, which of course was often indeed.

After maybe ten minutes of wonder at the sheer amount of glorious clothes that she wanted to purchase, Gloria noticed that the security cameras on the walls were all following her intently, whirring and whizzing as she walked from rack to rack.

"Hello?" She asked loudly, precariously standing on the tips of her platforms, head on a swivel.

It was then that she saw the note on the counter. Funny that she hadn't noticed it before, but it was probably because she was so intent on looking around. She picked it up, noticing happily that it was addressed directly to her.

Gloria,

You have been chosen by Female Designs as our first customer. A trial run, if you will. We hope you're enjoying the sensations that only Female Designs can deliver, and encourage you to take any items that you desire in the store, with no limits on quantity. As our first customer, it's the least we can do to show our appreciation towards you, in the hopes that you will decide to grace us with your presence again. All we ask in return is that you recommend our shop to your friends and co-workers, so that others may feel just as wonderful as you do.

Sincerely,

M

A stack of cards with the address of the shop were next to the note, which Gloria picked up and dropped in a tiny black leather purse she had just grabbed off a counter.

The sensationally stunning blonde could hardly contain her excitement at the note's details. She let out a squeal of pure, concentrated glee, and immediately ran through the aisles with her shiny hair trailing out behind her, grabbing every tiny skirt, skimpy halter, tube top, tight sweater, micro dress that she saw.

Then she went to work on shoes, grabbing one of every style that had at least a 3-inch heel, moaning hotly at the thought that she could go months now without ever wearing the same pair twice. Hosiery was similarly treated, more attention paid to the more elaborate pairs that had little birds and flowers on them, or even (moan!) bows.

She grabbed only a few accessories, starting to feel bad about taking so much, but made sure that her bags had plenty of lacy gloves and funky-cool belts. She had to make trips, putting eight bags of spectacular clothes in her car before deciding she had gotten enough, at least for one day.

Before she left entirely, though, she changed in the dressing room, thinking that it would be a shame not to start wearing the new clothes right away.

The changing quarters were bigger, and pinker, than any that Gloria had ever been in, but there were only three rooms. Even so, there were enough clothing-hooks on the walls for at least ten different outfits.

She guessed maybe that they were some kind of community changing room. How fun!

She would have to come back when they had more customers, she thought, licking her lips at the thought of the effects her fantastic form would have.

Then she felt her lower lips get considerably moistened. She realized she was once again in front of a mirror, with no one around except for the blinking security camera. What the heck, she decided, why not give them a show?

The carpets were soft and plush, and Gloria's fabulous tanned skin contrasted beautifully with the bright white on the floor, her gorgeous blonde hair spread around her like a short blanket as she rocked herself towards orgasm three more times.

She stepped out of the dressing room half an hour later, looking fabulous in sky-high pink platform heels, a white satin micro-skirt with big pink laces on the front and a pleated pink hem, and a bright pink corset top that did almost nothing to cover her tits and did everything to show them off. Sexy-cute pink gloves with little lace tie-offs at the wrists adorned her hands. She was glorious, glorious Gloria, and she knew it.

She left as a very satisfied customer.

SO EXCITED WAS GLORIA about her new clothes that she had forgotten that she had sent Holly to her apartment earlier that day. The young receptionist certainly hadn't forgotten, and Gloria stepped into the apartment to find it sparkling clean, the lights off, candles lit everywhere to present a dim, sensual atmosphere.

Holly was curled up on the couch like a cat, wearing Gloria's own pink babydoll, white stockings, and wedge sandals from the day before. She snoozed softly, and Gloria, not wanting to wake her quite yet, took her bags into her room and began to organize all her new clothing.

She found, delightedly, that even though she had stuffed the bags full without bothering to fold anything, none of the new clothes had even the slightest wrinkle. It was some sort of super-fabric.

Gloria entered her closet and systematically threw out everything old (for some reason that she couldn't discern, it was mostly drab-colored pants and jackets), and put in everything new.

Holly had brought several cases of wine with her, apparently not wanting to disappoint, and Gloria filled herself a nice, big glass as she worked. She heard the young receptionist's voice from the hallway just as soon as she had finished.

"Gloria?"

The dazzling blonde turned and strutted out towards the dark-haired belle. She was a vision in the pink lingerie, looking much bustier, much curvier than Gloria remembered. It must have been because Gloria had never seen her with her work-clothes off, much less with Female Designs on. She licked her lips.

"You look positively edible," she purred, and coiled her arms around the entranced young woman. "I'm glad you thought to wear that."

Holly looked as though she couldn’t decide whether to soak in every inch of Gloria’s fabulous form or start to worship it with her lips.

“I hope you don’t mind, I just saw it on the bed, and then I picked it up and decided to try it on, and it felt so good and right and sexy and then I had some wine and starting playing with myself thinking about you and oh god Gloria you look amazing, I mean oh my god—”

She would have only kept babbling. Gloria cut her off by sending her sweet, wet tongue into the younger woman's mouth.

Gloria pushed her up against the wall, framing Holly's delicious head with her forearms. Holly squealed and squirmed, sounding like she could not help but want what was happening.

“Gloriiia...” she moaned. “Glorriiieeee...”

Gloria nibbled at her delicious neck, suckling softly.

“You'll be a hot sweet girl for me, won't you Holly doll?”

Holly moaned out an affirmative.

“You're going to be hot little girlyfriend, aren't you? You've wanted a girlyfriend like me, haven't you darling?”

“Y-*yes*, Gloriaa, I've n-needed you f-for s-so looonggg . . .”

Gloria slid her fingers up inside of Holly's hot, waiting pussy. “That's my girl.”

Holly shuddered, her whole body wracking against the wall.

“I-I-I I just oh my god I've *never* . . . I've never b-been with a g-girl before . . .”A

Gloria shushed her. “Don’t worry,” she said softly, her voice like soft, soothing fur in audible form, “I’ll make sure you enjoy it.”

Gloria knelt down, pushing Holly deeper into the corner. Her heels scooted through the carpet as she maneuvered.

Holly nodded down at her. “P-please. Please!”

Gloria started licking the sweet exposed mound, as expertly as she knew how. Her tongue could last for hours.

And she was totally right. Holly did enjoy it.

Friday

SHE WOKE ON FRIDAY with Holly wrapped around her body.

Gloria giggled as she remembered how they had started to play dress-up for one another with all of her stupendous new clothes, but couldn’t even

manage to put on one new outfit when taking the first one off had managed to be volcanically hot all by itself.

Sliding out of Holly's sweet embrace, she was so excited about taking a nice, warm shower, waking her new lover with her moans and then making love to her for an hour or so that she almost forgot to look at her reflection.

Almost, but honestly, with a body like hers, it was impossible not to stop and stare for a while.

She was flawless. Her shiny platinum blond hair fell down her back in a million locks and curls, perfectly styled and teased all the way down to the top of her succulent ass-cheeks, where it stopped. Her hips were wide, leading into her tiny waist that couldn't have been more than twenty inches around, at most, and her legs, which were as perfect and long as they had always been.

Gloria was barefoot, her platforms regrettably slipping off in last night's activities after a few hours of romping around the apartment, but she found herself compelled to walk as if in heels regardless, poised on her tippy-toes like a dancer.

Of course she wasn't a real dancer. Actual dancers didn't have bouncy, perky forty-four inch bust lines, even if they wanted them, or supermodel-faces that could probably make a man cum with a wink of one heavy-lidded eye.

Her skin didn't have a mark or a mole on it. Gloria had thought she had banged her elbow fairly hard on the refrigerator when Holly had been eating her out in the kitchen, and even remembered seeing it bruise, but there was nothing there now except for silken, tanned, dazzling skin.

It was as if someone had set a sun inside of her, radiating its own light and heat. She looked . . . shiny, almost, or polished. There wasn't a tan line anywhere on her body, much less a concrete memory in her brain that at one point her skin had been the same white color as the wall behind her.

Holly had snuck up on her from behind as Gloria found herself near hypnotized by her reflection, and snaked an arm around her waist to her already-moistening cunt. Gloria gasped. The two of them had that shower after all. Neither of their tits had ever been so clean.

They walked into the school together, hand-in-hand. Gloria wore bright white knee-high boots with big, funky buckles on them and six-inch stiletto heels, a soft pink micro-mini skirt that was so short it barely deserved the

designation of clothing, doing nothing to hide her bright white stockings with (fun!) pink ribbons underneath.

A matching pink thong had been pulled up tight above her skirt, ready to be snapped by any man that felt like teaching her a lesson for dressing so scandalously. Her top was pink too, two strips of cloth joined together by a small metal chain attached to two loops on either side, showing off her enormous cleavage and looking very flimsy in the face of such overwhelming mammaries.

A tiny, red leather handbag swung from her shoulder around a teensy strap. It was, she knew, a rather professional look. Everyone who saw her knew she was serious about the way she looked, and presentation was ninety percent of her profession.

Holly was dressed similarly, with calf-high black boots with five-inch heels, and a red stretch-micro dress with a pleated hem that floated upwards as she walked, as well as plunging neckline that showcased her gorgeous rack.

Holly had been uncomfortable about wearing it, but Gloria assured her with a sweaty fingering session that she would look smashing, and she was right. Red satin gloves adorned her hands as well, making Gloria wish she had remembered to wear her own.

As they stood in the main hallway, Gloria pulled in her lover for a sensual kiss, squeezing her firm bottom. It was common knowledge at the school that she and Holly had been going out for months now, fucking in every spare storage room they could find.

As everyone stopped what they were doing to watch Gloria and Holly go at it, even the couples that had been making out, Gloria remembered why she loved high school so much. Lust conquered all. It was hardly a wonder that she had sucked and fucked her way through college to get a degree in only three years, becoming the youngest teacher at Anchor Creek, just barely twenty-one.

She fondly remembered seducing Principal Adams into voting her as the head of the department after being at the school for less than a month. There were few protestations, and they were quickly silenced after she had “convinced” them to change their minds, with the help of her magic fingers and bewitching lips.

“Don’t forget to cancel last period, today, k babe?” She said. “It’s Friday, everybody should go home early. Tell Claire it’s what I want.”

Gloria knew the love struck principal would have no choice but to comply.

She let the bangin' brunette go, and walked to her first class, stopping a few times on the way for some unnecessary drinks from the water fountains, flashing her hot thong-panties to anybody that cared to look—which was everyone

"History is like, all about men," she announced to her rapt and attentive class when she arrived. "Men like, run everything. And they should. They're the reason why we're here, and without them, like, hot babes like me would never get pregnant and be able to do their like, proper duty and take care of children at home. It's totally natural to serve them, it's like, so, so right."

Gloria could feel herself getting turned on.

"Our bodies are pleasing to them in every way. Our mouths are perfect, like, holders, for their hot, yummy cocks. I think that goes without saying. And like, what's the best way to suck a cock?"

She didn't wait for an answer.

"On your knees! It's like, totally obvious that babes were just made for serving. If men are happy, then they give us girls what we want, and then everybody's happy. So why not use our, like, skills, to help them whenever they get hot, big boners?"

She giggled, and all the girls in the class giggled with her. All the boys were staring at her bouncing chest, which was how it should be.

"Of course, since men are happiest when like, we're taking care of their dicks, like, we should be making sure that we dress to give them hard-ons like, all the time. It's the only way us gals can like, succeed in this world. Am I right boys?"

Naturally, they all agreed loudly.

"Well?" She asked. "Girls, get to work. These boys are probably going to be your bosses someday. Show them how you can make them relax."

Lust-lidded eyes dropped to the bulges in the pants of every boy in class. There were many more girls than boys. Some had to double up, but Gloria made sure that everyone's technique was right.

Several occasions forced her to chide her girls for making out too much with their hunk of choice, or switching to handies instead of focusing on fellatio.

To fix this for good, the buxom booted babe grabbed sparkling hot Nadine Williams and Trent Jefferson, bringing them to the front of the

class. She stood Trent up while her and Nadine's lips mixed with each other up and down his shaft.

Teaching was such a fun job.

Gloria swallowed, of course. She was older than Nadine, even if by a few years, and deserved seniority—besides, she was mature enough to love the taste.

Gloria went down to the mail room after class ended, not really expecting to find anything there now that she had free access to the store.

But, to her delight, there was another small brown package there waiting for her. She opened it up, finding a pair of lacy pink gloves and a matching pink collar with the word, "PERFECT", written on it in shiny rhinestones. It suited her, appropriately enough, perfectly.

She knew nothing turned a man on more than to be fucked by an utterly gorgeous babe who knew she was the hottest thing around. She slipped on the gloves, enjoying the quick orgasm each one gave her with a happy little squeal and sigh, and saw another card, the word, "Obey" written on it in pink.

The sexy schoolteacher slipped the collar around her neck and clasped it tight, and came so hard she could have sworn the world had moved. Her stockings quickly became slick and wet from the hot juices running down her legs.

She had been thinking all wrong, she realized in the euphoric afterglow. It was a mistake to even have been thinking at all. It was too hard, she knew now, for a girl like her.

Guys didn't want to just be fucked, they wanted to be obeyed. Served. It was her job to obey desire, to serve lust, to spread it wherever she could. That meant concentrating only on clothes, on make-up (as if she needed it, she thought with a giggle), on fucking and sucking and doing anything that would make a man's prick feel safe and warm and appreciated, and even more than all of that – to make sure that every girl around felt the same way.

Gloria found herself wondering where Coach Jung was. She felt terrible about not swallowing his cum the other day, that wasn't like her at all. A period-long apologetic fuck-session was in order, she felt. Her cloudy, cum-hazy brain could only hope that he'd let her service him like he needed.

Gloria waved cheerfully to Holly when she passed the receptionist's office. The red-hot brunette winked in response, sitting in the lap of Vice

Principal Peters, whispering sweet nothings into his ear that were giving him a sweet something in his pants. Holly, to her credit, acted surprised when she felt it, though in a very appreciative way.

The windows on her office faced the front doors to the school, and after a few more minutes anyone walking in would see Holly on her knees, long dark hair falling in all directions all over the Vice Principal's lap. He didn't look like he cared much.

Gloria was on her way to the gym when Nurse Starr suddenly accosted her, grabbing the bodacious blonde by the arm and pulling her inside her office. The walls of the office were sparkling white, with various posters sporting cross-sections of human anatomy.

"My, Nurse Starr, I had no idea you could be so . . . forceful." Gloria demurred.

The nurse was dressed in a knee-length white skirt, with a tight brown sweater that hugged against her generous chest. "Don't say such things, Gloria, it's not really you saying them."

Gloria looked at her quizzically.

"Can't you see it?" Melanie threw her hands up. "It's like a disease, everywhere, this lust, this heat, this uncontrollable sex-craziness. It's affecting everyone! You! You used to be six inches shorter, your hair only barely went past your ears, you didn't dress like a scamp, and if you did you wouldn't look nearly as absolutely and completely gorgeous as you do now, and the smell of sex, hot sweet incredible sex didn't cling to you like a fog."

Melanie was looking quite turned on by the time she finished speaking.

Gloria pretended to look hurt. "Are you saying you don't like the way I dress?"

"Of course not, I mean—" her eyes shot quickly up and down Gloria's stellar body, and she shook her head. "Of course I don't! It's unprofessional. From you! You used to be someone I looked up to at this school, someone who refused to give in, who fought for equal rights! Now look at you!"

Gloria licked her lips. "Yes, Melanie, look at me."

She twirled around, giggling. Her tits bounced merrily.

"I know you want to," she said vainly. "I know you can't help it."

The beautiful nurse indeed couldn't help it, her hands inching towards the glorious curves that her eyes beheld.

"S-stop this, immediately. I won't let you get me too. Don't you see that you're being controlled?"

“I am being controlled,” Gloria admitted, and pressed Melanie against her desk. “Controlled by lust. You’re looking so hot today. Wearing a skirt like that, you know what it makes me think.”

Her breaths were like soft kisses on the nurse’s face.

“You’re driving me crazy, Melanie . . .please, don’t deny me?”

“Deny you wha-mmmpph” Gloria interrupted her with a kiss, pulling apart the buttons of her sweater with one hand, reaching up her skirt with the other. Her push-up bra fell easily.

She fell back against the desk. Gloria’s fingers played at both ends, pumping in an out of her instantly-wet pussy on one, and rubbing a pink nipple between her forefinger and thumb on the other.

“Now let’s think,” Gloria said with a giggle, “if I was affecting everybody, then surely you’d be under my clutches too, wouldn’t you?”

“Oh oh oh my god stop no don’t no yes stop ohhh,” Melanie shook her head, trying to focus. “I was oooh, sick Monday and Tuesday, haven’t been here as long as ohmygod, the others.”

“That’s silly,” Gloria said. “Certainly if I wanted to I could have taken you any time I could have. You’re silly, Melanie. Such a silly girl.”

“What do you meeeeeaann oh oh oh my godd sooo good, god you’re so beautiful oh my god,” Melanie talked uncontrollably, helpless in Gloria’s impeccable clutches.

“Silly girl,” Gloria insisted. “Say it. Say you’re a silly girl.”

“I’ll do no such thaaaaang,” Melanie moaned as she came. Orgasms were so easy to create for Gloria. They were nothing. Hot little bits of sex candy that she could hand out from her magical fingers. “Oh my silly. I mean girl. Oh my you’re still going oh that’s niiiice.”

“Silly girls cum for Gloria all the time, Melanie. You just came, and I made you do it, you must be a silly girl. Say it.”

“But I’m nooot a silly girllll...” Melanie whined weakly. “I’m a professional girl. I mean, oooh, a silly girl. No, I went to colleeeege to be a sillllly girl. A girly silly.” She laughed, another quick orgasm erasing her thoughts. “Yes! Yes! You're right! Silly! A silly girl! I’m just a silly girl, I’m a – mmmpph!”

Gloria cut her off, pulling one half of her top aside and sticking one strawberry-size nipple into the bedazzled nurse’s mouth. She pushed Melanie down to the floor, smothering her with her breasts. The nurse's legs scattered all over the ground as she moaned helplessly.

“You're going to cum, aren't you, silly girl?” Gloria asked.

Melanie whined, sucking madly on Gloria's nipple.

“You're going to cum just from sucking my hot tits. Only a silly girl would do that. Only a hot, silly girl that did whatever I said. Isn't that right?”

It was. Melanie's deep brown eyes lit up and emptied out a little more as she shook with another orgasm. Cumming just from sucking a woman's tits. Gloria didn't even know that was possible.

AN HOUR LATER GLORIA left the office with Melanie convinced that the best way to treat anyone who came into her office was with booze, or sex, or both. The Nurse seemed confused—she kept saying how she was certain she would have some schnapps or some wine somewhere. She assured Gloria she was going to leave to go get some more as soon as she felt like she could stand again.

Gloria suggested that she run by Female Designs on the way—a nurse had to dress to impress, after all, or she could never influence anyone to be well.

Second period had come and gone, but Gloria wasn’t concerned about her students. They would know what to do without her, she was certain. But she was off for third period, and the announcement that fourth period was canceled had come long ago, so she was free to do as she pleased. She decided, grinning, that she ought to see how her cheerleaders were doing.

Carolina looked just adorable in her new outfit, the school’s colors adorning her caramel-colored body. Sexy white stockings with red flowers on them furnished her legs, and the pleated skirt the cheerleaders normally wore was now covering essentials only by a nanometer or so. The newly adjusted halter tops that showed more cleavage than most swimsuits.

Carolina's breasts—and the breasts of the rest of all the senior girls—bounced cheerfully as they drilled, throwing each other in the air and revealing skimpy lace and thong panties, if, indeed, they were wearing panties at all.

Carolina gasped with pleasure when her eyes caught sight of the young blonde teacher. She wrung her hands together under her hot, elegant chin.

“Gloria!” She shouted happily. “I was hoping you would stop by.”

More like she begged her to yesterday after spending the period in her clutches, but Gloria didn't want to waste time with the past.

"Of course, I love watching you work," she said, licking her erotic lips. "I was wondering if I could borrow Natasha for a little field trip."

Carolina nodded. "Anything you want," she said eagerly, then bit her lower lip. "Really, Gloria, I'd do anything at all that you need."

Gloria smiled at her, and stroked her soft fingers down the side of the Latina's face. "I know, gumdrop, and I appreciate that tons."

She considered for a moment.

"Actually, there is something you could do for me . . ."

Carolina stepped closer, pressing her body against Gloria's. "Yes?" She obviously thought she knew what the hot blonde wanted.

"It's an issue with the uniforms," Gloria said, and then at crestfallen look on Carolina's face, "No, don't look so sad, I think you did a stupendous job with them."

Her sensual face brightened immediately.

"But the footwear needs work. After all, these girls won't be as sexy as possible unless they're wearing sexy shoes, right?"

"Well, that's true, but then they wouldn't be able to perform any of the routines . . ."

"That's why you just need to modify the routines a bit. Maybe if you focused on other kinds of dancing . . . the erotic sort, for instance, is perfectly suited to high heels and platforms."

"Erotic dancing?" Carolina sounded unsure.

Gloria pulled her in close with her hands around her waist, whispering in her ear. "Look at those hotties, those super-babes that you command."

Carolina's big, lovely dark eyes went to the cheerleaders standing in line. Some of them, taking initiative, had started doing kissing drills on their own.

"All those girls, their hot young bodies pressing against each other, sweating, twisting, grinding with each other. With you, if you wanted. That'd put everyone in a good mood, which is what cheerleaders are all about, right?"

"Oh yes," Carolina breathed.

"Then you'll get those new shoes, right?"

The toned instructor was too turned on to deny her. "Anything."

Gloria slipped a card for Female Designs down Carolina's cleavage.

“Good girl. That card has an address where you can buy as many as you need. And all sorts of other hot clothes. Do you like my outfit?”

“God, yes.”

Carolina’s eyes had been devouring every bit of it since she had seen Gloria walk in.

“I got it there. Pick up some clothes for yourself while you’re at it. Indulge. A scorching hot babe like you deserves it, don’t you think?”

Gloria kissed instead of waiting for an answer, not wanting to hear any more protests. She pulled Natasha out and they strutted out to Gloria's car.

The drive to the Female Designs store was a fairly quick one. Gloria had been speeding the whole way, enjoying the thrill of going over ninety miles an hour on the small town’s roads while Natasha planted soft, urgent kisses on her neck and ears.

The hot teen queen filled her new uniform very nicely. Overfilled, to be truthful, but Gloria didn’t think anyone would complain about that. Any time Natasha moved, her tits seemed like they would spill right out of her tiny top.

It was a wonder she didn’t get pulled over with the way she was driving, but she was certain she could have talked her way out of it. Or sucked, or fingered, or fucked, or even by having Natasha do any of those things for her.

“I’m bringing you here because you’re the hottest babe in school,” she told the hot teen queen, “well, besides me, I mean.”

She blew herself a little kiss in the rear view mirror, checking her appearance one last time before exiting the car.

“And this is where you’ve gotten your hot new clothes?”

“That’s right, and now you’ll get to dress just like me! Great, huh?”

“Awesome,” Natasha enthused.

Gloria was about to say something else, but upon entering the store she was struck absolutely speechless. In front of the counter there was a stunningly handsome man, the single-most attractive male that she had ever seen. Her knees suddenly felt like they were nothing but jelly, her stomach filled with butterflies on speed.

He was rather tall, over six feet, well built, with a strong chin and a regal sort of nose, and had blonde hair with that just-woken up look that Gloria now decided she was in love with. He wore a blue, pinstriped suit

that he filled out deliciously, his shoulders and chest so broad, his ass so very pronounced and tight. He looked like he had been waiting for them.

"Welcome to Female Designs," he said, his voice making Gloria's puddle of a mind melt just a little bit more. "Or welcome back, I should say to you, Miss Phine."

He smiled at her, and it was phenomenal.

She wanted to rush to him, to kiss him, to seduce him and convince him to fuck her right there on the soft soft carpet of the store. Somehow, she managed to find her composure, smiling prettily right back at him.

Gloria took a deep breath, and reminded herself that she was gorgeous. She was gorgeous enough for him. She hoped.

"Hello handsome," she said in her sexiest voice, making love to the words as they entered his ears. "You must be like, the owner of the store?"

She hadn't meant for the sentence to turn into a question, but it felt more natural. It was just so hard to be sure about anything when she was just a girl.

She held out a hand, which the man took and kissed, making Gloria squirm delightedly as a mini-orgasm bolted through her body. Gloria was wearing high high heels and he still stood several inches over her. It felt so natural to look up to him.

"That's right," he said. "I'm Mark, the proprietor of this establishment."

Gloria giggled. He was using such big words. He was looking at her like he would fuck her against the window behind her and make her beg for more. She basked in the thought.

"I see you're already bringing others to enjoy my clothes. Fantastic, Gloria. You're being a very good girl."

Gloria moaned, the endearment bringing another mini-orgasm. Natasha held out her hand just as Gloria did, and Mark kissed it as well.

"Natasha," the teen beauty breathed.

"Of course. You're Gloria's sister?"

They both giggled. "Oh no," said Gloria. "She's a student from school. She's so hot, I just had to let her know about this place. Everything here is so absolutely wonderful."

Her eyes sparkled like sapphires as she cast adoring looks at Mark. He was so hot.

"Hmm," he said. "Could've sworn you were sisters. You're both just such really hot babes that, well . . . never mind."

His eyes ran over both of their phenomenal bodies, slowly, methodically, knowingly. Gloria straightened her back, showcasing her enormous tits.

“Natasha,” he let his gaze cast on the blonde teen, “feel free to look around the store and come up to the counter whenever you’re ready to check out. Gloria and I will be up here.”

Natasha ardently went through the rows of clothing, picking out different items right away. Mark’s hand found a resting place on Gloria’s tight, toned ass, his fingers toying with the thong rising up out of it. She didn’t think she had ever been so happy.

“So um,” Gloria said, twirling nervously with a long, long strand of glossy blond hair, “there was something that like, I wanted to ask you?”

Mark’s eyes were focused intently on Gloria’s huge, stiffening nipples. She raised her chest up to give him a better view.

“Go ahead,” he said.

Her voice went as soft as it ever had, nearly a whisper. “Um, like, well, there’s a dance tonight at the school, and like, if you weren’t doing anything, um, I was really, like, hoping that maybe you could go with me, maybe? Pretty please?”

Gloria’s hands were clasped in front of her waist, one toe hopefully digging into the carpet, her eyes downcast, completely unaware of her own beauty.

“Sure,” he said casually, and Gloria cheered inside, “I’ll swing by and pick you up at seven, okay?”

“That would be totally fantas . . . fan . . . I mean, really awesome.” She giggled again. Words were hard.

“So you like my clothes, Gloria?” He asked.

“Totally!” She said enthusiastically, wanting to make him smile. “They’re like, the best things that have ever been made ever.”

He smiled, just like she hoped, and made her swoon. “Thank you. I designed them all myself. The fabric is one-of-a-kind, you might have noticed.”

He kept talking, using big terms explaining away the chemical make-up of the fabric, but Gloria couldn’t focus on his words. She just lost herself in his dreamy eyes, wanting nothing but to kiss him. She licked her lips, giving their puffy pink surface a glossy shine.

“Oh,” he realized, smiling slyly. “I suppose an explanation can wait until later. Is there something you wanted to say?”

She shook her head. “It was more like there was something I wanted to do?”

One strong, manly hand sat under her chin, guiding her face towards his in what was the most perfect moment of Gloria’s entire life. The kiss was short, but sweet, Gloria moaning into his mouth when another orgasm spiraled down towards her pussy. One of the stunning blonde’s boot-clad feet popped up on reflex.

Natasha interrupted them, holding an armful of clothes.

“I wanted to get these?” She said, a tangle of underwear, sexy shoes, and outfits in her hands.

GLORIA AND NATASHA exited the store a little while later, Natasha having four bags of clothing in her hands.

Gloria picked up a few more items for herself, mostly small knick-knacks like a gem-studded chain that spelled out “Sexy” to put around her waist as a mock-belt, and a plethora of new styled collars.

“I just spent like, over a thousand dollars,” Natasha giggled.

“Well, like, at least you got one free,” said Gloria, giggling with her.

Mark had been nice enough to give Natasha a free outfit since she had spent so much money at the store, but only if she put it on before leaving and only if he got to choose what it was. Natasha was so happy with the deal that she kissed Mark right on the lips, which resulted in them making out for a good two or three minutes while Gloria looked on in horny envy until the dreamdoll hunk gently reminded Natasha that she needed to change.

She came out a few minutes later looking boner-inspiring in the exact same outfit that Gloria had on.

“Sisters should dress alike,” he said with a smile.

Lost again in his eyes and a bit dazed from the necking session they had been enjoying while Natasha was in the dressing room, Gloria forgot to correct him.

“Also, like, I’m sure you can convince Dad, I mean, your Step-dad, that you need some more money.” Gloria winked at her. “You just have to ask him the right way.”

Gloria knew Natasha's family was loaded, just like she knew most things about her hot young protégé. She had known her for like, a billion years, so it was only natural.

"Gloria!" Natasha sounded a bit shocked. "Not with, I mean, I couldn't . . ."

"Why not? He's a guy, like any other." Except for Mark, anyway. "He'll probably love it, too. It would make him hot, having his tart of a stepdaughter giving him a little lip-service." She giggled.

Natasha giggled with her, brushing a hand through her thick, blonde tresses. "I guess you're right," she admitted after a bit, grinning. "So like, how long have you and Mark been going out now?" Natasha asked.

Gloria giggled at the thought. "Oh, we aren't . . ."

She was about to say Mark wasn't her boyfriend, but that wasn't right at all. Gloria and he had been dating, and fucking, since high school when he first moved to town. They had practically owned the school.

Gloria remembered sucking off all of his teachers before finals to make sure her beau got straight A's. Nothing but the best for him, and Gloria was his, so she, obviously, had to be the best. She giggled helplessly at the sudden flood of memories.

He was the reason she grew her hair out so long, to her ass. Mark always said that a girl who wore her hair long was showing to the world that she cared more about looks than practicality, and if a girl's hair was really long it just meant that she wanted to spend more time fussing with her appearance than anything boring like schoolwork or anything else that needed a lot of thinking.

He would parade her around the school, big strong hands grabbing her ass possessively as he openly flirted with other girls. Gloria knew he slept around, heck, she helped seduce more than half of the girls that Mark was with, and made sure to be there if he ever felt like a threesome. Gloria's duties as cheerleader captain interfered sometimes with being with Mark at all times, so she made sure that there was always a hot babe at his side to keep him all kinds of company.

In fact, she was the only babe in the school with an actual boyfriend – all the others made sure to keep themselves available in case Mark decided he wanted to bone them that day. Gloria couldn't blame them, Mark was a stud, and studs deserved a lot of girls. A hundred for each day of the week.

“Anyway,” Natasha broke her out of the spell, “I’m just like, soooo jealous of you. He’s got to be the sexiest guy I’ve ever seen.”

Gloria looked at her sister and smiled. “You know he totally wants to bone you, too.”

Natasha blushed. “Shut up!”

“I’m serious! He tells me it all the time.”

“You think I really have a chance?”

“Of course you do, beautiful. He loves screwing me, and we look just alike, so . . .”

“Oh Gloria!” Natasha moved from her seat and hugged her, holding on. “That would make me so happy.”

Natasha’s face was buried in Gloria’s mammoth melons. “Well, what’s a big sister for?”

The teen laughed. “Sister? We’re not – ”

Natasha paused then, as if thinking about something. Gloria recognized it, it was the same sort of breaks in thought that she had been getting lately. Had she? Now it was hard to remember. A giggle popped a few more brain cells sifting around in the lust-riddled haze of her brain.

They weren't really sisters, of course. Stepsisters. Had been for the longest time. But they looked so much alike, people often made the mistake.

“It’s just like, we’re around each other so much,” Natasha explained. “I hardly ever think of you as my sister.”

Gloria kissed the top of her forehead. “I know the feeling.”

The two of them had been dominating the high school ever since Natasha had been of age to go. She remembered seducing Carolina Flores, not for the first time, into naming her sister as her successor as cheerleader captain.

By that time, the lovely Latin-beauty barely needed seducing, but it was fun to make her submit to her will the long way. Carolina had such an endearing way of squirming as Gloria convinced her again and again of things that she never would believed if not for the glorious blonde’s intense sexual atmosphere.

She felt wet again, and slowly guided Natasha’s head down to her pussy, carefully avoiding the steering wheel. The gorgeous teen offered no resistance, her plush long blond hair like a blanket. It was so nice having a kid stepsister, Gloria thought with a grin.

MARK ARRIVED RIGHT on time at her apartment. He had on the same suit as before. Gloria greeted him with a shy, trembling curtsy.

“Hello, my darling,” she whispered hotly. That was as loud as she could make her soft voice go in his presence.

“Hey there, babe.”

He smiled, and kissed her on the cheek. Gloria swooned.

“Show me what you have on there.”

She spun around for him, showing off her golden gown. It had long slits along the sides and a plunging neckline, the fabric of the outfit seemingly held up entirely by their gargantuan titties. She wore matching, sparkling skin-tight thigh-high boots with six-inch platform heels. Her arms were encased in gold, opera length gloves, and she wore a black collar on her neck, featuring the word “HIS” spelled out in rhinestones.

Natasha and Holly wore the same outfit, though Natasha's was silver, and Holly's was red, and only Gloria got a collar.

“Very nice,” said Mark, nodding. “You fill it out well.”

Gloria beamed.

In the living room, they could see Natasha pacing and talking with her old boyfriend on her little cell phone.

“Because I don't want to see you anymore, okay?” the blond teen said. “You're nothing to me. I never really liked you to begin with, and you're not very good at kissing, and I wish I hadn't let you show me your dick.”

Mark smiled, and guided Gloria's hand to his cock, stiffening underneath his pants. It was enormous—a long fat pole of perfect babefucking meat. She immediately unbuttoned his pants and started stroking.

Holly, coming out of the bathroom after freshening up, saw the scene unfolding. Gloria stroking off Mark while he watched Natasha at work. Holly immediately dropped to her knees and crawled toward Mark, opening her mouth wide before his enormous cock. Holly was one of the first girls Gloria had ever served up to Mark, way back when.

Mark stroked Holly's thick, soft hair as he got harder and harder. Gloria's luscious mouth worked up and down, moaning unintelligibly, unable to voice exactly how hot she thought this all was.

Natasha finally turned to see what was happening.

“Tell him, Natasha,” Mark commanded. “Be my good girl. Tell him the real reason you're leaving him.”

Holly and Gloria both nodded. “Tell him, Natasha,” they echoed in unison. “Be his good girl.”

“You're just not good enough for me,” Natasha said into the phone, breathing hard, her fingers dripping to her crotch, staring wide at Mark and his girls. “I'm not even really sure what your name is, actually. You're *nothing* what I want. All I want is Mark. He' s such a hunk. I want him to get me pregnant. I want to be his little fuckwife. I want to have his babies. I want to raise his little girls for him. I'm his. Always. Now. Forever.”

She let the phone drop to the floor and crawled toward Mark.

As soon as Natasha got close, Mark came. His thick, perfect jets of hot white jizz sprayed all over Holly and Natasha's faces and chest. They each moaned in throaty orgasm, as did Gloria.

“Thank you, Sir!” they all cried together. “Thank you for your gift!”

They swallowed up as much as they could, each girl. Any delicious seed that had hit below their necks was rubbed into their rich, soft skin. Holly leaned into Natasha's cleavage, licking up a dollop of cum, and then stood up and smeared it all over Gloria's tits with her mouth.

“So you can have some, too!” Holly cooed.

“Thank you, doll,” said Gloria.

For a few minutes, they all traded kisses in the entry way. But eventually, Mark suggested that it was time to leave to go to the dance.

Holly drove, acting the chauffer as usual. The two blonde babe stepsisters entertained Mark in the backseat, alternating between kissing each other and kissing him to turn him on. It was so great to obey his desire.

Mark strutted into the gym where the dance was being held like he owned the place, and Gloria supposed that since she basically owned the school and Mark owned her, he did indeed. Gloria and Natasha were wrapped around his arm on either side, looking at nothing but his handsome face.

All eyes turned to them when they entered, everyone stopping what they were doing to stare. The sexual heat emanating from their presence was tangible, filling the heads of everyone in the area, clouding their thoughts, pushing any old ideas aside and filling their now air-filled heads with tits, legs, skin, hair, sex.

It was impossible to be in the same room as Natasha or Holly without thinking about hard, forceful fucking, let alone the dazzling epitome of lust that was now Gloria.

Most of the girls, as Gloria had hoped, were dressed in miniskirts and tight tops, pressing their bodies fervently against whatever boys were with them. Many were dancing with other girls, while the guys whooped and cheered them on. Gloria saw Carolina passionately kissing Rebecca Hodges, a sweet-bodied brunette cheerleader. She recognized the design of her dress from Mark's store.

Her eyes fell on Claire Adams after a few minutes, sending her a wink and then Holly to occupy her time. Mark had given all three of them plenty of business cards to pass around, which they did eagerly, wanting everyone to experience how great he was at Female Designs.

When Gloria ran out of cards, she spiked the punch with a bottle of vodka brought from home. No sense in not having some fun.

Mark picked up a chair and brought it to the middle of the dance floor, Gloria and Natasha in tow, and then ordered the two blondes to show the other girls how to dance. They started by bumping and grinding against each other, wanting to excite him with their bodies – it certainly worked for the circle that had gathered around the trio.

Then they moved to either side of Mark, and proceeded to rub every inch of body that they could around the hunk's, each blonde beauty wrapping a lavishly long leg around one of his, sliding the inside of their legs against his thighs while their tits were mashed against his face and body in tune with the thumping beat of the music. If they let up, it was only to kiss each other, or him, which happened a lot.

Holly, still with Principal Adams, began to give her the same sort of treatment. The petite redhead was powerless to stop the newly-turned bisexual, and soon the sex and heat created from their collective bodies began to affect everyone in the same way.

Formerly chaste, prim high school girls were acting like strippers, handing out lap dances to anyone that even hinted at the idea. Gloria barely noticed, because Mark kept touching her legs, her tits, her hair. It was so hard to think about anything except what a hunk he was when he was so close, so right. It was so hard to think when she was just his silly babe. Just a girly girl with air in her head and sex on what little of her mind she could use.

By the time they left, have the student body were exploring student's bodies. The sweet perfume of sex and lust reverberated throughout the entire school. When nooks and corners in the gym ran out, many went to classrooms. Most simply stopped caring and screwed on the dance floor, though a lot of them had enough decency left to use a tablecloth to cover themselves.

Mark, however, wanted a little more privacy.

MARK SPENT THE NIGHT at Gloria's apartment that night, as did Natasha and Holly. He pushed Gloria into the bedroom, telling Holly and Natasha to amuse themselves.

Gloria sat on the bed immediately, panting hot, spreading her legs out wide. Mark dropped his pants.

"Yesss yes yes!" Gloria cried. "Fuck me please yesss."

"Not so fast," he said, holding back.

His cock was right there. So big, so long, so thick.

She moaned with need. "Pleease," she whispered hotly.

"You're more than my girlfriend," he said, stroking one tight boot. His voice so commanding. "Say it."

"I'm more than your girlfriend."

Slowly, very slowly, he entered her. So slow. Excruciatingly so. Gloria —for once—couldn't cum right away. She wanted to, desperately, but her body wouldn't allow it for some reason. They had fucked countless times before, but for some reason, this time felt like the first.

"You're a piece of art," he said, so commanding. "Say it."

"I'm a piece of art."

"You're *my* piece of art."

"I'm *your* piece of art."

"I deserve to fuck you."

"You *deserve* to fuck me."

"I own you."

"You *own* me."

He was pumping into her harder. His cock so enormous inside of her. She could see the bulge swelling inside of her, pushing up her taut muscles. It was so hot. Her entire body was arranged to serve him.

"Say it again. All of it."

He pumped into her hard.

“I'm your piece of art,” Gloria cooed happily. “You deserve to fuck me. You own me. I'm your piece of art. You deserve to fuck me. You own meeee. You deserve to fuck me. You ownnnn me. Youuu deserve to fuck meeee. Youuu own me. I'm yourrr piece of arrrt. You deserve to fuck meeee. Youuuu own me. Ohhh ahhh you deserve to fuck meeee. You ohhhhown meeeeeee.”

Mark's pace got faster and faster. He grabbed her tits roughly, pinching her nipples between his thumb and index finger.

Gloria kept saying the words, kept obeying, but she quickly had no idea what they were. Meaning and sense fled her head. All that was left was the bliss-hurricane that Mark had unlocked inside of her cunt. Words were nothing. Thoughts were nothing. All that was important was his gigantic fuckrod filling her up again and again. And then he came.

There were two parts of Gloria's life. The boring, small time stuff before that orgasm. And everything after.

Pleasure rocketed through her, warping her entirely. Most of her mind slipped into nothingness. She didn't care. Obedience was bliss. She was obeying. She was bliss. Her seed inside of her was all she had ever wanted from every moment in her life. Just to be a good girl, holding her man's hot warm cum inside her belly. To be decorated so thoroughly for him on the outside that he couldn't help but decorate her inside with his beautiful, soul-glowing cum.

There were other events that night, though Gloria had trouble keeping track. At some point, Natasha and Holly came in, holding Mark tight, totally naked except for their boots and gloves.

“Fuck her, Sir,” they each cooed. “Fuck your Gloria. Fuck her rotten. Fill her full of your seed.”

Chanting, like that. Like they were worshiping.

That all made so much sense, worshiping Mark.

Saturday

GLORIA WOKE UP ON SATURDAY afternoon to the sweet slurping sound of Natasha’s and Holly’s tongues running along her nipples.

Mark was nowhere to be found, but for once Gloria found herself not caring, as her two adoring lovers continued to pleasure her tits, their fingers

taking turns in her tight, wet cunt. They came at the same time she did, her own power of orgasm stretching beyond her body just like her heat did, and then snuggled back against her hot body, caressing it fondly.

Carefully, Gloria slipped out between the two, and quickly shot through the shower.

Considerations of another romp ran through Gloria's head when she saw Natasha and Holly snuggling into each other so cutely, but she decided against it – there would be time later, and she was supposed to get to school.

She decided to walk to the school, despite her admittedly poor choice of clothing for such a venture. Her sheer lace-purple mini dress clung to her every curve like it had been wetted down. Though it was practically see-through in most places, stitched-in bright purple flowers covered essentials.

Gloria giggled happily, thinking about Mark filling her up again, making her tits bounce in the low-cut dress. Thigh-high purple boots with huge, clunky platform heels adorned her legs, and though the school was over two miles away Gloria never once felt uncomfortable walking in them.

Mark was such a genius with clothes, she sighed contentedly. Her stockings, similarly purple, had frills at the tops of them, matching the frilly gloves she had put on. A purple ribbon was tied in a big, happy bow around her neck.

She received five propositions for dates before arriving at school, though naturally she turned them all down. Gloria was Mark's girl, she couldn't go around accepting dates from different men when he might want her on any night! Three of them had stopped beside the sidewalk in their fast, expensive cars to ask her, and Gloria, not wanting to make them feel bad for wasting the gas to stop and talk, gave them hot quick little handjobs to sate their big, manly needs. Only one protested, and that was before his hands had been put on Gloria's twin peaks.

It was six-thirty before she made it to the school, a full fifteen minutes late for her own banquet. She had wanted to skip it but Mark insisted that it was important that she give her speech on the young women in the world. Schmooze the guests, spread the word about his shop. When she had protested that she didn't even have a speech to give, he reminded that it didn't matter – everyone would be putty in her hands, or tits, or legs, or whatever she decided to entangle them with.

Claire, ordinarily a crowd-pleasing orator, was stumbling over her words in apology as Gloria walked in. All the same, she was still dressed to please the crowd in a form-fitting black dress, and Claire quite suddenly appeared to have quite the form to fit to.

"Well, you see, I had a speech prepared, but it was lost when I showered with it, I mean, poured water on it accidentally. I was thinking of what to say about our young Miss Phine, who is so, so excellent, I thought of her in the shower, I mean, when I poured water on it. She is phenomenal. So perfect."

Her longish red hair was tussled, and her eyes were glazed. Gloria saw Carolina sitting on the stage beside her, applying a coat of deep red lipstick to her lovely lips. The Latina gave her a sultry wink when she noticed her.

"Uh, with our children, I mean. So very, very sex, er, spectacular as a teacher and a – " Her eyes brightened when she saw the bountiful blonde had entered. "Gloria Phine, everyone!"

Gloria put on her best smile. Everyone stood up to see her, some fought for more room, others stood up on their chairs. The guests were mostly parents and teachers from other counties interested in starting up more sections of YWAG. Gloria minced slowly towards the stand, stopping occasionally to casually introduce herself with a kiss and a hug, pressing her tits against an unexpecting patron and exposing them to her uncontrollable lust.

When she finally took the stand, half the crowd was sweating just from looking at her. Gloria noted that within the crowd of maybe a hundred, Natasha, Holly, and Melanie Starr could all be seen, spaced out evenly, there to support her in whatever way they could. Melanie even had on a bright, white, latex mockery of a nurse's uniform on, complete with white stilettos, sheer white stockings, and a latex cap. She was sure the three would come in handy.

Gloria pushed the podium aside. It wouldn't do to have all of these people not look at her rhapsodical curves. Near the back there was punch being served, and she watched as Natasha and Holly took over for the dumbfounded young man who had previously been handing it out. In quick order Holly gave herself something of his to handle, just so there were no hard feelings. A big bottle of liquor was poured into the punch before they began running it up and down the rows.

Gloria waited until they had served about half of the crowd before beginning her speech, posing beautifully beforehand, and pretending to have an intense conversation with Carolina while bent over at the waist, her lack of panties readily apparent to the people behind her.

"Young Women need to be aware about the changes in this world," Gloria began, standing proudly in front of the crowd. "They need to know about the old ways of doing things. Where men ran everything, and women stayed at home and looked pretty and only existed to serve the male-run society. They need to know that feminism was nothing but a petty phase built by silly girls who thought they were as smart as men."

She giggled.

"Obviously we've moved on since then. It's a proven fact that life evolves, and so does thinking . . . or the lack thereof. Women want to be empowered, of course we do, but the meaning of that has changed. What's more empowering to a girl than to fulfill her ultimate role in this world? That is, to serve men? Our forms are naturally pleasing to the eyes of the men around us, so it's only natural that we do our best to make our forms even pleasing to them every day. And the best way, the only way to really please, is to obey. It's so simple. It has to be, for silly girls like me."

She giggled, again. Now women in the crowd were giggling with her.

"That's what this group is all about. Learning how to please men, teaching girls how to enjoy their places in servitude, making sure that they can make a man want them all the time. The Young Women's Awareness Group is about nothing but making women aware of how to please our superiors, and I promise that if the group spreads, so will this fundamental message."

She received a standing ovation. Every male member of the crowd gave her a forward ovation as well. Cards for Female Designs were passed out and quickly accepted. Mark would make a fortune from this.

AFTER THE SPEECH, SHE had remembered suddenly that Mark had requested her presence at the store, after closing. It wasn't as if she could refuse him.

She arrived exactly on time, just like a good girl. He was there waiting on her, in the dressing room, practically dissolving her clothes the second

she entered. His big rough hands tearing them away like they were nothing at all. He was hard in instants, his enormous cock looking bigger than ever.

They fucked, fast, furious, fabulous. It was just like always.

Gloria didn't know how Mark made her feel like she was getting screwed for the first time each time they had sex, or how she could have more than a dozen orgasms in less than a half-hour, but she loved it.

She was on her knees, adoring Mark's muscular form when he said it. When the haze lifted from her mind at last. She was completely naked, Mark had stripped her bare during their lovemaking and threw her clothes at the door, and she hadn't understood why. The memories of the last few days didn't just dawn on her, they barreled into her brain in a barrage of emotion and anger.

"What-what-what?" Gloria stuttered. She couldn't believe what had happened.

"So, Gloria," Mark said with a smile, "How does it feel to be young again?"

"You did this to me?" Gloria wanted to sound outraged, but all her soft, throaty voice could manage was turned-on.

Mark laughed. "Of course I did."

Gloria paused for a moment, not knowing quite where to start. It had been so long since she had been able to have a decent thought.

"The clothes!" She exclaimed, sounding quite happy about it.

"Bingo."

Gloria looked past Mark at the mirror behind him. At her gorgeous, underwear-stain-inspiring reflection. She was unbelievably hot, she looked like she had stepped out from a drawing of some boob-obsessed artist; her body would make the nymphs from the hentai comics she had confiscated in the past jealous.

A real woman didn't have hair that touched the floor when she was on her knees, and if she did it certainly wouldn't be so thick¸ and her breasts wouldn't automatically put themselves on display, never hanging, never drooping, just perfect and huge.

Her waist had never been so tiny, and so tightly formed, and her ass, and her legs! Ancient Greek sculptors couldn't have made a better body. Not to mention a face that could have made an angel fall from heaven.

"Oh my god," Gloria tittered.

“Mmm,” Mark nodded, “You are quite a lovely sight, aren’t you? I don’t know if you’ll ever be outdone.”

“You monster,” she said adoringly, “change me back! I can’t be like this! I don’t want to!”

She tried to get up, tried to attack him. The befuddled blonde managed only to stand half-heartedly. Then Mark looked at her sharply and stopped her in her tracks.

“Please, Gloria,” he said with disbelief, “One of the secrets of my program is that I can’t really change anyone to be someone they don’t want to be, on some level.”

His poker face was unbelievable, and she couldn’t tell if he was lying or not.

“I don’t want this! I would never want this! I am a serious woman, I want serious things! Why would you do this?”

He shrugged. “Why not? You’re a wet dream. Really, you ought to thank me. You have everything you want – girls fall all over themselves trying to be like you, and men do whatever you desire.”

“This isn’t how I wanted it to be.”

Mark shrugged. “You say tomato . . . ”

Gloria thought for a second. “But . . . but how? They were just clothes!”

“Of my own design. I won’t get into the details, because let’s face it, you’re probably not going to understand any of them –”

“I most certainly would!” Indignation simmered into meekness.

“Last time I checked, you were a history teacher, not a chemist with a doctorate.”

Gloria tried scowling, and wound up smiling cheerfully. “Fine, then,” she said.

“Suffice it to say that the clothes rule you, and I rule the clothes.”

Gloria wanted to snort derisively. She giggled instead. “That's . . . that's nonsense.”

“And yet, there you stand, hot little sexpot that you are.”

“But why . . . why here? Why me?”

“A small town is the only place to start. Somewhere small, to let my influence grow. Go town by town, build my reign up. I have all the time I need, now. There’s no rush. Besides, it takes days of contact before I have complete control. Desire, of course, helps expedite the process, and so naturally I chose a high school to start. Hard to find more uncontrolled

desire than a place like that. Add an uptight woman with unfulfilled dreams of being a high school hottie—“

“Not true,” Gloria whined weakly.

“Of course not,” Mark smiled. “Like I was the one giving you dreams of being fucked against your bookshelves.”

“How do I know you weren’t?” Why did her voice have to get so little-girly whenever she asked a question?

“Come now, Gloria,” he smiled disarmingly, “where’s the trust?”

“Monster,” she gushed.

Oh, but how she did wish she could look at something else than his fantastically handsome face, his chiseled abs, his perfectly solidly sexy body. Her eyes stayed strictly above waist level, not wanting anything to do with the long, thick cock he had waiting there. This would be so much easier if her body wasn’t so receptive to visual cues like the ones he emitted.

“I think time will tell on that one,” said Mark. “Anyway, through my guidance, your own lust got magnified exponentially a million times over, releasing pheromones that I don’t even think the CDC knows about yet.”

“So what?” Gloria demanded, her voice soft and low. “Now I’m going to spend my life doing your dishes and cleaning your house and cooking and serving! No, thank you!” She really wished she could sound like she didn’t want to do all those things so badly.

“Maybe at first that’s what I was thinking, I’ll admit,” Mark said. “And I’m not saying you won’t do and utterly enjoy all of those things, but during this little trial-run I’ve found that you are incredibly useful. Nobody can stand against you when you set your mind to it, and you conduct lust like current through copper. No, I think you’re going to be my flagship girl. How does that sound?”

Gloria didn’t answer. Her mind was racing with what he just said. She could seduce anyone now! Mark was a man, if she put her mind to it, she could . . .

“Please Mark,” she cooed softly, feeling dirty, feeling hot. “Can’t we work this out somehow?”

He looked taken aback. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, isn’t there some sort of arrangement we could come to?”

She found herself able to step forward. Yes! His hold was breaking. She came very close to him. This was so wrong, so awful. But if it worked, she

could be free. It didn't hurt that Mark was so utterly handsome.

Her unreasonably hot body pressed up against his, one of her soft, dainty hands going to his face.

"Please, Mark, let me go? I could make you so, so happy to do it."

Mark appeared as if he had no idea what was going on. "Gloria, what's come over you-mmmmm"

She pressed her lips against his, luxuriating in the soft thrill that the kiss gave her. She let her tongue, wet and pink, slip into his mouth. Her hands went to his naked crotch, stroking his hardening shaft.

It was working! The important part was to pretend like she enjoyed it, just pretend like it was a thrill when his hand squeezed her ass, when her nipples skipped along his muscular chest . . .

The kiss ended when Mark started burst out laughing.

"I'm sorry," he laughed, "I didn't mean to lead you on, and you certainly are a dish, but," he laughed again, "did you honestly think you would be able to seduce me when I could take you whenever I felt like?"

Gloria's cheeks burst into red from the shame. Mark continued to deride her.

"Here you were, trying to insist that you were a serious woman. Business-minded. And what happens when your inferior intelligence can't talk you out of a situation? You try to use your appearance to get ahead. Women," he tsked, "have been taking advantage of their good looks for ages, whenever their inability to persuade was too great an obstacle to overcome."

"You-you made me do that!"

"No, Gloria, you made you do that." He ran a finger down the small of her back. She tried to ignore the hot shiver it gave her. "I had nothing to do with it. But it does serve to prove my point. Regardless, if you still think you really want to be 'free', that you actually believe that you're made for something other than sex, then I have a test for you."

He walked outside of the dressing room for a minute, Gloria tried to run but found she couldn't move, again, before Mark returned with a lavender collar in his hand. "I'll let you go," he said, "if you can last the entire night in this room without putting this collar on."

He let it hang on a nearby clothes hook. "It's one o'clock. The sun rises at five forty-five this morning. I'll be watching you, Gloria," he pointed to

the camera. “Just for fun. I know how you’ll choose. You can’t deny yourself.”

“Watch me!” She purred, as he shut the door behind her.

Gloria found suddenly that she could move. She rushed to the door, only to find it locked. She whimpered softly, wishing, again, that it didn’t sound like a sexy moan. A little curious, she picked up the collar off its hook, seeing the word, “SLAVE” written in diamonds. She threw it across the room in disgust.

She hated Mark. Hated, hated, hated him. How could he do this to her? To anyone? He was such a pig, such an obviously disgusting horrible human being. Turning women of all ages into brainless bimbos just so he could fuck whoever he pleased, probably wanting to get sucked off during his breakfast after boning the hot red-headed cook—maybe it would be Claire—before going to work and having a full shop of cute, stacked clerks doting on him and why was she thinking like this?

Gloria shook her head, her long locks flying everywhere.

It was all the sex lately. It had burnt her mind. She couldn’t focus on anything else, it seemed like. And how was she supposed to, when this perfect porn-star body that was supposed to be hers now was looking right back at her in the mirror! It was almost hypnotic.

She ran a hand down one side, and then back up, feeling herself go weak in the knees when she did. The urge to pop a finger in her pussy was almost overwhelming. This was part of the test. She didn’t need to resist just the collar, and the awful, horrible, sweet, delicious, sensuous feeling of submission (stop that!), but also herself.

And Gloria knew she was irresistible. Natasha and Holly really had no chance against her. Oh god, he made her think Natasha was her stepsister. Personally, she couldn’t stand the girl. She was a rich snob that made sure everyone knew how great she had it. And what a great bod she had, oh golly, Gloria could lick her for hours and . . . no.

She needed to lay down, that was it. The carpet was plush, soft. As she and Mark had just found out, it was perfect for fucking on, over and over again, like there was no tomorrow, and screaming, and moaning, and . . . stop. Deep breaths. She couldn’t look up, because there were mirrors there as well, so she put her head on her arm with her hair blanketing her body. It was so soft. The floor was so soft. She was so soft. Gloria giggled.

In a rush of fright she jumped up. Was the carpet coated with the substance as well? She wagged her finger at herself in the mirror.

"No more giggling?" It was supposed to be an order, it came out like she was asking to suck someone off. "Like, please?" She giggled again, making her tits dance for her in the mirror. "Oh no," she sighed, putting her face into her hands.

She was acting so sexy, that was the problem. It was as if she couldn't help but be simple, silly, sensationally seductive. Had she wanted all these things? She had to admit that Holly was fantastic in bed, as was Natasha.

Heck, so was Mark. God, was he ever.

But that didn't mean she had wanted to be with any of them. Did it? But Mark had said it only worked if she wanted it on some level . . . no, that was a lie, it had to be a lie. Just like her gorgeous body and all those hot little memories that kept plopping down into her head.

She found herself dangerously close to the mirror, her hair-trigger nipples pressed flush against it as she found herself lost in her own deep blue eyes. Damn, I look good, she thought. It was so hard to not be vain when nothing about her even hinted of imperfection.

She had to get her mind off of herself.

The only other thing in the room was the collar. She walked up to it, kicked it around. There was no way such a thing would ever go around her neck again. It signified submission, meekness, servility, everything that Gloria was against in women.

It seemed so small to be so important, to hold the key to her freedom. If she put it on, she'd be nothing but a pet, a fucktoy, a bimbo to use and enjoy at her Master's pleasure, probably going from high school to high school to pick out the hottest of the hot to have come and serve her new Lord, of course seducing the real estate agent into getting Him an incredible deal on the mansion to fit all of His new lovelies, spreading the word of Female Designs everywhere until every babe in America was wearing them and cumming just at the sight of Master Mark like good little girls and oh oh god was she ever turned on.

She needed to cum, that was the answer. If she came she'd be able to calm herself down for a while, at least until she needed to cum again, and then she would do so. It was so simple. Her reflection was turning her on, so why not just use the time to enjoy herself? Mark would find her in the morning with the collar completely forgotten about. She had won already.

She sat down in front of the mirror, admiring her own curves, blowing herself a little kiss. She tweaked her huge nipples with one hand, letting the other dip into her boiling hot pussy. It felt divine. Gloria felt more turned on than she could ever remember, aside from when she was around Mark.

She gasped as the handsome manipulator suddenly entered her thoughts, increasing her horniness even more.

Determined to shut him out, she brought up the image of Holly, on the first night they were together. She had been so lovely . . . but that just brought up memories of the night before, when she had been licking Holly's tits while Mark drilled into Gloria from behind.

The shock of the vividness of the memory, the tangible feeling of Mas . . . of Mark inside of her made Gloria cum without warning.

She let out a little whine. It was no fair. She didn't want to cum to Mark, she wanted to cum for herself.

Determined, she began to play with herself again, only needing to look in the mirror to get turned on again. Her toes plunged into the deep, silk-soft carpets as she conjured up the image of her stepsist . . . of Natasha, blonde, sexy, gorgeous.

She imagined them in the car again, Natasha's knowledgeable tongue sliding its way into her slit, but that just brought up the memory of that morning, drunk, sucking off Mark while Natasha laid under her and lapped gently at her pussy.

She came again, immediately after imagining her Mast . . . after thinking of Mark. The hot smell of her lust was let loose by the dual orgasms, making her head spin.

Gloria tried again, imagining Natasha and Holly kissing her along her chest, her stomach, her thighs, but again, Mark entered the picture, bringing up the hotness of the night before, the sweltering heat they created in the room just by fucking, her head getting bounced off the headboard on her bed as Mark drilled her, Natasha and Holly all cheering him on, telling him to fuck her, Natasha begging him to fuck her stepsister harder, all of them cumming at the exact same time just like Gloria was cumming now.

Her breaths were deep, long, and spectacular to look at now that her tits were glistening with sweat. She felt like she was floating.

It was just so hard to cum without thinking of her Master. Of her Mark. Of Mark. She looked up at the ceiling, saw her own sweaty body looking

back at her, and licked her lips. It was so hard to do anything serious when she looked so hot and sex was soooo much fun.

Dimly she remembered that the cameras on the ceiling had just watched her cum three times in a row. She giggled happily. Oh well, no changing it now. She couldn't change anything. That smell, that perfume . . . it was her scent, it just made her feel so light-headed all the time.

With another giggle she crumpled down on to her hands and knees, and crawled across the room to where she had kicked the collar. The carpet was so soft, it was made to be crawled around on. Mark must have known, he was so thoughtful.

She picked up the collar with one long, dainty finger, letting it swing there for a while. It was such a silly thing, a collar. Why wear one? Totally unnecessary. Gloria's body was made for fucking, she didn't want to belong to someone to tell her what to do all the time.

She rubbed the collar between her fingers, enjoying its velvety feel. It was difficult to deny that it would feel great around her neck, being so soft and sexy.

She just wanted to get out of this room. Maybe she could only pretend to be a slave to get out? No, no that wouldn't work, she told herself, Mark was smarter than that. She was silly to think something like that. So silly.

Her face was close to the collar now, she could smell it. It had a scent that reminded her of fresh, yummy fruit. She giggled. She was a fresh, yummy fruit, juicy and delicious. She giggled again. A little curious, she licked the collar, wondering what it tasted like.

Just like fruit . . . strawberries, maybe?

It was hard to tell, one lick was strawberry, another raspberry, another grape.

She licked it again, enjoying the taste, then again, then again, again, again. Gloria was getting turned on. She flipped over to her back, ran the collar up and down her melodious curves as her fingers dove once again into her searing hot cunt.

She imagined her Mark was fucking her in the bathroom of the mall, after showing her off to everyone there and a hot make-out session in the cool waters of the fountain in the cafeteria. She would be dripping wet, everywhere, all of her slick and receptive to his knowing touch, his knowing cock. When Mark's work was done they wouldn't have to bother hiding their passion, every girl in town would be busty and bimbo-brained

and sex-crazy just like her, except, she thought with a giggle, that she would be hotter because that's what Mark wanted.

The collar in her mouth, the taste of sweet fruit running down her throat, Gloria came again with her Master's cock in her pussy.

Except it wasn't. His cock had only been her imagination. She wanted to serve Him, please Him, be with Him. Why wasn't she? She was stuck, stuck in this room until she . . . put on the collar. She stood up suddenly, a little wobbly, feeling almost drunk from the intense orgasms she had given herself, and blew a kiss at the camera, at her Master, watching her.

Tossing her hair back, she opened the collar, put it against the soft flesh of her neck, and began to close. An instant before it snapped shut, far too late to stop her fingers from moving, a fit of sobriety came to her again – who she was, why this wrong, why this wasn't what she wanted, her mind screaming one last final plea of anger and defiance – and then it clicked a moment later and the old her was erased forever.

When Mark entered the room a few minutes later she was on her hands and knees, waiting for him. He had put his clothes back on. He beckoned her forward with a finger, and she obediently complied, crawling forward before melting into his body with her head against his crotch.

"Only thirty minutes, Glory," her Master said, running a hand through her hair, "I expected a little longer."

She could only giggle. "I just like, realized my place, that's all. I never had a choice at all."

"I suppose you didn't." Mark unzipped his pants. "Well then," he said, "it's time to fulfill your station."

Glory nearly came with joy. She had never been happier.

Another Change In Style

Monday

The two week-long wait was over, and Kimberly Amora was finally back at school, no longer contagious from her bout with mono.

She strutted through the double doors of Preston High School the Monday of Homecoming Week with plots of vengeance running through her mind and low, tight, black jeans riding on her lovely hips. A thin black sweater displayed just enough of her young, bouncy cleavage to show off and not enough to not be bothered by dress code. She wouldn't be able to raise her arms without showing off a few inches of her sharply muscled torso and tiny waist.

She liked the way the black of the sweater contrasted with the incredible, vibrant green of her eyes, set off again by her long wavy chestnut locks of hair. Today, her hair framed the delicious lines of her face perfectly—her high cheekbones, her wonderfully cute nose, her magnificent lips. Kimberly had been gone, and she was done-up to impress everyone.

She was tall and slim, her body toned with years of cheerleading and tanned with just as many years of sunbathing while gossiping and watching boys play touch-football in the fields around town. With her rich shoulder-length hair, a pair of lovely, pert C-cup breasts that she was just so happy with, and a winning smile with a devastatingly pretty face, Kimberly knew she was more than a catch, she was *the* catch at Preston High.

Even stuck inside for two weeks, getting (in her eyes) flabbier and paler than what would ever be acceptable, she was still undeniably beautiful.

There was a strange, strawberry-type smell that permeated every bit of air in the school she seemed to breathe in, and she couldn’t for the life of her place the source.

She quickly ran into Rosie and Gwen, her two best friends, leaning against a water fountain and talking in low tones.

Their phone calls had been strangely sparse during her sickness, and they had never visited, but she was willing to forgive all in order to get back at Candice McMichael, the bitch who had been plotting against Kimberly

ever since she fell ill. Kimberly hoped her dear friends they would have a few ideas on the matter.

“Hi guys!” Kimberly said cheerfully. “What’s going on?”

Rosie and Gwen exchanged frightened looks, and ran off without so much as a word.

Kimberly struggled not to cry. She knew exactly what was happening, of course. Rosie and Gwen's reaction to her just confirmed her worst fears.

One kiss, *one kiss* from that awful awful Teddy Smith and she got mono and was out of school for two weeks. And it wasn’t as if she had been given a choice in the matter—he guaranteed he’d break up with her if she didn’t agree to the kiss, saying that she shouldn't be such a prude.

No girl in her social position could afford to be broken up with. It wasn’t like she wanted to break up with Teddy, either, a hot baseball player at her side that, for the most part, did what he was told and made her look good by association.

That’s what it was all about; being the “It” girl at her school like Kimberly knew she was and looking nothing but good in front of others. Kimberly was eighteen and a senior in high school; this was supposed to be her shining moment in life, being completely on top for once. Things had been going so well, too.

Even though she had been the prettiest girl at school for the last two years, seniority and the jealousy of catty older girls always held her back. But this year, finally, she had risen to her place in the spotlight.

Two weeks out of school would be a prized gift for most teenagers, but for her, it was pure hell as she watched her hard-fought-for social standing crumble around her feet. She couldn’t even go to work at the local pool like normal, where boys from other schools could see her incredible body in her tight bikinis and see what they were missing out on.

Just from one stupid kiss.

It wasn’t that Kimberly didn’t want to have sex someday, she was sure she’d enjoy it, or at least tolerate it. But, it was far too easy for her to tease its presence and then take it away to get what she wanted.

As things stood, that kiss with Teddy was about as sexual as she had gotten. It hadn’t even been that wet, lasting less than ten seconds before she had to pull away because of Teddy’s hands searching up her shirt. Kimberly wasn’t about to allow him second base when she was barely willing to let him get on first.

And it was all Candice McMichael’s fault. Blonde, busty, and snotty, Candice had been trying to take Kimberly's spot as top girl at Preston High since their senior semester had started, and now she had her chance. While Kimberly had been bedridden, Teddy dumped her (over the phone!) for that tramp Candice.

Kimberly's attempt to make class president (a popularity contest, really, which Kimberly knew she would have won) was blown when she couldn’t attend the mandatory debates, leaving Candice to run unopposed. And she couldn’t get nominated for Homecoming Queen while she was on the shelf either, as her name wouldn’t even be on the ballot due to some obscure rule that (of course) Candice had brought to the attention of the Vice Principal.

Kimberly had dreamt of being named Homecoming Queen for years—of having a crown and being the most idolized girl in the school—ever since she was a Freshman, and now thanks to Teddy Smith and his stupid, yucky kiss she wouldn’t even get the chance.

For an extra toss of dirt on her social grave, since she wouldn’t be able to do any athletics for at least two months because of the mono, Candice, of course, petitioned to have Kimberly kicked off the cheerleading squad and won everyone over unanimously, relaying the whole ordeal in a faux-sad voice (over the phone!).

There was no doubt in Kimberly’s mind, she loathed Candice McMichael.

Kimberly seethed in quiet rage for two weeks on her bed while her stepmother Veronica tried to nurse her back to health in between overtime shifts at her real estate office. It was hard for her to make time for her daughter and be the family’s sole breadwinner, with Daddy gone, but that’s how it was.

Kimberly loved her stepmother, but was annoyed with Veronica's opinion that Kimberly was too popular for her own good. Having lots of friends was all well and good, she would remind her stepdaughter often, but Veronica Amora did not raise a girl to be so bereft in her studies.

Kimberly’s eyes became very practiced and accomplished rollers. She knew studying was unnecessary when she could just convince some lonely nerd to let her cheat off of him with a bit of sweet-talking, and she was sure every nerd at school fantasized about her constantly.

After Rosie and Gwen bailed on her, she went out of her way to say hello to other friends—Josie, Nadine, Kelly, even Karolina who went with

her to kindergarten—all these efforts ended the same. They would run away; they would have nothing to do at all with Kimberly.

The senior class Assistant Principal, Mr. Walters, an oldish man with a graying crew-cut, stopped Kimberly in the hallway.

"Pull those pants up, young lady, this isn't a cabaret."

She didn't comply right away, watching Karolina run off down the hall. Mr. Walters pulled out a detention slip in a comfortable, easy motion and handed it to her.

"I suppose you thought I was joking," he said coldly. "Tomorrow at 5, or I'll take your Saturday."

Kimberly felt like crying.

She walked into History class in first period and purposefully looked for an open seat in the back. Normally, she would sit in the front, on display, but having eyes on her right now might make it hard to keep her composure.

There was a tangible, youthful energy in the room. Everyone was eighteen and ready to get out of the school once and for all.

Candice was in the class with her, sitting in the front. As a tall, very pretty blonde, Candice never stopped having advantages given to her. She had a permanently annoyed look on her face that Kimberly found revolting. Some guys got off on it, though, in the same way they might be attracted to rich B-celebrity socialites. The two exchanged hateful looks before the bell rang.

Then, Miss Phine walked in.

The teacher glided into the room; she was easily the most gorgeous woman Kimberly had seen in her entire life.

Nothing about her would even dare speak of imperfection. The long, thick, blonde hair that went to her waist, the never-ending legs, the tan to die for, the breasts that had probably made men weep with joy, the angelic face that just inspired obedience, and all of this covered with a tight, white dress that couldn't have looked anything else but gorgeous, with matching high-high platform heels.

A slim, sparkly white collar wrapped around her neck, long hoop earrings dangled from her ears. Everyone in the class was caught dumbstruck with the presence of the gorgeous teacher.

"Hi everybody!" she enthused. "Mr. Jenkins decided to retire just this weekend. I'm like, your new teacher, Gloria Phine! But you can just call me

Glory," she giggled.

Kimberly giggled with her, why not? She was so pretty. The scent of strawberries poured off from her. So pleasant. So relaxing. So calming.

Candice had raised her hand. Glory looked at her a bit bemused, and said, "Yes?"

"My name is Candice McMichael, and, as Class President," she said, looking very self-important, "I'd like to welcome you to our school on behalf of everyone here at Preston High."

Glory giggled. "You're the Class President?" Strangely, she cast a quick, deliberate look in Kimberly's direction. "How quaint."

Candice didn't seem to be fazed at all. "Also, I wanted to make sure you were well-informed about the state of affairs at the school, because there's been an awful rash of horrible sickness going around, and someone who's still highly contagious has come back to school today."

She looked meaningfully at Kimberly. Kimberly wanted to protest—she wasn't contagious! But that strawberry scent was so, so nice . . .

"I'm sure I'll be fine," Glory said coolly.

The incredibly built teacher looked around the class a bit before walking up and down the aisles, touching everyone, smiling, letting them all try to take her presence in.

It wasn't likely anyone would succeed; Kimberly didn't think a black hole would be able to take in Glory's presence.

Obvious though it was that the nuclear hot blonde was just letting all the seniors get a good look at her phenomenal body, Kimberly strangely didn't think it was odd at all. That sweet smell of strawberries and sex filled the air, and the eighteen year old mused that if she had a body like Glory's, she'd show it off as much as possible too.

Glory lingered in front of Kimberly for a long time, giving her several seconds to stare unabashedly at her heavy chest. The teacher raised up her soft fingers to stroke Kimberly's face knowingly.

Kimberly felt her heart racing. Glory's eyes were so, so very blue. Oceans of beauty. She felt her stomach tumbling in circles, staring at this beautiful creature who was doing nothing but licking perfect lips and staring right back.

After several more seconds, Glory giggled and turned back to the front of the class. Everyone shot Kimberly jealous looks, especially Candice, which made her smile even wider.

“History,” Glory said, “the way you’ve been being taught it, anyway, is totally boring.”

She picked up the textbook on the desk beside her and tossed it casually towards the trashcan. When it missed, she giggled cheerily, and bent over at the waist, flashing her tanned ass-cheeks and bright white thong to the class.

For some reason, it took her well over a minute, bending over like that to maneuver the book into the trash. Nobody complained.

“Reading is like,” she giggled, “for losers with too much time on their hands. You’re young! You should be out and about, having fun, making hot, sweet love to your favorite guy or gal. There’s nothing better than a young, hot babe wrapping her legs around her boyfriend’s waist, kissing him like there’s no tomorrow, letting him drill her over and over and over again until she can’t even walk.”

She giggled. Each little syllable of the giggle unlocked even more hypnotic bounces of her perfect tits. Kimberly sighed adoringly, as did many others.

“Being young is the best time to have sex, because it’s the time when all of us look our hottest! A girl can serve a man for way longer loads of time if she starts young, and that's totally the point of having hot great sex. Sex feels terrific because it's terrific to give a man lots of hot, wonderful orgasms and probably the girl some too, if she's really lucky. When a girl is all high on hot, yummy cums, she gets all dependent like she belongs. Dependent on a big, strong man.”

No one dared object. Kimberly knew why, of course. No one wanted to disagree with such overwhelming beauty. Besides, she was right, wasn’t she? The purpose of sex was to feel great, because it was great to orgasm, to belong to a man . . . her mind drifted.

Kimberly was becoming too lust-drunk to notice, but every girl in the class had that same, wishy-dreamy look on their faces as she did. Every guy was sizing up the girls next to him, undressing them with his eyes.

Some looked at Kimberly, but still perhaps afraid because of Candice’s lies, not for long. She wanted to frown, but it was hard to do when Glory was so fucking beautiful.

“People have been having sex since like, the start of time! All of history has been made because people loved long, hot, and hard. It’s why we’re

here now. That's why, today, you get to make your own history!" Glory said excitedly. "Everybody pair up!"

Everyone got out of their seats and stood up – several of the boys had obvious hard-ons.

"Oh, not you, Candice," Glory said, gesturing for the blond to sit back down. "As Class President, it's your duty to take notes." She smiled viciously. "Sorry, but that's the price of responsibility."

Candice, looking crushed, sat back down and took out a pen and a piece of paper. Kimberly cheered inside, but still pouted at the fact that no one seemed to want to pair up with her.

There weren't an equal number of boys and girls in the class, so several girls had to pair up with each other, until Glory stopped them, and split them up to provide an extra partner for several boys.

If girls were going to please each other, she explained, it only made sense that they did it in front of a boy. That was the whole point, wasn't it?

They all agreed.

Kimberly remained in the back. Everyone she approached suddenly found a new spot to stand when she even motioned towards them.

It was so, so unfair. She felt like she was going to cry.

"Now," Glory said, leaning back against the desk at the front of the class, "Everyone try kissing your partner. Experiment. Branch out. Kiss, kiss, kiss, let your bodies feel the bliss." She giggled. Laughs from the class trickled out after her giggles like smoke from a locomotive.

"The further you go, meaning, the more you . . . explore, the more you'll learn, and the longer your own chapters will be in today's sexy history. You wouldn't disappoint me, would you, my darlings?" She asked.

Everyone assured her they would do their best. Everyone but Kimberly.

Glory pointed at her, and crooked her finger, beckoning her to approach.

"You, come with me to my office. I'd like to chat with you for a bit."

No one but Kimberly noticed the command, they were all too busy exploring the bodies of their partners. Senior boys and girls were kissing each other madly, all the eighteen year-olds losing themselves in the touch of their fellow students. One Hispanic girl stood up on a desk, pressing her enormous breasts in the face of a young basketball player while a gorgeous black girl dutifully kissed his neck.

Glory strutted back into the office, and Kimberly followed her a bit uneasily. What was going on, really? Were people just . . . kissing?

That was totally hot and cool, but, weird too, right?

That feeling of unease, however, went away almost immediately, the hot strawberry scent even stronger inside the office. It suddenly didn't bother her at all that she knew for a fact that only well-established teachers had their own offices, and Glory had one already after only working for not even a day.

She felt giddy. Glory sat on her desk, crossing those long, traffic-stopping legs, looking at Kimberly affectionately.

"I wanted to make it a point to get to know the prettiest girl in school," she said.

Kimberly looked aside, her eyes on the shelves behind Glory's desk. Most teachers had books, statues, even awards; Glory had several issues of Cosmo and other fashion magazines, and a healthy selection of the raunchier sort of magazine with scantily clad women on the cover.

There were also rows and rows of shoes, slippers, heels, boots, and also lots of...were those collars?

Kimberly crossed her arms, skulking. "Why don't you talk to Candice, then?"

Glory hopped off the desk, tits bouncing, and moved straight to her, hands suddenly on the teen's shoulders. They were incredibly soft and warm, they felt like someone was caressing her skin with a fresh pair of silk panties straight out of the dryer. Kimberly relaxed immediately.

"That cow?" Glory rolled her eyes. "I said I wanted to talk to the prettiest girl in school, Kimberly."

Kimberly smiled immediately, not wondering for too long how Glory knew her name. She had read the class roll, that was all. Her name had gotten around, she was the prettiest girl in school.

Then she sighed.

"What's the use of being the pretty if I can't go out with boys?" she asked. "I hate mono."

Glory "awwed" sympathetically, and pulled her in for a warm embrace. Her scent, that smell of lust and fruit, was making Kimberly's head spin. Glory's huge chest pressed against her own, and the teen was very much aware of how turned on she was getting.

Her pussy had never felt like this before, except sometimes when she was dreaming. Hot. Alive. Crawling with the need to take something, someone, inside of it.

Her face fell on Glory's bare shoulder, not for need of comfort, but rather out of a need to feel that silky soft skin against her own. The heat she felt there was staggering. It became hard to stand up all the way.

Glory held her tighter, though, running a hand through her hair. The teen felt her pussy twitch happily. She felt so good, so calm, so relaxed.

She had never felt this good in her life, and it was only getting better. She felt drunk, high, drunk and high and completely gone. It didn't matter what she did while she felt this good, it was excusable, it was allowable when all she was doing was playing to how good she felt.

It was so hard to think . . . but what was there to think about? Glory was the only one in the room, that's all that she needed to think about. Soft, sexy, sensual, sensational Glory. No thinking, no worrying, just hot, sexy fun for Glory and her. Glory was in drive, in control, taking the reigns, and that was just great.

It took Kimberly several minutes of being held so incredibly close to Glory's glory to register that this was all being whispered in her ear, though she took it in as inescapable gospel. Kimberly finally realized it when she felt with a flutter of excitement in her belly Glory's lips on her ear.

"S-shouldn't . . . kiss . . . " She whispered dumbly. "You'll get sick."

Glory giggled, releasing the embrace. Kimberly giggled too, not knowing why. It was just fun to laugh when Glory did. "Oh, you silly. I'm immune."

"You had it before?"

Glory shook her head, her hair swaying sexily. "Oh no, I'm immune to all sickness. That's part of being a perfect super-hot mega babe, after all."

She giggled again, with Kimberly echoing her once again.

"I don't understand."

Glory smiled. "Of course you don't, gumdrop. You're already well on your way to being a perfectly super-hot mega babe."

Kimberly beamed at the obvious compliment.

"And thinking isn't a mega babe's strong suit, is it?"

Kimberly giggled. "Guess not," she admitted.

School, academically speaking, had always been rather hard for her.

"See? I mean, sure, we can be pretty clever when we want to be . . . but only about the important things."

"Like what?"

“Like being hot, and beautiful, and having fun, and looking sexy, and getting to fuck, duh.”

Kimberly giggled. Duh.

“We can be as clever as we want when we want something.” Glory giggled. “But, of course, when we’re around our man, there’s nothing we need to do except be pretty and silly and his. There’s nothing more important to you than being pretty, is there?”

Kimberly shook her head, realizing suddenly how right Glory was. “Being pretty . . . ”

She started tentatively, and then looked into Glory’s encouraging, bright blue eyes and went on more confidently.

“ . . . being pretty means I’m popular and guys like me, and everyone listens to me and does things for me. I love being pretty.”

She said it almost with a bit of surprise. She had always loved being better-looking than everyone, but didn’t want to sound snobby. But around Glory, it was so easy to tell the truth.

“I know you do. Society tells us we should cover up beauty, act modest, polite. But you and I both know that being hot means we’re what girls ought to be. Guys want us more than other girls. Girls want to be us. Why would they want to be us if we weren’t the shining examples of everything that’s right about females? You should revel in your hotness, Kimberly.”

Her hand caressed Kimberly’s face, and the teen felt her heart skip a beat.

“Say it again,” Glory instructed. “Say you love being pretty.”

“I love being pretty,” she said, “but . . .” she looked longingly at Glory’s ninety-nine out of a one-to-ten scale body, “ . . . you totally blow me away. I wish I was as hot as you.”

Glory’s eyes sparkled, as if she had been waiting for her to say this, as if she had been leading her down this path for their entire conversation.

“What if you could be?”

Kimberly looked puzzled. “Like surgery?”

Glory giggled, and pressed one of Kimberly’s hands to her jiggling tits. Impossibly, they felt even better than they looked. Kimberly’s already steaming hot pussy moistened noticeably. She was sure she felt little fun droplets start to run down her thighs.

“Those feel fake?” she asked.

Kimberly shook her head. They felt like heaven in flesh form.

“I’m offering you a chance to be more beautiful than you ever imagined. Sexier than every other girl in town, in the state, even. No more sickness. No more thinking ‘bout stuff you don’t like and don’t care about. All you’d have to do,” she drew herself away from Kimberly’s hands and grabbed a blue, satin collar from a pile of many on her shelf, “is wear this collar.”

It dangled precariously off of one, slim finger.

“That’s it?” Kimberly asked, confused.

Glory nodded happily. “Mmmhmm!”

“But . . . that seems sort of . . . weird. Like, kinky. I thought I read that like, slaves wear collars, and stuff? I don’t think . . .”

The dazzling blonde was quickly back in front of Kimberly. She wrapped her loving arms around Kimberly's neck, one hand stroking the teen's gorgeous hair, her huge tits crushed hotly against Kimberly’s. Glory was becoming Kimberly's whole world.

Her face, those lips, those beautiful, kissable sexy-yum lips right in front of Kimberly’s own quivering pair.

“Sunshine,” Glory cooed, “we’ve been over this. You’re a babe, and babes can’t think for anything. So whatever you were thinking couldn’t be right, could it? Not when you want this collar so terribly bad. Don’t you just love the way mine looks?”

Kimberly did, she realized that now. Glory's collar looked so deliciously perfect, setting off the deep tanned muscles of her neck. It was so sexy, wearing a collar. Glory’s own personal neck-decoration, so much more frivolous than a necklace. She nodded.

“Then you won’t mind if I put this on you?”

Lost in Glory’s bright-blue eyes, Kimberly shook her head, barely aware of what she was agreeing to.

“Good girl,” Glory said.

She brought her lips forward, kissing Kimberly hotly, their tongues tangoing while her hands snapped the collar around the teen’s neck.

Hot, unceasing pulses exploded out from Kimberly's pussy and ran laps around her body. Orgasm, she knew instantly. This was an orgasm. Her hot young teen pussy throbbing and leaking hot juices down her amazing legs, all the strength collapsing out of her body in such a sweet, beautiful rush.

This was an orgasm, oh god.

She needed more. So many more.

Somehow she was on the ground. She didn't care. Glory was ripping off Kimberly's clothes. That was awesome. It was all so wonderful.

Her panties came off, and Glory's amazing blond head slid down between her legs.

Instantly, there was another round of blissful explosions in her body. She lost control of her legs, wrapping and re-wrapping unceasingly around Glory's perfect body.

Kimberly had no idea how anything could feel so wet, so hot, so good.

And Glory. Kept. Licking!

Kimberly's unbridled screams quickly transitioned into soft, eager, brainless moans as orgasm after orgasm rollicked through her body. She lost count after ten.

WHEN THEY WERE FINISHED, Glory dressed the dazed, half-conscious Kimberly, leaving her bra on the carpet and slipping a pair of red, four-inch heeled platform sandals on her feet. Kimberly felt only a few seconds away from another orgasm, even a little bit of pressure on her pussy could set her off again, she knew.

She giggled helplessly about that fact, and Glory giggled with her, taking her arm in hers and walking with her through the crowded high school hallway, every student and teacher eye on the new lovers, and they kept giggling until they reached Glory’s expensive-looking bright-pink convertible sports car.

Kimberly didn’t know why she was laughing so much, but it was just so much fun to do so, and so close to Glory, being pressed against her body, feeling so, so good nonstop, she saw no reason to quit.

Her new shoes felt so wonderfully comfortable on her feet, she felt like she was walking on pillows. Sexy, fun pillows that gave a little jolt to her pussy every time her feet came down on the ground.

When she sat down in the car, she finally felt she should say something. “Um, are we like, skipping school?”

Glory smiled. “Of course! Hot babes like you and me get to do whatever they want during the day, and I,” she leaned in for a quick, wet kiss to the teen's cheek, making Kimberly’s heart jump, “want to spend the day with you at my place. I’ve got some great clothes for you to look at. Sound fun?”

Kimberly was positively beaming. “Totally!”

Her eyes fell to Glory’s legs, very much exposed now that her dress had slid back on the cool leather seats of her car. They were like beautiful, tanned roadways leading to the jackpot, the Mecca, the gloryland.

Kimberly giggled, and was still so dazed that she did not even know it was Glory saying these things to her, barely felt her hand gently nudging the back of her head down to her pussy.

Kimberly found her face between Glory's legs, in front of the amazing arrangement of completely bare pussy that Glory boasted. The teen licked obediently, and moaned as she heard Glory moan. The car swerved wildly. Kimberly didn't care. Everything was wonderful.

She marveled a bit at how good she was already, when this was her absolute first time at licking hot babe pussy. Her lust-ridden mind supposed it was because she was a babe, and babes were good at all kinds of sex, and she had always been a babe and that was why . . . was why . . . she had always been so good at licking pussies. Glory had been complementing her for years on it.

Yes. She had known Glory for years and years now. Glory was her best friend. Kimberly knew this.

She had always known this. She adored Glory, and always took her advice. That made perfect sense.

Glory’s long hair whipped in the wind behind her as she sped back to the house. It was just long enough for Kimberly to make Glory cum once, the car speeding almost into the opposite lane's shoulder amid a din of blaring horns as the magnificent blonde bucked her knees into the steering wheel.

It took a moment for Glory to straighten out the car. Kimberly sighed happily, knowing she made her good friend cum, and curled her beautiful head into Glory's lap.

Kimberly gasped at the size of the estate when they stepped out. It was huge; the Victorian-style mansion that had been built on the rich, rich side of town for some old millionaire who died before it was finished. Kimberly's stepmother, a real-estate agent, knew all about the place, and told Kimberly more than once. It was so expensive that no one felt they could buy it and make a profit off of it.

“Wow!” Kimberly said. “You can afford this?”

Glory giggled. “Well, I could once the realtor agreed to give it to me for free.”

Kimberly was agog. “How’d you do that?”

Glory smiled at her, stroking a cheek affectionately. “How do you think, silly?”

Kimberly blushed. “You can . . . just make a man do that?”

“Well, it was a girl, but whatever.” She laughed. “You could do it too, hottie. You just have to ask them right.”

Kimberly wanted to know more, but Glory silenced her with a kiss and took her inside. Glory took her on a tour of the house, which was only long enough for Kimberly to notice that everything, from the floors to the lamps to the mirrors everywhere to the plush, deep carpet that was in every room, was immaculately clean.

The kitchen and the main hallway had marble flooring—everything else was layered in thick, incredibly soft carpet. Like someone had planned on a person being on the floor quite often. The walls were decorated with all manner of art, usually something depicting the beauty of the female form—paintings of naked, busty women barely covering themselves, or modern-deco stylings of lips and hips and so forth.

The ceilings in every room were immense, and there were over three stories to the entire place, which wasn't even mentioning the four guest houses and the thousand acres of gardens, fountains, and paths. Someone living here would have to plan on having lots and lots of people with them, otherwise it would just be a waste.

The tour would have been longer, but Glory brought her into a bedroom.

“This could be like, your room,” said Glory. “For a while, anyway. The bed's never been used before.”

Kimberly licked her lips. “Glory,” she purred. “Baby. Do you think like, we could break it in?”

She wrapped her arms around Glory's neck. Glory's hair was so thick, so blond. So soft and wonderful.

“Please?” Kimberly asked. “I really want to make you cum again.”

Glory pulled away. “I'm sorry, sweetie, really. But we're under orders. My man wants us to get all dolled up, kay? So let's go be gorgeous.”

Kimberly nodded obediently. What men said to do was important. Especially Glory's man. She was *so* hot, so any guy that had her must have been really special.

She giggled, and then giggled again because she had been doing that so much lately. A mark of an empty mind, she decided.

Babes like her got to giggle a lot, it was how men knew that the only thing in their heads were yummy images of cocks and how best to kneel down. Glory strutted off to her own room to get re-dressed and ready for the night out.

Hanging on the door to the closet, Kimberly's own outfit was already ready to go. That was like, so cool that Glory was already prepped to go. there was a bright blue mini-dress. Kimberly put it on eagerly, finding it fit her perfectly, the neckline practically a navel-line, showing her delectably tanned tits wonderfully, and the hem was high enough to show off a lot of uncovered skin before her matching stockings took over.

Kimberly looked in the nearby mirror, and smiled broadly at the reflection. Between her heels and her collar, she was looking mighty fine. Though she had been inside all day for two weeks, her skin was radiantly tan, like she had been sitting under a tanning booth for ages . . . how had that happened? Did she care?

Just as she began to consider it, Glory walked in, wearing a dress just like Kimberly’s, but gold in color.

“Come on babe,” Glory said, “let’s go out to a club.”

THE SPOTLIGHT SHONE and Glory and Kimberly as soon as they stepped into Liquid, the hottest place in town, and did not leave them all night long.

The two of them had been let right in by the doorman, his eyes as big as dinner plates as the two babes laughed at the hundred-plus people in line.

“Eat it, losers,” Kimberly laughed at the line, blowing mock kisses. “Better than you!”

It was so much fucking fun, feeling like she was better than everyone else. Kimberly didn't think she could get enough of that feeling.

Soon after walking in, they popped out to the dance floor, grinding into each other's hot bodies in tune with the hot beats. The DJ dedicated his next forty songs to them.

After only about thirty seconds, a man approached them. He was like most of the men in the club—a young, business-looking types in nice suits and glasses.

“Buy you a drink?” one asked. “Any drink you like.”

A larger man pushed him aside, dressed in a big striped suit. “Don't mind that guy. I'll be buying you a drink. How's that?”

They accepted, and then of course turned down his offer to dance. They were there to dance with each other. It was a girl's night out.

And Kimberly couldn't help but feel, even though she was quickly acclimating to the idea that she was completely built for sex, and that she wanted to be with a guy, it couldn't just be any guy. It had to be . . . someone special.

As the duo danced, their hot bodies slipping up and down each other, most of the eyes inside the club were focused on Glory at first, but more and more drifted to Kimberly as the night went on, as if she was growing hotter and sexier the more fun she was having, the more men she was turning on.

She and Glory got free drinks all night long—in fact, neither of them even had to ask for one. Nobody seemed to care that it was a twenty-one and up club and Kimberly was only eighteen.

Some men would come by and slap Kimberly's ass, and she would just giggle helplessly. They couldn't have her, but they could treat her like an object. That was really hot, to be objectified.

They would probably all go home and jerk off to her instead of sleeping with their girlfriends or wives. It just felt so hot, to be recognized, to be known, that they wanted to hit her ass because she looked so fucking good.

After an hour, nobody else got on the dance floor. The men lost interest in all the other women—who weren't dressed nearly as provocatively or built so deliciously—and the women stewed in corners with jealousy.

So, the two babes had the dance floor to themselves whenever they wanted to stop sipping at their little free drinkies to bump and grind. Nobody wanted to miss out on a chance to watch their magical, mesmerizing moves.

Kimberly didn’t get tired once. Any time fatigue even hinted at showing its ugly face, Glory was there, her scent, touch, sight reinvigorating to the point of bliss.

It was contagious, after a while; the women that had been brewing up envy ended up kissing and grinding on men to get their attention. The men, of course, reciprocated. It was just like class that morning, except hotter.

Everybody knew how to touch each other in the club—there was no gentle teenage probing. Fingers went inside of pants and up skirts, fast.

Kimberly found herself slow-dancing to a thick latin beat in front of a pair of young women at the bar, an Asian and a redhead, who couldn't keep their hands out of each other's skirts.

“I-I'm totally st-straight,” choked the Asian.

“M-me too.” said the redhead. “Fuck, look at her!”

As Kimberly danced in front of them, pulsing her hips forward and back, waving her thick hair this way and that, rubbing her tits with her soft hands, the young women stroked each other harder and faster, cumming quietly with open mouthed awe at the perfect teenager.

Once they came, Kimberly just kept dancing . . . and they kept fingering each other. Their beautiful faces torn, looking they both wanted her to never stop, and desperately needed her to quit so they could stop and take stock of their newly lesbian lifestyle.

Glory’s hot strawberry scent spread and multiplied, never dissipating, growing thicker and thicker like an invisible fog, compelling all inside it to touch, lick, suck.

She thought she was doing well, encouraging the young women like that. She didn’t give them a look or a touch that wasn’t accompanied by a giggle and a smile, in fact, the only time she wasn’t smiling was when her hands were openly rubbing against her hot, svelte young bod—then she wore her “hot” face, heavy eyelids, wet lips, looking like she wanted fucked on top of the bar. They had to know she was serious about fucking, that was important.

Then she saw Glory surrounded by two big, dark-haired, hunky men, and three hot babes: one brunette and two raven-haired beauties that looked like sisters – though it was hard to tell with all the kissing they were doing at Glory’s behest.

Kimberly, even knowing Glory for . . . five years, was it? Even with that, she was surprised.

The blond bombshell was a walking orgy waiting to happen. After more kissing and holding, the brunettes being traded around the men like baseball cards, Glory slipped away from them, leaving each of her thralls necking on the floor.

To each onlooker, Glory handed out a small, pink card. Kimberly wanted to know more, but the girls she had been dancing for pulled her into

their laps. She giggled helplessly, kissing the Asian and then the redhead.

In between kisses, Kimberly continued to watch, absent-mindedly, as Glory approached a bald-headed man in an expensive suit, near the corner of the large club.

He was all smiles, though those quickly turned to gasps of astonishment as Glory came closer, and closer, and finally pressed up against him.

Kimberly watched as the man's hands, guided by Glory, perused her vast collection of curves while the buxom blonde whispered into his ears. She saw the man shudder several times, nodding at each one, the stain on the crotch area of his expensive suit getting bigger and bigger each time.

For several minutes, Kimberly turned her attention back to the couple who were taking turns squeezing her tits. Kimberly kissed one fondly, then the other. Then the other. Then the other. Had she done the Asian yet? Had she given the redhead plenty of tongue? No, wait, had the Asian had her pussy touched? Was the redhead flushed enough?

The two girls went to work on Kimberly's perfect tits and she rolled her head back. She looked for Glory in her daze of lust, and saw her with the same bald man. He signed some papers before Glory skipped away happily in her towering high-high heels handing the papers to a lovestruck bouncer and instructing him to put them in her car.

Then the blonde strutted back over to Kimberly, near the bar.

Glory's lips were soft and wet when they touched Kimberly's ear. "Come on, babe, let's go back to my place and celebrate."

Kimberly looked at her, first confused, then lust took over. "What do you mean?"

She giggled. It was hard to figure things out, so hard when Glory was around. So unneeded.

Kimberly already felt herself not caring about the answer, so long as she could keep looking at Glory.

"Oh, I'm the new owner of this place." Glory tossed her hair back. "Cool, right?"

Glory giggled, and kissed Kimberly passionately, her body pulsing with the excitement of the acquisition. Her amazing fingers slid deep inside Kimberly's cunt, right as she was sitting there on the laps of those two girls.

Not even thirty minutes later, Kimberly was on her new bed, finally breaking it in with Glory, the redhead, and the Asian. The redhead and the Asian were between Kimberly's perfect legs, licking her pussy in turns.

Glory, half-naked, was moaning into another long session of kisses between them, the Asian's fingers dancing inside of her pussy. Kimberly knew she deserved it.

Maybe being back in school wasn't so bad.

Tuesday

KIMBERLY LOOKED WICKED hot, and she knew it. Brown skin-tight leather boots with extra-long cigar-sized stiletto heels clicked as she walked merrily into Preston High.

She strutted as well as she knew how, a scandalously short denim mini only just covering her lovely ass and a bright blue thong pulled up above the waist-line of the skirt, doing absolutely nothing to hide her long tanned legs.

She had woken up, amid a tangle of hot, sweaty bodies, thinking that her legs were longer than they had been the day before, but that was impossible.

She easily giggled the thought away.

Her sleeveless blue mesh sweater only improved the view of her, her much larger-than-yesterday tits (or so she had thought, before again giggling such a silly idea to oblivion) bouncing in tune with the pop music coming out of the tiny mp3 player she had taken from the purse of Clarice, the redhead from the night before. A rather large leather belt dangled loosely around her waist, completely unnecessary, but Kimberly thought it looked cute. Her blue collar, of course, still adorned her neck.

All of these clothes, Glory told her, were from a fabulous place called Female Designs.

Earlier that morning, Glory had dropped Kimberly off at her house so that the beautiful teen could talk with her stepmother, but Veronica Amora wasn’t there. A rather angry note was, however, detailing how Kimberly should at the very least leave her cell phone on if she was going to be spending the night somewhere other than home, especially if she wanted to keep the cell phone.

Kimberly wrote an apologetic note in response, not having wanted to worry her stepmother, as well as an apology present of a pair of sandals from Female Designs. Then, she got back into the car with Glory. Of

course, she stopped to blow a kiss to her lovely reflection in the entryway mirror. Her thick dark brown hair went down to the middle of her back in sexy tresses and waves.

Glory walked beside her as they came into the school. The two held hands.

The stunning blonde wore a hot pink minidress, with matching stockings and over-the-knee boots and a frilly pink collar around her neck. Her outfit was much racier than Kimberly's, her tits an erotic display, her ass easily visible after a few steps in the six-inch heels of her boots built up enough wind to let the fabric be moved, but they were both confident she could get away with it.

The style seemed to be catching on. The prettier girls all had on skirts and heels, and even the frumpier ones showed some cleavage for a change. Nearly everyone was staring at the two babes. Kimberly loved it.

Down the hall, Kimberly saw Natalya Varekova, the pretty, red-headed exchange student from somewhere in Eastern Europe.

Kimberly licked her lips. Her fun last night had given her a taste for redheads.

"Got to go, babe," Kimberly said, and pulled Glory in for a kiss. They nearly stood at the same height now, each so leggy and tall.

Everyone around them stopped and gasped, like such a public display of affection was unheard of, especially between two girls. Kimberly rolled her eyes inwardly—as if they all hadn't seen it a million times before like Kimberly knew they had. Glory pinched her ass-cheek when Kimberly started to walk away.

"See you in class!" She called after her.

Kimberly walked up to Natalya, and leaned against the locker next to hers.

"Hey lovely," she said, giving her a smoky look.

"Vut do you vant?" Natalya asked her, her accent thick and delicious.

She looked suspicious. Kimberly supposed the foreign girl had all the right in the world to be wary and weary of her.

Pretty though Natalya was, Kimberly had made sure the redhead was ostracized from every community in the school, helming the campaign against her with whispered insults about her accent, and snide rumors of what passed for romance (usually ones involving animals) in her home country.

Kimberly didn't know what she had been thinking. Natalya's accent was sexy, it made her sound like some sort of foreign secret agent. And her body, with that long, red hair, was phenomenal, though not, she thought happily, as good as her own.

Natalya, dressed in tight blue-jeans and a plain blue t-shirt tight enough to let anyone know who looked that her breasts were quite large, looked sumptuous. Being pretty was the most important thing there was, Kimberly knew, but being surrounded by pretty girls was nearly just as important.

"I just wanted to say I think it's just awful how no one ever hangs out with you. You're so pretty, and you seem like such a cool person."

She reached out and rubbed her hand up and down Natalya's bare forearm, looking at her with big, sympathetic green eyes. The red-headed girl withdrew at first, but Kimberly remained insistent. Soon, Natalya almost seemed to welcome the touch, though she did look confused.

"But you . . . you are the wun who started all those rumors about me . . . "

Kimberly did her best to look hurt. "Oh no, sweetie, that wasn't me at all! That was Candice. I don't know what her problem is with you, but I was always trying to get her to drop it."

"You . . . you vere?"

Natalya looked at her questioningly, but there was also something else there in her dark blue eyes. An eagerness to believe, to be accepted.

Kimberly knew that not one soul hung out with Natalya. And now as she thought about it, she knew a cute girl in school with no friends was unheard of. Practically blasphemous. She knew that Natalya's life must be lonely and miserable—taking advantage of that desire for companionship, for attention, would be done easily.

The bell starting the first class period had rung over a minute ago, and the hallway stood empty except for the two of them.

Kimberly smiled at her, all reassurance. "Totally! Look at yourself, honey," she beckoned, her hands sliding down to grab hold of Natalya's. "You're so hot. You deserve to be popular, to be liked, to be envied. Wouldn't that be nice?"

Natalya's eyes kept flickering up and down Kimberly's body. The foreign beauty's hands soft and pliant as they were being massaged. She was breathing hard, taking in deeper and deeper amounts of air, as if the taste of Kimberly's scent was making her need more and more.

“That vould be . . . I think . . . rather nice, yes.”

Kimberly leaned in, turning her voice into a soft, hot, insistent whisper.

“You want them to be sorry for ignoring you, don’t you? You want them to want to be wanted by you, to ask for your approval, to fantasize about simply hanging out with you. You want that sort of popularity, don’t you?”

Natalya’s breaths were hard and ragged, her eyes lost in Kimberly’s. Her body seemed to lose strength, pushing up against the locker for support, even as she leaned in toward Kimberly.

“Y-yes. Oh yes, Kim-bur-lee, I vunt that very much.”

Kimberly’s smile widened, marveling at how easy it was to subvert, to manipulate, to control. One of her hands dropped to Natalya’s crotch, rubbing her hand against the denim there.

“I could give it to you, Natalya. I could make them want you. All you’d have to do is be at my side. To be my . . .” she licked her lips, “ . . . companion.”

The redhead looked unsure. “I . . . don’t know. I’m not, not that vay . . . ”

“I know you think I’m hot, sweetie.”

She slipped a tiny hand inside Natalya's tight pants, feeling the incredibly moist-inside.

“See? All wet, just for me. Wet, wet, wet for hottie hot hot Kimmie, aren’t you?”

Natalya moaned. With her accent, the sound was twice as delicious, covering all half-formed syllables in rich caramel.

Kimberly pressed her body against Natalya’s on the locker, their bosoms rubbing against each other in a celebration of teenage temptation.

She used her other hand to unzip the redhead’s pants, giving her a bit of room, and let her hand slip down to Natalya’s sopping wet pussy. Then she started to move her hands back and forth on the sweet mound of her clit in a familiar motion, at the same time planting kisses on Natalya's neck. She had doing it for Glory for ages now. Her free hand went to one of Natalya’s stiffened nipples.

“Look at that,” the buxom brunette said, fingers moving, “nipples all big and erect, just for me. That’s so hot. Your nipples should be like that all the time, it’s sexy.”

Kimberly’s own nipples proudly pressed against the mesh of her sweater.

“Won’t you help me, Natalya? Help me and be popular. Be wanted. Be cool, forever.”

Natalya’s eyes rose to the ceiling, her feet twitching on the ground, pushing her harder against the locker behind her. She was moaning words in her native language, making Kimberly giggle.

“You . . . you smell like . . . delicious . . .”

“Is that a yes, sweetie?”

“Oh. O-oh, yes. Yes, yes, yes, ye-as!” Natalya’s voice rose higher and higher as Kimberly’s fingers worked faster and faster.

Her orgasm wasn't far off. Kimberly knew her hotness inspired hot cums from everybody, boy or girl.

Kimberly kissed Natalya full on the lips the instant she came, knowing when it would be instinctively. Their tongues swirled together, Natalya moaning in hot, unbridled need.

Kimberly held her for a moment, letting the hot redheaded beauty rest. But then she slid her fingers out of Natalya's pants, licking them clean.

Kimberly stepped back, and Natalya slumped to the ground, looking dazed. Kimberly bent over and removed her sneakers and socks.

“Looks like you need some new shoes, sweetheart,” she said, dumping them into the trash. “Go see Miss Phine in Room 141 for a new pair.”

Kimberly sauntered off, feeling great.

She almost made it to Glory’s classroom when Mr. Walters, the AP, stopped her.

“Where do you think you’re going, dressed like that, young lady?” His face was red. “And why are you out of class?”

Kimberly sighed, looking down at the ground, acting disappointed. “Are you saying you don’t like it, sir?”

She stepped towards him, getting close, letting him smell her.

“When you complained about the way I was dressed yesterday, I made sure that today I would look extra-pretty.” She stood right in front of him, and so she shoved her tits upwards, into his face. “But if-if you’re just going to be mean . . . ”

And Kimberly, quite suddenly, surprising even herself a bit with how easy it came, started to cry. Mr. Walters looked taken aback for a moment, before reaching an arm out to Kimberly’s shoulders.

She took it one step further, moving into his arms and skillfully wrapping them around her back, before encircling her own around him. She

put her head on his shoulder, her hot, sweet breath hitting his neck while she wailed, tits pressed against his chest, one leg rubbing insistently against his.

"Please," she said softly, in between sobs, "hold me tighter?"

He did. His bulge was felt easily against her thigh. She fought the urge to giggle, failed, and let it turn into a weird-sounding sob.

"You're not going to send me home, are you?"

It only partially sounded like an order.

"No, of course not, Miss Amora, wouldn't . . ."

She guided one hand to rest just on the tip of her ass. He gulped.

"Wouldn't dream of it, not at all."

"So I don't have to change?" Her voice sounded hopeful.

"Ch-change? No, not . . . not today."

She let go of him for a second, gave him an adoring look, and then hugged him even tighter than before, bending him over to crash his face into her heavy breasts. He managed to struggle for only a minute, but his gut-reaction was to tighten up, which caused his hand to firmly grasp Kimberly's taut ass. His body slackened, but his grip did not.

"You'll forget all about that silly detention later this afternoon, won't you?"

He nodded eager approval. She giggled, her tits waltzing against his face.

"That's a good boy," she cooed. "Run along now."

Kimberly pushed him away. For a moment, she just marveled at herself. She was certain he was married. And in less than a minute, she had turned him into a disciplining authority into a sex-starved little boy, desperate for her gorgeous approval.

This besides the fact that she had completely realigned Natalya's sexuality, and gotten away with fingering a hot babe in the middle of the hallway.

"I. am so. *HOT,*" she proclaimed loudly.

SHE STRODE INTO FIRST period, more than thirty minutes late.

Glory didn't seem to mind, continuing the kissing exercises from the day before, this time with a more hands-on approach. She was bending over

on top of a desk, exchanging deep, soulful kisses with three boys that Kimberly knew had girlfriends.

Everyone else in the class was similarly occupied, except, of course, for Candice, who again, was sitting in the corner taking notes. She looked furiously turned-on, but her hands would not slip down to her pussy, wringing above her skirt, as if she had been forbidden to touch herself. Glory and Kimberly had discussed that very order this morning.

Kimberly giggled, looking at Candice, and thought of joining the exercises, but went instead to Glory's office to play with herself. The last half-hour had left her furiously turned on.

Just like a silly babe, she had forgotten her standing order to Natalya to go to Glory's office to pick up a new pair of shoes. She saw the redhead there, who had apparently slipped around Kimberly while she was busy with Mr. Walters, trying on different pairs of shoes with one hand down her pants.

Kimberly snuck up behind Natalya and slipped her hands around the amazing waist the redhead boasted, and then effortlessly slipping her jeans down.

"Vut . . . oh," Natalya said softly, before her panties came down as well.

Kimberly pushed Natalya all the way to the ground and then kicked off her own bright thong. She stopped for a moment and readjusted Natalya's bright red high heels, making sure they were strapped on even though the rest of her legs were naked. It was important to wear those shoes, Kimberly knew somehow. They were too cute, matching her hair the way they did, to take off just for a yummy pussy-lick.

Natalya's hot little breaths pushed on her pussy as she sat down on the redhead's face. For a moment, Natalya seemed frozen.

Then Kimberly slid her own tongue onto Natalya's moist slit. When Natalya moaned, Kimberly pressed her snatch down even more, letting the teen feel how sweet it was down there.

Natalya licked tenderly, her tongue dabbing up and down. Then her moans intensified. As Kimberly licked, she felt Natalya's clit vibrate with sudden, unstoppable need. Giggling, Kimberly stopped licking just for a moment, watching the redhead's pussy twitch.

After a few seconds, Natalya moaned in orgasm, cumming *hard* just from licking Kimberly's magical clit.

Kimberly sank back down to her little loveslave's pussy, kissing it tenderly, licking it even as it shuddered.

It wasn't long before Natalya came again, and again, and again, just as Kimberly had the day before.

THE TWO OF THEM GOT to know each other extremely well during the course of first period, thoroughly making a mess in Glory's office. Kimberly left Natalya with instructions to dress up however she liked, so long as it was super hot. Looking good for whatever men were walking by was important.

Kimberly's second period was math. On Tuesdays, Mr. Falk normally had them work on worksheets for the whole period. So, it was normally boring, but she made up a fun game to make the period interesting, her overpoweringly sexy scent helping out a great deal.

As she sat in her desk, her lovely legs crossed with her heels dangling effortlessly, she flaunted her tits and smile for every student she saw.

She started with Sean Hewes, an eighteen year-old chess club nerd who had told her just a year ago that he went to bed every night dreaming of her. He was so skinny, and his hair was thick with pomade or something, and it was hard smelling whatever was on his breath.

So, at the time, she had told him he was totally gross. While that was still technically true, it didn't mean he didn't deserve a little fun.

Feeling somewhat daring, she whispered out his name and made sure he was looking at her.

With one heavy-lidded, long eyelashed wink, she sprouted a boner in his thin jeans. His entire face started flushing. Then she smiled at him flirtatiously, winking again. He smiled back, his hands dropping to his bulge. He didn't even seem to care that she could see him touch it. She tossed back her perfectly positioned hair and licked her lips slowly, staring at him then with open-faced need.

Instantly, the boner he sprouted lay seeds of his own. He shook in his chair, looking at her without blinking, stamping his feet.

She winked at him once more and then slowly crossed her long, tanned legs, flashing her panties. His face even more red, now; he was blooming again.

She did this all morning long with different students, her own erotic arithmetic. The teacher was the fifth one to go down, spasming behind his desk, his papers shifting everywhere.

It was only with twenty minutes left in the period that she discovered it worked just as well on most of the girls. Just the same, she still made ten of them cum, white-knuckles gripping their desks while they mewed softly, before bouncing gaily out of the door when the bell rang, leaving the classroom with lust-tinted windows and the class itself dazed and fuck-hungry.

KIMBERLY HAD THE SAME lunch as Teddy Smith, and was determined to make the most of it. Sitting across from him was his constant best friend, Joey Baker.

Joey was eighteen, somewhat short and just okay-looking. Truth-be-told, he was a little beneath Kimberly’s standards, but . . . wait, standards? She giggled to herself. What standards? The only standard she had was getting whatever she wanted, using her looks or her words or her clothes however she needed to.

How silly of her to think otherwise. She giggled again. That was why, during the first week of school last semester, she had changed in the football player's locker room before cheerleading practice, to let them all know just how completely gorgeous she was.

But Teddy broke up with her, he didn’t want to adore her anymore. She’d have to fix that.

It wouldn’t do to look as perfectly sexily incredible as she did and still have guys out there who didn’t want to nail her.

The cafeteria had thirty pristine white tables on three levels, each table with about six hard plastic seats screwed in as part of the table. Teddy and Joey sat with Candice at the far end of the cafeteria, opposite the kitchen and nowhere near where the Principal and teachers sat, overlooking the students as they ate.

Kimberly zeroed in Teddy's table, strutting there haughtily, ignoring the several dozen trays of spilled food that followed her. It was totally fun that all those guys couldn't keep a grip on anything while she was around.

Both Joey and Teddy were openly staring at Candice, who was slid up close to Teddy.

Kimberly slid on to the open seat next to Joey, wrapping one long, tanned leg around his, graceful arms locking around his neck. She gazed at him adoringly, and, mouth open, he gazed right back, stunned into silence at the hottie that was purring his name in between landing soft kisses on his lips.

“Uh, Kimberly?” came the confused sound of Candice’s voice.

Kimberly sent her a disdainful look, the open disgust on her face usually reserved for looking at dead animals.

“Oh.”

She sniffed, turning her nose up in the air, which in turn brought her tits higher into Joey’s face. He didn’t complain.

“Didn’t even notice you there, Candice,” she simpered with mock sweetness. “Joey must have distracted me . . . ” she ran a finger across his chin, guiding him forward for a needy, wet kiss that lasted for several seconds.

“He’s so hot,” Kimberly purred, putting a little needy whine in her voice.

The gorgeous brunette winked at Teddy, who suddenly had to cough and adjust his pant leg.

Kimberly noticed with pleasure that Candice was covering a small breakout of acne with far, far too much make-up. Kimberly's own skin shined, flawless as the surface of a diamond.

“You know how it is,” Kimberly laughed, staring in to Joey’s eyes, “Some guys you just can’t take your hands off of.”

With that, she climbed into Joey’s lap, straddling him completely, thrusting her entire body upon him. He had gone completely limp from surprise and pleasure, murmuring in helpless appreciation.

“Oh, gross,” Candice said, though less than half-heartedly. “Come on, Teddy, let’s go.”

But Teddy wasn’t listening. His hands were gripped on the table in front of him, white-knuckle tight just like the students in math class, his hips gyrating in tune with Kimberly’s as she ground her body on Joey’s lap.

Her round, tight ass was naked except for her tiny blue thong, easily visible under the tight hem of her skirt. She pressed her overflowing tits into Joey’s face, muffling his moans of mammary-inspired majesty, and looked back at Teddy, winking again and licking her lips hungrily. The

effect, just as in class, was instantaneous, and had Teddy bucking uncontrollably in his seat.

Candice's protestations had stopped. She didn't even seem to notice that Teddy had cum in his pants right next to her, as if she, too, was hypnotized by Kimberly's display.

Joey wasn't far behind Teddy. The dry-hump of Kimberly's magnificent ass was too much to take in conjunction with her loving breasts against his face. Kimberly felt his release spray against his pants, soaking them entirely, hot and pungent.

Giggling, she slid off of Joey, glad that she had given Teddy something proper to think about. There was no way he would ever do anything with Candice again without thinking of how much he wanted to fuck Kimberly.

As she stepped away from the table, she noticed that she had had built quite the crowd. Male and female, mostly students. There were a few teachers as well, no one she knew, but they had no reprimand for her. She imagined they had first wanted to stop the commotion . . . and then they saw the epic show that she had put on.

A gaggle of female admirers followed her as she went to the bathroom to freshen up, complementing her at every turn.

"Love those shoes, where did you—"

"—buy that skirt? It looks so great with your legs, and your body, and your—"

"—hair! Wow! How do you make it shine like that? It's so—"

"And you're so busty, I love that you're not afraid to show off, like, like —"

"—an angel, stepped down from Heaven. God you're gorgeous."

Kimberly smiled appreciatively at all of them, soaking up the praise, knowing she absolutely deserved it. She *was* an angel.

"Stay here, girls," she said at the door to the bathroom. "I prefer my privacy."

There was no one inside. Kimberly took her time, stretching, letting her delicious, lovely scent fill the small space. When she came out of the bathroom, having fixed her hair and clothes, Natalya was there, telling the teen worshipers about how fantastic Kimberly was.

" . . . just a perfect body, and she knows how to use it. It's like—oh! Hi Kimmie!" Natalya's voice went immediately soft and low upon seeing the chestnut-haired beauty.

Kimberly crooked a finger at the lot of them, gesturing for them to follow.

They all walked like her, hips swaying, one foot right in front of the other. Strutting like models.

She picked out the cutest boy in the hallway that she could find, a senior named Miles or something, wrapped herself around him in an erotic display, and kissed him thoroughly. He froze at first, sort of like Joey had, and she slid his hands down her vast collection of curves and whimpered encouragingly.

She broke from the embrace only to make sure that Natalya and the gaggle of girls following her were doing the same, and was glad to see they were. Most seemed a bit unsure of themselves, but as their kisses lengthened, so did their desire, and so did Kimberly's. It was good she could teach girls how to act like proper little hotties. If they were going to listen to her, she needed to teach them something worthwhile.

The bell came and went, and finally some a teacher reluctantly broke them apart. Mr. Young. Kimberly saw his hard-on shuffling around in his pants as he broke apart the girls. He was of medium height, with short blond hair and a wiry frame. He looked like a fencer. Kimberly knew he had a young wife waiting at home.

Kimberly merely giggled when Mr. Young told her to go to her next class to receive her education. She was a beautiful girl, what possible use would she have for an education?

What a silly idea.

The only time she wanted to be in class was if she could do something like what Glory taught – kissing and the like. Men would take care of all that weird, hard thinking stuff like maths or english or history. If she was supposed to do things like that herself, why on earth was she so gorgeous? Sometimes, teachers weren't that smart.

Kimberly grabbed Natalya for a quick smooch, right in front of a stuttering Mr. Young, and told her to meet her when school ended by Glory's hot pink sports car. She had plans for her.

Strutting happily through the hallways, only nominally on her way to class, Kimberly actually saw Glory herself. The hot blonde stood right outside her office, talking to a cute, dark-haired man who seemed desperately trying to stay stony-faced. They were standing in a small alcove right outside the library.

Glory was cooing, touching his arms, chest, his hair. His talking had started rapidly, heated and angry, but with every second he stayed in front of the blonde babe he seemed to grow more and more calm, more pliant. His eyes ever swinging downward to Glory's incredible cleavage, her tight dress that showed off her spectacular legs so very well.

As Kimberly watched, Glory grabbed one of his hands, and ran it up her side, letting him feel the soft fabric of her pink dress, the even soft sides of her breasts. Kimberly felt her pussy moistening, watching like this.

Abruptly, the man yelped, as if in sudden realization, and wrapped his hands over his ears and ran as fast as he could away from Glory. If he had come my way, Kimberly mused, I would have been able to stop him.

KIMBERLY WALKED INTO her fourth period class with Mr. Young forty minutes late. It was such a bother to come into class on time when the janitors were giving her so many hot looks just because she bent over at the waist to drink from the water fountains.

“I see you’ve finally decided to learn today, Miss Amora,” Mr. Young said.

He seemed like he had regained his composure somewhat, standing in authority in front of the class for so long. Fourth period was Government.

Kimberly didn’t know why she was being forced to take the class, it wasn’t like it was anything she could ever use. Girls couldn’t vote or be in office anyway. When men ran everything so nice, what was the point of silly babes like her getting involved? Mr. Young was a thirty-something with light brown hair that wore a suit every day.

“As you can see,” Mr. Young said, waving around at the class, “we are presently taking an exam. One for which you are ineligible to take, as tardy as you are.”

To Kimberly, it looked like the only examination going on was that of her hotness. Everyone had dropped their pencils, staring openly at her at the front of the class. She put on leg forward and posed.

“Oh no,” Kimberly said, “Can’t we talk about this? Outside?”

Mr. Young’s eyes went up and down Kimberly’s body before he nodded. She held the door open, and pressed the blue-mesh of her tit-filled sweater against his body as he passed. She kept her hands on the door handle when she closed it behind herself, holding her chest up proudly.

“Now Kimberly, I know you’ve been sick, but there’s no excuse for—”

“Oh, I know Mister Young, I know!” Kimberly took a sudden step towards him. He moved back, but Kimberly kept pressing forward, heels clicking on the floor. “I’ve been so bad. There’s just no helping bad, bad girls like me, is there?” She looked up at him with big, green eyes, hopeful.

He was immediately taken aback, not knowing how to respond. He wanted to continue moving backwards but found himself against the wall of lockers in the hall. Kimberly's tits were right on his chest, lightly crushing there.

“Well, now, I wouldn’t exactly say—”

“I know you wouldn’t, Mr. Young. You’re so nice,” she cooed, caressing his face. “But I’m a bad, bad girl, and you and I both know what needs to be done to bad girls.”

Mr. Young gulped audibly. “I-I couldn’t say . . .”

“Oh, sure you could . . . here, I’ll show you what bad girls need . . .”

She grabbed his hand, brought it up slightly, and then fast and hard down on her bum. It stung just a little bit.

Mr. Young was breathing hard, his hard-on evident. Sweat beads had started to form around his forehead. He was a starving man, and Kimberly was a hot, juicy piece of meat to gobble up. She giggled delightedly.

“Say it, you stud . . . tell me what a bad girl needs . . .”

Kimberly brought his hand down again, but only half-needed to. By the time his strong, wide palm had struck her bum, all the momentum was on his side. She yelped excitedly, egging him on.

“That’s right, baby, spank the naughty little babe,” his hand came down again, harder. “Oh! Yes, spank me, spank me hard!” It slapped down again. “Oh! Harder, you beast, you Oh! You horrible man! Oh! Spanking your own student. Oh! Treating me like I’m some sort of Oh! Bad person. I’m just an Oh! Bad girl, that’s all. Oh!”

Each time his hand came down, her body crushed into his a little more. He could look right down at her, into her eyes, seeing them widen and sparkle with every movement he forced upon her.

As he spanked her taut ass again and again, Kimberly slid her hand into his pants and started handling his cock. Not once did it cross her mind that this was, in actuality, the first time she had ever given someone a handjob. No, she just believed it was the proper thing to do in this situation. How else should a girl get out of failing an exam?

Her extra-sensitive nipples sliding up and down Mr. Young's chest gave her pussy an extra little jolt every time his hands came down. Her legs soon were slick with her hot, young juices.

The combination of her skilled, smooth hands and the visceral thrill of spanking such a hot teenaged babe seemed too much for Mr. Young before long.

He shuddered against her, holding her close, cumming all over her legs and feet. Kimberly thought about swallowing it up but it was far too late. It was too bad, she realized suddenly, considering how much she loved the taste of cum.

Adored it, really.

Why had she let that happen? She had loved suckling down yummy cum for the longest time, it seemed like. It was completely unlike her to not position herself properly. Something to make sure of in the future.

The cum slid right off of her delicious, hot young skin. Like it wasn't good enough to stay there. Wasn't that something.

Still shuddering, the fight gone out of him, Mr. Young fell to his knees, one hand firmly clasped upon Kimberly's fine ass.

"Now that I've been punished," Kimberly said, caressing his face, "You'll let me off the hook on that test, won't you?"

He nodded dumbly, breathing hard against her thigh.

"And you don't have any problem just giving me an A for the course?"

She leaned down at the waist in front of him, letting his eyes take in the full, firm roundness of her beautiful tits, let him think about all the wonders of her body he had yet to experience. His tongue lolled out of his mouth, drooling just a bit.

"I think I deserve that much, don't you?"

He nodded again, eagerly, tongue wagging.

Kimberly giggled, pushing his face away and scampering off back down the hallway.

WHEN SCHOOL ENDED SHE was laying on top of Glory's car, posing with her chest thrust out and legs extended. It was the most naturally comfortable position she could find. It made sense, when she felt like thinking about it. A girl's body was for showing off, so it was only natural that she felt best when she was glorifying herself.

It almost felt like the level of her hotness was even higher than it was at the start of the day. Like her musculature was just a bit more defined, her tits just a bit bigger, her hair just a bit longer. The thought didn't make that much sense, but Kimberly didn't know the first thing about biology. Perhaps it was totally possible.

Glory's spot was at the front of the senior's parking lot, nearest to the entrance to the school, so when the final bell rang, the first sight all of those eighteen year-olds saw was Kimberly's gorgeous form on the bright pink sports car.

They all walked by slowly, watching Kimberly pose, and pose again, each new position more erotic than the last. First she just lay on the car, head propped up her arm. Then she got on all fours, arching her ass upward. Then she put herself belly-down on the hood, lifting her heavy chest up with her arms, showing off her deep cleavage to all the on-lookers. She could hold these poses for hours, if she wanted.

Most of the male students that came by just stayed there, not bothering to go to their cars. Kimberly was sure she saw a few others who happened to be parked nearby going to their cars and jacking off furiously to the show so close to them. Almost all of them, even if they weren't openly stroking their cocks, were still forming large stains in the front of their pants and shorts, watching Kimberly's display. How could they help themselves? She was so fucking hot.

Girls seemed a little more uneasy, a little more disgusted, until a heavy breeze started blowing. The whole crowd was downwind of Kimberly, and so her precious, hot scent carried to them. That's when people started falling to their knees.

Glory and Natalya walked up to her, hand in hand. Glory spent some time passing out fliers and cards for that same clothing store as she had in the club last night. Natalya, though, walked straight up to Kimberly and knelt down in front of her on the pavement. Thick, black leather boots adorned her legs now—matching the black leather miniskirt on her incredible ass—protecting her knees from any abrasions on the ground.

"Please, Kimmie," moaned Natalya, her accent so thick. "may I lick you, please?"

Kimberly giggled happily, nodding. She slid down to the edge of the car. There was a crowd of easily over two hundred people watching.

"Yes," Kimberly said. "Lick my pussy like a good girl."

Natayla whimpered hotly and pulled down Kimberly's panties, her tongue immediately sliding up to the gorgeous brunette's clit. Her little licks had already improved since earlier that day—sure of themselves, now, flicking and darting with incredible precision.

With another hot, needy whimper, Natalya slid two fingers inside of Kimberly's soaking wet pussy.

Kimberly rolled her perfect face back in luxurious bliss. When she opened her eyes, she saw the entire crowd jerking and stroking themselves. All those eighteen year-old hunks and hotties, completely obsessed with Kimberly's pleasure. They wouldn't be able to cum without thinking of her ever again. Puddles of sex juices were already sliding out on the parking lot.

Glory strutted up now, clearly turned on, her blue eyes wide and heavy-lidded, her legs sparkling with her own pussy juices. She leaned forward on the car hood and started kissing Kimberly adoringly. Kimberly could hear Glory's hot little exhalations of orgasm with every second of their embrace. The two hot mega babe seductresses' aching into each other's arms, their lips positively melting into each other.

Glory's lips and hands, Natalya's fingers and tongue, it was all too much. Kimberly came, and then came again. The breeze picked up again, spreading her hot orgasmic scent to the crowd. All of them, even the ones spread out on the ground exhausted from multiple orgasms, came again and again, just like Kimberly.

There was a long stretch of minutes where nothing crossed Kimberly's mind except how wonderful she was, how beautiful her life had become, how perfect it all was and how much she deserved it all for being so lovely.

When her lovely green eyes fluttered open, she discovered that Natalya and Glory had been whispering those very hot little thoughts to her.

Such good girls, thought Kimberly.

"Would you like to go out tonight?" asked Glory. "Go dancing?"

Kimberly shook her head, cradling the blond beauty's face. "No, love. You're going to take me home, now, and adore me all night long."

Glory and Natalya nodded eagerly. The adoration in their eyes was almost tangible, each of them clinging to every word she uttered. Each so happy to do as the teen beauty asked.

Wednesday

KIMBERLY WOKE WITH the lovely, voluptuous form of Natalya wrapped around her in a loving embrace.

Had Natalya's hair always been so red? It was almost crimson now as opposed to the deep auburn it had been the day before . . . no, no, of course it had always been that color. It was part of why the gorgeous brunette had chosen the foreign student to be her loveslave.

Natalya was such a doll. In the night, during their extensive lovemaking sessions, she had sworn her undying love to Kimberly at least five or six times. It might have been more, but Kimberly couldn't speak whatever language Natalya kept sinking back into from time to time, her fragile little slave mind overcome with adoration for Kimberly.

She turned away from the foreign beauty, though, preferring her own form in the mirror at the wall next to the bed. Kimberly looked fabulously gorgeous, and she knew it.

She also knew she had to get up to get dressed, but the sheets felt so incredibly soft and comfortable. Like clouds on a sunny day in the mountains. Glory told her that everything in the house was furnished by Female Designs, even the sheets. Heck, even the cushions on the multiple sofas, the thick soft carpet, and the towels in the bathrooms.

The thought of her body looking so incredibly hot in the outfit she had picked out for the day eventually got Kimberly up out of bed.

Minutes later, she posed in front of a full-length mirror in the hallway, tossing her thick, luxurious chestnut hair back and forth, again and again, infatuated with the sight of herself. It was no wonder. Her intoxicating body was encased in yellow – a tiny pleated micro-length mini-dress adorned the generous curves of her body, doing little to hide her long, lust-provoking legs decorated with yellow fishnets and bright yellow six-inch platform heels with bright little dandelions painted on them.

Her giant tits displayed themselves eagerly, the dress practically held up by her stiff pink nipples alone. The yellow collar around her neck matched the bright, frilly yellow lace gloves on her hands. A cute little yellow cap adorned the top her gorgeous chestnut curls, falling to her perfect ass in waves and waves of thick locks and soft tresses.

She hadn't had to style her hair at all—just like a hot babe shouldn't. Everything ought to be effortless for someone as gorgeous as her, even

doing her hair. It was so fun that her body was getting so completely with the program.

The entire outfit only highlighted Kimberly's perfect, spotless, almost-shiny tanned skin. Yellow was such an impractical color. Only good for calling attention to oneself, really, which was why it was perfect for a babe like her.

The mirror did quite a good job of showing off Kimberly's wildly proportioned attributes. There were mirrors in every room there, as if Glory was so obsessed with her own glorious reflection that she couldn't bear to be away from it for very long.

It was a great idea; Kimberly would have to do the same for her own house. She was sure she could get some for free, just like Glory probably had. Her locks sparkled in the light, shining like a shower of deep brown jewels as she posed again and again in the mirror. She just couldn't get over how phenomenal she looked.

Glory's promise was delivered – the collar was paying off and then some.

Though . . . wait, what did that mean? Hadn't Kimberly always been this beautiful?

Of course she had.

Kimberly had been winning beauty contests for years now. Somewhere in her house with her stepmother was a room full of her trophies. Everywhere she went, her presence was celebrated. And though she was used to the praise, she still loved it. There was nothing more important, to her or to anything she could imagine, than being beautiful, because that was the most important part of being a hot, silly, seductive, mega babe, and that was what men wanted her to be, and nothing could be more important than being what men expected of her.

Every time her deep, green eyes drifted to a new part of her body, they stayed there while she posed again and again: hair, tits, ass, legs, ass, tits, ass, legs, tits, face, tits, legs, and so on, each gorgeous place leading into another. She was utterly in love with herself, and why shouldn't she be?

She was completely hot, her beauty statuesque, sublime, and superb; conceit was made for super-babes like her. Her legs in particular fascinated her – though of course her tits were loved dearly by any that saw them, it was really her legs that had the most amount of tanned, smooth flesh in one place. Her legs were the most advertisements for her hot slick pussy and

tight beautiful ass, gateway drugs to the sensational thrills of her entire body.

Kimberly eventually tore herself away from the mirror to go find Glory. She found her in the Master bedroom, decked out in violet-colored stockings, g-string, and bra, toying with a long strand of hair as she laid erotically on the bed with a blank look in her eyes. She looked strangely tired.

Glory was never tired.

She smiled at Kimberly when she entered.

"You just missed Master. Mark, I mean. My boyfriend." She giggled delightedly. "We stayed up allllll night after you passed out with Nat . .. a. . nata . . .the pretty girl in there."

She giggled again, almost absently, and then again a few more times over. She sounded like her brain was fried.

"He's left now, but he told me you'll be meeting him soon." Her smile widened. "Oh, and sweetie, I'm sorry I forgot to say, but after today you have to buy your own clothes."

Kimberly pouted. "But I love your clothes."

Glory sat up on the bed a bit.

"I know you do, princess, but that's the orders from on high."

She giggled and went to her dresser, her back turned to Kimberly, her long mane of glistening blond hair running down her perfectly toned back. A thick collection of hair like that was just a big signpost to a beautiful ass like what Glory had. Like what Kimberly had.

Kimberly moved forward and pressed herself against the heart-shaped ass of her lover, and ran her yellow-gloved hands from the hot blonde's inner thighs to her giant silk-encased tits. Feeling the magnificent rack, Kimberly realized her own were a bit thicker, a bit bigger, her nipples slightly larger.

How nice. Men loved big titties.

She knew Glory was smitten with her – how could she not be? Last night, she had begged to be Kimberly's number one girl over Natalya. Kimberly probably said yes, but had cum so many times that she couldn't remember.

Kimberly's lips traced along the blonde's shoulder to her neck.

"You could get them for me, Glory," she whispered sweetly. "You can do anything."

Glory moaned, Kimberly's hands poised on her tits and pussy, both moistening. Each word coming out of her mouth she used as a caress. Kimberly knew her scent was maddenly intoxicating, because Glory had done the same to her. But that was two days . . . no, months, years . . . long ago, and Kimberly was in control now.

"No . . . Kimmie, honey, you can't . . . "

Kimberly giggled, a silvery bell, continuing to kiss her lover, pushing her fingers inside of Glory's sopping wet cunt.

"Of course I can, honey. And you can too. You want to do this for me, Glory, I know you do."

Glory moaned and turned around. The enormous tits of the two beauties mashed against each other, their soft pillows made for incredible embraces like theirs. Kimberly kissed her so hotly it was a wonder it didn't leave scorch marks, sweetly fingering her all the while.

Glory came almost right away, soaking her violet stockings as her juices puddled down to the floor. Kimberly's fingers remained in the blonde's cunny, hand snaked around her waist. Her other gloved hand toyed with a nipple unceasingly, pinching and plucking.

"Oh Kim oh god oh . . . " Glory babbled, her will obviously weakened.

Kimberly kept the pressure on, her fingers still sliding in and out.

"Do it, Glory. Do it for your hot hot teenage temptress, do it for me. Make me so happy, please?"

"Oh . . . " Glory moaned, closing her eyes, grinding herself into the teen's fingers. "Oh yes, yes, okay, just this once . . . " Glory acquiesced.

But then something strange happened.

Glory shook her head, and pushed Kimberly away with a strength and mood that did not seem her own. She stood up straight, her posture becoming almost like a man's.

"No," she said, and the voice was not hers, either. It was deep, also like a man's. "You will obey, little Kimmie. Buy your own clothes."

Kimberly just giggled and nodded. "Sure," she said cheerfully.

She had no problem buying clothes. She was sure she could raise the money for it, especially with how raised her hemlines were. What she had really wanted to find out was whether she could seduce Glory . . . and she could.

She blew herself a kiss in the mirror and smiled at the reflection. Sex incarnate, that's what she was..

Glory, still looking dazed and more than a little confused, handed her a card with the address for Female Designs before collapsing onto the bed.

FIRST PERIOD WITH GLORY started with the gorgeous blonde up at the front of the class, as usual.

Many girls had taken her and Glory's cue from days before, and had started to dress quite skimpily in order to become noticed, spilling out of their clothes as they flirted openly with the boys. Any lewd comment a boy made—"Nice tits, toots," or "God, you have such a great ass"—were met with open, easy, encouraging giggles from the hot young teens. Men had to know that women appreciated being thought of as objects.

Whatever made these hot studs think about girls was good, after all, and it was easier, simpler to think about a girl as an object. People were so complicated and strange. Objects were easy, designed for simple purposes, like fucking or sucking or being the completely hottest woman alive.

Kimberly thought she recognized a few pairs of Female Design heels in the class, and even some skirts and tops. Glory made sure to lavish praise on the clothing choices of the young babes that made those choices, so Kimberly followed suit for a few short minutes.

Then, she got a better idea. Why bother complimenting all of these folk when she was the one who *really* deserved praise? She slid up on top of the wooden desk, clearing off all the unnecessary paper and pens and such, posing gorgeously just like she had on the car the day before.

"Okay," giggled Glory after about ten minutes of praise, clapping her hands. "I know that like, all of you just want to admire Kimberly all day long, and tell her how hot and deserving she is of your love, but like, we have serious work to take care of!"

Only some of the twenty-odd eighteen year-olds bothered to look at Glory instead of Kimberly.

Word had gotten out, obviously, about Kimberly's show with Natalya the day before. Rather than being disgusted or outraged, most everyone looked envious. Turned on. Wanting to participate themselves. More than a few of the students had been there, staring up at Kimberly with open, dutiful worship in their eyes.

It seemed like something far past love—reverence might be a better word. They saw her and straightened up, staying still, waiting for

commands. How fun!

“Being in front of Kimberly like this is like, a privilege,” Glory asserted. “Not just anybody gets to look at her totally hot yum yum hotness like this up close. Privilege is like, the word of the day!”

With a sultry strut, Glory arrived in front of Paul Owen in the front row. He was a star pitcher for the baseball team.

“It's a privilege to be in front of a man like this, having his eyes on me. Every girl in here should be happy just knowing they've caught the attention of some totally hot stud.”

Glory and Kimberly's intermixing scents spread with every word Glory said. The effect made it seem that she was speaking straight from holy gospel, every syllable taken in as absolute truth. Glory knelt down in front of Paul, whose eyes were widening even as the bulge in his crotch was expanding. Her tits pressed up against his knees agreeably.

“And all you guys should know that like, girls like me, we're here specifically to service you. To make you feel all nice and relaxed. And one of the best ways to do that . . .” she paused for a moment, sliding down Paul's zipper, “ . . . is to give a man a nice, easy, relaxing handjob. Just to sit and smile at him, knowing he's great, and help him rub out a nice, hot cum.

Everyone just watched Glory, kneeling happily in front of Paul, stroking his cock.

“What are you waiting for, girls?” Kimberly called out. “Do as Glory says.”

Immediately, the girls in the room sprang into action, dropping down in front of the studs nearest to them.

Candice McMichael moved to obey, and Glory snapped the fingers of her free hand. “You can't be serious, Candice. We've talked about this. Notes!”

Candice looked like she was holding back tears, and nodded, slumping back into the corner. Even with Candice occupied, there were still eight girls left over.

“Don't fret, sweetlings,” said Glory. “Just take a man and press your tits on him tight, whispering in his ear what a stud he is while his cock gets stroked. How much he deserves to be adored like this. It's all *so* true, after all. You're just letting him know it while he gets to watch Kimberly being incredible.”

Everyone groaned appreciatively. Kimberly shifted poses, tossing her hair back. The groans redoubled.

“Take it slow,” said Glory, stroking Paul's big cock. “Don't try to get them to cum. Treat the hunks. They're having the time of their life. Get used to the idea of them cumming to the thought of Kimberly. You're not enough for studs like these when Kimberly's on their minds so often.”

Everyone adored Kimberly as they stroked and were stroked. Candice’s influence over people’s opinion of her and her sickness was long gone . . . but, wait, that didn’t seem right. Candice was some silly blond note-taking tramp that couldn’t even hold a match to Kimberly’s gorgeousness.

Who would even think of looking, much less listening, to *Candice* when Kimberly was around?

And what sickness? Had Kimberly been sick? What a strange idea.

Hot babes like her didn’t get sick, sick people couldn’t fuck all the time, and that was what hot babes did, so of course she had never been sick. What a bunch of silly ideas she had been having lately. She giggled, letting the thought float away.

Kimberly shifted poses once more on the desk, flaunting her terrific ass to the small crowd. There was another collective groan as the studs all came at once.

“Don't spill a drop!” Glory enthused, her face sprayed down by Paul. “Make sure you lick up all of it. Tell him how *good* it feels to be gifted with his cum like this. He didn't *have* to give it to you.”

On top of the desk, Kimberly breathed in deep, enjoying the mixture of smells from her worshipers. It was so fun to feel adored like this.

Before class was over, Kimberly had every student empty their wallets on the desk in front of her. She needed to build some capital, after all.

KIMBERLY OPTED NOT to go to any more of her classes that day.

In second period, she found Natalya’s classroom and let herself inside. Every boy and girl stared in admiration at her yellow-clad form as she entered, except for Natalya and the pretty young brunette teacher, Miss Grant.

This was because Natalya was on her hands and knees on top of Miss Grant’s desk, whispering softly in the teacher's ear in between licking it with her velvety pink tongue. Her long, silky mane of fabulously firetruck-

red hair was wrapped around Miss Grant like a blanket. The pretty teacher stroked it incessantly, murmuring sweet hot little nothings and biting her plump bottom lip with desire.

Kimberly took a seat to watch her friend in action. Quickly, though, she had to start making out with the eighteen year-old stud who's lap she had placed her gorgeous form in.

What was a sexbomb like her to do? It wasn't as if she could stop herself from enjoying the hot, sweet pleasure of serving a male in need.

Her arousal spread like wildfire to the students around her, her body acting like a sexual furnace. Her hot, flowery scent spread to every student in the class, encouraging hot necking sessions between every single stud and babe.

Kimberly wanted to get fucked by George or Joe or whatever his name was who she was on top of, her pussy screaming to be filled. She wanted him to slide inside her and slam her against the wall—but she didn't let him.

Something made her stop, made her only give him a sweet, smiling, lazy handjob instead. She still came, looking at the worship building in his eyes.

After he came, Kimberly asked sweetly if he could spare all of his money. He could of course—he even had his dad's credit card that she could use. Awesome!

She didn't have quite the same effect on this class as she did her own, which she assumed was due to simply not being around them long enough. That would change, though.

An hour or so later she was wandering the halls, looking for stray girls to make-out with, or a jock to suck off. She had to make her admirers grow in number however she could.

The scintillating brunette made sure her hips swung from side to side with each step, her bubble-butt easily visible under her mockery of a skirt, her terrific heels making it that much easier. This was strong evidence as to why babes like her belonged in heels to begin with, if they made her look that much sexier while walking. Since hot babes only needed to be walking on their way to their next fuck, it was important to make sure men wanted to grab their asses by any means possible.

Walking past the teacher's lounge at around two in the afternoon, she was surprised to see Miss Russell, the beautiful young, blonde dance

instructor rush out of the door, breathing hard.

Kimberly had taken her class for two years prior. Miss Russell's face was flushed red, her hair loose and bouncing about her shoulders, undone from her usual ponytail. Kimberly peeked inside the teacher's lounge, and saw Glory there, pouting a bit, and immediately understood.

"Something the matter, Samantha?" Kimberly asked the obviously turned-on teacher.

The petite blonde put a hand to her face and waved it, still breathing hard. She wore a leotard underneath her jacket, and her modest, plump tits could be seen easily.

"Su-something . . . the matter?" she asked, in between gulping breaths. "N-no. I mean, yes. May-maybe. Please, do call me Miss Russell during . . ."

Her eyes finally took notice of Kimberly's hot teen form.

"That is . . . quite an outfit, Kimberly." She licked her lips involuntarily.

The brunette beauty giggled, licking her plump lips right back at her.

"You think so? Thanks!"

She twirled in place, letting her old instructor enjoy her whole luscious form. She came quite close to the teacher, her scent filling up the hallway. Miss Russell's eyes were wide and clouded over in lust.

"Kimmie, my God, your body is . . . is . . ." Samantha Russell was speechless.

"Perfect?"

Kimberly giggled, and she pressed herself forward, against Miss Russell's body, backing her into the wall.

"I try to keep in shape. I was thinking I could still be a dancer. What do you think?"

Kimberly's tits pressed urgently against hers as she spoke.

"You could do . . . absolutely anything," Samantha whispered. "Any-anything at all."

Kimberly smiled and stroked the blond woman's hair. "You'll do anything at all for me, Samantha?"

"Yes!" She said instantly. "I mean, no, that's not what I . . . I . . ."

She looked so cute and confused, no idea she was already trapped.

"Oh, do say yes, Samantha . . ." Kimberly pouted. "It would make me so happy."

She leaned forward just an inch and kissed her lips.

“Wouldn’t you like to make me happy?”

“Yessss . . . ” Lick, nuzzle. “ . . . oh my . . . ” Kiss, kiss, lick. “. . . you’re even . . . ” Kiss, lick, nuzzle. “. . . hotter than . . . mmm . . . Glory! Mmpppph!”

Kimberly giggled merrily, the blond teacher’s face buried in her expansive bust line. Miss Russell's nimble, wet, tongue had easily found its way to Kimberly's perfect nipples, shoving the thin fabric of her yellow outfit aside.

“You’ll do whatever Glory and I say, won’t you?”

She assumed the moans were a yes.

“Especially me, though, right?”

She lifted the teacher’s head for an answer.

“Oh yes!” Samantha cried, eyes fixated on Kimberly’s perfect chest. “Oh please oh oh yes just let me touch them againnnnnnn.”

Kimberly stifled her whine, guiding her pretty face back down to her velvety chest.

A few minutes later, Glory stepped out of the lounge to find Samantha happily licking Kimberly’s tits. Kimberly was busy rifling through the contents of Miss Russell's overturned purse, pausing every few seconds to shiver and enjoy a nice little orgasm from the attention her heaving mounds were getting.

With Glory’s help, Miss Russell didn’t care at all who used her credit cards.

AT SOME POINT IN THE reverie, Kimberly decided to skip the rest of school to make an appearance at the pool where she worked. Usually, her shifts were on the weekend, but she figured nobody would mind seeing her on one of her off days. She took Glory's car—she knew the bodacious blonde wouldn't mind.

She arrived at the local pool dressed in her normal oversized white t-shirt with nothing beneath it but her swimsuit, although her recent changes had rendered the once-baggy white tee tight and provocative, straining before the mass of her hefty bosom.

With her legs getting so much longer, not to mention the height added from the patented Female Designs five inch-heeled canary yellow clunky platform sandals she wore, the shirt appeared as a sort of minidress.

Her collar, too, still decorated her neck, yellow and frivolous.

Not too many people could be seen at the pool, maybe a dozen at most. Counting was so hard and useless for Kimberly, though, so her estimate could have been off.

Walking through the gate, she spotted Dale, the sandy-haired twenty three year-old pool manager, her boss, and urgently grabbed his arm. He was shirtless, wearing only short swim trunks and his whistle.

"I need to talk with you," she said fervently, clasping her soft hands onto his well-formed bicep.

Her green eyes glowed with skillfully and gleefully constructed longing. Before he could respond, she had dragged him over to the nearby utilities closet, shutting them both in after turning on the light.

They were extremely close, only an inch apart at their chest (obviously, this was more Kimberly's doing than his), and she knew her hot, flowery scent would soon be clogging every bit of his brain that wasn't focused on how much he wanted to fuck her.

"Kim, are you okay? Weren't you sick? Shouldn't you be in school?" He looked genuinely concerned. "What is it?"

"Aww, sweetie," she said, rubbing his quickly-reddening check affectionately with one slender hand, "I'm fine. I just wanted to ask your opinion on the new swimsuit uniforms I designed for the lifeguards."

He looked at her, puzzled.

"For the girls," she added quickly. "I think yours looked great . . ." her hand drifted down to his naked chest. "All us girls are always talking about how hot it makes you look. Your abs on display like that."

Dale gulped. "Y-you are?"

"Of course we are!" Kimberly giggled. "I was just hoping, maybe, we'd get the chance to look just as good?"

Dale shrugged good-naturedly. "Well sure, that sounds fine, just give me the design and –"

Kimberly's giggle cut him off, as did her playful hit to his chest that transformed into an affectionate stroking of his chiseled midsection. Every second, her fingers teased going just a bit lower.

"You goose," she giggled, taking her hands away from him only to grab the bottom of her shirt and toss it away, "I've got it right here."

Did she ever. A tight, canary yellow string bikini adorned her mouth-watering curves, the bottom little more than a piece of string with two

clingy patches of blue over her always-wet pussy and her ass-cheeks, just for that visual image of hot, sticky fabric unable to break itself away from her achingly beautiful body.

Her pussy was bare, no hair at all. The bikini was small enough to make that more than clear. She didn't remember shaving down there, but she must have – good girls had bare cunts, after all, and she was most definitely a good girl.

The top pressed her tits up and together, not that they needed the help, and beneath the slip, sparse bits of fabric over her nipples it was easy to see they were excitedly stiff. She shook her hair out when the shirt dropped to the floor, more for effect than anything else, her swirls of chestnut curls and locks shimmering in the dim light of the room.

Dale looked drunk with lust. "I – you can't wear . . . that, I mean, it's not . . not appropriate . . . "

Kimberly giggled, hearing long words always made her think of long cocks, made her happy, giggly. The effect in the tiny bikini was astounding. She pressed her body into his, her ravishing face right in front of his, her man-melting lips only centimeters away from the most passionate kisses he would ever receive.

"What could be better," she asked, "than a gorgeous babe like me wearing something that makes her look gorgeous? Doesn't that seem right?"

She took one of his hands and placed it on her ass, encouraging him to squeeze the sizzling hot flesh there.

He nodded weakly, enveloped by her large, green eyes. "Fuck," he breathed. "Fuck yes. Lord fuck yes."

Her hands moved quickly, and his red swim trunks were soon in a pile around his feet.

"And see?" she said, guiding his stiff rod towards her oven-hot snatch, "It moves over so easy, ready-made to be taken advan . . . adv . . ." She giggled. Whatever. "To be fucked by hot yummy studs like you."

She wanted to fuck horribly. Wanted to be filled up inside all the way. Even take a man's seed, get pregnant, fulfill her role and duty as a beautiful girl and serve him all day long, be a wonderful hot wife like she had always, always wanted, she suddenly knew . . . but he wasn't the one. She felt compelled to stop herself, to wait. Her first time would be with someone else.

But . . . it wouldn’t be her first time, that was a dumb thought. She had fucked dozens, hundreds of times, that was how she was a sex expert. Just couldn’t remember at the moment with who.

Besides, getting fucked, right now, wasn't the mission. She needed lots of money to go buy hot sweet new clothes for herself.

“Now,” Kimberly said, sliding her hand inside of Dale's swimshorts. “I deserve like, a raise for coming up with this, don't I?”

He nodded helplessly.

“Go ahead and open that safe, stud.”

She pointed at the safe on the shelf behind him, holding the cash people paid to enter the pool. It was supposed to toward maintenance or something silly like that, but Kimberly was more important. He nodded again.

When he handed her the cash, she slid his hand off of his incredibly stiff cock.

“Can we . . .” he was gasping for air, taking in her incredible smell. “C-can we fuck now?”

She stroked his face. “Oh, sweetie, I don't think so. But you can cum! Just stroke yourself thinking about how happy you made me, okay?”

He complied happily, staring at her helplessly, still, as she closed the door on him and left the tiny closet.

This was *so* much fun, taking men's money. Why on earth would she promise sex if they would just give it to her for being so hot? Dale was kind of a pushover, even if he was a sweetheart.

She happily strutted around the pool, several hundred dollars richer.

Feeling inspired, she walked over to a lounge chair, thinking of settling down for a tan.

“Is there anyone who would like, enjoy rubbing lotion on my back?” she called out. “Fifty dollars for a minute, let's say?”

The line formed very fast. Everyone who wasn't in the water joined in—perhaps they just hadn't heard her offer—even the lifeguards. Kimberly supposed those people in the water could have drowned, but she hardly cared – only looking sexy was important, and making people hot for her. Anything else was extraneous.

Before long, she had accumulated an enormous stash of cash, and found herself feeling an impulse to go use her new spending money. That it belonged to someone else made it all the more enticing of an idea, and she could hardly resist temptation when she *was* temptation.

As Kimberly rose up from the hands adoring her body to a chorus of pleading moans, she noticed a man with a camera outside of the pool in the parking lot. Taking pictures of her. She smiled happily.

Wasn't that nice, men wanted images of her whenever they fancied. Looking closer, she saw it was the same man who had been arguing with Glory earlier.

Strange.

THE FEMALE DESIGNS store was on the edge of town, in a formerly dilapidated shopping center that Kimberly wouldn't have been caught dead in before. The shop had added color and life to the dead square, vibrant blues and yellows coloring its exterior.

Kimberly had changed back into her school outfit before going, doing so in the parking lot of the pool. She earned a few extra dollars that way.

She walked into the shop to see a few shoppers decked out in short skirts and tops that still had price tags on them, eagerly picking up more clothing and shoving it in large pushable grocery baskets. She recognized several women from town: librarians, store clerks, even a policewoman.

There was a heady, thick scent in the air. It made Kimberly feel like impulse buying.

At the counter there was a lovely, curvaceous brunette wearing a tight red dress that did nothing to hide the swell of her perfect tits, dressed like she was ready for a night out on the town.

"Welcome to Female Designs!" the clerk chirped happily. "I'm Holly. How can I help you look your best today?"

Then she giggled, taking a look up and down at Kimberly's yellow-clad form.

"Sorry, force of habit. I see you're already familiar with what Female Designs can do for your figure."

Kimberly giggled with her. She didn't know why.

"Yes, but I still need like, a ton of new clothes. My . . ." she struggled for a lie, " . . . boyfriends, and girlfriends . . .and some other friends, they gave me their credit cards. That won't be a problem, will it?"

Holly giggled again. Her happy tits bounced in her minidress.

"Not at all, lovely. Shop to your heart's content."

Two hours of picking out heels, skirts, shorts, tops, and pounds and pounds of accessories had left her in the exact same outfit she already wore, except in bright, neon green. It felt good to change her clothes for no real reason other than to simply look hot in a different manner.

She could feel the eyes of everyone in the store on her, and she soaked up the envy and adoration merrily.

Finally she returned to the counter. Holly was there watching cartoons, idly fingering her pretty, pantie-less pussy. She got up with a giggle, balancing carefully on her enormous glass heels, and started scanning all of the items Kimberly had gathered.

The total came up, and Kimberly slowly moved through credit card after credit card, maxing each one. Who had a maximum of only a few thousand dollars, anyway? Next time, they'd learn to have lots more cash for her to use.

She sighed. Her cash was totally gone, and on the counter there was still a pair of sapphire earrings that she wanted to buy. Probably she would only wear them once and then throw them out, but she had to have them. She pouted until Holly reached under the counter and handed her an application.

“We’ll be short-staffed soon. So many of our girls get pregnant so easily. But, find me a replacement, and I’ll let you have these for free.” She smiled warmly. “Benefits include a fifty percent discount for any friends or family members.”

Kimberly giggled, filling out the form immediately. She already had the perfect candidate in mind.

Holly had no objections, and Kimberly walked out with the earrings in one of the thirty bags she had filled.

ON THE WAY BACK TO the mansion she made a quick detour to her house, Glory's car totally stuffed full of clothing bags. As she had hoped, she saw her stepmother’s car parked in the front. The jaws of her neighbors, attending their lawns, attempted quite forcefully to unhinge as she crossed the short distance from the driveway to the front door.

She dropped the two or three bags she held a half dozen times or so, and then bent over at the waist to pick them up, just in case they weren’t sure she knew they watched her.

Inside the house, she saw her stepmother wearing the platform sandals Kimberly had dropped off for her yesterday, preparing a sandwich. Her delightful form was dressed in a oddly-tight gray pantsuit that seemed to be causing her a great deal of itchy distress.

Perhaps that was why she was rubbing her crotch against the rounded corner of the counter as she made her meal. Her short auburn hair shook against her shoulders while she rocked her body back and forth.

“Hi Mommy,” Kimberly said softly, pressing her plush body against the back of her stepmother’s in a soft hug.

Strange that she didn’t just call her Veronica, like usual. She hadn’t called her stepmother, “Mommy,” in over . . . a day. Had to be that—she hadn’t seen her yesterday at all. Terrible manners on her part.

“Oh, hi Kim,” Veronica said absently, then, “Are these . . . gloves?” She sniffed audibly before turning around.

Her eyes went wide, in shock. The daughter she knew resembled nothing even close to the bright green nymphet she saw now.

“Kimberly Amora!” She yelped. “You look positively scandalous!”

The teen giggled happily. “You really think so?”

“Don’t act so pleased with yourself, young woman!” She pointed upstairs. “Go to your room right now and change! And then you’ll tell me where you’ve been the past two days! I've gotten some . . . some very *odd* phone calls . . .”

Kimberly lowered her eyes, not wanting to meet the fire held in her Veronica's gaze.

“I’m sorry, Mommy,” she said, her voice pitched high. “You don’t think I look pretty?”

“Of course you look pretty! That’s not the point.”

Her stepmother looked shocked that the words even came out of her mouth.

“I just wanted men to notice me,” Kimberly said. “Don’t you miss men looking at you?”

Veronica’s face went from shock to anger to puzzlement. “What do you mean? Men look at me all the time.”

Kimberly giggled. “Don’t you miss men wanting you? Wanting to take you out, treat you nice, buy you dinner?”

Her stepmother’s eyes kept roaming over Kimberly’s body. At first it was in disbelief at the outfit, trying to find out how she had even managed

to fit that young, ripe, hot body in such tight clothing. But then she focused on the skin in between, how prominent Kimberly's cleavage was, how sensational the curve of her ass was right before it was lost under the green of her skirt. Kimberly bet she was even starting to think about how kissable the line of her chin was.

"I, maybe . . . Kim, what are you driving at?"

Kimberly giggled. "I'm young and beautiful, aren't I?"

"Of course, Kim, but—"

"And all men want in their women is for them to look young and beautiful, right?"

"Well, I suppose on a physical level—"

"So wouldn't I know more about what men want than anybody else you know?"

"I . . . I suppose?"

The answer came out more as a moan, like it was getting very hard for Veronica to be sure of anything.

"I could help you, Mommy. Be wanted again by men. Wouldn't you like to be hot?"

She reached up a gloved hand, holding her stepmother's face in her hands reassuringly. Her other hand went around her waist. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead from Kimberly's fast-rising sexual heat.

A passerby, if he was not too busy gaping at the two family members in each other's arms, would be able to see the mercury in the thermometer on the wall rapidly rising.

"Kim, this isn't appropriate. You're my stepdaughter, and—"

"And you love me, don't you?"

"God yes," her stepmother breathed. "I mean, Kim, of course I do."

"So you trust me?"

She shuddered and nodded.

"So you can tell me all about how much you've wanted a man in your bed ever since Daddy left, couldn't you?"

Veronica looked on the verge of a mental breakdown. Kimberly giggled.

"Terribly, Kim. Okay? I've been lonely and alone and I hate it. Are you happy? Would you please go upstairs now? Please?"

Kimberly drew her stepmother in for a hug, letting her scent overwhelm her. Their cheeks rested against each other's, Kimberly's silk skin

massaging her Veronica's. The older woman's hands abruptly went out to the side, apparently not knowing what to do with them.

"You poor, poor dear," Kimberly said, sympathy in her voice. She nuzzled her face into the side of her neck. "I had no idea."

She squeezed her arms harder around her stepmother's body, one booted leg wrapping around hers.

Finally Veronica's hands came around her tiny, bare waist, resting on her hips. Her fingers nearly met each other, Kimberly's waist was that small.

"It's that job," Kimberly whispered into her ear. "That awful job. It makes you so uptight, and men don't like uptight women, do they?"

Lost in her stepdaughter's hair, Veronica shook her head, soft moans of pleasure emanating from her mouth from the scent and feel of her chestnut locks.

"Flowers. Love this . . . perfume. Soooo . . . flowery." Another giggle.

"You should quit, honey," Kimberly cooed, giggling when she felt a womanly hand brushing the top of her ass.

"Can't . . . quit," her stepmother said into her hair. "Need money for . . . stuff." A giggle popped out of her mouth, almost sounding like a hiccup.

"That's why I got you a new job, dearie," Kimberly whispered. "One where you'll be around lots of hot clothes and hotter babes and you'll always end up looking like a babe. Always."

Feeling decisively naughty, she began to kiss her Veronica's neck. The older woman stiffened, but did not push against her. Kimberly wouldn't have let her move away anyway; her hands were soft but strong, and held her stepmother in place easily. Soon they started to move under her blouse, up her back, massaging the skin there as her lips migrated upwards, each one longer and more tongue-filled than the last.

The teen's huge satiny tits were warm and inviting, her body a playground for Veronica's now-roaming hands.

"That's a good Mommy," Kimberly purred, enjoying the gasps of her stepmother as she neared her lips towards hers. "Hot lil' Mommy hot for her baby."

Veronica moaned in response, her hips starting to buck ceaselessly against the stocking-covered leg that Kimberly had placed in front of her crotch.

Kimberly finally slid her tongue into her stepmother's mouth, relieving what must have been . . . hours? Days? No, years, it must have been. Years and years of sexual desire on both their parts.

In short order, Kimberly had Veronica completely stripped, naked on the kitchen floor. The window was still wide open. Kimberly slid on top of her hot stepmother, kissing her urgently. She made sure Veronica's Female Designs sandals were still on.

Kimberly found a position on top of her stepmother's leg, grinding her hot pussy into the older woman's thigh. As she did this, she pressed her hot gloved fingers in Veronica's pussy.

"You'll take that job, won't you? Kimberly asked, sliding her fingers into her stepmother's twitching pussy.

"Y-Yes!" came the response.

"You'll wear all the new clothes I brought home for you, too, won't you?"

"Y-yes, love! Anything you say!"

"Does that mean you'll cum for me too, Mommy? Will you cum right now?"

Veronica moaned in response, and Kimberly could feel it as the older woman lost herself to the sensation, as she cummed quickly and violently, her nails digging deep into her daughter's mostly bare back.

Kimberly smiled. "Good Mommy," she cooed. "Does Mommy wanna another cum?"

She did.

It was important, Kimberly realized suddenly, to make her servants cum as many times as possible when they first realized their place under her.

Her servants. What a delightful name for them.

SEVEN O'CLOCK CAME 'round and Kimberly had to pull herself from her stepmother's lust drunk clutches to finally go meet Glory. She left a bag of Female Designs clothing in the entryway as she told Veronica she would —Kimberly didn't want her to go to her new job under-dressed, after all— and specific orders to have Kimberly's most favorite meals ready by the time she returned.

Really, Kimberly had no intention of coming back that night., but it wouldn't hurt to keep Veronica in form.

Glory and Natalya waited in each other's arms, making out passionately, when Kimberly arrived at the mansion.

They sat on a couch in the entry way, each decked out in club-clothes: thigh-high boots, tiny pleated micro-skirts, and skimpy tops mingling with one another as they embraced. Their gloved hands intertwined merrily as they shared shiny, hot lipspace. Natasha seemed almost high, leaning forward into Glory.

Finally, the buxom, bodacious Glory stood up, smiling dazzlingly at Kimberly.

"Hey babe. Ready to go out?"

Kimberly giggled. "Of course!" Good girls lived to go out and have fun.

"Great! Mark's going to meet us at the club, and he's like, super-excited to meet you. I can't wait! You guys are like, so perfect for each other."

She reached forward with a golden gloved hand, caressing her lover's face.

"I am so jealous. You don't understand yet, darling, but you well." She giggled.

Natalya let her eyed roam up and down Kimberly's body. "You look delicious, love, but Mark tuld us to prepare you special for tonight."

Kimberly looked at her quizzically, but made no response.

Natalya grabbed one hand, and Glory the other, and led her upstairs.

There, she was taken to a large, misty bath, where water streamed out of the walls in layers of mist. A large throne stood next to one wall – that must be Mark's seat, Kimberly thought. There was enough room in the bath for twenty more girls (and Kimberly somehow knew that was who would be populating it), and the throne was so large it could have served as a bed.

Glory and Natalya's clothes clung to their bodies even more tightly with the ensuing moisture, and the two stripped Kimberly from head to toe. They bathed and washed the brunette beauty thoroughly, and her every inch glistened and sparkled by the time they finished.

Her skin felt immaculate, like always. Tanned, shiny, and satiny smooth, she knew hot skin was important for a babe like her, since she loved to show it off so much. And it had to look great everywhere, since she planned on taking her clothes off so often, and it simply wouldn't do for a queen like her to not look absolutely fuck-a-riffic.

Outside the bath, an outfit was laid out for her. She started to put it on, but Glory's hand on hers stopped her.

“We’ll do it. Mark said you should go ahead and get used to being dressed.” She smiled warmly.

Kimberly nodded, though she did not understand. It was nice to have them dress her. It felt . . . expected, as if she had been waiting for it.

The gown was little more a few bits of bright blue, sapphire-inlaid fabric that ran over her tits and crotch. Nothing on the shoulders, held up entirely by clinging tightly to her wide, queenly hips and cosmic bust, long slits on either side leaving her delightful legs basically uncovered.

Her suede over-the-knee boots and leather elbow-length gloves matched it all, of course, as did her new blue collar.

She felt like she was wearing an oversexed version of a prom dress. Any man seeing her like this would know she’d suck his cock without a second thought, especially after seeing her puffy, full pink lips. They’d know she was dressing so that they’d look at her, that her body was nothing more than a display of overeager subservience, that she wanted to show off her spectacular bod so that someone would make her use it all day long.

They arrived at the club Glory had acquired at ten-thirty, after Glory and Natalya spent a few worshipful hours combing Kimberly’s hair and doing her nails.

She looked just as flawless, regardless, but she enjoyed letting her girls adore her for a while.

They stepped out of the car onto a red carpet, complete with velvet ropes and stanchions. Behind all the ropes were lines of photographers, there to capture her image.

Kimberly took this in stride, of course, it was only natural and fitting that her image be spread, especially on a historic night such as this, when she was due to meet Mark.

She posed for them naturally, as if she had done it a thousand times before. And . . . she had, of course. A new sign on the club's building, reading, “Kimberly’s”, had been put up, replacing the old one.

How thoughtful of Glory. She reminded herself to thank her later if she had time after meeting Mark.

The thought of him sent a tingle to her pussy, and she had not even met him. She felt as if destiny worked through her, pushed every sultry step forward as she strode through the double-doors of the club.

At first it seemed only women were inside – gloriously hot, supermodel-beautiful women, all dressed in thigh-high boots, pretty gloves,

and skin-tight outfits. They danced in cages or off of poles or with each other, bumping and grinding and practically necking, if they weren't already blatantly doing so.

Then she saw there were men, just not as many as there were hot babes. Most of them had their wallets out, standing in front of an ATM, desperate to withdraw more cash. Many women had cash stuffed down their cleavage.

Kimberly realized with a delighted giggle that her new club was, in some form or another, the stripping kind.

Off the dance floor was new, plush carpet that wasn't there last time Kimberly had been there, the same kind that was in the mansion. Lots of women tested out its softness in pairs, cradling each other and layering kisses on one another's hot, soft bodies.

Kimberly recognized several babes from school, most of them teachers.

She and Glory danced their way towards a crowd of hotties gathered around something in the back, taking their time, enjoying the jealous looks everyone gave them, envious of their bodies, of their status, of their rubbing against one another.

Kimberly laughed in the faces of the three men that propositioned her. She came to the club for Mark, not for them. For some reason, they tried to leave her with a half-dozen fifty dollar bills anyway. Natalya grabbed them up dutifully, placing them inside of Kimberly's purse, which she held.

When she and Glory finally drew near the crowd of gorgeous hotties they had been approaching, it parted, revealing a man on a large chair.

No, not a man. T*he* man.

Kimberly's jaw dropped at the sight of him. Impossibly handsome, blond, dressed impeccably in a sharp suit, the man of every dream she had ever had. The memories of all of them came to her suddenly—her fingers feeding her hungry pussy's needs every single morning while she relived the perfect sensation of being with him in her dreams.

She suddenly felt small, weak, and helpless, unable to stop the tsunami mixture of arousal and servility rising up within her. How was she standing? It was so impossible to believe that she was still somehow standing when he was right there.

Glory dropped to her knees and crawled erotically towards him, sliding into place next to his leg and caressing him, still managing to gyrate and grind in time with the music. Several beautiful women remained behind him and to the side, their hands and tits caressing his huge, muscular body.

The bedazzled teen couldn't even begin to look at anything else but him. If she had cared to look at the carpeted floor, she would have seen that it was soaking wet from the puddles that had formed from the various hot babes.

Kimberly tried to recover and closed her mouth, sending the man that could only be Mark a smoldering look, knowing she had to impress him. Hoping all that time in preparation had made her pretty enough to do so.

God, she was beautiful, right? She could be chosen by him. Oh please. Please please *please*.

She strutted towards him, instinctively posing like a model on a runway when she got close. Chest high, leg out, smiling beautifully.

Girls were supposed to smile all the time, Kimberly knew, that's why they look so good when they do it. It's a sign that they're happy and girls are only happy if they're not thinking about anything serious, and of course girls aren't ever supposed to be thinking serious.

The music suddenly turned down low, and she could hear his achingly hunky voice perfectly.

"Hello, Kimberly," he said, and she felt an indescribable sense of honor at him uttering her name. Perhaps it was the orgasm that went along with it, vibrating through every atom of her body. "I've been hoping to meet you for some time, now."

She giggled happily, holding out her gloved hand daintily as hot waves of pleasure raced through her.

"The pleasure is completely mine," she breathed softly.

She couldn't come close to a normal speaking tone, not around him. The thought of raising her voice above a breathy, needy coo seemed obscene. Mark leaned forward to the collective wanting moans of the girls who had been stroking his face as he sat and took her hand, kissing it and standing up.

Kimberly gasped at his size. So big, so strong and manly. He quietly pushed Glory aside with his foot, and she simply made herself prostrate and went about kissing his shoes. Mark held Kimberly's hand high and spun her around slowly, taking in the smooth luxury of curves on display.

"I must say, I think I've really, truly outdone myself with you."

Kimberly giggled again, not understanding. Men had so many things going on all the time, she was at a loss as to how they kept track of it all. She was so lucky to be a giggly hot babe and not have to worry about

anything like that. He reached a hand up to her perfect face and caressed it briefly.

"You are a vision. I bet you're the hottest babe at your whole school."

Kimberly giggled in appreciation, holding her hands together in front of her as she shrugged and blushed.

"Don't be shy, sweetness," he commanded. "It doesn't become you. The hottest babe at school is never shy." His face suddenly became very intense, and Kimberly almost felt scared. "Never. She does what she wants, how she wants, and she does it all for her man. Isn't that right, girls?" He asked the crowd behind him.

They all nodded eagerly and quietly, none daring to raise their voices to his impassioned face. Kimberly wondered how many of them had been the hottest babes at their school, too. Mark turned back to her, face softened.

"I should explain," he smiled. "Vanity was invented for girls of your beauty. People that say vanity is a bad thing are weak, ugly cowards."

He walked around her, examining the perfection of her body. He ran his hands up and down her back, her ass.

"At one time I was weak, in a way." He sneered, as if remembering right then.

"Pathetic, really. But smart enough to make myself better. To make women better. More accustomed to their rightful station in servitude to strong men. Women used to think I was a weakling that deserved nothing.

"But now, I deserve whatever I want, for my clothes."

Kimberly nodded appreciatively. He was talking so much, and all she wanted to do was kiss him.

"For making sure you get whatever you want. Anyone that wears my clothes does what I want. They are what I want, after enough time has passed. And you and the rest of my girls are going to make sure that everyone wants to wear them.

He put a thick finger under her chin. "You see, Kimberly, weaklings, those not strong enough to be like me, don't want to be made fun of for not being as good as someone like you. And since no one else is as good as you, they think it's unfair. I think that's rather unfair to you, though. You should be exalted. Being gorgeous is all that a woman should try to be, after all, being sexy. You do think you're sexy, don't you?"

Of course she did. That was her role. He casually lifted one of her long, high-heeled legs and wrapped it around his waist. Kimberly giggled, his

hands were so rough and manly on her satin skin. She wondered if he could feel how hot her snatch was through the thin fabric of her dress.

"Being sexy," she said, nodding, "is like, all about making people want you enough so that they do what you want." She giggled. "And like, all I want is to um, do what you want."

"That's all that matters, isn't it? Doing what I want."

She nodded eagerly. Looking into his eyes made everything make sense.

"So, if a person is judged on the worth of what they do, and I only want women to be hot, seductive babes, and you're the hottest babe alive, that makes you a better person than anyone else, obviously. Better than all of these girls here." He waved his hand all around him. "Even if they were the hottest in their own towns, they don't hold a candle to you, gorgeous. They should know their place as inferiors, shouldn't they?"

Many of the words he said were way too long for her to get, but she got the gist of it. Like someone had flipped a switch in her head, Kimberly suddenly eyed everyone around her critically. Disdainfully. Pretty little things, she supposed, but nothing close to what she could offer him. She was like . . . a master painting, surrounded by fairly good watercolor pictures.

"You're . . . oh my *god,*" she said, looking at him in open amazed adoration. "You're *so right*. I never thought about it like that."

She giggled. Of course she hadn't, when thinking was time wasted for a babe like her around a hunk like Mark.

"I'm the *best*." She smiled happily, full of pride.

"Exactly. Only the best for me." He put his hand into the infinitely soft blanket of her hair, stroking gently. "I have big plans for you, sweetheart."

Kimberly swooned with a sudden orgasm, not knowing or caring whether or not it was his touch of being called "sweetheart" that did it. Her knees went limp and only because she had one leg wrapped around him did she managed to stay upright. She closed her eyes and leaned into his hand on her cheek, unable to stop herself from holding it against her with one soft gloved hand.

"Does that mean, like, that I could, um, like maybe . . ."

Mark waited, smiling at her wolfishly. "Yes?"

Kimberly's voice got small, a sultry whisper, terrified of rejection. Small tears welled up in her big, shiny green eyes.

“Um, it’s just that, you’re the most handsomest hunk I’ve ever seen in my whole life, and I wanted to know if, that, like, I could be, like, maybe, your girlfriend? Pretty please?”

Mark’s other hand went to her ass, sneaking through the long slit of her dress and taking hold of her scorching hot bare ass-flesh. He used his handle there to press her against him, and gave her the most perfect kiss of her life.

It was the best orgasm Kimberly had ever had, since the last one. She lost herself as her enormous tits crushed against his massive chest.

“Silly girl,” Mark said, when he finally decided to end the bliss. “What do you think you were made for, if not to be mine?”

He picked her up and walked her over to his big chair. He bent her over onto it, slapping her ass lightly. She moaned in loving appreciation.

Two servant girls placed a large, ovaloid mirror on the chair in front of Kimberly. Now she could see his face, and she could see his.

Within seconds he had removed his pants. His cock was already rock hard. Kimberly felt her mind melting away, becoming a pile of pleasure-filled goo.

“I hope you don't expect me to be very gentle,” he said. “That would hardly be appropriate for fucking a babe like you.”

Kimberly shook her head, her hair swimming across her back. “Fuck me *hard*, Sir. Please.”

For a moment, right before he entered her, Kimberly suddenly understood that this would be her very first time with a man. That he was the only stud to ever enter her. That, as long as she was able, she would make sure he was the only fuckstud hunk *ever* to enter her in the future.

“Fuck my hot virgin cunt, Sir, please! Be the *only* one! My *first!* Please!”

His thick meat slid inside her easily. There was brief moment of pain, and then it was entirely bliss as he pushed his entire massive length inside of her body. She felt his svelte hips pressing flush up against her tight, perfect teenage ass.

He was so, sooo good. His shaft knew right away the best manner of pressing inside her hot, wet glove as she held on to it for dear life. She felt so glad he had already fucked so many women—probably hundreds and hundreds—before her.

Around them, all the servant girls in their skimpy gowns had gathered close. Some of the more favored girls got to slide right up next to Mark, cooing in his ear as he drove again and again into Kimberly's tight snatch.

“Fuck your girl,” they whispered hotly. “Make her beg for it. She belongs to you. You deserve her, Master.”

Kimberly could only moan in agreement. Suddenly, Mark yanked her long, hot tangle of hair. Her upper body bent backward, even as he filled her more and more.

“Who's your boyfriend?” he demanded.

Her gaze settled on him in the mirror, where she locked her brilliant green eyes on his.

“*You* are!”

“Who's your King?”

“*You* are!”

“Who's your Master?”

He was fucking her *so* hard now, pistoning inside her, a complete machine. She felt like he was going to break her in half. She loved every second of it.

“*You* are!”

He came at last, hot heavy spurts of his load piling inside of her belly. Every jolt of his cock lifted her tiny body up off the ground, her heels clacking together wildly. He was *so* strong. Her orgasms cascaded on each other, an avalanche of pleasure, so many hot piles of thrills shoved through her brain all at once. She collapsed on the chair, her arms losing all strength, held up entirely by Mark's still semi-hard shaft inside of her.

Some girls crawled forward and licked up the cum leaking out of her pussy, even as Mark's cock was still right there inside of her.

After about a minute, she could feel him getting hard again.

She was in for a wonderfully long night.

Thursday

KIMBERLY WOKE IN HER bed, feeling exhausted for the first time since . . . she couldn’t exactly remember a time feeling quite so tired. Mark had said she would, said that until her body got fully accustomed to her new role as his top girl that she would get tired after they fucked.

Before long, though, she would be a tireless fuck machine, the first of her kind. She was so excited.

After filling her up a few more times at the club, Mark spent the entire night with her in his mansion, and only her, for the entire night. Later Glory would tell her that not even she had been honored like that. He fucked her on his throne for hours at a time, his massive cock filling her up like nothing ever had or would.

If it hadn't been for the blinding, mind-melting bliss, she might have felt her body reshaping itself to fit his thick pole, giving her greater control to squeeze and please just like Mark wanted.

He left early in the morning to take care of some business, but not before he allowed her to give him a good-bye blowjob as he ate his breakfast in bed, brought to him by one of the servant girls from the night before.

Those girls would be living at the mansion from now on, he explained. Because he was so glad with the way she turned out, he had decided to make his permanent home there with her.

Of course, he would have to be traveling quite a bit for a while, but Kimberly felt it a privilege to be the property of such an important, busy man.

And strong. He had held her upside down by her ankles with one hand, drilling her against the wall for a few fuck sessions. She drifted back to sleep after he left and slept till ten in the morning, deciding that she would go to school, if at all, when it suited her.

Natalya was the one to wake Kimberly properly, licking her mistress's hot teenage pussy. The gorgeous redhead was dressed in towering stiletto heels and a skimpy mini-dress that were the same bright red shade as her hair.

For being such a good girl, Kimberly rewarded her by allowing her to kiss her as much as she wanted while she dressed her. She knew the redhead wanted to finger herself as well, but then Kimberly would never get dressed.

Mark had told her to wear pink that day, and so, hypnotized by her beauty, Natalya slipped Kimberly into a hot pink pleated ruffle micro-skirt outfit that Kimberly never wanted to take off. Her heavenly upper body was covered only by a pink corset that exposed her taut, perfect midriff and

pressed her enormous man-magnet tits together. Little red hearts acted as buttons up the front.

Her bustline must have been approaching fifty inches, and yet her girls stayed perky, firm, and bouncy. Fun little ties ran down her back as well, tied in big happy bows with cute white polka dots that also showed up on her skirt.

Her outstanding body looked all the better with a pair of skintight, thigh-high, pink boots with seven-inch platform heels, bright pink bows running down the fronts. They matched the one she had tied around her neck.

Underwear was only hinted at, a tight, skinny white g-string that might as well of been an optical illusion. Of course, pink mesh gloves sat on her pretty hands, the nails there pink already. They matched her toesies.

She didn't remember painting them, but she must have. Nails didn't paint themselves, after all.

The outfit gave any onlooker a great view of her abs. They glistened like the rest of her skin, her teensy eighteen-inch waist leading into nearly double that on her hips.

Measuring her tits would have been an exercise in seeing how many orgasms someone could bring Kimberly to. Her nipples nearly made her cum just from sliding them into clothes.

She stepped closer to the mirror for a moment, examining her eyes. They seemed a bit greener than usual. How wonderful. A incredible babe like her was supposed to be hot and colorful all over, now her eyes cooperated fully.

By the time she had dressed her energy had returned completely. Kimberly felt like going to school, but as Mark's newest and bestest girlfriend she felt she had to arrive in style. Natalya was nice enough to drop her off at the car dealership at the end of town.

Soon enough, Kimberly found herself in the lap of a balding, overweight salesman. His name was Dave.

She sat there in his lap because it made him stutter, and she thought it was cute when he stuttered. A little pathetic, perhaps, but then, every man in comparison to her Mark was pathetic in some manner or another. That didn't mean they didn't have yummy cocks for her to give pleasure to.

It was totally okay to suck a cock or swallow some cum, she decided, even though she belonged to Mark. After all, he wanted her to get whatever

she wanted, and doing those things was one of the best ways to do that.

"I-I-I'd l-love to s-sell, Jesus. Sell you this Ferrari, Kimberly, I-I just. Christ. You don't have any references, a-and God. You smell like Heaven."

She smiled at him. "I know I do, baby," she said, stroking his face, and smiled when she felt his bulge dance underneath her ass. "But you've got me all wrong. I don't want you to sell me a car at all, silly."

"Y-you don't?"

"Of course not. I want you to just give it to me. Isn't that much easier?"

Before he answered, she took his head and drew it into her cavernous cleavage, pressing her twin mounds of lust into his face. "Don't these references speak well for me, handsome?"

She gently pushed him out when he began to lick.

"Guh-god yes," he breathed. "Bu-but, I just, I-I can't just give you a Ferrari . . ."

She pressed her gloved hand to his mouth, shushing him. "I understand, hunky. You think that if you're bad for me, you can't make sure I'll be bad for you."

She slid out of his lap, ignoring his moans of protest, and then got on to her knees between his legs. His pants quickly became a non-issue, and Kimberly stroked his meaty rod with her sinfully soft and skillful hand.

"How's this, baby? Is this bad enough? Can you be bad for me now?"

His head lolled and he began to drool, ogling her tits, entranced by her tongue as she licked his rod every so often, like it was an errant lolly-pop.

"Oh. O-oh fuck. Oh J-Jesus. Yes. Yes! A-any car you want. F-fucking yours."

She smiled at him, and instead of thanking him sped up her hand, quickening his orgasm. He came, spurting all over his pants and her hand. He remained stiff in her hands after he came, and he looked at that fact with wonder.

"Oh m-my God. My cock i-is hard. H-how the f-fuck am I still hard? N-never c-cum like th-that and th-then and n-now I-I'm hard. Holy fuck." His voice remained even and amazed. "Oh my guh-god you're going to make me cum again."

Kimberly continued to stroke him happily.

"Now, I don't have any insurance, is that a problem?"

"You w-want to drive a Fer-ferrari without insurance? J-Jesus, Kimberly __"

“You could help me with that, couldn’t you? You make lots of money, I bet. Couldn’t you pay my insurance for me?”

“I, no, I have a wife, and a kid, and y-you. You are s-so so fucking good at that. An-and oohhhhhh.”

This last moan started when Kimberly slipped her mouth down onto his cock completely, sucking with earnest.

“Oh fucking shit. Yes. Anything you want.”

He panted in silence for several seconds, as if thinking about something while she gave his cock her full attention.

“I love you,” he muttered finally. “I fucking love you more than anything.”

Music to her ears, adding to the symphony of slurping and sucking she had already composed. When he came in her mouth just a few minutes later he still remained hard.

Kimberly decided to see how much she could make him give him until he got soft.

FIVE ORGASMS LATER, she rode out of the dealership in the newest top of the line model with all features installed. She gave him another hand job while she watched him sign all the insurance forms giving her the highest premiums and best coverage available. With as fast as she was going to drive the hot little car, she was bound to wreck it at least once.

In the backseat laid Dave’s wallet with all of his bank passwords, as well as all the thousands in cash from the dealership’s safe. Mark said that his business needed all the money she could provide for it, and she was overjoyed to help him in any way possible.

She also received assurances from Dave that he would divorce his wife that day, if possible, and disown his child, and kick them both out of the house and on to the street.

He was going to sell the house, anyway, and give all the proceeds to Kimberly. He also promised to be ready to move to Tijuana with her at a moment’s notice, which Kimberly thought was just such a laugh. She had mentioned she liked Mexican food, he promised he'd take her to Tijuana. What a fun little guy.

The new car drove like a dream, the scenery flying by as she whizzed down the road at over a hundred miles an hour. It had no top, so her opulent

chestnut chevelure flew behind her as she went.

She didn't see a single cop, and wondered only momentarily where their authority had been needed. She had been rather eager to use her tits to get out of a ticket, as they had been criminally underused with Dave.

After speeding around for a while, she parked in the handicapped space at school, the closest one to the entrance. As if she could even begin to care about the handicapped when not even the best looking of them could come anywhere in the same galaxy as Kimberly on a bad day. As if Kimberly had bad days.

Inside the school, Kimberly couldn't tell if it was a class period or a break between, so many students littered the halls. All of them in some form of embrace or another, Glory's heady scent lingering over all of them, combined with the blossoming new scents of dozens of others. Mark was such a good salesman. Every gal seemed to be wearing his clothes. Most all of them had yummy big tits, thin, tanned bodies, and long, long legs and hair.

Kimberly didn't even know a girl could have pink or purple or green or even blue hair, but then, she would be the first to happily admit that what she didn't know could have filled a like, um, really big thing that was huge.

Mark deserved girls with hairs and skins every color of the rainbow, and all of these girls, she knew, would be serving him soon enough.

She didn't feel like going to class, so she strutted down the halls, enjoying the eye-raping her body was getting from everyone who saw her. Eventually, a cute tall boy with gelled-up dark hair approached her.

"Hi Kimmie," he said. "Look, I just want you to know, I totally regret breaking up with you. And I broke up with Candice. I want you back."

Kimberly looked at him for a moment in puzzlement. "Um. Like, what?"

The boy looked at her, mirroring her confusion. "I . . . want to get back together with you?"

"I'm sorry, but who are you?"

"I'm Teddy?" He said, strangely unsure, as if he needed her knowledge of his name for validation of its existence. "Teddy Smith. We went out for like three months. You let me kiss you."

Kimberly wracked the hazy area that now served as her brain, searching for a memory. All she found was that Mark was her first and only

boyfriend. She had been waiting for him, after all. Dreaming of him forever and ever.

"I think you have me mistaken with someone else, sweetie. Sorry. You are kind of cute, though."

She could tell she wasn't helping, and she did hate to see that frown form on his face.

"Listen, I'm sort of um, totally uninterested. But, tell Natalya I told her to give you a blowjob, okay?"

She sauntered off, but not before turned her head and winking at him, just to give him a boner and to make sure it was her he thought about next time he came. She wondered for a moment if word would spread that all someone needed to do to get head from the gorgeous Czech student was to mention that Kimberly had told her to do it. How fun.

Kimberly continued to wander the halls, looking for fun. She caught herself wondering why the high school looked so drab. Dull colors, lockers everywhere, tile floor.

Mark was rich. If she asked him sweetly he'd probably look into livening the place up a little. Maybe put in some of that plush carpet that was so great to be fucked by him on, some mirrors (okay, a lot of mirrors), perhaps even some club music so that girls could dance and give boys yummy hard-ons.

Lost imagining the ways she could improve her community, Kimberly was taken completely by surprise when a strong hand shot out and grabbed her and took her into the boy's bathroom.

It was some freak wearing a gasmask. There was something familiar about him, though, as she looked through the mask . . . hadn't he been arguing or something with Glory the other day?

"Miss Amora, I've got to speak with you," he said urgently. "I'm Edward Towers, a reporter for the local paper."

Kimberly, a bit frightened by the man's intensity, stayed quiet.

"There's something crazy going on here, and I think you've been put in the middle of it. That man your with, Mark, he's changed you somehow. Made you more . . . more beautiful."

He sighed, marching one direction and then the next in the small bathroom.

"I know it sounds crazy. But he's doing it to all the women in the town, surely you've seen it! Making them sex-crazed nymphos desperate to fuck

anything that walks!"

Kimberly giggled. "So like, what's the problem?"

He grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her. Her tits jiggled pleasantly. For some reason, he was wearing thick hockey gloves.

"Snap out of it! Whatever hold he's got on you, you've got to fight it! He's changing you, making you look how he wants you to, act how he wants you to!"

"That sounds like, totally wonderful." She giggled happily. "Do you think if I asked extra-nice he'd make my tits bigger?"

"What?"

"You're right," she sighed. "I should let him decide. They're just as much his as they are mine. Well, probably more his than mine, so—"

"You don't care about this? Kimberly, he's manipulated you completely! You're not even the same person you were a week ago! A day ago!"

"I know, silly." She put her hand on his shoulder. "You've explained that. He's made me more beautiful. He's so nice like that. He knows that being his super hot queen babe girl is all I care about."

"You don't understand," he shook his head. "I think he wants to take over the world."

"Oh God, really?"

He mistook her excitement for terror. "Yes!"

Kimberly nearly came with joy at the thought.

"Oh, that would be so wonderful." She clasped her hands together up under her chin. "Then, everyone could serve him."

"This was a mistake," Edward said, shaking his head. "You're too far gone, too his. You're evil."

In the narrow confines of the bathroom, Kimberly realized that the two of them stood at an erotically close distance.

She knew Mark could look after himself, but Kimberly wanted to help.

If this fellow thought Mark taking over the world was bad, then surely she could change his mind. The lusty, lithe enchantress closed the narrow few inches and reached up a hand to stroke the reporter's hair around the straps of his mask. He tried to back up, but his eyes opened wide, as if realizing that he had placed the teen beauty between himself and the door.

"Mmm," she purred, "and Evil is just soooo gorgeous, isn't she? That's why you haven't been able to stop taking those pictures of me, you naughty man."

“No, no,” he shook his head. “Those were for desensitization. I had to get used to how gorgeous, I mean, the way you look, so that—”

“De-sens-whatty?” Kimberly giggled. “Is that what this silly mask is all about?”

“You emit some kind of pheromone,” he said, nodding. “I noticed it talking with that blond teacher, and—”

“Whatever. You’re trying to not feel how good I can make you feel?” She guided his face through his thick mask so that all her twin, shining emerald eyes were all he could look at. “Why deny yourself the kind of pleasure I can give you?”

One of her hands sank to his, and removed the thickly padded glove there. She placed it on a gargantuan, plump, firm breast. He moaned. It would be impossible to say whether he noticed when she began to undo the straps of his mask.

“Isn’t that better?” She asked. “Better than some picture. A picture, at best, is only worth a thousand words, right? I’m worth way more than a thousand words. A hundred thousand, easy. Millions. A gajillion, even. An erotic epic poem of uncontrollably hot touching and unspeakably sexy lust, dedicated solely to the ways in which I am more gorgeous than any other babe alive. Doesn’t that sound about right?”

His mask slipped off and Kimberly immediately kissed him, her hands going to his crotch.

“Oh, Mr. Towers!” she exclaimed. “I think your pen is ready to squirt some ink.”

At that exact second, Natalya burst into the bathroom, Teddy in tow. Teddy looked completely surprised. Natalya was just turned on.

“Oh, good!” Kimberly said happily. “Natalya, darling, this is Mr. Towers. He needs your attention.”

“Of course, Kimberly,” Natalya purred. “But, vut about Teddy? He was first.”

Kimberly laughed. “Don't be silly, honey. You can do them both at the same time, can't you?”

Natalya nodded eagerly. “Come on,” she pulled Teddy forward.

The sexy redhead bent her slim, busty body over, her tiny dress hiding nothing from the two men. With a shuddering, pleasure-filled breath, she slid her mouth down to Towers' bulging crotch. She unzipped him expertly, his pants gathering around his feet.

“B-but . . .” Towers protested, looking at Kimberly. “I-I wanted . . . wanted you.”

Kimberly giggled. “It's all right, honey. Just pretend she's me. I'll allow it.”

Within seconds, Natalya had covered his stiff pole with hot saliva, kissing and licking it happily. From behind her, Teddy dropped his pants and slid his young meat in her hot teen pussy. Both Teddy and Mr. Towers stared helplessly at Kimberly as they fucked her hot, redheaded servant. For her part, Natalya stared at Kimberly too, cumming helplessly as the two studs filled her up.

Kimberly left before they finished, wanting to give them some time to warm up to each other. She knew they could hardly concentrate on each other when she was around.

The dazzling teen started on her way to find Glory and giggle with her about the day’s events when a female voice came over the intercom.

“There will be a gathering in the auditorium in five minutes. Attendance is mandatory for all seniors.”

Normally, Kimberly would disregard such a message. No one ordered a babe of her stature around unless it was Mark. Yet, she felt compelled to go, like Mark would want her to be there.

She took her time, knowing that it would be best if she arrived last. That way, everyone could adore her delicious frame together and all at once.

It worked out for the best, as the second she came in through the auditorium’s double doors, the school band began to play fanfare.

They had been waiting for her. How lovely.

She strutted down the red carpet that had been laid out for her, tits bouncing merrily in her pink accoutrement. Several of the eighteen year-old hunks, abandoning all pretense and decorum, began jacking themselves off as she walked by. It made her mouth water.

Though she knew all guys should jerk themselves thinking only about her, she still wished some nice girls would help them out a bit and jerk them off for them. No man should have to stroke his own cock when so many women should leap at the chance to do it for him. It made it so much easier to imagine Kimberly herself performing for them that way.

When she arrived at the stage, Glory helped her climb the stairs in her ridiculous heels before getting on her knees before her. Kimberly posed for the crowd and waited.

After a few moments, Candice McMichael stepped out, her face red and sad. She wore no Female Designs.

“Yes?” Kimberly asked.

She sniffed. “Kim, I—”

Glory rose up and pushed Candice down on her knees.

“That's better dear,” Glory said softly. “Now, remember to address her as ‘Mistress.’”

The blazing hot blonde started to get back down on her own knees, but Kimberly stopped her and awarded her with a sweet kiss on her forehead.

“Good girl,” she said.

Glory shuddered briefly and continued her trip to the ground, where she convulsed in orgasm a while longer before remaining still. Candice, meanwhile, had fallen to the ground.

“Mistress,” she began shakily. “I . . . I don’t really understand everything that’s gone on, but um, I’ve decided to give up the class presidency. And the captainship of the cheerleading squad. And my last acts in both of those positions was to name you my successor. I didn’t know it worked like that, but um, apparently it does.”

Kimberly clapped her pink-clad hands in delight. What fun.

“And I um, thought you might like to know, that I’ve expelled myself. I didn’t know I could do that either, but there you go.”

“Aw, Candice,” cooed Kimberly. “That's really sweet of you. You know, we've really been at each other's throat for a while, but I'll forgive you if you just tell me you're sorry. I'll even let you back in the school, with some hot new clothes. Would you like that?”

Candice's face lit up. “I-I would! I really would! *Thank* you, Kimberly! I'm sorry! I'm really, really sorry! I was totally mean to you, and that was really wrong of me!”

“That's a good girl,” said Kimberly.

She moved forward and stroked Candice's face for a moment, and then kissed her forehead. Candice shivered.

Kimberly stood back up. “Run along now.”

Candice nodded and crawled off happily.

“A noble sentiment, I suppose,” came a voice. The voice. Mark’s voice. “Naming you president, captain, all of that. But I rather think you deserve more.”

He showed himself as Candice left the stage, dressed as sharp as always in a navy blue suit.

Kimberly rushed towards him, leaping onto his muscular frame and wrapping her long, booted legs around his waist. When their lips met, a shock wave of lust bristled across the room. Moans cascaded backwards in the crowd in even time.

Mark's hand slipped into the back of her skirt and into the straight line between her dual shelves of her ass there, picking her up a little higher. He brought his lips against her ear.

"I simply couldn't abide anyone trying to insult my special girl. Glory told me all about it. You were nicer to her than I thought you would have been."

Kimberly shrugged. "She's learned her lesson."

Glory crawled underneath the two, where she kissed whatever she could find. A long, narrow puddle of hot pussy juices trailed behind her.

Mark put Kimberly down for a moment, and stepped away from her to address the crowd. He wore no microphone, but everyone could hear him.

"Captain of the cheerleading squad is all well and good, but I think all of us know Kimberly deserves her own personal cheerleading squad simply for being, well, her, and therefore better than any of you."

His eyes turned to leer at the eighteen year-old cheerleaders sitting together in the front row. It was not a game day, and yet they all wore their uniforms. Kimberly did not remember them being quite so statuesque, or their uniforms being so skimpy. A growth spurt, then. Good for them.

Cheerleaders were natural leaders in the school, since the only reason they became as such was because they were attractive and men wanted to see them in tiny outfits.

They looked up at Mark with heavy-lidded eyes, licking their lips and crossing their legs excessively. He took in the view, looking them up and down and side to side. Kimberly wasn't jealous at all. That was the role of other women, to be looked at by Mark. And enjoyed, if he really wanted them.

"What do you say, girls? You've already got a squad together. Think you could serve Kimberly how she merits?"

They giggled out a chorus of "Yes sir"s. He smiled, and Kimberly watched as their tits grew collectively by at least two cup sizes. They all came. The scent of fresh fruit and flowers got ever stronger.

Mark made it happen, Kimberly realized, her pussy twanging. He was so powerful, and she was so his.

"And, Class President is okay, but let's be honest, high school has never been a democracy. Presidents can be put out of office. It's a rather weak term for the kind of natural leader you already have in my darling here. And so, by the power vested in me by . . . well, me . . ."

He reached into his suit, and pulled out a sparkling diamond tiara.

Kimberly gasped.

"Does this mean I'm going to be Queen of the whole school?"

Mark put the crown on her head with a smile. "For starters."

Friday

KIMBERLY STEPPED OUT of the front door of her newly constructed palace, bending over at the waist to pick up the daily paper. She liked to show her servants that she could work hard when she wanted.

The paper's headline read, "Preston celebrates six month anniversary of Queen Kimberly's reign!"

The entire front page was written by that darling man Edward Towers. Most of the text described the parade that was going to take place tomorrow day and the orgy in the evening. A few other pieces had fashion tips and detailed Kimberly's favorite foods and presents.

There was also a bit congratulating the city council for their foresight in calling the emergency election that put her in charge and passing the law that disbanded the council after she took the reins.

Such a devoted fellow, that Towers. He had even taken it upon himself to actually write that poem she had suggested. Whenever she saw him, he looked haggard and sleepless, professing that the words to describe her seemed to elude him constantly. He said he thought the effort of it would kill him sometimes.

Ah, well. Anyone could write a newspaper.

Every page past the first one was simply a catalogue for Female Designs, with Kimberly on nearly every page, of course. She loved the weekly photo shoots. Sometimes Mark would show up and screw her in between outfits. With the new airline he had acquired, he said that pretty

soon she'd be doing shoots in new, exotic locales like Moscow, London, Beijing, and Washington D.C.

She'd have a bit of an audience when they went to these places, he explained. Frumped up leaders who needed to learn to relax and let Mark do whatever he wanted.

Kimberly found it exciting. Her cheerleaders often posed with her, as did other girls from the high school and her club. Some of the best dancers Kimberly knew at the club had been snatched up from the school.

The young nymph wore a royal blue stretch lycra micro dress that only somewhat contained her bustline. On the other end its hemlines stretched long enough only to cover her cunt and half her sumptuous ass. It was backless, and strapless, help up purely by her enormous tits' ability to defy physics.

She decided to allow matching over-the-knee boots with skyscraper heels to feel the grace of her legs. Big heels, she knew, announced to the world that she couldn't run, couldn't even walk, really. All she could was wiggle and sway her sexy tight ass to wherever she was going, each step having to be carefully placed to ensure the maximum amount of hotness therein.

Her lacy blue stockings had little bluebonnets sewn into the fabric. Pure white gloves that extended past her elbows decorated her hands and arms.

On top of all this was Mark's birthday gift to her, her true birthday, as Mark would say, when he let her know she'd be eighteen and his forever. He had been nice enough to give her a thick, pure-white mink coat that suited the regality of her beauty and the diamond crown on her head. The coat contrasted brilliantly with her bronze skin, her colorful outfit, and the thick sheets of chestnut hair running down its back in locks and waves to a bit beyond her ass, fluffy and shiny.

Every item she wore screamed for people to look at her, to be the center of attention. And she of course knew that was where she belonged – there was nothing more natural, more right, than beautiful babe with eyes locked on her body. Mark repeated this to her a few weeks before in the middle of presenting her with a glorious diamond necklace, every bit of which was made of the precious stones, including the strand leading into a lovely 100-carat diamond the size of a doorknob resting on her tantalizing titties. The earrings matched, of course.

She walked the long cobblestone path to her car, where her voluptuous chauffeur waited. Something like four or five houses had been demolished to make room for her palace, but Kimberly had promised and delivered them places serving in her new home. They all seemed quite happy about it.

“School, Mommy,” she said to the waiting driver, and glided inside to her seat.

A little joke they played. Her real name was Ronni. It had once been longer but Kimberly felt it had too many syll . . . sy . . . like, sounds your tongue had to make when saying something.

Mark had told her just the other day that he was a God, and as such she was his Goddess. Goddesses couldn’t have mommies, that was silly, that would mean she had been born, and everyone knew that Mark had created her in the image of his greatest desire.

Besides, Ronni couldn’t have been older than twenty-three at the most, and well, the numbers didn’t seem right.

But, whatever! Kimberly knew you’d have to be a mathematician and have a few years of free time to figure out something that complicated.

Kimberly had found Ronni while touring the local Female Designs department store with Mark. It had been him, in fact, that suggested the chauffeuring job for Ronni.

Mark was just so funny sometimes. Like, how he was about a month ago, in the middle of a fuck session. He spent about two or three days a week with her, most of the time. Poor soul had to travel constantly.

They had just came together, like always, and he had stopped to look at her. He did this a lot. She posed for him, made her feelings manifest with her face, letting him know that no other cock than his could even come close to satisfying her. A hot babe's face was one of the best breeding grounds for creating lust in her man’s life, and, as a Goddess, Kimberly knew she was the best babe ever.

“I'm going to try something,” he said. “Just for a moment.”

He looked at her, concentrating, and she felt a haze recede from her brain that she hadn’t even known was there. He looked at her strangely for a minute while she continued her pose.

“Aren’t you going to say something?”

Kimberly smiled. “What would you like me to say, darling? Should I tell you I love you?”

She'd say whatever he liked. He was the one that had made her so beautiful. Worshiped. Because of him, she had everything she had ever dreamed of.

"I . . ." He seemed at a loss, though a strange, new hunger shined in his eyes. "You know that I changed you, right? Changed everything?"

Kimberly giggled. "Oh. I guess so. That was really great of you."

"You," he said, pushing her down against the bed, suddenly and magnificently hard again, "are a very good girl."

Almost she said something, something close to being unsure.

But then she giggled, and the thought popped into nothingness, echoing off the walls of her empty head. It was hard to be sure of anything when Mark was around, that was why she felt so glad he took care of her. She leaned up to kiss him, and feeling the haze slowly fade back in. She rather enjoyed it.

"Don't sound so surprised," she purred.

After that he started visiting her four times a week, without fail. Kimberly didn't know what had changed, but she was glad it did.

As she rode she saw her town making the preparations for the celebration tomorrow. They had been working on them all week. Probably it would go much smoother if she stopped letting the workers fuck their wives, girlfriends, daughters, sisters, or just whatever hot babe happened past as they labored, but Kimberly wanted her subjects to have fun.

Kimberly's heart leaped up to her the empty space in her head when they arrived at the school. Mark's helicopter was parked there, in the helipad where the girls soccer field used to be.

Women hardly had a use for outdoor sports, after all, when every babe at the school was either on the cheerleading squad or the stripper team, so she had suggested to him that something useful might be done with it. The cheerleaders in their skimpy outfits gave out a joyous cry as Kimberly stepped out of the car, sounding off their adoration with a cheer as they did every morning.

Candice McMicheal was one of the cheerleaders, always the very loudest of any of the girls. She had become such a nice person after starting to wear Mark's clothes.

She strode inside, looking for him, her hands out at a ninety-degree angle at her side in their naturally relaxed state. The halls were empty, as usual, largely because the different classrooms were full to the brim of

eighteen year-olds necking, grinding, and fucking in whatever form they desired.

It was good that the young men were learning their proper places, in charge of girls.

At first, there had been some protest about all the beds, sofas, and recliners that the classrooms received. But then Kimberly spoke about it at a town meeting, and everyone seemed to think it was a terrific idea.

Glory had just stepped out of class with a student. Her bright orange microdress barely contained her fabulous curves.

“Now Johnny, this is like, y’know, the fifteenth time this week I’ve had to suck you off because you weren’t paying attention, and—”

She saw her Queen strutting quickly down the hall and bowed. Johnny got to his knees.

“Hi, your Highness!” Glory breathed cheerily. “Master awaits in your room.”

Kimberly thanked her and rushed there. Glory was her friend, and Kimberly didn’t really require her to use her formal titles, but the blonde babe seemed to enjoy it like everyone else.

Kimberly's room was the principal’s former office, redecorated to serve as her bedroom away from her bedroom. The only bit of the room not covered by bed was the space needed to open the door. She originally had it colored neon pink, but then Mark made her realize that he would be there as well, and the color was a bit loud for him when it wasn’t covering a hot female body. They compromised with a bright, happy sky blue.

He lounged on the pillows there, already naked. Kimberly came at the sight. It smelled like strawberries. Mark liked different smells, and made sure she accommodated him there. The titanically-tittied teen felt so lucky that he could do whatever he wished with her. It kept him happy. She crawled onto the bed with him.

“I’m so glad you’re home early,” she cooed. “I thought it would be another few days.”

He smiled. “I closed the deal. Female Designs is going worldwide, and I felt like celebrating.”

“Yay!” The tiny goo of her mind could come up with nothing better to express her emotion.

“And it’s been six months we’ve been together now,” he said, stroking her face as she slid onto his form. “I thought I’d give you a present as well.”

He reached under a pillow, and presented her with a small box.

Kimberly opened it, close to tears. But no, it wouldn't do to cry in front of her man. Inside the box, as she had expected, was a beautiful, solid diamond ring.

“You're marrying me,” he announced. “Tomorrow. I figured we could combine the two celebrations.”

“Oh, *thank you*,” Kimberly cried, leaping on to her Master.

“You're going to be a good slavewife for me, aren't you?”

She nodded ecstatically. “Your *best* one!”

It was easy to deduce, even for a hot babe like her, that Mark was going to have lots and lots of slavewives. But still, Kimberly was so blessed to be the first, and she knew she would always be his best.

Mark's cock was completely hard, towering toward the ceiling. Kimberly slid on top of its massive length, filling her body entirely. Her mind. Hot little orgasms powered through her, and her mind melted just a bit more. All she could focus on was how lucky she was.

Her hot, young pussy slid up and down his shaft as he easily picked her up and set her back down. With a few tugs, he had ripped her outfit off entirely, holding her by her tits. She still had on her gloves, her boots, her amazing fur coat, and of course her crown.

Mark held her by her tits, fucking her up and down his thick meat, increasing his pace. She was made for him, made for his meat. Made to be fucked by him. Made to become his slavewife queen.

“All yours, all yours,” she cried out happily, hands trailing up and down his heavily muscled form. “Thank you for making me *yours*.”

He came inside of her then, filling her perfectly, as always.

His intensely hot load unleashed inside of her body like a supernova of cum, exploding a thousand orgasms inside of her body all at once. Her mind turned off for several minutes, completely overloaded.

When she came to, he was still hard insider of her, stroking her hair lovingly.

“Fuck me again, husband,” she whispered eagerly. “My husband king!”

Kimberly Amora loved her life. It was so good to be the Queen.

HOPE TO HEAR FROM YOU soon!

Bimbo Gaze

Two blond beauties knelt before me, their mouths slaving over my cock with wet kisses and long heated slurps. They made out passionately around the head of my cock, trading loving turns as they soulfully sucked me up and down.

In their eyes I saw only obedience. Only adoration. Only slavish, absolute love.

I didn't plan it this way.

I didn't plan to have a pair of bimbo beauties with empty brains and huge, lactating tits loving nothing in the world except for my cock.

I didn't plan to have more power than I knew what to do with.

I was a good guy. I paid my taxes. I was polite to people. I brought my lunch to work and didn't turn on my air conditioning during the hottest times of the day. I re-used the same water bottle for months at a time.

And yet somehow, here I was—the mind controlling master of a pair of slaves. I'd totally ruined their lives—or at least, their lives as they had been. Their lives as they were before I completely fucked their thoughts away and replaced them with nothing but worshipful obedience.

I promise I'm a good guy. I promise I didn't mean to do it this way.

But goddamn...having two girls suck your cock at the same time feels crazy good. Too good to ever think that I can stop.

"WHY DON'T YOU DO EVERYONE a favor and go die like your father did?"

There was no guilt on the face of my boss, Victoria, as she said this to me—no shame, no self-awareness that what was spouting out from her plush, well-formed lips was probably the most horrible thing you could say to a person. I stood over a mess of wet pulp—a batch of books that were supposed to be on our shelves next week, but instead were ruined by a flood from the rainstorm the night before.

Instead, there was a real sensation of pride that I read on her face—vindictive righteousness that she was putting me in my place.

"Look," I said, pointing at the boxes of ruined books. "It's not my fault. How was I supposed to know this place had such a shitty, leaky basement? It's not like you told me—"

"More excuses," she said, rolling her eyes. Her thick, beautiful breasts heaved in her tight blue dress. "Let me know when you've learned to take responsibility for yourself, Ethan. In the meantime, clean this shit up."

She stormed back upstairs and I was left alone with my co-worker Gia, who looked at me with crossed arms.

"You're fucking crazy if you think *I'm* going to clean up this mess," she said. "I told you to put them on the shelves."

Not that I was going to mention it, but she had also told *me* to put them on the shelves while she skipped out on work early to go hang out with her boyfriend Darryl.

It wasn't because Gia was smoking hot that I was keeping my mouth shut—although, yeah, that probably had something to do with it. Nineteen, blond, huge breasts, picture-perfect body, and an apparent obsession with wearing tiny miniskirts that barely slipped past the edge of her beautifully built ass, she was certainly a looker. Her penchant for skirts was in full effect, wearing a pleated brown nothing that showed off more leg than most women had bodies. I respectfully declined to let my drool exit my mouth...most of the time.

But no, the reason I held my tongue at Gia was instead because I had really had enough of eating shit that day from the ladies I worked with at the library. Why give her the excuse to be pissy with me?

My boss, Victoria, was well older than both of us—I was twenty-four—she was in her late thirties somewhere. She was still crazy hot, though. After being a beauty queen for her youth—winning the state competition twice and dominating the local circuits for so long they were actually *named* after her now—she had "retired" to a life of public service in running a local library.

Word was, she'd had her heart broken by some millionaire machinery baron and when she woke up out of the haze of alcohol and grief, she was in charge of the library. Now she ran it like her own personal duchy.

None of this was to mention that she thoroughly hated my guts.

Somehow I had managed to surround myself with a whole mess of beautiful blondes who don't seem to have anything in common but their shared hatred of me and everyone I come from. The two of them shared this particular hatred in common with most of the town.

Gia stomped up the stairs of the basement, leaving me with the pulpy mess of the books to clean.

I sighed, looking at the expansive mess, wondering where to start. It seemed like a sort of hopeless task.

Believe it or not, I felt bad. I certainly didn't like being yelled at by everyone in my life, but that wasn't it. I felt bad because I genuinely care for books. Books were the only reason I escaped the empty bourgeoisie hellscape of my childhood with anything resembling humanity. That's why I got the job at the library to begin with. To be responsible for a whole three crates of donated books being absolutely ruined was not going to rest easy on my conscience.

I picked up a push broom and started to sweep the muck of the pulp towards the center of the basement near the stairs. The wet mess of pages had spread out everywhere, deep into each corner of the basement. It was like pushing old rotten wood, soggy oatmeal, or mashed corn. A thoroughly gross affair.

The basement wasn't exactly in top-notch condition in the first place. The Bloomingdale Heights Second District Library had been built over a hundred years before, and was in vast need of upkeep. Down below, here in the basement, was where they kept their outdated furnace system, storage of donated books, and a whole lot of cobwebs, dirt, and accumulated grossness from years and years of water damage.

Sweeping and pushing the broom was exhausting work. I was in pretty decent shape from lifting weights three times a week. Not enough cardio, giving me a little bit of extra bulk, but still, you could look at me and know I worked out. My hair was light brown and my eyes pretty much the same color. I was good-natured enough to pick up tail in bars pretty easily while I was traveling—but not so handsome that I could overcome the boiling pot of hatred for me and my kin in the town of Bloomingdale Heights.

More steps down the stairs, and my temper began to flex.

"I'm taking care of it, damn," I said. "Lay off."

"Jeez, all right. Just looking for my sister, man."

I turned and looked—it was Amelia, Gia's sister. She was younger than Gia, and—though it was hard to believe—much, *much* prettier, when Gia was already so easy on the eyes that it was a surprise men didn't fall asleep when they drool after her.

Amelia and Gia were stepsisters, as far as I knew, and Amelia's mother must have been from somewhere more exotic—Eastern Europe, maybe Brazil. Some place with tall women who had amazing asses, long voluminous hair, and the kinds of faces that haunted your dreams from the second you saw them.

Yeah, I had a thing for Amelia. Old gay men who had been moved in with their partner after the first date and lovingly sucked cock for forty years had a thing for Amelia—it was impossible not to. She was that kind of beauty, that kind of girl.

Her hatred for me—though I'm sure it was there—had always been more muted than that of her sister and certainly that of Victoria and other more mature folks of the city, and for that, my "thing" for her transcended into a whole lot of crushing.

The kindness of a woman was not something I took for granted.

She wore tight green yoga pants that would be the substance of every wet dream of mine for the rest of forever. Her ass cleavage was grafted onto every thought I had. Complicating this further was the tight yellow sports bra she wore, barely able to contain the young buoyant perfection of her tits. Hair like dripping dark sunshine wrapped down around her body, thick and voluminous, and I was—for the seven hundredth time since seeing her—absolutely in love with her.

Amelia was the cheerleading captain at her school, and even when I had been rich and gone to high school, she never would have gone for me. Too wholesome, she was; she bought into the high school promise of popularity, fast cars, and good times.

She'd marry the star quarterback (who she was now dating), having sex only on her wedding night, and the worst part of it is they were both pretty smart and came from well-to-do families, so they'd end up successful—I couldn't even have the dignity of living better than her.

"Sorry," I said. "Everyone's on my case today. I don't know where Gia is. You checked around upstairs?"

"Obvi," she said, rolling her eyes. "Maybe she's on the roof getting a smoke? I hope not. Mom's *really* serious about her giving that up."

“I’ve been down here all morning.” I looked at my cellphone. “All afternoon, too, I guess. I didn’t know so much time had passed.”

She stepped down into the basement. Every motion sent hard pulses into my cock. Her abs, perfectly toned and perfectly covered by the thinnest layer of tantalizing flesh, made her every movement appear transcendent.

I just had to fuck the shit out of her body so bad. My boner was quickly apparent, and I had trouble caring.

“What happened?” she asked, looking at the mess.

“The rains last night. Basement got flooded.”

“That downpour?” she asked, peering closer at the stack of mushed books. “I thought that was only for like, twenty minutes.”

“Yeah, well,” I waved my hand around. “Here we are. Shitty sewer system got backed up, and the shitty piping here couldn’t handle it.”

“Shit.”

She leaned further into the pile. It was possible she was very close to falling into it, but I had a great view of the best ass in the world—I wasn’t about to stop her from doing *anything*.

“Here’s one that got saved, huh?”

With a smile that melted every part of me, she held up a thick black and pink book. It was more like a tome than a book, almost the entire size of Amelia’s torso.

“Wow,” I said, taking the tome from her and setting it up against a nearby abandoned pedestal. “It doesn’t even seem wet.”

She read the title, following with a finger. “’The Varyashuns & Intricacies of Ancieynt Bimbeau Magicka.’ Weird.”

I nodded, barely listening, too caught up with being so damn close to Amelia. “Super weird.”

I was the one to open the book. For some reason, I was trembling. At first, I thought it was just because I was so close to the object of my barely containable desire. I hadn’t been this close to Amelia ever, and my senses were all thoroughly overwhelmed. All I wanted to do was turn to her and kiss her madly, passionately, shove her against the wall and fuck her and promise her that she’d never worry about anything again.

But, Amelia trembled too—and I knew it wasn’t for the same reasons I thought I was trembling.

After a moment, I realized it was the book itself. Something was *off* about it—something that felt out of this world.

“Maybe we shouldn’t—”Amelia began, but it was too late.

I had already opened the book—and then my hands couldn’t stop, turning page after page. Information poured into me. Light sang from the book. I heard my voice and Gia’s voice filling the small basement. I heard rumblings as the earth moved and the basement shifted.

I heard everything—*everything*—all at once. My eyes burned and burned, but it wasn’t pain that filled me.

It was joy.

LET’S GO AHEAD AND get this out of the way—I don’t know my parents. Honestly, I never did. I don’t want any sympathy for it and I damn sure don’t want your pity.

I *knew* them, of course. It’s just, they were never around. I was raised mostly by a rotating cycle of maids and tutors until the money finally ran out when I was sixteen. My parents spent holidays with me and that was it—they never really wanted a kid. They wanted to party all the time in island countries or along expensive river fronts in Europe.

Eventually, that all caught up with them. My mother drank herself to death. And my father? He had big development ties to more than half of the land in my hometown of Bloomingdale Heights, which meant he had the ears of every politician from the local city councilors to state senators. Time was, a re-invigoration bill came through the state to invest funds into renewable energy sources. But this meant trouble for my father’s oil wells, so he killed it.

Then his oil ran out; then his fortune ran out; then his patience with life ran out and he hung himself.

I’ve been on my own ever since, but really, I always was. I had a nice run for those sixteen years, living in a string of nice houses—but they were as empty as anything you can imagine. For a kid, that’s tough to take.

After two years in a state home, I moved out on my own and used up whatever part of my fortune was left. It wasn’t very much. The city took a lot of it and the state took the rest; with as much embezzling and tax evasion that my dad was involved in, it wasn’t very difficult for the government to shore up as much money as they wanted from funds that had never belonged to me in the first place.

After six more years of traveling and self-educating, I came back home. Everyone there hated me by proxy; news that I had arrived back was met with scorn and derision everywhere from the newspapers to the nightly news.

Now, why would they still hate me? Wasn't it all my father's doing, their misfortune? What did I have to do with any of it?

Well, almost nothing. But like some grand cosmic game of horseshoes, it's that "almost" that counts for everything.

You see, I still owned a *little* bit of land. Comparatively little, at any rate. A few hundred acres just on the border of the town, ripe for any sort of development I could set my eyes on. But I wouldn't sell it, and the city government had lost their eminent domain case against me. They wanted it for a new tourist center to try and jump start a new influx of money into the town, which it badly needed after the oil had dried up.

But I wouldn't sell it to them.

Why not?

I couldn't really tell you. Spite was certainly part of it. They had tried to steal the land away from me before they offered to buy it from me, so that was one part of it. Maybe I had plans of my own, vague and unrealized, about starting something up with it that could save the town, so I could do it myself.

But really, if I were to be honest—and why not be honest here?—I'd say it was because I was still pretty pissed off about them stealing everything else away from me because of my family name. That land was the last part of my family that I had, and I'd be damned if I was going to give it up just because they hadn't spent the money they'd *already* taken from me well enough.

Anyway. Reading that book—if you want to call the experience that I had "reading"—left me flat on my ass like nothing I could have imagined.

When I woke, I was on the floor, covered in the pulpy muck of the basement. Right away I wanted to retreat to my small apartment and take a shower. Amelia was nowhere to be found, though next to me I saw a body-shaped outline in the muck where she must have been knocked down too.

Who ever heard of a book actually knocking you on your ass? Who ever heard of a book filling your head with so much light and joy?

I mean, obviously, books are great. But this was like being attached to a satellite dish that only ever received mainline bliss. My body was still

weak, though my soul felt on fire.

Slowly, I got up and began to make my way up the stairs. We didn't have a shower, but we did have a bathroom, and so I managed to wash most of the muck off and change into a spare pair of clothes I kept in a bag for when I went to the gym. My shift was, technically, for another hour and a half, but I was going home.

Victoria could fire me if she wanted to—which meant that she could fire me.

In fact, I probably *would be* fired as soon as she found out I was leaving early, but I didn't give a damn. I needed a nap. I'd just experienced something intense and spiritual, and my brain required recovery.

There were a few bathrooms in the library. I chose the one on the top floor, the third floor, because it was the most isolated and the least likely to have someone come in. Our library didn't have a high rate of visitors in the first place—maybe twenty a day on a good day—so it was good bet.

The top floor was like the two below it—filled with rows and rows of books. It contained non-fiction for the most part, my least favorite genre. I had always been more of a swords-and-sorcery man. Anything for an escape.

Coming out of the bathroom, feeling cleaner—or at least clean enough to go home in my car and clean up again—I saw Gia waiting for me. She was worrying at a lock of golden hair, frowning intensely.

"Hey," said Gia. "Are you okay?"

"I think so."

"I heard like, some big rumble. And then Amelia walked out and she was like, not talking? She looked like she was in a trance or something. It was super weird. Are you guys okay? Did you hit like a gas line or something?"

"Gas line?" I shook my head. "No. There was this book..."

I trailed off, realizing that if I were to explain what had really happened, I would sound insane.

You can just imagine how that conversation would go: *No, really, gorgeous nineteen year-old whose biggest existential worry is what dress she'll wear on her next date and who is only working in a library because it's an easy paycheck where she can bully and/or sweet-talk the town's black sheep into doing all her duties. I just had a spiritual experience from what amounts to just looking at a book. Do I mean reading it? No, of course not.*

I couldn't call it reading because all the information in it was transmitted directly into my brain without me really doing any of that pesky eye-movement of "reading." Hey, where are you running to? No, I don't know the number to the mental hospital.

"There was this book..." Gia said, urging me on.

"Never mind," I said. "Don't worry about it. Why don't you just tell Victoria it was my fault, all right? You were going to anyway. Talk to Amelia if you want to know more."

I began to walk past her—going home for my nap. But she grabbed me.

"Hey." She sounded concerned. "I *tried* to talk to Amelia. But she was so fucking out of it that she acted like she didn't even *know* me. I don't know what's happening, but I...but...b-but I..."

Her eyes were a soft blue. They were locked on mine. I usually don't look people in the eyes. It's uncomfortable and makes me feel awkward. But at that moment, I felt like I *had* to look Gia in the eyes, like there was something *important* about seeing right through into her soul.

Her words trailed off. She tried a few more times to say something, but it ended in sounds more mushy than the pulp in the basement. It was amazing, for me, locking eyes with Gia like this, and not just because her cleavage was *right there* and I could look straight down into it at any given time. It wasn't Amelia-quality, but it was damn fine and it was gifted with the unmistakable qualities of immediacy—and yet I ignored it anyway.

Ignored it, and continued to look into Gia's eyes.

Something transferred between us. Or rather, something *exited* from me—a sensation more than anything tangible, at first. A feeling of joy, of happiness, of well being. I saw Gia's face begin to smile for the first time since I had known her. She had a gorgeous smile, enough to make my cock harden even more than it already was from being so close to her.

And then, as my cock hardened, the transfer began to intensity. Light, brilliant and pink, joined our gaze. Her body stiffened and drool began to exit her mouth.

My cock grew harder and harder, unstoppable now, even though I couldn't place exactly what was turning me on. It was power I felt—power that thrummed through my being. I *wanted* Gia, I wanted to fuck her for an entire week, and in me I could feel the power very suddenly to do exactly that. I couldn't explain it, couldn't describe it, but I knew the longer she

held my gaze, the more I owned her entire being. Her eyes emptied out, all intelligence draining away.

Slowly, the intensity of our gaze began to dissipate. Slowly, Gia's eyes began to become her own again. And slowly, she dropped to her knees before me.

"Of course, Master," she said softly. "Yes, r-right away. Thank you, Master."

I looked around. No one had said anything. And yet all the same, Gia began to unzip my pants as if I had ordered her to do so—as if I had ordered her to do so, and as if she was *thrilled* to do so.

Her smile was soft and quiet as she unveiled my cock, already so hard and dripping with precum. Her big blue eyes flashed with delight as her hands slipped my member out of its constraints, happy little coos exiting her mouth in a row. Moaning softly, she began to lick and kiss the head and shaft, stroking passionately as she did so.

"G-Gia," I said, stunned. "What are you doing?"

"I am obeying, Master. You need your cock adored. And so I am adoring it. Would you like me to stop, Master?"

I certainly fucking did not. And yet at the same time...

"Why am I your Master?"

"Because..." she smiled, laughing, as if I had brought up something supremely dumb—a suggestion that we build a car for bipedal elephants, maybe. "Because you *are*. You *always* have been. Unless..."

Her expression became very worried indeed. I could see the fear in her eyes; I could feel her fear and desperation as she licked and kissed me.

"...you don't want me as your slave anymore, Master? Is that it? Am I to be exiled from the glory of your service?"

She looked so scared. So vulnerable and afraid. And so even though I knew that somehow the *right* thing to do was to have her stop sucking my cock, I couldn't bring myself to tell her that.

"No," I said. I took her by the hair and shoved my cock down her throat. She responded with a pleasured, happy moan, her tight throat vibrating all along the many inches of my shaft. "No, you're mine. You're mine, and you're going to swallow my fucking cum. Aren't you?"

She moaned a happy affirmative, gleefully slurping up and down the long shaft of my cock with ease. Her attentions only increased as she worked, licking eagerly as she sucked me down. I let go of all restraint, my

hands tugging and sinking into her thick, short golden hair, pulling her tight against my crotch.

Soon, she was deep-throating me completely. My hips bucked against her pretty face, fucking it hard. There was no resistance, no distress. She took everything I had with delight, and then wanted more. I could see a puddle of hot lust spilling from her crotch, soaking her panties and the bottom of her skirt. On her knees in front of me, I had never wanted Gia more in my life.

All those times she had talked down to me. All those times she had pushed work my way. All those times she had ignored me, or snubbed me, or mocked me.

I was paying her back for that now and in spades. Her moans became choked and garbled as I fucked her throat even more furiously than before; she was running out of air. I didn't give a fuck.

"You fucking *take it*," I growled. "You fucking *take my cum*."

Her eyes, so big and blue, widened with need. She wanted it—she wanted *all* of this. Wanted to be used like this by her Master.

It was all the signal I needed. My balls, slapping so hard against her pretty little chin, tightened sweetly as my orgasm began to arrive. A huge load erupted from my cock, flooding ounces of hot seed down her throat and then—as I pulled out—across her face and tits. I bathed her in it—more cum than I had ever let loose before—spraying it all across that perfect cleavage that I'd jerked off thinking about so many times, that hot face that had denied me even the simplest of courtesies and friendliness before.

She belonged to me, now. I had marked her.

"Thank you, Master." Gia cleaned my cock with care and attention, not a drop of cum going to waste. Her attentions were exquisite. "Thank you so much."

Shuddering still, my legs trembling, I backed away slightly from her. Not so much that she couldn't keep licking and kissing me, but a little. Now that my head was clear, I was a little scared at how much I had gotten into that—how *vengeful* I was.

And was it just me, or were her eyes even bluer than before?

GIA TOOK A CATNAP AT my feet after swallowing my load, gently kneading one foot between her heavy tits.

I had deduced—genius that I am—that somehow the book downstairs was the cause of all this.

I'd had my fun and, if you want to call it that, my "revenge." I didn't need to keep going with this. Gia was beautiful—gorgeous, really—but this felt dirty and weird and I didn't fancy having a mind controlled slave, no matter how pretty she was.

I mean, *yes*, it was completely awesome having my cock sucked by a beautiful obedient woman, and especially one who had treated me like such dirt before, but I had a little dignity. I had *some* morals. Her mind had been screwed with, somehow, and I was the one who had done it.

And behind *that* was the book. I left Gia sleeping in the stacks and ran downstairs to the basement. My assumption was that if it was the tome that had changed me and changed Gia, then it was the tome that could change us back.

But when I got there, the book on the podium was full of mush. I tried to open the cover, and my hand sank into the mass of the book like it was fresh porridge. When I tried to turn the pages, it disintegrated more, melting and forming a thick soup at the base of the podium.

I huffed, shaking my head. This was fucked up.

Whatever had happened to me wasn't going to un-happen itself anytime soon, not by any means I could see.

It was just then—as I made my way through the stacks back to Gia—that I remembered Amelia. God, what the fuck was *she* going through? Had the same thing happened to her that happened to me? Gia had mentioned her being in some sort of trance. Had I done to Amelia what I had done to Gia?

I certainly hoped not. I had enough on my conscience already.

When I returned to Gia, she was still on the ground. But something was different.

In fact, a *lot* was different. She had changed. And, to be totally accurate, she was *still* changing.

As I looked at her, her hair became thicker and longer. It had been short and cute before—cut short, I would guess, to differentiate herself from her sister's array of brilliantly golden blond locks. Before, though, the color had been somewhat muted—like a brownish blond, somewhere caught in between.

Her hair now was blond and getting blonder. The roots *themselves* were golden, and the locks grew out into thick, heavy tresses, surrounding her like a cloak.

And there was, suddenly, quite a different image of Gia to surround. I watched with wonder as her tummy tightened up—and there hadn't been much to tighten in the first place. Skin from head to toe bronzed over and became shinier, healthier. Her waist narrowed while her hips grew wider, sending a pulse to my cock at the obvious advertisement of her sudden fertility. Her legs grew longer, torso seeming to shorten—though perhaps that was just because of the way that her tits started to grow.

And by grow, I mean they *exploded*—before they were a hefty, delicious 36C cup. Now she would be lucky to fit inside a 38E at the least. And even though they were that big, her body retained all of its youthful vigor, the surface of her tits remained shiny and bronzed like the rest of her skin.

"F-fuck..." I muttered.

"Yes, Master," said Gia dreamily, yawning and turning onto her back. She spread her legs wide, her pink pussy lips opened up just for me. "Please, Master. I need you to fuck my body full of your impregnating cum like, right away. Pretty please, Sir?"

It was now that I got a full look at her face. She had been pretty before—very much so. Now she was positively angelic. Her lips were puffier, her eyes bigger and—as I had thought before—even more blue than they used to be. Her every feature was accented and exaggerated up to the point of supreme eroticism. She would never be able to have a job doing something normal and sensible—no one would take her seriously as a politician or a saleswoman or banker.

But she could be a stripper.

Oh yes.

She could be a whore.

And apparently, for all intents and purposes, she was now *my* whore. And I wanted to fuck my whore bad. My cock strained against my pants, aching to fill that needy, wet gap between her thighs.

"Gia," I said, gulping. "Close your legs."

Disappointment flashed across her face for a moment, quickly overshadowed by soft bliss from how good it felt to obey my order.

"Yes, Master." She smiled. "Anything you say."

“I need you to think for me, Gia.”

“That’s not my strong suit,” she giggled. “But I’ll try. What do you want me to think about?”

“You’re saying I am your Master. Do you know...do you know when that started?”

I wanted to know what she knew, what she had experienced. To reverse this, I would need more hard facts.

“I...hmm. Thinking is like, super hard...” she put a finger on her nipple, tweaking and toying. The raspberry-sized protrusion gave her no small amount of pleasure, apparently. As she toyed, she looked up at me with heavily-lidded eyes, licking her lips, all but beckoning me to come and fuck her rotten.

I stood strong, though.

“Think, Gia,” I said, my voice more commanding. “Do this for me. Do it for...for Master.”

I had a hard time with that last bit, but I figured the ends were more important than the means at that moment.

Of course, a whole lot of trouble I had *after* this was because of that line of reasoning—justifying the definite means with the possible ends. The problem with that, though, is that the ends can change on you whenever you like, but the means are always under your control.

“There...was a time,” said Gia, “I do remember, when I wasn’t your slave. But it was a *wrong* time. It was...like a dream world? Like a different sort of time, living on top of this one. But the more I think about it, the more it goes away. I mean, it doesn’t really belong in my head anyway. In *that* silly time, I’d never even sucked cock before. I’d never even been laid!” She giggled, tits bouncing. “Isn’t that silly, Master?”

I nodded, gulping as I watched her beautiful breasts continue to jiggle. “Very.”

“Won’t you come and like, fuck me forever, Sire?”

Gia slid a hand between her legs, sliding fingertips past her clit. Instantly, her body responded, hot delicious moisture sliding over her folds. And it *was* delicious—I could smell it. She would taste like a pot of honey laced with a heavy heaping of cocaine.

I *did* want to fuck her. But to do it like this...it felt so wrong. I didn’t know if I could give myself over to feelings that were steeped in such low morality.

"What's going on up there?"

Victoria approached. Panic struck me. Trying to think quickly, I pushed Gia out of the aisle of books we were in and shoved her into the nearby bathroom.

"Stay in there," I hissed, "and don't come out unless I tell you."

"Yes, Master."

I shushed her, face red, and turned to see Victoria approaching.

God, she was a fine woman. Long legs, beautiful face, and hair that seemed to shine. There was a part of me—a very real part—that wanted to know just how developed my powers were. Were they "powers" at all, even? Were they permanent?

The book, I remembered, had said something about magic and rituals on the cover. Had what Amelia and I experienced been part of some unrealized ritual dozens of years or even centuries before, only actualized once we came across the book?

Was it a one-time thing with Gia or not?

Could I make *Victoria* into my bimbo fuckslave too?

There was a curious part of me that was rather interested in finding out. But, luckily for Victoria (and, I suppose, for my soul), my conscience won out.

"Gia is sick," I said. "Not sure with what. She thinks it's something she swallowed. Ate, I mean."

Inside the bathroom, Gia giggled. I turned and shot a glare at the bathroom, hoping somehow that she could see my displeasure through the door.

"She sounds fine," said Victoria, clearly suspicious. "It smells...strange, up here. Were you...?"

"Cleaning up after taking care of the mess in the basement?" I offered, hoping to be clever. "Yes. Absolutely. I'm not quite done yet, but give me a couple of trash bags and I should be done before midday tomorrow."

She sniffed again, deeper this time. "No, that's not it. It's a *different* smell. It's..."

From inside the bathroom, Gia started making big gagging and vomit noises. Victoria's suspicion immediately transformed into concern. "Oh, the poor dear. And all she has is *you* to look after her. Do you think she needs to go see a doctor?"

“We’ve...already made an appointment,” I lied. “Her sister didn’t show up to drive her, so I volunteered.”

“How very *chivalrous* of you, Mr. Prince.” She crossed her arms, shaking her head. “Don’t think it’ll get you anywhere with her. She’s too smart for that. Like every other woman in this town.”

That stung. It was true—before Gia’s impromptu blowjob, I hadn’t been sucked off in ages. Or laid, for that matter.

For just a moment, I looked at her in the eyes. “You’re a real sweetheart, Victoria.”

Her eyes locked with mine. And, for that instant, I could see her pupils beginning to dilate, like she was looking into a very bright light—or, like she had taken some hallucinogenic drug.

I turned away, and she took several moments to respond.

“Real...sweetheart?” She smiled—the only time I had ever seen her smile at me, and laughed like I had said something funny. “You’re a real...real joker, Mr. Prince.”

Goddamn. It worked. It really worked. Whatever was happening with me was the real deal, and it didn’t appear to be going away soon. The urge to grab her by the hair then—to force her to look into my eyes until she was properly transformed and perfected like Gia had been—was very nearly overwhelming.

Victoria was fucking *hot*, and I could have her whenever I wanted.

But only nearly so. I kept my gaze to one side, and didn’t press on.

Having a beauty like Victoria being my worshipful slave, especially after how long she’d been a bitch to me, was quite tempting. But the wrongness of it was too much. Gia had been an unavoidable accident, ultimately excusable in some ways. But for Victoria, there would be no excuse unless I wanted to go full-bore into supervillainry.

Victoria walked away silently, her steps a little staggered, leaning occasionally on the bookshelves for support.

“Just...just look after her,” she said, her words slightly slurred. “Strong man that you are.”

I hoped to do just that.

AT THE SAME TIME THAT I was mindfucking Gia and transforming her —however inadvertently—into my personal bimbofied fuckslave, Amelia

was still dazed and walking through the streets of Bloomingdale Heights, looking gorgeous as ever in those tight pants and that hot little sports bra.

Her mind was pretty well fucked up from having looked at the book, but the symptoms of this were somewhat different than they had been for me. After waking up and seeing me dazed, she wiped herself off and headed outside the library—ignoring Gia on the way—and set herself out into the town.

All that she knew was that she had to get as far away from me—and the book—as possible. The light show from the book had spooked something terrible in her psyche, and the sooner she was done with it, the better.

When Gia had tried to stop her, a thousand different responses had come to Amelia's mind, but none of them were able to break the tranquil surface of the sea of strange contentment that had settled over her mind.

When the book had transmitted to her—and let's just use that word, shall we? Transmitted. Nice, easy word, and it's what I've taken to calling what I did to Gia and Victoria and later, others.

Anyway, when the book *transmitted* to her, she didn't receive the kind of sexual bliss that I did. Instead, she was filled with a sense of purpose and serenity, one that was quite hard to break free of.

But break free she did. Walking through the streets of Bloomingdale Heights, in a small district with a lot of small trendy shops (a vintage record store, a custom pet food shop, a specialized vinegar vendor, and so on), she entered an alley and got her foot stuck in a chain. With her mind being so gone and occupied, trying to decipher the endless combinations of symbols and passages from the book running through her head like a fleet of interconnected trains, by the time she finally noticed she was caught in the metal she was thoroughly entangled.

And so she reached down and snatched at the links, almost instantly pounding them into dust between her fingers and her palm.

Pretty seriously strong stuff in her fingers. Basically the moonshine of super-strength, which she had just discovered she had. The haze in her mind, at this point, was just about gone, with the shock from discovering her strength evaporating the last of it.

In her hands, she had held strong, American-made steel, and with about as much effort as she put into holding a pencil, she had crushed it into powder.

“I said *give me* your motherfucking money, man. You motherfucking deaf?”

Muggings were historically pretty rare in Bloomingdale Heights, but a recent rise in methamphetamine use had increased the amount of undesirables in the city. Amelia had come across one such encounter behind the grocery store where she had found herself. Two men were circling each other at the far end of the alley next to a dumpster. Curious and a bit amazed at what was happening, she picked up the chain—more carefully this time—and approached them.

“Fuck off, man,” said the fellow being mugged. “Just fuck off and leave me alone, okay?”

This man was positively dumb, as really the appropriate response to a man waving a knife in your face is and always will be “Do whatever he says.” He was well on his way to a stabbing.

And then Amelia threw the chain. It caught the attacker around his arms and neck, tying them together and knocking him down. The victim jumped, surprised, and then let out a cheer when he realized what had happened.

Amelia, though, was concerned that she had thrown the chain too hard and ran to the attacker to see if he was okay.

Unfortunately, he was. Furious at being thwarted, and no small part of this fury coming from the fact that he had been thwarted by a pretty woman dressed in yoga pants and a sports bra, the man stabbed Amelia right in the side. The blade broke off at the hilt and sparked along the alley way. Amelia stood up and looked down at where she had been stabbed—not even a mark on her flawless, tanned skin.

The victim ran off, squealing something about angels, and I can’t blame him. If I had been rescued from death by a woman as beautiful as Amelia, I probably would start believing in capital-g God too.

The attacker had big, wild eyes. Amelia shoved him hard into the ground on his stomach, pushing his arms behind his back. Then she took a nearby pipe and wrapped it around his hands and arms, leaving him in place.

She knelt down in front of him. He was drooling and crying, terrified out of his mind. For a moment, she just looked at him. Then, smiling, Amelia patted his face.

“No more muggings.”

He nodded urgently. “No more. No ma’am.”

“Good.”

She got up and walked away—then, thinking for a moment, jumped.

Seven seconds later she landed on top of a building a half-mile away with a hard thump, sending dust flying everywhere.

She was tough. She was strong. She had a hell of a high jump.

Something incredible had happened to her. Amelia had *powers*, somehow.

And there was no doubt in her mind that she had to use these powers only for good.

AFTER VICTORIA LEFT, I took Gia out of the bathroom.

She was naked. Her body rubbed against mine with exuberant desire, and she landed soft, pleading kisses on my chin and neck.

“Sire,” Gia whined, her fingers buried in her cunt. “Pretty *please* can I suck your cock again?” Her eyes lit up. “Or...*or*, you can fuck me? You can fuck me *right*, Master. You can fuck me so good. You can just get me *so* pregnant and fill me full of your babies. It’ll be so, so easy, Daddy...please?”

Her easy transition between all these titles—Daddy, Master, Sire—was making my cock as hard as a rock. How was anyone supposed to deny a virgin bimbo goddess who so desperately wanted your cock, and your cock *exclusively*, to fill up her tight young body?

“Where did your clothes go, Gia?”

“I...well...” she shrugged. “Having them on was like, making me all horny and stuff. So I got rid of them.”

Her naked, erect nipples pushed fervently into my chest. They were rock-hard.

“And you’re less horny now?”

She giggled, kissing my chin. “Not really. But that’s fine, right?”

Something wet was on my chest. All of Gia *looked* wet now—wet and shiny and fuckable, lubed up, ready for work—but she was only actually incredibly soft. Her hair was the exception—it was definitely soft, of course, but it didn’t look wet. It looked more luminous, sending off rays of pure blond into the atmosphere. Anytime her head moved, her long tresses each decided to try and out do each other, shimmering madly like spun gold.

I looked down at her body—especially her tits, which had been pressing against my chest. And there was the source of the wetness—her nipples were leaking milk.

"F-fuck..." I said.

My cock, before, had been relatively silent, if hard and ready. More panicked and distraught over the situation than anything else. But now, to see that milk, it began to shout with lust, demanding that its lust be slaked and soon.

"It's for you, Master," she said, sliding one finger over the warm liquid. "Just for you. To show you how nice and fertile I can be for you."

At first, she rubbed it into her skin. The healthy shine of her skin automatically increased where she rubbed it in, sending a soft, pleasant aromatic thrill into the air. Then she slid another few drops up to her mouth, tasting herself.

That was crazy erotic to me—seeing that milk. I can't say that I had a thing for milky tits before that, for lactation.

But seeing this young, beautiful creature before me, so clearly fertile, so clearly in *need* of my cock and cum, with gigantic, mind-bogglingly perfect tits that were leaking milk because she was so fucking turned on by my presence...that was having an effect in some primal, deep place in my mind.

Her other hand—the one that had been pushed up into her cunt, slid up to my chin now and sneaked her milk-covered fingers forward into my mouth. She tasted—as I suspected—like some mega-drug-laced form of honey.

"Please, Daddy?" she whispered, her voice a soft, aching coo. "Please won't you fuck me rotten? Won't you fuck me until I can't walk anymore? I need your cock so bad, Daddy. I want you to fuck my big leaky, milky tits. I want you to fuck my tight little asshole. I want you to fuck my mouth like it's my cunt. And I *need* you to fuck my *cunt*, Master, so bad, I need you to fuck me until I'm nice and big and preggo for you, and even then I want you fucking me still. Please, Sir, oh please?"

As she begged, her hands had fumbled with my zipper, taking a quick, soft hold of my straining cock, and I was helpless to stop her. Her hands were covered in milk still, and so her lactation quickly mixed with my precum lubrication, sending marvelous sensations up and down my masculine fabrication.

A man can only take so much—and I was at my limit from all her begging. The soft strokes of her hand on my cock, so insistent and gentle, happy, needy, with her eyes so big and blue and pleading—that pushed me over the limit for sure.

"Fuck," I groaned, precum spurting onto the shiny surface of her skin. "Fuck, yes."

The sound that emanated from her was half-giggle, half-moan, and all desire. She slid down to the ground with her legs spread wide and, with her grip still steady on my cock, I followed her down. Every part of her was so smooth and warm.

I lost myself in her body, immediately rubbing my face in her huge, milk-wet tits. Her moans increased—I could feel the bliss trembling through her body at my touch. As I did, my cock ground against the outside of her cunt, pushing on her clit.

As my cock pushed against her clit harder, I could feel her, almost immediately, cum beneath me.

"Y-yes, Master!" she moaned. "S-so good, Master!"

I ground into her more, taking her nipples into my mouth and licking and sucking wildly. The taste was paradise to my taste buds. Leaning forward more, I throttled her tiny body and shoved it up against my hips, preparing to enter. First, though, I leaned down over her face.

"I've wanted to do this for a long time," I said, stroking her face. "A long, long time."

"Anything." Gia's eyes were clear and full of love. "Anything you want, Master."

I kissed her long and deep, feeling my precum spurt out more onto her belly. The sensation was clearly ambrosia to her, this combination of her Master's kiss and essence, and she came again, bucking beneath me with her tongue thrashing wildly in my mouth.

More, more, more—all I wanted to feel was more. My hands ran across the tight surface of her ass, squeezing and pinching. I rubbed my face in her thick, long, flawless hair, so silky soft—like it had been made in some factory specifically designed to create surfaces to turn me the fuck on. I kissed furiously at her face, her chin, her jaw, her plush lips, everywhere.

"Tell me you want me," I said.

"I *want* you, Sire."

I pushed in on her harder, pulling her so tight against my body.

“Tell me you need me.”

“Yes, Master! I need *you*.”

That vengeful edge was taking control of me again, right in line with the furious nature of my boner.

“Tell me you fucking love me, you bitch.”

Her eyes were big, close to tears. “Master, I love you! I love you so much, Daddy! I-inside,” Gia begged. “Inside me, p-please! S-so clooose...p-please, Master...”

Her arousal was at a fever pitch and so was mine. I slid my cock backward, positioned it just so, and then plunged in.

Her pussy was heaven. Every part of her clenched me. I could see the shockwave of pleasure building from her cunt to her face, every muscle twitching, her body contorting and rolling like it had been caught in an earthquake.

She needed this. Needed me. Wanted me. Loved me.

And right then, right as she came with my cock inside her, shouting my name—that was, of course, when Victoria found us.

We hadn’t been very careful. I should have ordered Gia to be quiet, or failing that, gagged her somehow. Maybe I should have just been satisfied with fucking her beautiful mouth.

But I wasn’t, and I hadn’t, and instead I was caught by Victoria with my cock inside Gia.

The very *bimbofied* Gia, with bigger tits, gorgeous longer hair, and all-in-all a complete makeover. She had a passing resemblance to the beautiful young woman she had been, but she was now a much more sexualized, hentai-like version of what Victoria had known.

“What the fuck is going on here?” Victoria demanded.

Shit. Shit.

Shit shit shit.

I looked down at the beautiful bimbo goddess whose legs I was wrapped between—humping her still—and then back up at Victoria. She looked hot as fuck in that tight little blue dress, just a tiny black sweater between my eyes and the endless bounty of her heavy, hot cleavage. Her legs, long and glamorous, were shown off even more by the tall heels on her tight suede knee boots.

“I supposed ‘nothing’ isn’t going to be quite believable?”

Other good answers: “Not what it looks like” and “I’m fucking my mind-controlled sex slave, what does it look like, idiot?”

My cock, so fucking in love with Gia’s pussy, could not stop thrusting and pumping inside of her. I needed to feel more of her, needed to *fill her up*.

“St-stop that!” Victoria demanded. “Stop that at once. Stop...stop assaulting her!”

“N-no!” Gia moaned. “Don’t stop. Don’t ever stop, Master. Please! Don’t fucking stop until you make me pregnant!”

I tried to stand up, but Gia just held on, dragging me down. Summoning my strength—and not very much willing to stop fucking either—I lifted her slender frame onto my thighs and powered the both of us up. Gia squealed with delight—“Master is so *strong*!”—and started milking my cock for all it was worth.

“Victoria,” I huffed, in wonderment at my own lack of premature ejaculation with fucking this insane beauty clenching my rod so tight. “Please, don’t. You don’t understand...”

I had more to say, but Gia was squeezing in a very *particular* way with her cunt. Whatever bimbofying effects my gaze had delivered, apparently, a very thorough Kegel routine.

“I understand perfectly. Good lord, will you two *stop* fucking?”

We would not. I shoved her against the nearby shelf of books, sending several tumbling down to the floor. Gia screamed delightedly. Her nails dug into my back, raking and sliding, as she nuzzled the bottom of my chin. She was so soft. I wasn’t going to stop if she wasn’t.

“N-no,” I said, shaking my head. “Give us five minutes.”

“Ten!” Gia called.

“I’ll give you ten *seconds*,” said Victoria. “Then, I’m going to call *her* parents, first of all. And then I’m going to call the cops. If her father doesn’t string you up, then I’ll make sure the cops know that Harry Lexington’s kid has been having a *great time* defacing public property, how about that?”

“Deface...” I pulled myself from Gia’s grip just slightly. “Defacing public property? What the hell are you talking about?”

“That shelf, and this carpet, and all these books belong to the library, which belongs to the people. I’d say engaging in intercourse right on top of all of it is a pretty good example of defacing, wouldn’t you?”

She was being serious. This was no idle threat to get us to stop fucking right in front of her, which somehow we still had not. She really, absolutely was going to have me arrested for fucking Gia.

That would bring suspicion from the police. That would bring questions—questions I couldn't answer. How did Gia get this way? What had I done to her? How was I involved?

They wouldn't have any strict proof that I had actually intended to do *anything*. But the fact was that Gia had been transformed and I was obviously involved.

A thought then occurred to me. It was distant—it was goddamn *remote*—but it was a thought and it was the only one I had.

I looked into Victoria's eyes—full on. Before, I had only glanced in her direction. I had a gorgeous woman wrapped around my body, after all, and I was very busy fucking her. My cock still pistoned forward into Gia's tight, fertile cunt, and I was getting so, so close to emptying out inside her.

"Don't you look at me while you...you...perv...you..."

Her words slowly began to trail off. She moved her mouth up and down, but sounds stopped coming out. Holding Gia tight, I walked closer to Victoria and shoved her against the bookshelf next to my fuckdoll. Our gaze never broke. And, in being unbreaking, it began to intensify.

The harder I fucked Gia, the more light that began to sparkle between our transmission. It turned bright pink, and brighter still as I closed in on my orgasm. Victoria breathed fast, transfixed, her limbs immobile.

There was, at first, something in her eyes that looked like panic or fear. Like she knew what was happening, like she was trying to fight my control.

There was more struggle to her than Gia. She was older, more mature, more intelligent. She'd been through a lifetime of men trying to take advantage of her. But even so, all I had to do was not let my gaze waver.

"Fuck her mind, Master," Gia moaned. "Oh, yes, fuck her mind while you fuck *me*...get me fucking *pregnant* while you fill her with your will, oh sweet god, yes please, Daddy!"

Gia, cheering me on like that, was the final straw. A gorgeous bimbo fuckslave who was turned on by the thought of me mindfucking some other beauty to make her just like Gia's own bimboized self? It was too much. I erupted inside her sweet teenage cunt, filling her eighteen year-old body with my sperm.

And even as I did, I did not break my gaze. I came harder, with more volume, than I could ever remember doing in the past. Load after load shot from me, spray-painting the walls of Gia's womb, and I did not break my gaze.

Instead I watched, cock twitching and spurting, as Victoria's thoughts emptied from her mind and all her willfulness, bitchiness, and spite dissolved into nothingness before the might of my will.

To Victoria, now, I was God. I was her everything. I could see it in her eyes; I knew it in my bones. I had changed her. Slowly, the transmission between our eyes faded, and she sank to the ground. I sank down too—somewhat exhausted from fucking Gia so thoroughly.

Victoria, drooling and senseless, dropped to her knees. A low moan exited her mouth, eyes fixated on my Gia-wet cock still halfway inside my teenage loveslave.

She really was a gorgeous woman, I thought. This was the first time I had seen Victoria at peace, without her every movement and word being fueled by spite and anger for me.

I began to hope, oddly, that she had been able to live a nice life in her own private time. That she didn't go home and fume about me, trying to dream up ways to make my life hell. That just sounded *exhausting*, you know? To hate that much.

But the thought faded. None of that would be very much a problem anymore for her anyway. She was, for better or worse, my slave now. There wouldn't be an ounce of hate left in her mind anymore.

Slowly, I exited Gia's beautiful body. She was rubbing her belly already, a smile on her face.

"I can feel it, Sire," she moaned. "I can feel it already. I just *know* you got me pregnant. I *know* you did."

"Good," I said, looking only at Victoria now. "That's a good girl. Clean me off, would you?"

Gia nodded happily and knelt down, sliding her plush mouth around my cock and licking me dry. I took Victoria's face in one hand and then the other, turning her this way and that.

She seemed more out of it than Gia had when I hit her with the Gaze.

That's what I'm calling it now—the Gaze.

Cumming while I tranced her must have added to the effects somehow. That's my deduction anyway, and as far as I know, I'm the only expert

around on the subject.

"Victoria," I said. "How do you feel?"

Victoria shook and twitched, as if suddenly turning online. Her eyes slowly rotated toward mine, and her face softened into a joyous grin.

"I'm just wonderful, Master. How are you? Do you require my services?"

"I don't know. Are you my slave?"

She nodded eagerly. "Yes, Master. I'm so *very* much your slave."

"You're going to obey me from now on, then?"

"Obey you...from *now on*." The words filled her with pleasure. "Yes, Master. With all my heart."

Her face had broken out into an exultant smile. I owned her. All I had to do was solidify the terms.

"I am your Master, then. And I do require your services."

I had taken her in a moment of desperation. But now that I had her, there was a lot to take care of. And I still needed to find out what the hell had happened to Amelia.

Bimbo Gaze 2

A DAY HAD PASSED, AND Victoria had become fully bimbofied, just like Gia had. She was obedient to my commands, pliant to my will, eager to obey, and had nothing on her mind but pleasuring me and giggling all her cares away.

At that moment, early in the day with the sun coming up, she soulfully sucked my cock while Gia used the small kitchenette in the break room to make us some breakfast. We were in the library.

As part of her bimbofication, Victoria had also regressed in age about twenty years and could easily pass for an eighteen year-old. That is—an eighteen year-old with a pair of enormous 38DD tits that shook off gravity like it was out of style. Her skin had become wrinkle-free, shiny, and deeply tanned. Her muscles were toned and tight, every portion of her body completely fuckable. Her waist was no larger than eighteen inches, and her hips were at least forty-four inches.

Everything about her made me think of breeding—endless, hard, furious breeding until she was so pregnant and so full of my cum that she wouldn't even be able to drag herself out of bed in the morning to suck my cock.

She looked every part of the beauty queen that she had been in her youth—and then some. She could make millions at any porn studio in the world, and that was before making half the actors cum in their pants after just a sight of her in a tight outfit.

Naturally, her outfit now was tight, short, and skimpy. The girls complained of furious itching if they wore anything that covered a lot of skin or didn't show off their beautiful curves very well. So Victoria—formerly my conservative, lovely, mature boss—now looked like a porn star out for a hot night at the club.

Six-inch platform heels, pink and acryllic, were on her feet. Neon pink fishnet stockings wrapped around her legs. Then she wore a tight minidress that fit her like a tube, pushing her tits up and together, creating an easy mitt for my cum to drip into as she sucked my cock.

Gia's outfit was similar, though she wore white instead of pink, and had a fun frilly collar on her neck. I liked that collar, and wanted one for Victoria, even...but I still wasn't sure enough of myself to demand such a thing. These outfits had come from Gia's closet; the hot teen had a wild side even before I transformed her.

But still, their current state was plenty outrageous.

She—Gia—walked in to the small area in the top floor of the library that I had arranged as a bedroom of sorts—with a thick air mattress and a great number of pillows and blankets. In her hands, she held a tray of toast and eggs and juice. She knelt down in front of the bed and made the food ready.

"Your food, Master."

I eyed it, looking down. Victoria's soft slurps filled the quiet of the library.

"There's no milk in this, right?"

She looked a little sad. "No, Master. I promise."

Last night, I took both girls to Victoria's house to gather her things. As I waited for Victoria to pack, I told Gia to make me a drink from the bar, and that I didn't care what it was. Gia, in her bimbofied wisdom, decided that the best drink for me was whiskey spiked with some milk from her delicious tits.

Of course, once I realized this, I poured the drink out and ordered her not to give me any of that again. It was very tasty, but it was also...unsettling. I was aware that the mere fact of their helplessly aroused lactation—secreting warm milk from their tits when they were turned on—*did* things to me, but it felt strange to pursue it.

And then there was the matter of the power-mad fantasies even just a sip of that milk gave me. Not two minutes after tasting that drink, I was facefucking Gia in the corner of the bathroom, ordering her to cum on every fifth thrust into her tight, warm glove of a throat.

And that was after just a *sip*. I shuddered to think of what might happen to me if I began to drink it in earnest. As it was, it seemed to have some kind of effect on my loads—they came more easily, more frequently, and with much greater volume. I spray painted Gia's hot blonde body in my cum after that fervent facefuck session.

Gia had to enlist Victoria's help to clean all the gooey mess off her face and out of her mouth. Of course, Victoria had been only too eager to comply.

The food Gia had made smelled delicious. Victoria was spectacular at sucking my cock, but I needed some sustenance. Gathering my will, I unleashed a hot, heavy load down her throat on command.

That was something I could do now. Cum on command. It wasn't always on time, and it wasn't always quick, but if I gathered enough will, I could make it happen.

The world was a strange place and only getting stranger.

As I came down her throat, I watched Victoria's beautiful body writhe and buck beneath me as she swallowed all I had to give. Slowly, as the load dissipated, she removed her mouth from my cock and looked up at me, smacking her goo-covered lips and smiling.

"Thank you for breakfast, Master."

So—this was how my life was now.

Somehow, I'd managed to bimbofy two of my co-workers at the local library. Well, my co-worker and my boss. It started when I found a mysterious book downstairs in the basement. The book *transmitted* something into me—some kind of ancient, arcane power—and I had now accidentally twice used that power to transform two otherwise completely innocent women.

I mean, they were *gorgeous* women beforehand, and I definitely wanted to fuck them, and I was definitely tired of them treating me like shit just because of some stuff my family had been involved in over the past decade or so—but I didn't want to turn them into mindless, obedient fuckdolls.

Well, no more than usual, I mean.

Of course I wanted to do that in a *fantasy* sense. Of course I had all *kinds* of fantasies about that sort of thing—I'm a guy, what the fuck do you want? Eager fuckdolls are arousing, and I've got to jack off to something.

But to have it in reality was so thoroughly wrong and dirty that if it weren't for the constant stream of appreciative cooing, gleeful affirmations of my greatness, and steady supply of hot sex with gorgeous women, I don't know how I'd live with myself.

Needless to say, my life had changed, and I had to learn how to change with it. I was, the day before, just in the middle of trying to figure out exactly how to do that. To say that it would be tricky was quite the understatement.

After some deliberation, I decided to just move in to the library for the time being.

It was the only safe play I could make. The key to survival right now—the key to a plan—was to avoid suspicion entirely. Once somebody was suspicious, once somebody started asking questions, there would be no way for me to keep the truth from getting out.

Victoria and Gia's tits advertised "Look at me! Everyone look! Come see! Come talk to me!" To have them out in public until I got more of a handle on my powers—and them—was a no-go.

I lived in an apartment complex with thin walls and a lot of nosy neighbors. There was no way to keep a pair of fuck-crazy sex slaves there, completely gorgeous to boot, without people wondering what was happening. Plus, Gia and Victoria happened to be rather effusive in their praise of me. They would sometimes break out into soft songs, slowly building momentum as they improvised choruses on the spot, and would only quiet down if I ordered them too or shoved my cock down their throats.

With how dim their intelligence seemed to be, I didn't quite trust that an order once followed would be *permanently* followed. Perhaps they'd start fingering themselves thinking about my giant cock up their asses and forget about how being discreet and quiet was the most important factor.

Or maybe not—but the point was that I had to play it safe for the time being.

For similar reasons, Gia's house was totally out of the question. Her parents lived there. Apparently, they were out of town for the next two weeks—so that gave me about fourteen days to figure out a way for her to reasonably not live there anymore or to just figure out how to domesticate her enough that she *could* live there and not raise any questions.

I knew in theater that sometimes girls taped their tits down to appear more flat-chested like, men, and I wondered if maybe the same thing would work for her. But, until I figured that out, I couldn't take her home anyway—she had neighbors, and there was Amelia to consider.

Amelia, apple of my eye. Desire of every part of my dick. If there was a woman in the world I'd consider using this power on with full willingness, it would be her. There was not a whole lot I could think of to prevent me from doing just that—to transforming her perfection into total abject worship of my masculinity—but there was enough moral conscience left to stay my hand and to keep away.

Victoria's house was also out. Again, too many neighbors. She'd have people asking about her gentleman caller and his huge-titted whore. (I didn't really see anyone looking at the way Gia dressed and not assuming she was a whore).

So—I had Victoria put up a sign at the front of the library—"Closed for Renovations."

The three of us were the only employees anyway. It was the one library in a small town, and we never got much traffic to begin with. But just to keep it safe, I kept us all on the second floor, far away from the front door where anyone might walk in.

I didn't know what my next move was. Gia, whining, ached to suck my cock.

This was the real problem. I could see in her face—and in Victoria's—that it was a very real *ache*. I had tried the night before to go without sex after fucking Victoria for the first time. I promised I wouldn't touch them again. But after two hours of not following my orders, both girls appeared to be in very real pain.

The way they might have transformed into these new sex-ified forms was artificial, true, but the needs they had now were very real. And if they

didn’t get my cock on the regular, then they were hurting—and I couldn’t have that.

For god's sake, I wasn’t a *monster*.

I called Gia over and told her to kneel as I started eating the food she had prepared. It was delicious—something of a miracle with the paltry half-kitchen we had in the library.

“Suck me off, doll. I've got to think.”

Even after just giving Victoria her own breakfast, I was still raring and ready to go. My cock, once hard, stayed that way for a *while*.

There was a part of the old her in Gia still—I could see it in her face. Real or imagined, it filled me with guilt as her lips slid over my cockhead and took me in deep. Her groans were all pleasure.

I knew that no matter what, I had to figure out a way to help these women return to normal. And even more than that—I absolutely had to make sure that no other women were turned into my slaves.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT her house, Amelia had been up all night like I had, similarly a boundless fountain of energy for reasons that weren’t entirely clear to her. Her mother was a championship seamstress and had all manner of cloth and fabric in the house. As she had grown up, Amelia had been asked to help out on several of her mother’s projects, learning her way around a sewing machine in the same way that Victoria knew her way around sucking a damn good cock.

So, Amelia spent all night making herself a costume.

Yeah, she was pretty sold on the superheroine idea. It just felt good to her to be doing good. But she knew, too, that you couldn’t just run around and fight crime in shorts and a tee shirt, or whatever. You had to have a costume.

And superheroes wore spandex.

“Fuck,” said Amelia, staring at her costumed self in the mirror. “I am fucking *hot*!”

She stood in the sewing room near the door, pushing her hands up and down her tightly-clad form. To say that she looked hot was a dramatic understatement. The first time I saw her in that outfit, I was pretty sure I didn’t want to fuck anyone else wearing any*thing* else for the rest of my life.

It was, naturally, skintight. The main substance of it was a white and blue sleeveless leotard. It barely covered her ass—in fact, it mostly didn't, revealing quite a bit of cheek and mostly just sculpting around the edges of her crack, like yoga pants on steroids. It was strapless, wrapping around her neck, leaving a little circle above her tits to show off her cleavage.

Why had she decided to show off that much cleavage? That much ass? That much skin?

"I look so fucking *good*!" she said again, running a gloved finger across the tight, taut, perfectly built structure of her teenaged ass.

That's pretty much your answer. She wasn't bimbofied like Gia or Victoria, but there was still something definitely sexual happening to her. What it was wasn't exactly clear to her yet, but it was there.

The outfit did not stop there, oh no. Skin tight white-and-blue boots wrapped all the way up to her thighs, leading down again into tall heels.

(Why do superheroines all fight in heels? Not that I'm complaining. Seems so uncomfortable, though...)

Then she had long blue gloves, skintight again, wrapping up around past her elbows. The piece-de-resistance was a mask that fit across her face, resting above the bridge of her nose.

Her hair was long and thick, a bright, brilliant chestnut color that was impossible to look away from.

She was deadset on changing the world and looking sexy-as-fuck while doing it, and she had the body for it, to be certain.

In fact, overnight, her body seemed to have become *more* sexy somehow. She was definitely stronger—she knew that already—but she also *looked* stronger. She had been in good shape already from lots of yoga and running, but now her muscle tone was more pronounced. Her physique was still undeniably feminine, though, to the point where she would even look soft and pliant in the arms of a three-fourths-in-shape mope like me.

Amelia was going to fight crime. She would kick ass, take names, and look like a young goddess doing it.

Much had become enormously clear to her over the past day since her encounter with the book in the library basement. She had been living a rather selfish life.

No, she hadn't been bitchy (at least, she hoped not), or greedy, or mean, but she had been living purely for herself. At nineteen, she was still sticking around her hometown so that she could build up her wealth by living with

her parents. She wanted to be able to enter the business world at the age of twenty-two after graduating college and immediately earn at least seventy thousand a year. Then, she would be a CEO by the time she was thirty—preferably of her own tech start-up company already taking the world by storm.

But all of that seemed kind of...empty now, to her. So she would have all that money—so what? Would that really *fulfill* her? What did she actually *want*?

And then she would think about how she had helped that man in the alley. How *good* that felt. She had *helped* him. He might have been stabbed, and he definitely would have been robbed, and she had stopped that from happening. By tying up the mugger and calling the cops, she had taken a criminal off the streets.

Wasn't that what it was all supposed to be about in the first place? Looking after your neighbors. Sticking your neck out for the less fortunate. Wasn't that what made a person *good*?

And now—now she had a chance. A chance to be someone important. A chance to do real good. She was strong, she could jump like crazy, she was super tough, and she probably had some other nutso powers that she didn't even *know* about yet.

That was a good thought. Having more power.

But there were more thoughts running around in her brain—competing, even if indirectly, with this new philanthropic notion taking a hold of her brain.

The thought occurred to her, for example, though somewhat dimly, that she was in dire need of a fuck. And that it would be rather *difficult* to find a good fuck with her body incredibly strong now. Even if she could control her strength up to the point of sex, who was to say, during her pleasure, that she wouldn't lose control and break some poor mope's dick off?

She needed someone super. Someone like her—someone *special* strong. Was that possible?

What if...well, *Ethan* had been changed like her? Was that possible? He had been right there when the book had opened, after all. It wasn't so far-fetched a theory.

But still...she frowned at the idea. She thought of me as some weirdo creep with a mega-obvious crush on her banging hot body. She knew that crush was *justified*, but that didn't mean it was altogether *welcome*. After

all, if she wanted to be ogled by men she didn't like, she could just go get a job at a strip club or something.

Anyway, that was all besides the point. As much as she was desperate to be fucked—and god, was she ever, staring at herself in the mirror and blowing herself hot little kisses and come-fuck-me glances, needing to be fucked by some big huge fuck-off stud who could turn her into a little obedient good girl because he was so fucking *strong* and *amazing*—there were more important things happening now. She was going to be a superhero!

She had to decide on a name. She's got her powers from that book, she was pretty sure.

Maybe she would be Book Girl? Book Babe? Bookworm?

Those were all pretty dumb. And it was hard, too, to name herself after her powers.

Jump Lady? Strong Woman?

She'd have to think on that. Maybe Gia would have a good idea.

In fact—totally! That was a great idea. Gia was a smart cookie, and heck, she'd probably be super-concerned about Amelia anyway. She had a vague recollection of Gia trying to talk to her yesterday at the library and Amelia totally not paying enough attention to her.

She'd have to show Gia. Her little sister was going to *freak out* when she found out Amelia had fucking super powers!

"HELLO?" CAME THE CALL. "Hellllooooo? Is anybody here? You're supposed to be open, hello?"

The voice reverberated through the library—some young woman had gotten inside somehow. I had been sure to lock the doors and the windows, so I had no idea how she made it indoors.

Shit.

Shit, shit, shit. The plan was already going to hell.

At that particular moment, it was about two hours after my breakfast and I was balls deep in Victoria's pussy. She had been begging me all morning to be as pregnant as Gia already so clearly was.

And Gia *was* pregnant, by the way. Not even a day after I fucked her rotten and filled her up with my cum, she already had the hints of a baby bulge showing in her tummy. She was *that* fucking fertile.

Or, I was *that* fucking virile.

Maybe both.

Weird occult magic dropping on your life isn't a science, you know? Unanswered questions are more of a rule than a possibility.

I was a little more terrified than I was impressed, but only a little—and my arousal beat out both of those emotions. I still had a lot of fucking to do to Gia's body, pregnant or no. The way she constantly begged for my cock made her hard to turn down, and I'm pretty sure her thick tits were getting even thicker due to her new state.

The thought had occurred to me, dimly, that these girls had a lot of control over my life already even though they were the ones calling *me* Master. Really, it was their desires that won the day.

Didn't I *not* want any slaves? Didn't I *not* want to be fucking them constantly, spiraling myself ever further into an ethical quagmire?

And yet, there I was, fucking and fucking, doing every last thing they wanted me to do.

Was I really in charge of these women at all?

When all they wanted was to adore me and pleasure me, did I even want to be in charge?

I wrapped my hand around Victoria's throat as I continued to piston inside of her. My balls slapped hard against the taut, hard surface of her incredible ass. I held up a finger to my lips and shushed her. She nodded, eyes glazed over with orgasm, and bit her lips as she came again. Her vibrations encouraged another round of heavy, hot thrusts from me.

Her tits were so big now that I couldn't grab her throat without losing my arm in her massive cleavage. The titflesh was warm and inviting, and all I wanted to do was sink further into it. With my cock, maybe—but only after I had properly impregnated Victoria.

Just like Gia, a part of me knew—as much as I denied it—that I deserved to have as many pregnant fuckslaves as possible. And the thought of her belly bulging, her tits growing like Gia's...my orgasm was getting dangerously close.

"I really need a few books!" the woman called. "Can someone here help me? Is someone up there?"

Her steps began to rattle against the old stairs. They were in desperate need of repairs, like much of the library. She would need to be gotten rid of, and quietly.

For some reason, I nodded at Gia. “Go take care of her.”

Gia nodded brightly, setting on her way with a happy bounce in her step at following orders.

“Gia!” I hissed. “Wait!”

She stopped immediately and turned back, smiling quizzically. She was not quite naked in her tiny minidress, but no one would believe that a real woman would just walk around like that. Her very existence was an excuse to start asking a whole hell of a lot of questions I didn’t want answered. She needed to, at least, cover up a little.

“Put on the robe, first. And don’t answer any questions. Just...make sure it’s quiet, okay? Take care of her.”

Obediently, she put on the thick white robe that had been tossed on the ground. Now she looked like a model in a sleepwear advertisement instead of a lingerie advertisement, which I supposed was an upgrade. Her hair, thick and blond, piled on one side. There was something crazy erotic about seeing her like that—imagining her as some eager young bride, waiting for her husband to come home to her, fresh out of the shower and desperate to feel her Man’s cock drive her against the wall and never stop fucking her for months.

I suppose it would be obvious to say I took out the sudden force of this fantasy on Victoria’s pussy, pounding as hard as I could. Her moans were quiet, but audible.

Now—why did I think that putting Gia in charge of a delicate situation like that was the best plan? Why was assigning a brain-drained happy fuckslave to subtly coerce an unwanted guest into leaving was a good idea?

I honestly couldn’t tell you that. What I can tell you is that Victoria’s picture-perfect cunt wrapped around my cock felt more amazing than I could have ever imagined. My orgasm was approaching faster and faster every second.

I still had my hand wrapped around her throat, pulling her tight against my body. Her chest smashed against mine, leaking hot warm milk everywhere as her nipples rubbed up and down my bare torso.

The level of my arousal had, as had become common, obliterated my more common senses of decency.

It occurred to me that I had never gotten an apology from Victoria. She had been a bitch to me from the second she hired me; hired me, in fact,

purely to make my life as difficult as possible. It was a diabolical thing to do, and I wanted her to regret it.

"You were always a fucking bitch to me," I said quietly, throttling her a little tighter. "You apologize for that."

I knew already, from conversations with Gia, that Victoria's recollection of her life before being my slave was hazy at best. It would been thought of as some kind of dream life—a nightmare she was delighted to wake up from.

But she played along, if for no other reason than her Master was fucking her and so she had to obey.

"Yes," she nodded, her voice soft. "Yes, Master. I was a fucking bitch to you. I'm so sorry. I apologize. Y-you ne-never...never deserved that!"

Her voice became high-pitched at the end as another orgasm rocketed through her system. I slapped her face lightly and shushed her again—stay quiet.

"It was wrong of you to deny me. Wrong for you to treat me like such a cunt. You should have been fucking begging for my cock."

"So wrong," she moaned, nodding—even though she had no recollection of ever treating me like that. "So wrong to deny you, Master. I should have worshiped you from the second you arrived."

"You're just my little cockslave now. My fuckwhore. You're happier being my bitch, aren't you, slut?"

"Y-yes!" Her smile was ecstatic. "I'm s-so happy, Master. So happy! Your cock is so, *so* good..."

"And what do you *need* now? What do you want from your Master, cunt?"

"P-please..." Victoria whined softly. "Please get me pregnant. I promise to be such a good mommy...I promise, Daddy, oh please..."

"That's right," I growled. "You fucking slut. You whore sex slave. My little bimbo. My bimbo wants Daddy's cum, huh? You want Master's load emptying out into your fucking snatch?"

Her eyes were wild. "Please, Master. Please!"

"You got it, bitch."

I talk a big game about not wanting slaves or bimbo fuckpets for someone who calls women bitches all the time when I'm fucking them—but hey, dirty talk is fun.

I suppose you could say my conscience is "conflicted."

My alignment is “Chaotic Aroused.”

Twitching, spasming, my balls unloaded and my shaft erupted inside Victoria’s tight fertile body. She trembled with bliss, mouth moving up and down, wording out “thank you, Master” over and over again without making a sound. My cum spraypainted against her womb, filling her totally, marking her as mine. I could *smell* how pregnant I had gotten her, my thick cum sliding slowly out from her tight hot cunny and onto the floor.

I pulled out of her, slapping her tits playfully. She smirked and sat up, rubbing her belly worshipfully. Thick milk ran down from her nipples, covering her hands and intermingling with the cum pooled around her pussy. She lathered it into her body like it was sunscreen—all of the stuff she didn’t slurp down, that is.

“I can *feel* it, Master,” she said. “I can feel how pregnant I am already...I’m so *lucky* to be yours...”

A part of me still doubted that she could already feel herself being pregnant—doubted that I could smell it—even though Gia *clearly* was—bump and all—and I had only fucked her for the first time yesterday. But if Victoria said she knew she was pregnant, then ultimately I had to bet that she was. Gia had acted the same way yesterday—announcing that she could feel it already.

“All done, Master!”

Gia hopped back up the stairs, smiling brilliantly.

“You took care of her?”

“Yes, Master. Just like you said. It was totally quiet. You don’t need to worry about a thing.”

Victoria leaned forward, pushing her tits on my shoulder and kissing at my ear. “Master never worries about anything. He’s so fucking strong...”

Her hand wrapped around my cock, still pulsing and semi-hard. I had just cum, but being around these beauties made you forget about silly things like “sexual exhaustion” and “human limits.”

Plus, I’m pretty sure that whatever the tome had done to give me the Gaze had affected something in me physiologically as well. My loads were certainly bigger, and my cock *felt* bigger when it was hard. I hadn’t gotten a good look at it, though, mostly because every time I had a hard cock I was stuffing it deep inside Gia or Victoria somewhere.

But as pleased as I was that Gia had obeyed me and took care of the problem, something was wrong. It took me a minute to realize it after that

gratifying fuck session with Victoria.

"Wait," I said, looking at Gia up and down.

The last time I looked at her, she had been clothed. In fact, I had *specifically* told her to put on a robe.

Now, her beautiful, shiny-gorgeous body was naked and wet. Milk ran down her tits and slid across her taut belly in erotic tendrils.

"Yes, Master?"

"Didn't I tell you to take care of our guest?"

"Oh yes, Master. I did just like you said. We were quiet the whole time. I put lots and lots of my milk in my mouth, and gave her a big long kiss before she even knew what was happening. Of course she swallowed it all. Then, as she sucked from *one* titty, I used the other to fill up a cup for her to swallow. Now she can be yours, just like all pretty girls *should* be!"

Her smile was unceasing, her eyes glimmering with zealous desire.

"Y-your milk will enslave her?"

"I'm not sure, Master? But I am pretty certain that it will change her. She's already so, *so* pretty. She'll be even prettier soon. More submissive. More easy for you to alter and enslave with your Gaze."

"But...b-but why would you do that?"

"Because you told me to, Master."

"I told you to take care of her! To get *rid* of her! We don't need more slaves, Gia! Why would you turn a perfectly innocent woman into my fucking slave?"

She looked at me blankly. "Because she's really, really pretty, Master. A redhead. You don't have one yet, and I thought you would like one. Did I do wrong, Master?"

"Yes, you fucking did wrong. You did *very* wrong, Gia!"

Immediately, she collapsed to the floor, bowing and scraping, her face like a wounded dog's. She cried and begged for my forgiveness, moaning that she didn't understand, that she only wanted to make me happy.

I didn't give a fuck. Somehow, I had to take care of this new problem.

MY FATHER HAD CREATED all kinds of problems for other people in this town. So many problems, in fact, that they had all come to hate him. He was blamed for all their economic and financial woes, and to tell you the truth, everyone that blamed him was probably right.

His embezzlement and spread of corruption had sunk this town for years to come. Maybe for good. Maybe industry would never come back. And all because he had been greedy. All because he hadn't had a good bone in his body, and certainly nothing good enough in him to look after others.

Take it from me. He was my father, and he had plenty of spare time to go on long debauches with my mother and drag her halfway across the world to get drunk in new places. He had time for smoky business meetings in cigar halls and he had time to sink rival businesses into the ground.

But he'd never had time for a holiday with me. I think you could—for the entirety of my sixteen years of life while he was alive—you could fit my time with him into about two and a half months.

Not great.

So what I wanted more than anything was to not be like him. I didn't want to be *associated* with him at all—the town was mad at him, and *I* was mad at him. When they blamed *me* for stuff that *he* had done, it really pissed me off, mostly because I didn't want to have anything related to him on me at all.

Except that land out in the county, I suppose.

Anyway, I didn't want to be him. He was selfish. All he cared about was his own pleasure.

And yet, here I was—with a whole lot of opportunity to be nothing but selfish. To care about nothing but my own pleasure. And that was exactly what I had been doing so far.

Slowly, I walked down the steps of the library. I could hear soft, eager moans at the bottom of the stairs. Above me, Gia was still crying, anguished and confused. I felt bad about that, but there wasn't a whole lot I could do about it at the moment. First I had to see for myself what had happened to our visitor.

I found her in a big, wide loveseat in the reading section near the mystery titles.

At the very least, Gia was right. She *was* pretty. Very pretty, and very redheaded.

I gulped, feeling my cock twitch excitedly.

She did not notice me, as she was far too busy stuffing her fingers into her cunt and gyrating her hips up and down. She had a big swooping skirt that went down past her knees and a tight a-frame top that was straining now before the massive weight of her suddenly 36D tits. Her top had, in

fact, become a crop top—and I could see how toned and delectably shaped her torso was underneath.

She had thick, long red curly hair that was growing longer and thicker by the minute. I watched it slide down past her shoulders, then down her back, and then down the thick pillows of the chair. Her body was dotted with freckles, her skin pale and becoming paler—more pristine, more pure.

At least that was different, I thought. I had started to wonder if every girl affected by...whatever I affected them with would become a crystallized , tanned, blond bimbo.

And what *had* affected this beautiful girl?

It wasn't my gaze, that was for sure. Gia had said she had kissed the girl, right? Kissed her with...with her milk in her mouth.

Was that what changed her? Did that make it different, somehow? Was there a bond to me—would she still be my slave?

Her bag was splayed out on the ground behind the loveseat. I bent down, looking through it. Books on chemistry, biology, physics. Taking a lot of science courses. She was a college student somewhere.

After a minute or so of searching, I found her student ID. Her name was Maureen Kincaid.

Lovely name. I hoped she could go back to her life soon. Maybe the best thing would be for me to get out of there. Just see if this wore off on its own. Go back upstairs, talk to Gia and calm her down. Apologize to her for yelling at her.

Really, the whole thing was my fault. Victoria's achingly hot cunt had distracted me from being specific, and that was a mistake. It was dumb to blame Gia.

So, there. I'd go upstairs, explain it all to Gia and Victoria, and spend time with them while we waited for this girl to burn out on her own. Maybe it would be better in a few hours? The milk might not have the same effects long-term as my Gaze, after all.

I stood up, happy with my plan, and saw Maureen had moved from off the couch. She stood in front of me now, looking at me with hungry eyes.

"Cock," she moaned, licking her thicky, puffy lips. "Give me your cock."

Uh oh.

AMELIA WAS POSITIVELY overflowing with excitement as she made her way to the library. She made it there by jumping from rooftop to rooftop through the city, stunned at how *easy* it was to move around so quickly like this with her new power.

It took her a few tries to get used to the landing, but soon she got the hang of it. In high school, she had competed in cheerleading and in gymnastics both, and so a little rough and tumble wasn't out of the question for her.

And it was so much *fun* to jump through the air—to feel the wind flying through her face, to be above so much. She could see almost the whole city from her jump. She expected that if she really tried to jump as high as she could, she *would* be able to see the whole city, no problem.

She felt powerful and in control for the first time in her life. A whole new world of opportunity was available to her, and all she had to do was go out there and grab it by the brass ring.

She arrived at the library, touching down in the grass covered in dark shadows on one side of the building. Tufts of dirt and plant life exploded outward underneath her—she built up a lot of momentum in those jumps. Her heels dug in hard into the ground.

A little thrill filled her, excited to tell Gia. Maybe Gia would even want a ride with her? And then maybe...maybe things could progress...

There was a sexual edge to that notion, new and unfamiliar. Exciting for that very reason. It wasn't like Amelia could say Gia was unattractive. In fact, her little stepsister was so, so *pretty*...

There were a lot of changes happening to her. They weren't all physical.

Something odd broke her strange, semi-incestuous reverie. The library's front door was forced open. It also had a sign saying it was closed for renovations. Gia hadn't told Amelia about any needed renovations.

But then...Amelia *had* been downstairs in that awful basement with Ethan. Maybe he'd convinced Victoria somehow that they needed updates? She rather doubted it. She knew Victoria would distrust anything I had to say on the simple principle of me being Ethan Prince. Amelia herself didn't see what all the fuss was about my father and my name (which was probably another reason I was so hopelessly crushing on her). As far as she was concerned, living in the past was a good way to get buried in the quicksand of life.

But still...Victoria *might* have listened to me. The basement *was* in awful condition, and maybe the city had a little extra money for funding repairs somehow.

Even if that was all true, though, then why had the door been forced open? Amelia examined the door.

It appeared that only the knob lock had been broken. The deadbolt hadn't even been set. Whoever had locked the doors must have not paid close attention to what they were doing.

(For reasons such as a dripping wet cunt, desperate to be filled with the holy cock of their one and only Master, I would imagine.)

Weird.

She stepped inside, cautious. Maybe there was a burglar. Maybe someone was in danger.

"Please!" she heard.

It came from the second floor. More shouting and yelling, most of it indecipherable.

"Please!" the voice said again. It was a woman's voice. "Please, give me that cock. I need it so fucking bad! I need to be filled, oh fuck. Oh *god*, it hurts not to have it, please, please!"

Amelia rushed upstairs, rather certain she had misheard what was happening somehow. Through the stacks she searched, looking for the source of the voices. They had stopped—or rather, they had become very low. Her powers didn't include super-hearing, and so she had to tilt her head, trying to suss out where the noise had come from.

Her plan became methodical, working row by row. As she came closer, she heard giggles and heavy, sexualized moans. It became more and more apparent that something intensely strange was happening—perhaps some kind of sexual assault.

That was, in a way, fine by her—because that was exactly the sort of horrible happening that she had been put on this earth with these new powers to stop.

But what she found, turning a corner, she was not prepared for by any stretch of the imagination. She had no idea anything so debauched, so insane, could actually exist on the planet.

What she witnessed was me with my cock shoved deep into Maureen's mouth. Gia and Victoria held her arms, keeping her down on her knees

while I thrust in and out of Maureen's sweet, hot lips. And as I fucked her mouth, I stared deep into her eyes with the Gaze.

What can I say?

I didn't want to do it. Not really. I didn't *want* to make her my bimbo slave like the others. That was wrong, and I was adamantly opposed to fucking up another person's life.

But at the same time, it had been unavoidable. She had cornered me on the ground, ripped my pants off, and slipped her mouth over my cock. I opened my eyes—one time—just to see what was happening.

That was all it took. That one look had me Gaze directly into the eyes of my newest cumslut, and once looking at her, the transmission began. Gia and Victoria had found us, apparently drawn by the transmission, and sank to their knees in worship as they witnessed the christening of the new slave. Like they were watching the Red Sea part or water turned to wine, their eyes were filled with religious fervor as they held Maureen down with one hand and filled their cunts with the other. I stood up, more comfortable standing over Maureen as the Gaze emptied out into her, and that's when Amelia walked in.

She was furious, as you might imagine.

From my perspective, this was all a simple misunderstanding. Somehow, I'd been roped into become a super enslaving bimbo master of some kind. I could turn women into fuckslaves at will, cum like crazy, and fuck like a beast. I had no real control over any of this. Women near me were just *in trouble*, merely by the virtue of me being me.

But, Amelia's perspective was probably closer to what most people would see. She saw me sexually assaulting a young woman with the assistance of two other nearly unrecognizable blondes.

"Let her go!" she demanded, approaching fast.

I heard the words, but I couldn't react. When I had the Gaze on, it was on, and that was that. I couldn't tear away from Maureen's eyes any more than I could bend steel.

Amelia could bend steel, though, and she could bend my body any way she pleased. Her fury escalating, she picked up a book and whipped it at my head full strength.

The Gaze was broken and I tumbled to the ground, groaning in pain. A knot the size of a golfball immediately formed on my forehead. It was a

good thing it was a paperback—a heavy hard cover probably would have killed me.

"The fuck?" I said, shaking my head.

Maureen continued to suck my cock with fervor and glee, shoved forward by Gia and Victoria, both girls so desperate to see me cum.

And as I looked on who had attacked me, cumming is exactly what I did.

How the fuck could I not? The girl of my dreams was approaching on me—angry, yes; *furious*, in fact—wearing the tiniest, hottest superheroine outfit I had ever seen. I came like crazy, looking at Amelia, thinking only of Amelia, imagining her somehow kneeling before me forever. Wearing that tiny, skimpy, tit-heavy outfit. Christ. I wanted her so fucking bad. My load emptied out hard and hot into Maureen's mouth, filling her throat and tummy with my sticky seed. She came, vibrating and thrashing before me, as Amelia continued to approach.

"Leave her alone!" Amelia demanded.

She grabbed me by the foot and swung me through the library. Like, through the *entire* library. I moved through dozens of feet of air. A thick trail of cum was spread out from the growing space between my cock and Maureen's mouth. Finally I landed, a shelf breaking my fall. And by "breaking my fall," I mean that a shelf probably broke most of my body. I was fairly certain I had rib fractures. My left arm felt splintered.

With me incapacitated, Amelia looked to, what were in her mind, the "victims."

"Are you girls all right?" she asked. "Do you need a hospital?"

Maureen swallowed, eyes glazed and heavy. "I need his *cock*, is what I need." She hiccuped, hot sticky seed splashing against her lips. "Need my Master's cock..."

"Yes, Miss," said Gia. "Don't hurt our Master. We need him. Please."

"Don't hurt your..." Amelia shook her head, taking off her mask. "Gia? Is that you?"

"Amelia? Are you a superheroine now?" Gia giggled. "That's so cool. You'll look so *sexy* sucking Master's cock like that."

"What the fuck..."

Amelia was aghast. Yesterday, her sister had been a lovely eighteen year-old cheerleading captain. She was svelte and hot, her body clearly built for as much fucking pleasure as a regular man could get from her.

Today, her sister's was the porn star to beat all porn stars. That same svelte, hot body had been supercharged with shining skin, an ocean of golden blond hair, and a frankly enormous set of tits that would have been ridiculous if they did not look so goddamn sexy on her tiny frame.

"What *happened* to you, Gia?"

"Master changed me," said Gia, cheery. "He made me better. I'm his *perfect* servant now. Just like you'll be, soon. Won't that be fun?"

"I serve *no* man." Amelia stood up tall and held out a hand. "And neither will you. Take my hand, Gia. I'll take you from this awful place. We'll find someone who can help you."

Gia's mouth twisted. "I don't really...wanna, though? I'd rather be with Master. Isn't that right, Sir?"

As Gia distracted Amelia, I'd had enough time to get back up on my feet and sneak up behind Amelia. My plan was to use the Gaze and make her submit.

I gave in. I bowed out of morality. I didn't give a *fuck* about what was right or wrong. I only knew two things anymore.

One—Amelia would probably kill me if I didn't get the situation under control.

And two—I wanted to fuck her in that tight fucking spandex more than I had ever wanted to fuck anyone in my life. The entire time she'd been talking with Gia, I'd been staring lustfully at her perfectly sculpted ass, carving out a place in that leotard that belonged in a museum where the whole of humanity could witness it and jerk off forever.

And so as she turned, I unleashed with the Gaze on her.

At first, it worked perfectly. She seemed stunned, transfixed. Whatever she was going to say bubbled away, and her mouth began to move slowly up and down without any words.

But something was wrong. She fought it—and hard. Her eyes, while going dim, were still not entirely glazed over. I think I could only use the Gaze so many times a day—certainly not twice in such a short period after just using it on Maureen to enslave her almost totally.

As the transmission really got going—the sparkling pink light from my eyes to her—she grabbed me by the throat and shoved me away.

Perhaps it was intended as a light shove. As it was, though, I was smashed through a series of bookshelves. More bones broken. Probably a concussion. Gia and Victoria and Maureen all screamed and ran after me.

“G-get...get me out of here...” I commanded them, my grip on consciousness fading.

Victoria turned to Maureen then. “You have to distract her. We’ll get him out of here.”

Maureen nodded. My hold on her was just minutes old, but she was already as loyal a slave as I could ever dream for. She approached Amelia, ripping off what remained of her clothes and strutting slowly.

“Get out of my way,” said Amelia. “I’m going to kill him.”

“Kill him?” Maureen giggled. “Oh, you don’t want to do that. Not really. Do you? Don’t you want to just fuck me instead? You could, you know.”

Amelia’s head was foggy and full of lust. Though my Gaze hadn’t worked all the way, it had left an effect. And so Maureen’s offer, which before would have barely been considered (Maureen wasn’t Gia, after all, and that was the only woman who Amelia was really attracted to, whether she was conscious about this or not), had to process for several moments in Amelia’s brain.

“Fuck you?” Amelia shook her head, wondering why her pussy felt so wet at the thought. “No. I don’t...no.”

“Don’t you want me?” Maureen asked, giggling softly. “Don’t you think I’m so, *so* pretty?”

“I...I need to stop...” she staggered, shaking her head. Thoughts were slow. There was a purpose in her, and it was clear, but it was buried beneath a mountain of sexual desire that was impossible to fight.

Her hands slipped down Maureen's perfected, huge tits, sliding over their sensuous curves, her fingers dallying at the nipples. Amelia made a small round “oh” with her perfect lips, drool gathering around her teeth.

But she summoned her will—a valiant effort—and pushed Maureen aside. She was gentle, but it was too late. I was already gone.

VICTORIA DROVE THE car. I told her to get out of the town—to get somewhere isolated and alone. Maybe a farm.

She took me at my word. I drifted in and out of consciousness with Gia urgently trying to push her tits into my face.

“Stop,” I said, slapping her away with my one good arm. “Let me be.”

“B-but Master, I need to help you. I need to—”

“I am *hurt*,” I said plainly. “Leave me *be*. Be *quiet*. No more talking. *None*.”

I could see in her big, teary eyes she had more to say, but I didn’t care. I was done with listening to her, to both of them, for the time being. This was a disaster.

I was broken, battered, and beaten. Amelia had kicked my ass and then some. I desperately needed the attention of a medical professional, and yet going to a hospital was out of the question for me.

For one, I couldn’t explain away the existence of Gia and Victoria by any stretch of the imagination. What was I supposed to say, that I got beat up at a secret porn star convention in town?

No.

For two—and more importantly, in my mind—if I was in the hospital, there was no way I could stop myself from looking in the eyes of the doctors and nurses. Maybe I could come in blindfolded, but to work on all the broken bones and contusions on my body, they’d almost certainly need to put me on some kind of anesthesia. Would that stop the Gaze from working? What if I was unconscious but it happened anyway? What if I bimbofied some nurse in the middle of setting my arm?

This was a shitty situation and I had no idea how to get out of it.

Victoria drove me into a barn somewhere on the far side of town. It was a ranch—owned by who, I couldn’t tell—but they didn’t seem to be home. The place was abandoned enough for us to get inside their fence with no problem, and for Victoria to open and close the barn door without being noticed.

Once inside, she turned off the car and pushed back the seat of the hatchback, giving me something of a bed to lie on. The hair of the golden beauties tickled over my bruised chest as they worried over me. Their fingers shadowed around my cock, but neither dared to touch me there. They knew I was too hurt.

Now that we were safe, together, I felt it acceptable to just lie back and die. I didn’t see what else I could do, and I knew that with as many injuries as I had, dying was soon on the docket if I didn’t get medical attention. And medical attention was, as I said, strictly out of the question.

Consciousness floated in and out, the girls talking at me, talking to each other. I could see them trying to work on some plan, trying to see what orders they could follow from their hurt Master. But I had none to give.

At one point, I thought I saw Victoria slap Gia, ranting angrily. She was taking control, all right. I wondered if that was because she was older, or simply because I had clearly favored her more than Gia.

It was weird—how I loved fucking Victoria more. It had been Victoria who had hated me more. Maybe that's just part of my fucked-up wiring.

I drifted back into consciousness with Victoria's tit in my mouth. Her milk leaked down the back of my throat, with more coming as she squeezed her hefty breast.

"Please, Master," she said, her voice calm. "You need us so badly. Let us help you."

I was too weak to resist. Too weak to do anything but comply. Even the pain had begun to drift away, overwhelmed by my body's need to shut down. Everything inside of me felt loose and disconnected, my vision was blurry. Gia floated over Victoria's shoulder, squeezing her tits, warm milk running down Victoria's beautiful body and following the trail to her nipples and then down into my mouth.

My assumption is that they would accidentally drown me. I thought this to be a fair end—crazed bimbo master accidentally killed by his two brainless servants. It was fitting and ironic, good enough for a play. Maybe a story.

But that's not what happened.

Instead, the pain and disconnection began to subside. What had been a throbbing whale slamming up and down on my body became a giant bodylifter punching me from side to side. Then, that became a bowling ball tossed into my gut. Then, that became hot pine cones burning underneath my back. And then even *that* became warm feathers brushing against my sides—and then nothing at all.

I felt healed. Whole. Entirely. I sat up, stunned. My body was weightless and strong.

I stretched out my arm. Totally fine. No breaks at all. I touched my ribs. One hundred percent complete.

"What happened?" I asked. "How much...what *day* is it?"

My assumption was that I had been out for weeks or months while I healed. How else would this have been possible? What had I missed? Who was President?

"It's just a couple of hours since we left the library," said Victoria. "We took care of you, Master. We are good slaves."

Gia nodded. “We try so hard to be good slaves, Sir.”

Her eyes were still full of tears. She’d had a rough day. Not enough that she’d seen me brutalized so thoroughly—she had to be yelled at by me as well.

“It was your milk, wasn’t it?” I asked. “Your milk that healed me.”

“Yes, Master,” they said in unison, nodding with bright blue eyes. Their hair glimmered, golden fountains of fuck-fueled decoration.

“Come here,” I said to Gia.

She obeyed, coming close, and I kissed her softly on the lips—and then deeper still, crushing her body against mine.

“You are forgiven,” I told her, sliding my tongue down her perfect neck and biting at her chin and jaw. “I forgive you. Master loves you.”

I can feel her trembling with orgasmic pleasure at these words, all worry being extinguished from her body, her entire self spasming with pleasure. She moans and pushes against me, her emptied brain focused entirely on giving me pleasure.

“Thank you, Master,” she breathes, puffy lips tracing against my naked chest—so hard and muscled now. “Thank you *so* much.”

My cock needed to be inside one of my bimbo sluts, and it needed it right then. I pushed Gia down onto the floor of the hatchback and shoved my big cock between her tits.

And my cock *was* big—even bigger than before, just like the rest of me. As I slid my shaft between Gia's thick, milking pillows, I took Victoria by the small of her back and latched her tit to my mouth, drinking in deep.

The need to cum was almost overwhelming. Whatever was in this milk really *was* making me more virile. I could feel my balls pulse and become even denser, filling up with babymaking batter.

“Coat me in it, Master,” Gia cooed. “Coat me in your seed, please, Master?”

I was too turned on—too ready to go—to hold out for long. I *wanted* to coat her in it. Squeezing hard on her huge nipples, I jammed my cock forward and into her mouth, so fucking big now that she was able to take a huge portion of it into her lips while I was titfucking her.

“Victoria,” I growled. “Get on top of her. Have her eat your fucking pussy.”

The older girl obeyed instantly, happily, sliding her body over to be in perfect alignment with what I wanted. And so, soon I was pumping in and

out of Gia's tits, coating my cock with her hot, delicious milk all the while. Victoria sat on her face, Victoria beautifully eating out her pussy and licking at the shaft of my cock, while I sucked harder and harder on Victoria's tits.

I wanted all the milk she could give me. It was like I had a mainline to all the power in the world.

As I sucked more and more, my body transformed more and more as well. I grew taller. More muscular. My body becoming *dense* with the muscle, utterly hard, stronger than steel. I became—in appearance and in fact—like a fucking hulk of a man.

Stronger than Amelia.

That was maybe what encouraged me to cum more than anything else. More than even the huge grapefruit-sized balls that now hung beneath my cock, producing enormous volumes of white hot seed—the knowledge that if I had to, I could overpower Amelia and make her mine at any moment.

I was in *charge*. I was their Master in name and in *reality*, for the first time.

"You fucking...fucking *bimbo* sluts..." I groaned, feeling that perfect pitch of hot rapture spreading up from my hips out to the tip of my cock.

I erupted all over them—my slaves, my sluts, my concubines. I sprayed first deep all over Gia's mouth and Victoria's pussy, and then pulled backward, continuing to cum, spraying a thick layer all over Gia's enormous tits. Even though I had emptied out at least a quart already, I kept going, spraying on Victoria's body, and then pushing Victoria down by the hair and latching her mouth down on my cock to drain me dry.

When finally I let her go, she looked brain-damaged, her face utterly blank except a simple, empty smile. Gia, beneath us, looked much the same.

My cum was all-powerful to them. It was the source of all life and meaning.

I owned them completely, and I was more powerful than I had ever been before.

Bimbo Gaze 3

“FUCK...” AMELIA MOANED, rubbing her pussy unconsciously against side of a steel-frame chair. Her thighs were wet from her own arousal, her crotch positively sopping. Thoughts sprinkled slowly into her head, disorganized and cloudy, her field of vision narrowed down to the stunning vision of herself in the dim reflection of the nearby sliding glass door.

She was at her parent’s house in her kitchen, her mind in a daze, her body in open revolt against the desires of her brain. Her pussy was wet. Her nipples erect. Her breaths heated and slow, heaving in her tiny superheroine costume. She filled it out perfectly, her tits on display, her fertile fucking hips ready for grabbing, her ass absolutely sculpted by the tight spandex.

Every part of her was sweaty, hot, and aroused, and even though what she really wanted to do was track down her sister and save her, what she *needed* was a solid fucking.

It had been ages since she’d cum. Even before her transformation, before her powers, she had not cum for days.

Amelia was just nineteen years old. Yesterday, she’d been given enormous power—super strength, super toughness, super jumping. All kinds of super. She was already super hot—that one had been taking care of all by her own genetics, gifting her with gorgeous tits, an angelic face, effortlessly sexy hair, long beautiful legs, and an ass that just wouldn’t quit—but the powers had enhanced those too, giving her greater musculature and *much* more confidence.

Now, in her kitchen, rubbing her crotch against the steel chair, she didn’t feel very super. She felt weak and helpless. In her tiny white-and-blue superheroine suit, a spandex leotard with skintight gloves and high-heeled boots, she looked like she was more ready to suck supervillain cock than to stop any kind of robbery.

“Fuck,” she moaned again, thinking about supervillain cock. Thinking about *cock*. “Need to...fuck...”

“I can help you.”

On the floor in the living room, adjacent to the kitchen, was Maureen. Maureen was already a beautiful young redheaded college student before I encountered her. Then, she was dosed with the special milk of my very first slave Gia, and she became even sexier—and then, purely by accident, I promise—I enslaved Maureen with my Gaze.

I’m still not entirely sure what the properties of my Gaze are. I know, though, that by locking eyes with Maureen, I had ensnared her into my

service for life. She was my obedient cockwhore, and the only reason she was with Amelia at that moment and not with me was because I had used Maureen to escape.

Otherwise, Amelia would have ripped me limb from limb.

Which, I'll admit, was probably deserved. I *had* been trying to use the Gaze on Amelia on the time. It didn't work, though, I think because I had just used it on Maureen. It has a recharge time, even when I'm at my strongest.

There—now we're all caught up. It's a big magical mess, and everyone is too turned on to think properly. This is why Amelia had taken Maureen home with her and tied her up in the living room to keep her from masturbating and moaning out my name. Amelia's parents were out of town, but not forever, so it was only a temporary solution.

"Shut up," Amelia said to Maureen. "I don't need any help."

"You sure *sound* like you do," said Maureen.

She was sweating too. Sweating, and squirming, from a complete lack of orgasms for the last six hours.

And yet, even so, her mind was a bit sharper than Amelia's at that point. After all, she had the razor focus of complete obedience to my cock and will operating in her corner.

Amelia only had sexual confusion. She could feel burgeoning feelings of attraction, but it was nebulous and not centered on anyone in particular. There was just raw *desire*, pushing at every corner of her being and threatening to take over her life.

It wasn't focused on me, how it should be. The way she should *always* be.

"You're the one who needs help," said Amelia, walking into the living room. She stood above Maureen, struggling to keep her hands solely on her hips (and not sliding up and down her luscious curves) in a sort of authoritative gesture. "You think you have a *Master.* You think you're a slave."

"I do have a Master." Maureen sighed contentedly. "And I *am* a slave."

"That's exactly what I'm talking about! No one owns you. You're your own woman. Don't you remember the real you? The non-enslaved you?"

Maureen's face squirmed. This was clearly an uncomfortable topic for her. "I have some dim memory of it, yes."

Amelia squatted, taking Maureen's face in her hands. "Remember that time! Take strength from it! Return to it. Can't you see how much better it was?"

Maureen nuzzled her beautiful face against Amelia's gloved hands, purring contentedly.

"Not really," said Maureen. Her voice was a soft song. "I was unhappy constantly. I thought my life revolved around grades and the expectations of others. I thought I was in *charge* of my fate." Maureen shook her head, smiling sadly. "Can you imagine anything so silly? I'm much happier now that I belong to Master."

"But...but you could be something else."

"And so could you. Why, *you* could serve Master too." Her eyes lit up. They were big and blue. "His big strong cock sliding in and out of that hot cunt of yours." Maureen turned her face, kissing Amelia's hands softly. "I could get you nice and wet for him. He'd forgive you. You're so fucking beautiful. I know he'd forgive for all that nasty beating. He'd let you right back into his service and make you a good, sweet little bimbo babe just like me."

Amelia, in her arousal, forgot to withdraw her hand from Maureen's kissing attentions for several moments. When she finally noticed, she snapped her arm back, like she had seen a snake.

"Stop that." She shook her head, standing up. "I don't want that."

"It would be so easy, wouldn't it?" said Maureen, licking her lips slowly. "So easy just to come right here and let me go so I could lick you. Or..." she giggled. "You don't have to let me go at all."

"Wh-what do you mean?"

Amelia knew exactly what she meant. It was clear Maureen had the upper-hand, even though she was all tied up.

"Why, I don't need to be untied to work my tongue. You can see that, surely. You could just come right over here and let me eat you out. Tasting pussy makes me cum. Master is so thoughtful that way. He's going to have so *many* slaves, you see? And if he has so many slaves, he can't fuck them *all* in one day. So he makes sure we can cum from pleasuring each other. It's not as *good* as his cock, but nothing is. So, I'll take a hot pussy like yours any day. Anyone would. My *Master* definitely would."

"Don't you understand?" Amelia shook her. "He's...he's twisted your mind! He's making you say that! He brainwashed you!"

“I had such a dirty mind, though. Dirty with all those thoughts about all kinds of stuff I didn’t need. A dirty, dirty mind for a dirty, dirty girl. Dirty thoughts about getting a degree. About living for myself. About not wanting to be married or have kids.” She sighed again, so happy. “I cleaned away all those pesky bits about not serving his cock exclusively, though. Or, Master did it for me. All those dirty, dirty thoughts about not only loving him forever, not looking pretty all the time just for his pleasure. Though, I suppose, for the right girl...I could get pretty dirty again. I could be a *very* dirty girl, in all the right ways.” Maureen looked Amelia up and down and bit her bottom lip. “Would you like that?

The problem was, of course, that Amelia *would* very much like that. She wanted it more than anything she had ever wanted anything else at that moment.

She needed—badly—to cum.

No more thinking. No more justifying. She ran to the bathroom and, inanely, locked herself in. In less than a second, she was ripping her spandex down and sliding her fingers up into her juicing, aching cunt. Her thumb ran across her clit, squeezing just right, and her hips pounded forward to shove her fingers even deeper.

“Shi-shiit!”

Her orgasm overtook her body almost instantly. She lost all control of her movements, her body. With her super-strength let loose, she kicked through the door, bucked her way back into the sink until it was rubble, and smashed her shoulder through the wall. And she didn’t give a fuck, because she was having the sweetest, hottest, most perfect cum of her life.

It gripped her entire body in a glove of pleasure, massaging and vibrating her right down to her core. Everything felt good. Everything was white, hot, and pleasure.

For minutes and minutes, she felt high—completely out of it. Her head slid through the rubble on the floor. Drool spilled out of her mouth. She looked like she'd had an aneurysm.

As she floated back down to earth, she could hear Maureen singing softly.

“Soon, you’ll serve Him...soon, you’ll cum for Him...soon, you’ll kneel for Him...soon, we’ll all be His...” Her voice was so *sweet*. She was so clearly in love. “Soon, you'll serve Him...soon...you'll cum for Him...”

And the more of her mind Amelia felt return to herself, the more she feared this was true. Because she'd just had the cum of her life—and already she could feel herself getting horny again.

MEANWHILE, I WAS HAVING the time of my damn life.

I'd already found out that the milk from my bimbo's tits made other women bimbofied just like them. And I had found out—thankfully—that it was powerful enough to heal the wounds in my body, perfectly repairing broken bones and completely eliminating bruises from my skin.

Amelia's brutal beating of my body was not only nullified, but a distant memory.

Because what I had only *just* started to find out was that it didn't just make me heal—it made me *stronger*. Taller. More built and chiseled—more *muscular,* more capable of Owning and Destroying anyone in my way.

All night long, I stayed up fucking Victoria and Gia in the barn where we were holed up. I fucked them in the car we brought with us until I finally started worrying about its suspension—my weight was drastically increasing, going up well past three hundred pounds. All of it was solid muscle. The car's axle was squealing like it was going to snap in half.

So, we moved onto the hay. If they were uncomfortable, they didn't mention it. In fact, they didn't mention much at all outside of their usual rounds of thankful, plaintive moans and pleas for more and more of my cock to fill their cunts up. Both girls were irrevocably pregnant and looking to be more and more so by the day.

Both had thoroughly noticeable baby bumps—nothing outstanding, but enough to where, in the tight clothes they wore, a passer-by would easily be able to tell that their fertile bodies had been absolutely fucked rotten by a complete alpha male.

It wasn't like beauties of their caliber would let any other sort of man fuck them. Their hair was long, thick, and stretched down past their asses in the kinds of glamorous locks that would make even other women look twice.

Before I began to drink their milk wholesale, they were the ones who exhausted me.

Now, it was the day after the fight at the library. The sun was coming up, and I stood over them, my cock dripping a steady stream of heavy,

intoxicating precum. I felt like I could fuck for another week if I needed to.

Their milk was the difference.

The fact was, I needed to have more bimbo slaves like them to serve me if I was going to keep my mind straight.

There was about a ten minute period after each fuck where—while I wasn't soft or tired—my thoughts cleared up and I could form a plan. But when I started getting horny, that was that—I needed to fuck, end of story.

The milk, again, was the difference.

And more than just the need to *fuck* was the need, specifically, to fuck *Amelia*.

Goddamn, she looked so fucking hot in that *fucking* superhero outfit. And the idea that I could fuck her—that I could *own* her—was more than I could stand. More than anything, I wanted to start bounding through the city, searching door by door for her and mindfucking every woman hot enough to serve me as I was on my way.

But...I didn't need to. Patience would benefit me here. Amelia would come after me. After all, I had her sister.

Gia was really her stepsister, but the two had known each other since they were young.

Maybe Amelia was smart enough to see through that ruse—the ruse of using her sister as bait. After all, she had already seen the bimbo that Gia had become. Maybe she'd try to draw me out. I'd need something more.

Gia slept on the ground beneath me. I nudged her with my foot, turning her over. She moaned, kittenish, wrapping herself around my foot.

"Wake up, girl," I said. "Daddy wants his dick sucked."

Stretching and purring, she slid upwards and wrapped her lusciously sexy mouth around my cock mid-yawn. I got to witness her beautiful face slowly wake up as she realized how godly my body had become. Her hands ran over my abs—the actual abs that I had, stacked like marble shelves—and squeezed hard at my rock hard buttocks.

I could see in her face the new levels of worship she felt for me. She would have loved me no matter how I looked, but she *definitely* loved her Master being strong and huge. I think I was close to seven feet tall now, but without any kind of measurement it was hard to tell.

Soon, Victoria was up too. She pressed her pregnant belly against my side, her tits wrapping around my arm. Thick, warm milk leaked from both pairs of bimbo tits as the two beauties adored my new body.

“God...Master...” Victoria moaned, eyes wide and full of gentle tears as she witnessed my cock in Gia's mouth. Like she was witnessing poetry come to life. “You fuck her mouth so *nice*...”

Gia took more of me in—deep, taking all of me into her throat and slurping and sucking *hard*, her body perfectly designed to take an Alpha of my magnitude.

The door to the barn swung open suddenly, its creaky hinges screaming in agony.

“The fuck is going on here? Who are you...you...youuuuu...”

The man who kicked the barn door open was middle-aged. He wore overalls and a straw hat, very committed to the whole farmer look. It was fun to watch his expression go from outrage to shock to glazed arousal as he witnessed the two huge-titted blond bimbo goddesses making hot love to what must have looked like some kind of perfectly built Adonis statue.

He wouldn’t have been a problem at all, except that he held a shotgun in his hands. It was a long sucker, double-barreled. And, while I was rather certain I could survive a shotgun blast to certain areas of my body, I didn’t want to take any chances.

My cock was out, all right?

Not to mention how fucking *protective* I felt of my two girls.

“Victoria,” I said, nodding at the man, “take his gun.”

“Yes, Master.”

Victoria, smiling at getting to obey, strutted over toward the stunned farmer, her tits jiggling in mesmerizing fashion. She was totally naked except for her heels, five inches tall if they were a centimeter; I’d ripped everything else off during our fuck-sessions.

“N-now, see here, Miss. You gotta...these premises, they’re mine, see, and you gotta...you have to...”

His gaze was helplessly transfixed upon her tits. She nodded encouragingly all the while as he talked, smiling, and then she slipped the gun from his weak, trembling hands.

“Have...have to...have to...”

He was inhaling deeply, taking in breath after breath of Victoria’s sweet scent, and not to mention the thick combined scent of our fucking in that barn for hours now. I could see the straining erection pushing against his pants. And then, as Victoria’s finger came achingly close to his, taking the

gun, I saw his erection start to gush hot seed all over his pants. He fell to the ground, trembling, watching, his face pained and blissful at the same time.

"S-so pretty," he grunted. "S-so pretty. I need to...need to...n-need..."

His hands reached up to touch Victoria. She swatted them away with the butt of the gun. I was pretty sure I heard bone breaking. My cock twitched harder.

Super. Fucking. Villain.

Victoria handed me the gun with Gia still sucking my cock. I considered what to do. We couldn't have the man walking around. And though at this point I was pretty well-committed to gathering a few more fuckslaves for my harem, and one superslave in particular—I don't think I was ready for cold-blooded murder.

You have to build these things up over time, after all. It's like a business.

So, with Gia slurping up and down, spitting on my cock for more lube as she jerked me and lovingly kissed the unbelievably thick head, I decided at least to take care of the gun. Victoria fingered her cunt as she watched me bend the barrel of the gun until it was a long hook shape.

"Fu-fuck..." the farmer grunted. "Oh. Oh f-fu-fu-f-fuc—fu..."

"I think what you're trying to say is..." I paused for a moment, gifting Gia with a heavy load down her throat. I closed my eyes, feeling completely secure as I came, emptying briefly into my blonde goddess's tummy, absolutely covering her throat all the way down. In just a few moments, my balls would be at capacity again, a never-ending fuckfactory of babymaking seed.

"Ah. Much better." I removed myself from Gia's mouth, my half-hard cock slapping against my thighs. "The word you're looking for, little man, is 'forget.' As in, 'I promise to forget everything I've seen here. I'll never tell a soul, because if I do, then my house will burn down with me and everyone I love inside. And even worse, I'll never be able to jerk off my pathetic cock to the beautiful blond angels I'm looking at right now. So I promise on my life that I'll never, ever say a word of this.'" I leaned over the man, dwarfing him in size. "Isn't that what you were trying to say, little man?"

He gulped long and hard. I could tell he was already getting hard again, clearly stunned at what was happening to him. I didn't have to kill him, I

realized. He'd be jerking off so hard and so frequently that he'd die of a heart attack or exhaustion soon enough.

That thought pleased me a great deal. A fine way to escalate my villain status. Nice and remote.

But he nodded anyway. "Y-yes, Sir. Anything you say, Sir. I p-promise."

"Good."

That felt good, fucking with his head like that. I could do it to anyone. I could do goddamn near anything.

I turned to Victoria, kissing her softly on the lips, pulling tight on her ass, enjoying the little thrill of orgasm pulsing through her as I blessed her with such attention.

"You did very well," I said. "Now, you're going to do even better. Listen very closely..."

AMELIA WAS NOTHING if not determined. When she found out so shortly after finally releasing all her pent-up arousal in the bathroom that she was *still* horny, she knew that she had to do something to take care of herself, and soon.

So, she did what any determined individual would do when faced with a sexual problem—she decided to go to the sex toy shop.

It was located close enough, in downtown. Amelia was able to cross the five miles, jumping, in less than a minute. That was with the squirming, pleading Maureen on her back. Super-strength is a hell of a thing.

She had taped Maureen's mouth shut, ostensibly because she hadn't figured out how to help her yet, and if some innocent bystander *overheard* the gorgeous young redhead pleading to be untied, they might get the wrong idea about Amelia's good intentions.

The real reason, though, was because Amelia was afraid that if she got horny again like she had before that she wouldn't be able to resist using Maureen's tongue on her pussy. Her resistance had only just won out last time, and there was no guarantee that it would again, especially with her horniness building up so quickly once again.

Her mind felt like it was on fire. And if her mind was on fire, then her body was a fucking sexual inferno, flaring like crazy, destroying all circling helicopters sent to water it down.

The sex store was called *The Lockbox*. It was located in the basement of a novelty store, closely watched by a clerk and a security camera. Both wobbled with sudden lust as Amelia entered in full superheroine regalia.

Now—*why* did Amelia still think it necessary to walk around in her superheroine regalia? I honestly couldn't tell you. You'd have to ask her.

But my guess is that she saw this as superheroine business, and so, being a superheroine, she took care of business while being dressed as one.

Downstairs, the female clerk ogled her openly. She was was a cute, young college girl with a lip piercing and hair dyed pink and purple. Her perky young tits strained in her tight ironic slogan tee. Her eyes boggled as she watched tall, sultry Amelia strut down the stairs into her basement sex shop.

"Are you in town for the convention?" the clerk asked, rather dumbstruck. Her name, as her name tag read, was Violet. "Could you...um...tell me where the convention is? So I can...see all of your costume?"

"Convention? What are you talking about?"

Violet shook her head, giggling nervously. "Nothing. Never mind."

"There's no need to fear, citizen," said Amelia. "I just need some help."

"I will help you with anything you need."

Violet was flushing with arousal, and in the back of her mind was already introducing Amelia to her parents in a weird coming-out party. Her parents would ask what happened to her boyfriend.

"I'm having trouble with..." Amelia smiled, blushing now. "It's a bit embarrassing."

"Hey, there's nothing you'll say that I haven't heard a dozen times already, and I only started a few months ago." Violet's smile was disarming. "Whatever you've got, it's not as bad as you think."

Amelia struggled, clenching her fists tight. The leather of her gloves creaked. "I'm just...I'm crazy horny. Like, all the time. And if I cum, it just comes back. But I have this...this really important thing I have to do. Like, I have to help someone close to me. But not if I'm too horny to think. So I need to be...I don't know. Cumming all the time? Is there anything that can do that?"

"You're horny," Violet nodded. "All the time. Like, right now?"

Amelia squirmed a bit. Violet looked down at Amelia's spandex crotch —and no doubt she could see the growing moisture stain there. Violet

licked her lips, gulping. Her eyes were big and brown.

"Horny," she said again. "Are you...are you into girls, at all?"

Amelia bit her lip, playing briefly with her hair. "You know, I'm flattered, I really am, but like...I've got important stuff to take care of. Like I said."

"So, that's a no?"

"That's a...um...'you're really cute, but with this other thing happening, I can't even tell you what I'm attracted to right now.' That's what that is."

Violet nodded. "Well...what about a love egg?"

"A love egg?"

She began searching through her shelves, tapping one box in particular and pulling it out. "Sure! My friend's cousin is a nympho? She uses it at work so she can concentrate. It's basically like a little egg that you slip in your vag, and let it go to work."

"What's the battery life like?" Amelia peered at the product in Violet's hands.

"It should last for at least eight hours. It comes with a little recharge station. See?" She pointed on the box.

"Is this one...strong? I mean, resistant? I am...uh...fairly well-developed in that arena."

Violet's eyes glazed over again, staring down Amelia's cleavage and then down at her pussy again. "Fuck, I just bet you are..." she smiled, biting a lip. "But yes. It's small, so they can build them dense. That one is the best model we have. There's others, and some are more expensive, but this is what you want."

Amelia took a closer look. *The Lust Egg.* The size of her thumb, more or less, and in a light shade of pink.

"This will work fine," she said. "Thank you."

"Thank *you*. I think I've got enough fantasy fuel for the next sixteen years of my life."

She knew she should have felt objectified. Dirty, even. But Amelia could not help but feel a measure of contentment at that. And perhaps that's why she had gone to *The Lockbox* in her full erotic superheroine regalia after all.

I FOUND GIA AND VICTORIA much easier to deal with than previously. Before, I'd been denying myself—denying who I was, what I was, what I was *meant* to be. I was trying to play nice. Trying to be an *ethical* Master.

An ethical brainwasher. An ethical mindcontrolling owner of bimbo fuckslaves totally addicted to my cum.

Yeah—there's no such thing. I'm as unethical as they come and I'm pretty much made that way. I get it, now—who I am.

Maybe it was the beating from Amelia, maybe it was drinking all that fucking delicious bimbo milk, maybe it was completely bullying that farmer—but regardless of exactly what it was, I knew my place in the world now.

I was a bad man. And all that trying to be a good man previously now meant was that I had a whole hell of a lot of catching up to do so that everyone knew it. At any moment I chose, I could have a bimbofied beauty sucking my cock, praising me for being who I was, thanking me for being evil enough to conquer her puny little mind and turning it into mine.

I could have her believing wholesale that it was totally evil what I did, and she wouldn't give a fuck—evil would just turn her on. I could strip a wife from her husband, a daughter from her family, a CEO from her business. I could mindfuck an entire gaggle of cheerleaders until the only cheer they knew was one worshiping my cock.

That was the kind of power I had. And with my body as developed as it was now, that power was realized in physical form as well. It would be a simple thing to walk into any night club, any bar, any sorority house or college campus or anywhere else and convince a girl to hang out with me for a little while. And really, to make her mine, all I needed to do was have her look me in the eyes.

All that power, all that advantage, and I was suppose to cripple myself somehow and be good? Maybe cut out my eyes, volunteer for chemical castration?

No, thank you. I was built for badness, and badness I would be.

So, like any evil overlord, I needed an evil overlord headquarters of some kind.

The library was out. I was never a fan of staying there, and it w as too public besides. I needed a place away from the mainstream, where no one would walk in and see the big-titted goddesses working there and immediately run to tell all their friends.

What to do?

As I've mentioned, the people of Bloomingdale Heights pretty much all universally hated me for two main reasons—one, because my father was such a giant asshole who more-or-less single-handedly drove their budget into the red. And two, because there was a piece of land that I held—a piece of land members of their city council were sure that could be used to revitalize their economy.

Being that I had no desire to go back into town and risk more attention than I could reasonably deal with in any short amount of time, my plan was clear—retreat to the land I owned and build up from there.

And that was where Gia and I headed after the barn. Victoria, meanwhile, had a much different objective—though one that was important to my new understanding of my cause.

The land was, by and large, underdeveloped. Most of it was empty of anything except for grass, but there were a few patches here and there of old trees. Mostly pines, one or two oaks. It was far from idyllic, but it was mine.

Sometimes, teenagers wandered up there at night on the weekends for drinking, mostly because they knew I wouldn't do a damn thing about it. Every year I had needed to hire a small crew to clean up the bottles, broken glass, and crushed beer cans.

Now, if the teenagers tried it again, I'd be there waiting for them. The young men would regret trespassing. The young women would decide that they'd never made a better decision in their entire lives.

Largely, there was nothing at all of human property on the land. But, there was a small office that I kept there because state law dictated that if I wanted to claim ownership, I had to have *something* on the land that showed I was regularly attempting maintenance. If all that was there was just some crumbling shed, then they could argue that the land was in disuse and disrepair, and could take it from me.

So, the office was nice. It was not all that large—one story, about eight hundred square feet. It was right off the only road that led into the land. Inside was almost nothing. This was strategic, as it was easy to show improvement from year-to-year if I started with nothing and slowly added an item at a time. So, there was a couch, and a desk, and a television set that didn't get any channels, and a few chairs here and there.

Something I had found out since scaring off the farmer is that my new body didn't only mean I was super strong. I could leap very high as well,

and I ran very fast. So, as the evening descended on the town. it was very easy for me to break into a few nearby empty houses and steal their mattresses and all the clean linens and blankets out from their closets.

These beddings were now what filled the office. And it was a good thing too, because I'd sent Victoria out on a mission of fuck.

See now, that was supposed to be a play on "mission of love," but I'm not sure that it was clear.

I'm a bad guy. Sex villain.

Anyway.

Mission of fuck! I had Victoria doll herself up in the most conservative outfit her new body would allow her to wear without itching—this turned out to be a tight leather minidress with tall sky-high pink heels—and sent her out to the local mall. With her were several flasks of hers and Gia's milk. She was to recruit any beautiful women she saw—by suggestion, seduction, or by force—and bring them my way.

Two at a time. Any more than that and I thought she might have a tough time wrangling them here.

I had to have more slaves, you see. It was hard enough to think clearly when I was hard all the time and fucking Gia and Victoria so regularly. But now I was starting to tire even *those* bimbo fuckgoddesses out.

So, I needed more. This was a purely practical decision, I assure you. Nothing at all to do with how fucking rock hard the thought of owning every hot woman in town made me.

Hell, *still* makes me. I haven't reformed in the slightest.

By the time I had the office all set up—mattresses placed just right, Gia covered in my cum in the corner and close to exhausted from a thorough skullfuck—Victoria had just arrived with my newest recruits. It was late afternoon, and the sun was setting.

They were two young beauties, wrapped around each other's bodies, kissing and fingering each other madly in the back seat of her hatchback. They wore tiny skirts and big, clunky heels. Their tits straining against tiny sweaters. One had on a choker necklace that looked like a collar. I greeted Victoria with a long kiss, squeezing her ass tight. My fingers slid over toward her asshole, applying pressure through the fabric.

"Good girl," I said, knowing the words would gift her with a strong, urgent orgasm.

Her reaction did not disappoint, her body melting into mine as she trembled with pleasure. Even as the feeling still shook through her bones, she turned with bright, bimbofied blue eyes to her vehicle.

Yesterday, I have to remind myself, she absolutely hated me. She wanted me *dead*.

Now she worships me. No one else has a chance.

"Girls," said Victoria. "I've got that cock I promised you."

Both of them scrambled out of the car, lining up behind Victoria obediently.

"Who have we got here?" I asked. "Introduce yourselves."

I kept my eyes—and my Gaze—off them directly. Instead I looked at other features—their tits, their chins, their bare legs in their tiny skirts. All were spectacular, of course. Victoria did good work.

I'd have to remember to bring out a mirror or something for the next batch so that I could see them more clearly.

Both were tall, busty, with long flowing hair and bright, beautiful eyes. This was the bimbofying milk of Victoria at work. Structurally, they were nearly identical—my slaves knew how create more perfect slaves for me. So, the differences were almost entirely cosmetic.

One was Asian, and the other was Latina. They both had thick, dark hair. The Asian had the smallest tits of any of the slaves I'd seen so far, 36C. But her frame was so tiny and frail, so utterly fucking fae and breakable, that they appeared to be much larger. Her waist was the width of a cantaloupe.

The Latina, on the other hand, was a bit shorter than any of the other girls, but her breasts seemed comparably much more massive. She was the one wearing the choker necklace. It had a little series of silver hearts on it.

"I'm Miyu," said the Asian, giggling heatedly. "You're fucking...*big*."

Immediately, Victoria slapped her. "You address Him as *Sir* or *Master*, cunt."

Miyu gulped, her bright dark eyes flashing downward shamefully. "Forgive me, Sir. My name is Miyu, Master."

Victoria waited, raising an eyebrow. Gulping, Miyu dropped to her knees.

"Please, may I have your cock, Sir?"

Victoria brightened, kissing her on the cheek where she slapped her. "That's so much better, baby. He liked that a lot. You can see how much

harder his cock got, can't you?"

Licking her lips, Miyu nodded. My cock surged in hardness again, seeing that.

They were already so obedient, even without tasting me yet. It must have been my scent—making them naturally submissive, just like that farmer.

"And you?" I asked the Latina.

My voice was deep now, like a mountain tumbling down.

"Angela, Master." She was already rubbing her tits together in anticipation of my cock ruling her life. She dropped to her knees next to Miyu. "I'll do anything you say, Sir. Please just...just let me have that cock, please?"

I moved forward, sliding my cock between their joined tits. It was slick with precum, heavy with blood-engorged density. The two new girls moaned, salivating heavily as they licked all over the cock, licked each other tongues, licked each other's tits in an effort to taste as much of my precum as possible.

Very soon they put themselves into position, sliding their tits up and down together against my rod, taking turns as they took long, heady slurps of my cockhead and shaft.

"It's sooo good," Angela moaned.

Miyu nodded. "So good."

She—Miyu—seemed a little harder hit by the taste of my cock. She was more of a virgin than Angela. I could tell by their attentions that Angela had kissed boys before, even given out a handjob. Miyu had done none of that.

Her every bit of attention on my manhood was the absolute first she had given any man in her life.

This is What I Deserved.

AMELIA REALLY, TRULY believed she was going to stop me.

With the love egg pulsing happily in her pussy, she believed the worst of her troubles to be over. It would bring on an orgasm every five to eight minutes, such was her level of arousal—but that happened so regularly that she was able to cobble together a good string of logical thought.

With that logical thought, she began to look for me, bounding through the city. And when she couldn't find me at my apartment—she found the

address by rummaging through the office papers at the library—she decided she would look at the only other place that belonged to me: the plot of land outside the city.

The evening was dark and humid. Sweat clung to her luscious frame, sensationalizing her every angle. Her hair, so thick and long, was layered and shimmering with moisture. She entered my land with Maureen on her shoulder, who was struggling and squirming.

Maureen was positively blowing up—she hadn't cum for nearly a day now, and that was making all of her senses work on overdrive. She could smell that I was close, and my closeness, combined with her restraint, was turning her brain into overheated jelly. Her cunt slid hard on Amelia's back, struggling for any source of tension.

Amelia, prowling through the land, made almost a straight bee-line toward my office. She could hear the sounds, and she could smell all those thick, hot scents of lust just like Maureen.

She would deny, until the very end, that those scents drew her. She thought she was in control. She thought the love egg was making her think clearly.

Without bothering to look inside the windows—which were very open, I had nothing to hide nor be afraid of—she kicked in the door. It splintered into a dozen pieces, smashing to bits. Inside, what she saw stopped her dead in her tracks, the love egg happily pulsing away in her beautiful cunt.

I was on my knees on a mattress. It was utterly soaked with milk and cum.

Gia was attached to one side, Victoria the other, both of them docking their tits on either side of my hips. They knelt, wearing only slender lace lingerie and thick, tall heels. Their heavy gob-smacking breasts leaked warm, sensuous milk all the way down my legs. A puddle about an inch thick was on the thick mattress we stood on. It would need to be replaced, probably.

I would just steal another. I'd steal a dozen. I'd steal anything I wanted. Nothing and no one could stop me.

Not even Amelia. Seeing her—seeing her cumming, sweaty, hot wet body in that tight fucking spandex outfit, I spurt out an extra quart of cum from my immense cock, coating the two newly enslaved beauties in front of me—Miyu and Angela. They moaned with appreciation and love.

I had them stacked on top of each other with Angela on the bottom, on her hands and knees. Miyu, tits-down on top of her, kneaded Angela's thick tits as she cooed and prayed for my cock to enter her hot Asian pussy. But at that moment, I was fucking Angela into oblivion, and she was begging for my babies to fill her up.

"*Please*!" she cried. "Please, Master! I need your fucking babies inside me! I'm so fucking fertile! I need to be pregnant, oh my god—oh, my. GOD! Please!"

She was a good little fuckdoll, after all, and that's what good little fuckdolls do for me—they beg for my babies, and then they take them into their wombs like good girls.

"Do it, Master," Miyu moaned. She knew the second I came into Angela, I'd be fucking her instead. "Fuck her. Fuck her full of your babymaking cum. You're such a Male. Such a Man. Please, Master? Please fucking make her *yours*, forever!"

And I listened to them. They didn't boss me around—their words and their movements were owned by me. I directed everything I saw—even Amelia, whether she knew it or not. I could smell her heated cunt, her need for my chiseled body even as I fucked another woman right in front of her.

There was nothing I didn't control. I was God to these women, and I deserved it. My balls were full of holy liquid, blessed juice made to make women crumble and become my pets.

"Stop," Amelia growled, tossing Maureen to the ground. "Stop this *right now*."

Perhaps surprising her, I did exactly that.

This had all been a ploy on my part anyway—hoping that Amelia would show up soon. If she hadn't, I would have just kept fucking Miyu and Angela and then I would have sent Victoria out for another two slaves.

But I wanted Amelia to think she had caught me off guard—that she had the advantage. She most assuredly didn't. I was a living god with a lightning bolt for a cock, and she was going to feel my fury.

Maureen began crawling forward toward me on the floor, wriggling this way and that in her bonds. Giggling, Gia slipped to the ground completely and began crawling toward her. I admired her tight, young ass, slathered in precum and milk, as she moved across the ground.

Moving like a blur, Amelia shot across the room and snapped her hand around my throat, lifting me up against the wall.

Her intention was to choke me. She squeezed hard—and then, when I had no reaction, squeezed even harder. It was strong enough to break a tree in half.

It barely left a red mark on my skin.

“Now,” said Amelia, sneering. “You *listen* to me—”

She stopped, suddenly, because she noticed what I was already heavily aware of. My cock was still hard. I hadn't fucked Angela to completion. My cock was hard—and it was streaming thick, brutally hot precum all over Amelia's outfit. It layered on her tits, pooling in the gorgeous display of her cleavage, melding quickly into her skin.

My liquids have properties. They are special, just like me.

“L-listen...” Amelia said, her voice a half-moan. “You list...listen. You listen,” she licked her lips. The scent was overwhelming to her. “You listen to me...”

Her grip slowly loosened. I slipped down to the ground. Behind me, there was a truck-sized dent. She had tossed me hard into the wall, not that I felt it. I was too strong for any pain she could give me. But her strength *turned me on*.

My other bimbos were extra-durable to take my strength. But they weren't *super* like Amelia was super. They weren't *supreme* like she was.

Dumbly, she slid a finger through the heavy mess of precum on her cleavage and scooped up a thick dollop of it. She licked her lips, hypnotized by the sight of it. Drool, heavy and thick, dropped down her chin.

She was mine already. She never had a chance.

This is a Man's world, and I am the Supreme Example of a Man. She was, even if she was super, only ever a woman. And where women belong is on their fucking knees before my Might.

“...listen...” she tried again, her voice practically clogged with drool.

“No,” I said, taking her by the throat. It was slender. It was Mine. “You’re going to listen to me, now. Aren’t you, doll?”

She looked up at me, starting to nod. And then I had her in my Gaze.

MY HAND WRAPPED AROUND Amelia’s throat, my tone vicious and snarling.

“Who the fuck owns you?”

“Y-you do, Master!” Amelia cried.

Her cunt squeezed on my cock as I fucked her deeper and harder. She was dressed in her hot-as-fuck superheroine outfit—though really, supervillain is more appropriate now. It had a custom hole in her crotch where I could shove my cock into her wet cunt whenever I wanted. Her tits overfilled it—bouncing, enormous, and enhanced, easily the biggest, most beautiful pair of any of my slaves.

I fuck her from on top, her long booted legs wrapped around my neck, sandwiching her with my enormous weight. Only she can stand to be fucked like this from me. Only she is strong enough. All my other girls would be crushed.

Amelia thrived when I fuck her like this. Her heels—so fucking tall—knocked against each other behind my ears.

"Fuck her, Master," Gia moaned. "Fuck her, please. Fucking get my sister so fucking pregnant for you, oh please!"

Five pairs of heavy, lactating tits covered our bodies, pushing us together. We fucked in a white liquid pool of our own debauchery. Gia, Miyu, Angela, Victoria, and Maureen all pressed in on my body. Their hands crawling over me, worshiping me. Their heavy tits leaking milk all over Amelia and I, covering us entirely in their lifegiving milk.

Their voices cried in unison for our perfect joining—their leaders, their owners.

"Fuck her," they moaned. "Oh, fuck *him*. Fuck...*fuck*...please keep fucking! We need to see you cum!"

They referred to both of us. Their loyalty was absolute. They knew their place. They knew we were Chosen by the book. They knew that they are beneath us...and that they were all beneath me.

Amelia's beautiful face was wet with milk. It only made her more gorgeous. She pulled me closer, her velvet pussy tightening on my cock, and she whispered those magic words.

"Cum in me, my love. Cum in me *now*."

I was a gentleman, in the end, and I couldn't refuse a lady's request. On command, I emptied my balls inside of her, my cock erupting with the biggest load of seed I've ever felt exit my body. Quart after quart flooded out of me, spilling into her, spilling *out* of her because I have so much of it. Her orgasm shook the bed and all the hot, beautiful bimbo babes on it.

"I love you, Master."

"I love you, Amelia."

Slowly, I withdrew myself from her body, allowing Gia and Victoria to take first licking sessions on my cum covered cock. Amelia, meanwhile, drew in Miyu and our newest slave, who had been standing by and watching, a petite black-haired girl named Jeanne, to lick up her pussy until it was cleaned of all cum and milk. The two of us reclined in our king-sized bed on the top floor of my headquarters, enjoying the morning air.

It wasn't the first time we made love...but it always felt that way for us. It was always just as good as that fevered, hot, perfect time when I first fucked her after capturing her.

At it turns out, Amelia and I were made for each other. Or, if not *made* for each other, *reformatted* for each other by the tome from the library's basement. And I don't just mean that our bodies were perfect for each other—that her superhuman strength complimented my own so perfectly.

You see, when we fucked, both of us could have clear heads for a while if we so chose. We could think about something that wasn't sex for hours at a time. I pulled out my laptop and began writing down a few organizing notes for the day, with Amelia idly stroking my abs and making suggestions as I went.

She loved me. She adored me. She needed me to be King of everything.

This is how we began our stealth campaign of taking over Bloomingdale Heights.

I only took a girl or two at a time. Then I would fuck them mercilessly, completely emptying their mind of anything but service to me, for a week or maybe two or three. The longest any girl has ever had to be trained and fucked alone as the new girl has been a month. That was Naiku, Miyu's sister, who now worked as our cook downstairs.

There was something about her, Naiku, that just drove me *crazy*, and I couldn't be bothered to fuck any new girls until finally, tired of the monotony, Amelia went out and kidnapped a new fuckslut for us herself.

That's right, she had full autonomy. She was totally obedient to me, but she *was* my partner in crime. She wanted to see us build our harem of bimbo fuckdolls as much as I did.

That's why the Gaze worked so differently on her. Why the first time wasn't enough.

It wasn't trying to make her *dumb*, it was trying to make her *obedient*. It takes longer that way, I figure. I've been trying to work it out, see if I can do it on purpose in the future.

As long as she has that obedience to me, I don't give a shit what she does with her time. She knew her place every night is in my bed, worshiping the best cock she'll ever have. The biggest. The strongest. That's what I am to her.

Amelia's heavy milk worked differently too. It was responsible giving my girls their powers. Now, they were almost as strong and powerful as Amelia, who in turn was almost as strong and powerful as I am.

It's a good thing, too—otherwise, there'd be a lot of accidents during fucking that would be really unpleasant.

Each girl could now be sent out on missions by themselves to recruit the hottest girls around town—fuck it, around the *state*. In a week, there will be a beauty queen contest to see who's worthy enough to go to the Miss America contest.

I'm going to own every last one of our applicants. They *Belong* to me already. It's an insult, if you think about it, that they haven't submitted to my will already.

Overconfident? I have a cock a foot long and a brilliant supervillain goddess worshiping it every night. I'd say I'm *exactly* how confident I need to be.

Long story short, I'm on my way to building a hyper-obedient, uber-sexual race of bimbo fuckslaves, completely loyal to me and me alone.

How's that for supervillainry?

Gia and Victoria's heavy bellies rubbed against my thighs on the bed. I'll need to bring a doctor into the fold, soon. Their pregnancies—and those of all the other girls—aren't like normal pregnancies. It's only been a few months since I impregnated the two of them, and already they're fit to bust.

Any doctor will be better than none.

Victoria is still an excellent organizer and sorter, in charge of assigning daily tasks for all the bimbo beauties. Ask her who the last four presidents are, though, and she'll be blank for days. So, I figure maybe a doctor will keep all her skills of medicine.

Maybe not. If not, then I'll just have Amelia strong arm another. Or any of my other bimbo girls. They're superhumans, after all. It's not like they have to obey stupid things like laws.

There's only My Law now. My Will is their Law.

That's the only reason Amelia isn't pregnant. First we figure out how to do it safe...then I do it to her for real and mark her in that final way.

She'll have an endless parade of triplets for me. I just know it.

So for now, with Gia and Victoria and the others, their pregnancy is bit of a gamble, but hey, it's not like I'm that worried. I can always get more slaves.

Oh, maybe you're surprised that I'm such a bastard? Did you not notice that I'm a complete villain? Sometimes the villain wins. Sorry.

I mean, of course I won. I'm fucking narrating, aren't I? How would I know what had been happening with Amelia if I hadn't made her tell me her part of the story?

Sorry if you were expecting some turn of events. The book comes back and drains my power. Aliens land and interfere. Amelia convinces me to use my powers for good.

No way. No. Fucking. Way.

Like I said, sometimes, the bad guy wins.

And fuck it—I'm the bad guy. I don't give a shit. I deserve it. What else explains all this power, all this pussy that I can have with so little effort? All I have to do is fuck them and drink their milk, and let them suck me—and I've got an army of obedient picture-perfect sluts aching to carry out my command.

Watch out, world. I'm coming for you.

"I'm so happy you're in charge of me, Master," Amelia moaned in my ear. "I'm going to give you so many slaves...you'll have houses and houses dedicated to moaning your name."

She knew how to get me hard, that was for sure.

Nothing got the two of us hornier than me in charge of an army of super-sluts...and one that would just keep growing and growing.

Just like their pregnant bellies.

The Magic Tablet: Ruling His Hot Students

Two gorgeous young women were on their knees before him, worshiping his cock with every atom in their bodies.

Not just licking, not just sucking, not just kissing and adoring and slurping, though they did all these things with great alacrity.

No, they were worshipers, because he was their sex god.

His body was layered with muscle. Hundreds of pounds of dense tissue, all of it chiseled to create the image of masculine perfection. His member was easily over ten inches in length as thick as a bottle.

They would serve him for the rest of their lives. Their beautiful, busty bodies were utterly addicted to his cum. Each beauty needed to be bred by him, used by him, manhandled totally by him—whatever he thought was necessary would be their pleasure to enact.

Their obedience was absolute. Never again would a single thought enter their head of ever disobeying him.

And their bodies had been enhanced as well. Thanks to him, their breasts were larger, their hair longer, their skin shinier and healthier, their every feature more beautiful and pronounced. They would make grown men weep with their unmatched gorgeousness, and yet, these two beauties were utterly helpless before the man they now served.

They obeyed him. They pleasured him. They worshiped him.

But it hadn't always been this way. Before he had found the Tablet, he was nothing to these women. But that was before...

"ARE YOU *sure* I can't skip class tomorrow, Mr. Lawton? I mean, I've been pretty good about coming so far, and my girlfriend and I, we've got plans..."

Jacob sighed, looking at his teaching assistant, Phoebe, with no small amount of pleasure taking hold of his crotch. One look of her, all by itself,

was enough to get him excited these days. She had been dressing more and more flirty as the semester had gone on.

His office was small and filled with textbooks and spare scraps of paper, all of which together was practically wallpaper from being plastered to the surfaces by the humidity. There was no air-conditioning in the office and it was always stifling hot in the Southwestern heat.

Today, the stunning blond temptress Phoebe wore a pair of fetching skintight leather pants. The heat did not seem to effect her. Pretty girls like her were often beyond pesky realities like temperature. A thin black cord wrapped around her waist and slid from her tailbone to her crotch, imitating a thong on the outside of the sexy pants.

Her tank top was loose and white, showing off her substantial 36B cleavage. The toned lines of her midriff were easily visible. The only thing "teacherly" about her was her tight dark suit jacket, but with the rest of her outfit, it was more parody than professional. Having her in his classes was hard enough, but ever since she had gotten the position as his teaching assistant, his fantasies had been on overdrive.

"Phoebe..." Jacob shook his head. "You've missed four classes out of the past ten. If you were a student in those classes, I'd have had to fail you by now." This wasn't even mentioning that she was starting to miss a lot in the classes where she *was* a student. "When you're here, you're great. You engage the students, and you help them with their work, and you bring up good questions that they forget to ask."

Or were too intimated to ask. Jacob's standard disposition was the male version of "resting bitch face." He loved helping students, loved making sure they were learning.

But he *looked* a bit scary and intimating. A forgotten life of athletics when he was younger had left him with a penchant for working out, and so his build was stocky and built solid with plenty of muscle. His hair was thinning on top, in a slightly-less-than-graceful way, and his face was more frowny than grinny. He tried to look after his diet, but he was no saint—and so over the healthy layers of his muscle was another layer of stubborn fat.

All in all, he looked more like a scowling police sergeant than a compassionate teacher.

His wife, Vivian, always found this reaction to him strange, as she loved him for his sense of humor more than anything else. But when he was at work, he was working, and there wasn't much room for humor in grading.

“Right,” said Phoebe. “But like...you know, it’s my girlfriend? I can’t just say no, can I?”

“Everybody can say no, Phoebe. Even you.”

He wondered briefly—intoxicatingly—how far she would go to get her way. The thought of her trying harder to seduce him, to offer sexual favors for his favors, was never far from his mind when she spoke to him. She was a true American blond beauty, and that was something very difficult to get out of his head.

And another thought crossed his head at the same time—the idea of her being unable to say “no” to him. Of him enforcing his will on her body, no matter how perverted or depraved, with her unable to turn down a single request.

That psychological hold Phoebe held over his crotch got a little more firm, and his cock pushed forward in his pants. He was glad he sat behind his desk where she could not see this physical reaction to her lovely presence.

She huffed, crossing her arms, clearly unhappy. “*Fine*,” she said. “But if Gwen is mad, I’m going to have her yell at *you*, okay? I don’t want to deal with it.”

“I’ll tell her what I told you, then.”

That was a mistake, he thought instantly.

Now, he was allowing Phoebe to pass the buck—to put the blame on him instead of herself for her actions. Not a great precedent to be setting, and certainly not after all the other bad precedents he had set with her. Besides that, he certainly didn't want to deal with Gwen's temper. She was bad enough when she was upset about some niggling issue in class.

But, before he was able to correct himself, there was a commotion from outside his small office.

Curious, he stepped outside to look, waving a hand for Phoebe to hold on. Sometimes there were fights, and he’d have to call security. Bloomingdale Heights was a small college, but it catered to a more urban populace, and sometimes the students hadn’t had the privilege of an upbringing where problems were solved without yelling and escalation.

But there were no students outside. Instead, he saw the strangest thing. A gorgeous young blond woman, dressed all in white, sheer robes, ran down the hall at top speed, her face set with crazed determination. She had brilliantly green eyes and smooth pale skin like porcelain.

Upon seeing Jacob peek out the door, she rushed to him and pressed something small and warm into his palm.

"You're a good man. Stay that way." Her voice was urgent, desperate.

He did not say anything in return, simply standing in stunned silence as she kissed his cheek and then ran off down the hall and—in a blinding flash of light—vanished entirely.

Barely did he have the time to wonder at that when a group of six young, perfectly chiseled young men ran down the hall in perfect time with one another. All bare, heavy feet slapping the tiles in time. They wore tight, restrictive loincloths around their crotches and nothing else.

The beauty had placed a stone in his hand. Jacob barely had time to look at it, but as these men ran by, he impulsively stuck in his pocket.

The men ran by him without a second thought, single-minded in their mission. When they came across the spot where the beauty had vanished, the one in front stopped, holding up a hand and sniffing. He chattered something in some unintelligible tongue, and then the men were off—running down the hallway and out of the complex.

Jacob stood there in wonderment for several moments, not quite sure what he had seen. Phoebe walked out from the office, staring intently at her phone.

"You've done it now for sure," she said, texting away. "Gwen's totally pissed. She's promising to come yell at you. She *really* wanted to play mini-golf tonight."

He shook his head. "Did you see that?"

Phoebe waved her phone, irritated. "See what?"

"Those men...and that woman. She gave me...this stone..."

But as he held out the stone, it was no longer a stone at all—but instead a tablet. It looked like one of the iTablets sold at all those trendy Citrus stores, the kind that Jacob couldn't afford on his meager associate professor salary.

"Stone? What are you talking about, Mr. Lawton?" She rolled her eyes at his helpless "old age problems." "That's a tablet. When did you get that? It's sweet."

She reached out for it, and the screen glowed, reacting to her attempt, her presence. Jacob saw an image of Phoebe pop up on the screen in full, erotically painstaking detail—in her current outfit, her current pose—reaching slightly, pouting.

He moved the tablet away, not sure if she ought to see that. Instantly the screen went dark. The words “iMagic” rolled across its surface.

“I need you to go, Phoebe,” he said, staring at the screen with great interest. “Go...take care of class. Now.”

“Without you?”

“You’re capable,” he said. “Take care of it.”

She huffed, but complied.

It was very nice, he reflected, ordering her around and having her obey.

WITH PHOEBE GONE, JACOB was alone—he hoped—for the rest of the afternoon.

The iMagic program opened with a swipe across the screen. He was the subject of it now, could see a model of himself sitting intently over something—though the tablet itself was not in his hands on the little program.

“Okay...” he said.

This was weird. Did it have a camera? Several cameras? Some kind of...area detection tool? The tablet was rather plain. Though he saw the lens for a camera-like device at the top, it did not appear to be enough to take the kind of video that what was depicted on the screen required.

There were vital stats above his head and little pencil symbols next to them, as if ripe for editing at his discretion. How did it know his weight was two hundred pounds? How did it know his height was 5'10” and a half? Why would it know his birthday already? He hadn't even *given* it any information.

Cookies? Malware?

Pressing one editing symbol at random, he toyed with his height.

An array of sliders appeared, his body caught in between a cross symbol. He dragged a marker from where he was—average height, bulky—to the top left—tall, muscular. Going all the way to the other side, he could make himself short and blob-like.

He shifted back over to the top and left—tall and muscular once more. The morphing system was out of this world.

He tried to go back to the previous screen, and then the tablet delivered a prompt:

Save changes?

The little pop-up flashed a pleasant green color, expectant, as if cooing —go on, try it out. What could it hurt? His finger hovered over the "yes" button, tongue running over his lips.

There was a knock at the door. Startled, he tossed the tablet to one side, pushing it under the desk. It made him feel silly—what was there to hide? It was just some tablet. But then, there was that woman...the stone...

The door rustled, locked.

"Dear? It's your wife."

"Yes," said Jacob, a bit annoyed. He could see her outline beyond the shadowy glass of the door. "I know it's you, Vivian. What's up?"

He didn't quite answer the door. His arousal was hard to deny, especially when it was tenting in his pants. There was something about that tablet, something about the promise of it, the strangeness...

Magic was, of course, nonsense. But it was...well, it *seemed* like something authentic. A really authentic reality simulator, somehow taking in messages from the environment.

But how to explain the stone? The disappearing woman? The mostly nude thugs?

Sleight-of-hand?

Illusions?

Methamphetamines?

"We were supposed to have lunch, remember?" said Vivian. "Will you open the door?"

"Shit, yeah," he said, smacking his head. "Sorry. Come on in."

He opened the door. Vivian was there, wearing jeans and a form-fitting blouse. Vivian was a teacher as well—an adjunct instead of a professor, which basically meant that she was paid less and that she had no guarantee of a job from semester to semester.

She worked at several different college campuses around the city and her schedule was always changing. It was hard for the young married couple to find time to be together.

More time had passed than he realized. He must have drifted as he looked at the tablet. Phoebe would have been done with her first class by now, and it was an hour long. She still had one more in the day, later in the afternoon.

"Did you forget?" Vivian asked, smiling knowingly. "It's okay," she said. "I brought sandwiches."

She produced two plain turkey sandwiches from her bag, one with mustard and one with mayo. They kissed, and he took the mustard.

Jacob loved his wife. He did.

He also loved turkey sandwiches. And yet, at the end of the day...it was just a turkey sandwich. And after going back-and-forth all day with a beauty like Phoebe, dressed so goddamn hot in those leather pants and that barely-there tank top...it was like feasting on filet mignon and then eating, well...a turkey sandwich.

Vivian was "cute." She had bright dark eyes, and medium-ish hair that was never quite right, and a good sense of style for what fit her body. She didn't work out enough—neither of them did—and wasn't quite on top of her diet—neither of them were—but she tried. They both tried a lot and failed a lot, but they did it together. It was a good pairing.

After the morning's events, though, Jacob was more turned on than he was anything else, and he was more than willing to forgive any stupidly-perceived faults of his in Vivian's appearance.

"Hey," he said, putting the sandwich down. He grabbed her, nuzzling her close. "What do you say we forget about lunch?"

"Forget about lunch?" she said, voice pleasant and warm. She loved being touched by him, loved being nuzzled and held. "What do you—oh."

His hand fell to her crotch and squeezed. He wanted her—wanted his wife. Maybe he'd think about Phoebe a little bit while he fucked her, but so what? The important thing was that his cock went inside *her*. She wouldn't complain, and more importantly, she wouldn't know.

"I...I mean..." she giggled. "Sure, sounds great."

"I'm not joking, Vivian. I'm horny as hell."

His hardness, stiff and insistent, pressed against her hip.

"Oh, my," she said. "You really aren't. I mean..." she shrugged. "I mean..." she coughed. "I can't really, right now. I'd have to fix my make-up after, and I have to go right to class, and...if I suck you off, same thing. I could like, talk dirty to you while you jerk it?"

"What if I promise not to muss your make-up?"

"You always do that, and then you muss it anyway. You're hopeless."

"I just...goddamn."

That came out harsher than he wanted. He was cold now, his boner quickly being forgotten in his frustration. They hadn't fucked in a while. Usually they relied on "feeling it." Scheduling sex felt unromantic, even if

all the studies said it was more effective. But “feeling it” hadn’t happened in too long, and now that he had...the moment had passed.

“I’m sorry,” said Vivian.

She looked embarrassed now. She was always embarrassed.

In his marriage with her, he’d found a lot of women often were for all kinds of nebulous, abstract reasons—the shape of their necks when they laughed, the speed of their apologies, the *frequency* of their apologies, the delay between their understanding and their laughter at a joke, the list was endless. Vivian just wasn’t as great at hiding it as most others were.

This revelation had stunned him; he’d never seen a reason for a woman to feel embarrassed. If anything, he wanted to apologize more after realizing this.

It didn’t help that embarrassment followed Vivian around like a pet dog always ready to run off the leash. This embarrass-dog was joined, of course, by a depression-cat and an anxiety-llama. All three floated in and out of Vivian’s mental state—genetics had not done her many favors in that regard, despite her razor sharp intelligence and wide, spectral abilities for analysis.

She’d done wonders in the years since he’d known her to rein these issues in and put them to work for her; therapy and medication worked. But still, they peaked out from time to time, and Jacob frequently worried he’d say the wrong thing and set her emotions against herself.

“It’s fine,” he said, teeth gritted.

He didn’t want to yell at her. She was his partner. There was no reason to be mad, even though he was.

He just wanted to fuck the shit out of something, that was all. His balls felt as blue as the ocean floor.

“I just can’t...turn it on like that,” she said. “We've talked about this. I need some build-up, you know. I need...”

“I can lick you, if you want. Damn. I’ll do that right now.”

She squirmed again, her hands wrapping tighter around her waist. “You know it’s not that simple. I need like, a good thirty minute cuddle before sexing is possible.”

He sighed. He *did* know that. It was one reason their sex life had become so difficult. Sitting still for that long was difficult for him. There were always a thousand projects to attend to around the house.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I was just...I really wanted to, you know?”

"We can try tonight?"

He nodded. "Sure," he said.

But already he knew that he'd probably jerk off in the bathroom later—his need was too great to ignore. And that would mean he wouldn't have enough to run on until at least nine, and by that point, they'd be close to going to bed, and too tired to really try, or care enough to try.

So they both nodded, insincerely, and promised to try that night though they knew they wouldn't. And they sat down and ate their sandwiches and talked about their latest crop of students.

Jacob did not mention the tablet, though it weighed on his mind, pulling down every thought, tugging at every response he gave to his wife.

TWO MINUTES AFTER VIVIAN left, Jacob looked at the tablet again. The position of the screen had not changed.

Save changes?

The screen prompt still blinked that pleasant green.

Green for go. Green for go right-the-fuck-ahead, my man.

"What the hell," he said. "It's just a game anyway."

He clicked the yes.

Moments later, his clothes began to rip and tear. He did not wear them tight—knowing that dressing in larger sizes helped to disguise how out-of-shape he had become over the years. He stood up, stumbling wildly and crashing through a chair, snapping it half from his extra weight. He was close to three hundred pounds now, and all of it solid muscle.

"Christ," he said, eyes wild. "Jesus...Jesus Christ..."

His body had just...just *changed* just like that. This...this tablet was...

Well, shit. It was magic, wasn't it? What else explained it? From the turning from a stone into the tablet, from the changes, from the disappearance of that blond beauty...it all led to magic.

He gulped. Jacob was a naturally skeptical man, but he wasn't an idiot. This wasn't the sort of evidence someone just ignored. There was no explanation, metaphysical, quantum, or otherwise, that explained this.

And there was something else, too.

His cock was as hard as a rock.

This excited him. Changing like this. The power that this promised.

He sat down, trying to focus. Clearly there was something going on, here.

Somehow he had managed to be caught up in *Events*, capitalized and italicized, real fucking *Happenings*, and that was no joke. Those six bruisers did not look like they wanted to track down that woman for tea. What had she said to him?

“You're a good man. Stay that way.”

That was going to be damned hard to do. What else could this tablet do?

Very quickly he began to explore. First thing—he made himself smaller. It wouldn’t do to walk around like a giant, even if it made him feel powerful as fuck. Instead he was now a clean, easy two hundred-twenty pounds—and only two inches taller than he had been before, now six foot one. Twenty pounds heavier than he was before the tablet, but all of it muscle now.

Strong thighs, strong torso, strong *everything*. The bulk was comparable to what he used to have, though, so with clothes on, it looked only like he had been enjoying a few weeks of healthy eating.

There was a spare hoodie in his office and he slipped it on over his ripped shirt, putting his tattered jacket into his bag. His pants were still split around the waist, but he improvised a belt from long piece of cord from the windows and kept them together.

He stood over the tablet, watching the little blinking buttons on the screen, the floating words, the insanely detailed simulation of his body.

Distantly it occurred to him that it was possible now for him to stop. He could walk away, and that would be that—no more tablet, no more changes.

Maybe he could get rid of the tablet—clearly, it was at the center of some kind of struggle, and Jacob didn’t think he wanted to be dragged into it. But at the same time...

At the same time, it had been so *easy* to change himself. No dieting, no working out, just a few clicks of the buttons and he had a body now that would make him the envy of anyone at the gym. Thick biceps, hardcore dense abs and pecs, thick deltoids, a rippling back that was layered with heavy cords of muscle tissue.

And his cock was so painfully hard. His hard ran up and down the bulge in his pants, fantasies striking him.

There was, no doubt, a whole lot about what Phoebe wore that morning running through his mind. Maybe if he’d fucked Vivian, this would be different. Maybe if he’d jerked off already, he could think clearer. But his

cock was in control now—and his cock, like any other, was scintillated by *power*.

When he fucked Vivian, it was the power of it that got him off—the ability to change how she felt, how she breathed, how she moved, simply by fucking her harder. It was the power to assert himself over her and let her know that despite all their outward equality, he was the one who really mattered. His cum, his getting off, was what their sexual relationship was built on—just like it *should* be.

Those kinds of dirty, sexist thoughts only really surfaced when he was getting off. He indulged them because they made him hot, they made the sex hotter.

But maybe they spoke to a truer part of himself that was just now being revealed—having that kind of power was intoxicating, and now he held something in his hands—the tablet *was* in his hands again—that could give him depths of power he'd never even thought of before.

"Couldn't hurt to just...explore a little..." he said, tapping and swiping away.

First things first, he fixed his hairline. No more recession, the dark locks of it thicker and more effortlessly suave than ever. A few adjustments here and there to his complexion, clearing away acne marks, an appendectomy scar, a birthmark around his hip that had always made him feel weirdly embarrassed.

A part of him had said he would stop there—but of course, he couldn't. There were so many options available—so many options beyond physical appearance to alter: job skills, trade skills, physical abilities, endurances, sexual skills, libido, chemical make-up...

Was there a limit here?

He was desperate to find out.

All manner of physical, mental, and emotional aspects could be altered at his will. There were sliders and input tabs for everything. The user-interface was intuitive and friendly, every option clearly marked. Anything that a body was capable of doing or knowing, he could alter.

There was a slider, for example, for financial know-how—sub-divided into accounting, market research, market analysis, banking, mortgages, financial theory, and so on.

But he couldn't—and he certainly did check—change the amount of money in his bank account.

Even so, push a few of those sliders forward...and he suddenly had a very good notion of how to increase his portfolio by three-hundred fold in a matter of months once he had some money to invest.

It didn't stop with the mental understandings or the external physical appearances. Jacob could alter the *internal* physicality of his body as well—which only made sense, as he'd certainly altered his skeleton already when he grew taller.

He'd had a pain in his neck for years—a squashed disc from too many years of bad posture. In moments, it was gone. Or rather, it was *improved*, fully restored to its original state and reinforced so that it would need immense amounts of trauma to ever be injured again.

All those hours of physical therapy that never worked, all that yoga, all those little guaranteed-to-work pillows, and massage balls to work out the kinks in strained muscles, and so on and on...unneeded now.

He didn't stop there. There were sliders for his...well, his *everything*.

Flexibility? Why not place himself at the level of an Olympic gymnast? Only noticeable if he suddenly burst into a aerobic routine, but it sounded fun. He could wrap his heavily muscled calf around his totally pain-free neck, now.

Agility? Sure. He could use the strength in his legs to hold himself in the top corner of the small office, essentially hugging the ceiling like some kind of damned ninja. He did this for about two minutes, in awe of the power in his limbs, before rushing back to tablet, cock pushing against the table through his pants.

Illnesses? Immune. Just like that.

Fuck off, disease.

No sickness, for as long as he decided. The cold he'd been nursing for nearly a month evaporated into thin air. The latent arthritis building up in his hands from years of grading papers disappeared like a bad odor in the wilderness.

And speaking of writing, why not increase his typing speed? Or just his level of ability? His amount of creativity and drive? Sliders there. He played with them for a while, the way he used to cheat at video games. For a moment, he considered only making himself *slightly* better than he was...after all, it was no fun in games to just beat everything effortlessly. But then...

Then, his cock felt so fucking *hard* at the thought of giving himself more...*more*...

Somewhere in the process he freed his cock from its restraints inside his pants. He stroked his bare dick furiously as he toyed with each setting, altering himself to his liking. Adding on to his abilities and knowledge.

He became proficient in mechanics, in electronics, in aeronautics—and all in less than two minutes, and only because he had a passing interest in them. So *much* made sense to him now, and he looked at the world with brand new admiration for all the massive complexities it took to make everything run so smoothly.

And then there was his cock itself. He could alter that too. Larger, of course—and why not? He'd always been satisfied with his cock's size, but there was something...intense...about altering it now. Making it thicker—like a flashlight—and longer, eight inches. Nine. Ten. His precum became a heavy, thick addictive intoxicant, raising the dopamine levels of women who were in range of his musk—which he altered as well, to make women more attracted to him.

Everything about his body, his chemistry, turned on the animal instincts of *every* sort of woman—flooding their thoughts with notions of breeding with him, mating with him, needing to fuck him furiously—or at the very least, to fantasize about it later.

In a big crowd, he'd draw a lot of appreciative looks, even from happily-in-love married women. In a small enclosed space, like this office for instance, he'd need about five minutes before the girl's wet cunt overtook all of her senses and she was begging to be filled with his babymaking sperm.

Vivian didn't want a baby, not for a while. She was too scared about their finances, about how it would change her. Her mother and all her aunts had suffered from postpartum depression, and Vivian—suffering her own bouts with anxiety and depression—already had a prophecy in her mind about the horrible post-pregnancy phase she would go through.

She would put it off as long as possible.

Another woman might not. Another, younger, more fertile woman. A prettier woman.

His cock surged forward, a hot stream of precum spurting out and spilling on his seat.

It touched him only then, after altering his cock and his scent like that, what this was all about.

Phoebe.

He wanted to fuck Phoebe.

He wanted to *fuck* Phoebe; he wanted to fuck her *life*, wanted to fuck her entire *being* until she was so fucking warped around the idea of his cock that the notion of her being a lesbian was as foreign to her as Arabic was to him.

Hold on, he could fix that.

Ah, there. Seven languages added to his repertoire—Arabic, French, German, Hindi, Mandarin Chinese, Russian, and Spanish. He could now hold a reasonable conversation with most of the known world.

Power flowed through him like a sieve. He felt like he was sitting on a lightning bolt. He wished there were some way he could simply *summon* Phoebe to him. She was in the middle of her second class, though, and it would look strange if he butted in...

Besides, there were other women in the classroom, and he wanted to have a test case before he tried out this new scent—and everything else on top of it—on an entire room full of young women. What if they all started stripping spontaneously? The thought made his very hard cock jump, but it was also dangerous.

This was dangerous—all this power. Certainly, whoever was coming after that beauty would be coming after him if he made himself obvious enough.

Spinning on the tablet was Phoebe. He hadn't made the tablet do that. It had simply...intuited. She appeared to be sitting in a chair, looking bored. Probably having the class write a journal.

Jacob frowned. The class had started forty minutes ago, and she was supposed to only do journals in the beginning. Probably she was mucking the job on purpose to spit him. Typical teenager.

Actually...no, she was twenty-two. He had forgotten. Her appearance and attitude was so youthful. She *was* a grad student, after all; couldn't be a teaching assistant at Bloomingdale Heights without a degree.

But...the thought of her being eighteen, *physically* eighteen, made his cock spurt a hot stream of liquid hot precum down his massive shaft. Could he...?

After already having spent nearly an hour with the tablet, he found the slider easily.

No way. No *fucking* way.

With ease, he slid her age down to eighteen. A set of sub-sliders appeared—*alter appearance to match age? Alter intelligence?*

He chose no. She was sexy enough as is—dead goddamn sexy, actually. He just wanted to fuck an eighteen year old.

Now he just needed to get her into the office.

It didn't take him long to figure it out. So intuitive, this iMagic program. At the bottom of the screen was a little smiley icon with a bubble next to its head. He tapped it.

Command?

Oh, yes. Cum slid down his cock, making a puddle on the floor. It was thick and he wasn't stopping—he could cum as long and as hard as he liked now.

Riding this orgasmic wave, he delivered the message:

Phoebe will end class. She will promise a quiz on Chapter 10 next week. She will then enter Professor Lawton's office, believing she forgot her sweater there.

And then he waited.

CELESTE SAT UPON HER throne—a vast pile of marvelously soft furs layered on top of a golden chair in the large court room of her personal palace.

Beneath her, splayed out and forced down on the elegant marble tiles by two large male slaves, was her beautiful older stepsister, Anastasia. They had been together for so long—and their parents gone and buried for so many hundreds of years—that Celeste often thought of her more always as simply her sister.

Blond, beautiful, and always with a holier-than-thou attitude, Anastasia had ever been a pain in Celeste's side. But it was only as of late that this annoyance had become a full-on threat...and Celeste dealt with threats harshly.

"You've disappointed me, sister," said Celeste. "I thought you would be harder to catch."

Anastasia stared up at her with hate. The two large slaves holding her stared up at Celeste with open devotion in their eyes. They had both started to cum, slowly, from gazing upon and hearing their Mistress at the same time.

For a time, she had worked with eunuchs. But they always died sooner —so little *vitality.* Celeste needed slaves with some *gusto*. So now she simply had full-fledged studs working for her—studs that of course never touched her body.

Males could never touch Celeste. She didn't allow such depravity.

“Forgive me if I don’t care about your disappointments, *sister*.” Anastasia’s voice was laced with poison. “Surely this ludicrous estate is big enough to house a little let-down.”

It was an enormous estate, built into the wall of a marvelous cliff with a vista of the nearby ocean. Should she want to, Celeste could look out one side of her house and see the surrounding mountainside and all its majesty —self-assured in the fact that her own physical majesty was that much more impressive. Or she could step out onto her terrace and enjoy the ocean, knowing that for all its vastness, all its depths, all the life teeming there, it still failed to approach the vastness, the depth, and the vivacity of her own beauty.

Celeste was vain indeed, and every part of her life was set up to justify this vanity in the most impressive way. All that was really needed was a mirror, though; however vain she was, her beauty could melt men and women both down to butter.

Her estate was staffed by a intricately arranged staff of slaves, all there because of their undying love for their Mistress. The highest in the hierarchy were allowed to frequently attend to Celeste—the ladies she used as pleasure slaves to attend her cunt with well-educated licks and kisses in the evenings. The lowest were those who barely ever caught glimpses of the Mistress—groundskeepers and gardeners outside of the palace entirely, kept out of sight and mind. And yet still, they treasured each moment they saw her and would never, ever orgasm to the thought of another. Their yearly payments were access to selfies she had taken with a camera years before, always in the same outfit.

The palace was kept secret from the public; only a few high-ranking government and military officials even knew about it, and most were wise enough to stay away. Those that became curious had a tendency to

disappear—either earning the wrath of the immortal beauty or earning her favor. The one would result in a slow death, and the other would result in a lifetime of arduous servitude and then a slow death.

Celeste expected the full attention and devotion of her slaves, and regularly worked them until they died midday from over-exertion.

It was simpler, after all, to take care of so many devotees when, regarding the bulk of them, you barely fed them and did not allow them to sleep. And who should want to sleep when a living Goddess might need their assistance at any moment?

Her favored attendees were given such allowances—ample food, regular sleep, fine clothes, and so on—but every tier beneath this high precipice was delivered less and less.

The court room doubled, when she wanted it to, as her bedroom, her court room, her torture chamber, and her executioner's block. She was a woman—if she was that at all—with a great many talents and a great many desires. Almost all of these desires had been impeded at some point or another, and those found guilty of delaying her pleasure were always dealt with *harshly*.

Celeste smiled. It was a joyless, cruel thing, but it made her the no less beautiful for it. Her face was angelic. Her eyes a deep, sparkling violet. Her hair was long and thick and dark, a mass of darkness that stretched down past her hips. Her breasts were enormous and buoyant.

She dressed in a slender silk gown held up with a thin golden cord around her neck, soft fabric barely containing the inestimably luscious swell of her tits. The cloth parted in an x-pattern, revealing the tenderly toned expanse of her tanned torso, before draping down over her glistening wet cunt and down across her magnificently structured ass.

Bright, priceless gems decorated her neck, her ears, her wrists and ankles. Gloves, elbow-length and silk, attended her arms. If she touched her slaves without them, they were usually useless for the whole day from cumming too much. Pleasure was hers to give out as she wished.

Everything about her spoke of sex, of fertility, of luscious beauty too precious to ever be claimed. This was the Promise given to her.

Most individuals she could simply enslave with a few favored smiles or winks. She was, after all, the Most Beautiful Female Alive. This was her Promise, and like every magical Promise delivered in the world, it was also

her Curse—it had warped her already rather warped sense of perception about what she deserved in life.

She was no longer the somewhat vain, if completely oblivious young woman she had been some five hundred years ago when she had first summoned the magical djinns who had delivered the Promise and the Curse to her.

No, she had five hundred years of political maneuvering, heartless assassinations, cruel interrogations, planned coups, and all manner of interference had hardened her soul down to a shining diamond core—hard, shining, flawless, and unforgiving.

Her Promise was her beauty. Her Curse, if you want to call it that, was her vanity. She wouldn't *allow* anyone to be as gorgeous as her. She was to be immortal, constantly hounding out the beautiful and ensuring that Celeste, and Celeste alone, was the bearer of the title most beautiful.

Not that she would scar or maim or kill these women—oh no. Beauty to a being like what Celeste had become was like fuel in an engine.

She could absorb beauty, pull from great sources of it and make it her own. She could humble a young starlet in less than a day, sucking away years of her future grace. In this way, a gorgeous 18 year-old might look haggard by twenty-five, when before Celeste interfered she would have been beautiful until at least sixty.

It was a slow, sucking form of torture that Celeste enjoyed, knowing that these other would-be beauties prizes themselves so much on their appearance only to have it fade and fade...and she fingered her cunt nightly, thinking of how much *more* she deserved the Beauty than they.

The only person she loved was herself; the only thing she loved truly was her beauty.

The djinns called this a Curse...but Celeste called it her Calling.

She was infinitely beautiful. An arrangement of mirrors surrounded her throne even at that moment, with her sister prostrated beneath her, so that she could see her gorgeous reflection at every angle. Her hair was dark, thick, and shining. She looked like a magnificent dark goddess, born from fire and smoke and engineered purely to make cocks hard and cunts wet. There was no escaping her beauty. She was like the sun, and all other descriptions and actions revolved entirely around her.

To say that she was in love with herself was an understatement. She *adored* herself, and had not been able to find an error in any of her doings

or appearances in more than five centuries. Her every movement, every sound, every shift gave her sensational glee.

Constantly she rode on that hot, spectacular edge of lust—that initial moment of falling in love that could last for months with a new partner, all those longing looks and flashes of quick heart rate—and for her, it had lasted for half a millennium.

She turned from her reflection—with some regret—and raised a perfect eyebrow at Anastasia.

"Where is it, Sister? Where is the Djinn Stone?"

"I'll never tell you."

"Of course you will, sister. This crusade of yours to stop me has only gone on for as long as I've allowed." Celeste held out a hand, and instantly her attendant female slaves—lovely creatures with brilliantly red hair—moved to assist her. Their cunts pulsed with helpless orgasm at the gloved touch of their goddess.

The male slaves, naturally, only looked on with helpless longing as these female attendants were blessed enough to touch Celeste.

She strutted down from the high steps of her throne on impossibly tall, crystal heels. They made her legs and ass look even more magnificent than before. Celeste smiled, strutting slowly down from her throne. Even her pure, angelic sister's eyes widened with desire as she witnessed the glory of Celeste's approach. Every muscle perfectly toned. Every inch of skin bronze and tight.

"That I have you here now proves that I could have captured you at any time, I should think," said Celeste.

"Big talk for a vain bitch."

Celeste smirked. She held her sister's face for a moment and slapped her.

"I *am* a vain bitch," said Celeste, staring longingly at her nearby reflection. "But an insult is all about *tone*, isn't it? For instance, I could tell you what a *wonderful* job you've been doing *researching* all those *artifacts* to rob me of my power." Her sarcasm oozed through every syllable. "Except I've been following your research. And I know what you've found—I knew what you were looking for probably before you did."

When Celeste had wished for her beauty, Anastasia had been there too. She had wished to make the world a better place—such a kind-hearted girl. And so she had been Promised with immortal youth, to always be able to

help. And she, too, had her own Curse—that she would be barren and partnerless...forever. Her eternal work would be done alone.

And so, in her isolation, Anastasia had decided that Celeste's efforts to gain power and glory for herself had gone too far.

"We're in the same boat, Anastasia. I'm surprised at your stubbornness. I found the Djinn Stone nearly as soon as you did. We wouldn't have found it at all without spying on each other. I deserve it as much as you."

Anastasia shook her head. "I don't want to use it. It's too...too powerful. Too much. I want to destroy it...after I take away your Promise. And your Curse. I would give you peace, sister."

"Peace?" Celeste scoffed. "I'll know peace when the whole world kneels before me. When..."

When no one can ever hold me in their power ever again, she almost said. But she stopped herself. Her sister had a way of making her emotions run high.

"I *want* that Power, sister mine." Celeste stroked Anastasia's face, enjoying the hot shuddering pleasure on the blond's face at her touch. "Where is it?"

"I...won't say." She straightened, perhaps only inadvertently showing off more of her cleavage in her thin white sheet gown.

Celeste's smile was indulgent, then. She had rather been hoping Anastasia would see it that way. It was always more *fun* to watch as someone's will broke into pieces before her very eyes. Especially a strong, *hard* will like Anastasia's, tested and refined for so many hundreds of years.

Most people gave in right away.

"We'll see about that." She snapped her fingers. A retinue of five pleasure slaves—all female, all beautiful, decorated with jewels, high heels, and lacy lingerie—rushed to attention, breasts bouncing a-ready. "Make her talk, ladies."

The beauties smiled with religious fervor, licking their lips and approaching Anastasia slow, like cats circling a platter of milk.

"It doesn't matter how much pain you give me," Anastasia insisted. "I won't talk."

"Pain?"

She leaned in and kissed her sister hard and deep, moaning lusciously as their tongues melded. It would be nothing to make her sister's hot, beautiful body thrill with orgasm with little more than a careful flick of her

tongue...but instead, Celeste held off, letting Anastasia instead stew in her pent-up desires.

"You're my sister, darling," she dropped her voice to a luscious, loving coo. "I would never dream of hurting you in such a way. I want you to feel *good*. I want you to feel so good, in fact, that you'll do anything I say...just like all of my wonderful servants here."

"Slaves, you mean."

But her sneer was more insincere this time. She had tasted Celeste now.

"Don't speak so poorly of them," said Celeste. "You'll be among their number soon enough. And then we shall be a family again. I should have done this ages ago, but it was more amusing to watch you meddle. Now, though, you've gone too far."

She slipped back up on her throne, crossing her long legs as she did. Below her, a male bodyguard passed out from orgasm. Two others dragged him away; if he did not recover within the day, he would be disposed of and his body incinerated.

The immortal beauty only had use for the strong in her service.

Celeste slid one glove off her hand, allowing her skin to touch skin—the only being in the universe, as far as she knew, worthy of touching Celeste was...Celeste. She cradled her elegant breasts, twisting the nipple to send a hot shiver of pleasure down her spine. The show was just beginning.

The five slaves held Anastasia down on the tile, spreading her limbs out wide. The luscious beings cradled her legs and arms between their thick, heavy breasts, kissing and cooing over each inch of skin. Then, one slave in the middle began to lick Anastasia's cunt. Slowly at first, and then with more surety—soft kisses followed by eager, long licks apply just the right amount of pressure.

When her slaves obeyed, they did so with great enthusiasm. There was no greater pleasure for them than to obey an order from their Mistress. And so, while their experience was not as mindblowingly perfect as it was when they were honored with pleasing their Mistress directly, they still were blissful as they took turns licking Anastasia to madness.

It was not long before Anastasia began to cum. She tried to hide it—coughing and shaking through her moans of pleasure—but for Celeste, the signs were unmistakable. Her body twisted and shook, her mouth making a perfect round shape of eager surprise.

The slaves did not let up though, even though she begged them to stop. She did not mean it; there was no way she *could* mean for them to stop. Nothing that felt that good would ever be unwanted; Anastasia spoke from some last pale vestiges of propriety, rapidly being eroded by one lick after another.

And so, as the slaves licked and licked at her sister's cunt, encouraging her to cum, and cum, and cum again...Celeste fingered her hot immortal cunt, flicking at her cunt, watching her sister's mind and will melt into nothingness.

Needless to say, she kept her masturbating self within eyesight of Anastasia—and that singularly erotic sight did more to warp her sister's mind than a thousand slaves licking her could have done.

And soon...soon she would know where the Djinn Stone had hid itself from her, and then her power would be absolute.

WHERE THE FUCK IS SHE?

Gwen had been thinking this exact thought—and very little else—for the past twenty minutes as she waited for her girlfriend to come out to the parking lot.

Her anger was unreasonable. She knew this. It often was. Gwen had a temper, as her therapist was fond of telling her, and it wasn't fair to the rest of the world to take this temper out on them. After all, whatever she was angry about was probably just some fear or unresolved issue with herself.

Perhaps even Phoebe's lateness was tied to Gwen's own deep-rooted fear of abandonment, brought upon by her mother's absence in her life at a very young age.

And if Gwen were able to sit and concentrate very hard, to clear her mind and accept the stark reality of her heated emotions, it's probable this was what she would realize and even come to accept, coming closer still to full acceptance of her emotional state than she was than the last time she had to deal with this sort of issue. It would be real, significant progress.

But none of that mattered at this particular moment, because Phoebe was fucking *late* and Gwen was fucking *pissed* and wasn't it *just like* that blond *bimbo* to just *totally forget* that she was supposed to *be somewhere* with her fucking *girlfriend*?

"Not like *I* matter, I guess," Gwen ranted to her empty, sweltering hot car. "Can't skip one *lousy* class to hang out with me, and now you can't even show up on time so I can take you *home*, I mean what the *fuck*, Phoebe. Not like I had *things* to do today. Not like I wanted to fucking make us some *dinner*, for fuck's sake."

Phoebe, of course, said nothing, because she was not there. Gwen was well-used to building up arguments against no one at all present; she tried to do so to organize her thoughts so that when she actually *met* the person in question, her offense would be sudden, exacting, and indefensible.

Her method was blitzkrieg. It often left Phoebe in tears and then Gwen felt awful, and had to cycle through a series of suddenly-carefully-constructed apologies, which were always heartfelt and sincere.

Then came the make-up sex.

It was a massively hot day and Gwen did not have the car running so she could feel the air conditioning. She didn't exactly make a lot of money from her job as a Customer Service Representative at the Camping Equipment Expo, and every little bit had to be saved. She could only afford to take a few classes at a time, and it was just her rotten luck that one of them had to be with Phoebe's boss.

Sweat ran down her brow, soaking the neckline of her tight gray shirt. Her nipples were showing; yelling actually got her blood up, making her rather sexually excited. Usually, most of her fights with Phoebe ended with three hours of lovemaking.

It wasn't exactly a terrific system for showing passion, but it was *passion*, and that was something new for Phoebe, who had grown up in such a stuck-up W.A.S.P.ish household that showing any sort of preference was tantamount to blasphemy.

Twenty one minutes now. That was too long—too long by half, when twenty minutes was barely acceptable. Was this real math, or was this just her emotional algebra? It didn't matter—Gwen was *mad*.

She roared out from the car, snatching up her purse and slamming the door shut. Her legs were long and she wore tight blue jeans, her hair short and dark and streaked with red dye. She had the sort of skinny build of a girl who stayed up way too late, ate way too little, and subsisted on too much caffeine and nicotine. Phoebe had mostly convinced her to give up the smokes, but *goddamn* if this sort of thing didn't make Gwen want to go back to her old ways.

Sometimes a good storming was needed. And so Gwen stormed through the campus, hounding down her girlfriend with all the knowledge she had at her disposal. The place to start would be with that dickhead professor of hers, Jacob Lawton, to see if he had seen Phoebe.

And maybe, *maybe* she'd give *him* a piece of her mind too.

After all, wasn't all this shit his fault? If he had just let Phoebe *go*, if he had taught his *own* class like he was fucking *supposed* to, then Phoebe wouldn't have been late, now would she?

What an asshole. She *would* give him a piece of her mind, and she'd make *damn* sure he'd think twice before crossing her again.

His office was small and at the end of the hallway in the shabby liberal arts building. The whole campus was shabby, really, but the liberal arts building was in disrepair. It was more like anti-repair. She could have sworn she had seen a few handymen there earlier in the week just tearing out electrical wiring from the wall without bothering to replace it or cover up the hole.

As she approached Lawton's office, something felt wrong. *Intensely* wrong, the kind of wrong that made her reach into her purse and wrap her hands around the little can of pepper spray she had waiting.

It was a sort of sixth sense she had; a sensitivity to danger, the kind of thing that had saved her skin more than once living in the city. She trusted this sense, and her guard was up.

Inside the door to Lawton's office, she heard screams. Immediately, she flung the door open—and saw the love of her life getting plowed thoroughly by a powerfully muscular young man.

The screams were screams of pleasure. Phoebe was having the fuck of her life.

They didn't seem to notice Gwen, and she didn't utter a word. She was speechless at this erotic display. Phoebe's blond, supple body was entire naked, sweaty, clinging to the man as if her life depended on it.

"Yes, baby!" she moaned. "Oh fuck, yes, Jacob! Give it to me! Your dick is so big! Your dick is so fucking *right*, oh my god! I'm gonna cum, Jacob, oh fuck! Oh fuck, I'm gonna—gonna, oh...oh fuck!"

Gwen watched, her cunt suddenly and inescapably dripping wet, as Jacob—and when had *he* become so muscular and youthful?—drove her girlfriend to a mind-melting orgasm.

Jealously flooded Gwen; she had never seen Phoebe cum like that, with her mouth twitching in silent ecstasy, too much pleasure flowing through her body to even form words.

And even then he was not done with her. He bent her over on the table—twisting her lithe body effortlessly—and shoved himself into her from behind.

"Fucking...fucking make you *mine*," he grunted. "Make you what I fucking *want*."

From the table, he grabbed a tablet, tapping and sliding.

The door shut slowly behind Gwen on its own. She didn't notice. Her mind, her entire being, was too transfixed with what was happening before her. She knew she should be mad—and she *was*—but she was also fucking *turned on*. Gwen watched, her cunt dripping, fingers tugging at her shirt around her neck and reaching in to grab her nipples.

"Fuck," she said, very softly, watching Jacob's back muscles as he drove his huge cock into Phoebe. "Fuck...cock...big..."

Her mind felt slow and soggy. Thick. Swampish. Thoughts arrived slow and stayed for a long time, and every last notion centered around the immensity of Jacob's cock, how virile he must be, how *good* Phoebe must feel with it pumping in and out of her like that.

She felt high, but more than that, like she was somehow *witnessing* herself in the way she felt when she had in the past tripped on mushrooms.

Drool formed on her lips, forming a slow trail down her chin and melding into the beads of sweat on her neck and chest. He was fucking her so goddamn *hard*.

She watched, with dumb amazement, as Jacob worked on the tablet set on Phoebe's back and Phoebe began to change.

It was small aspects at first—her skin became more tanned, her hair more golden blond. The roots had always been darker than the rest of her hair, but no longer—they were gorgeous bright blond now. And then her hair became *longer*, *thicker*, streaming out from her skull like a waterfall of silk.

And then her *tits* started growing. They ballooned out at first—becoming wider than her back and as big around as the seats of a chair—pumping underneath her body like inner-tubes. Jacob laughed for a minute at that and then made a few more swipes, and Phoebe's tits became smaller though still massive—easily an E cup—but sensationally gravity-defying.

Muscles, strong and intricately sexy, developed on her delightfully hot back to help support the load.

That was too much for Gwen. She loved tits—she loved *Phoebe's* tits, and now to think that there were *more* of them...

She dropped to her knees. Somehow, her pants had fallen down to her ankles; fortunate, though, for this made it all the easier for her fingers to bury themselves in her cunt.

"Shit!" she cried out, her body pulsing with ecstasy. "Shit, *fuck*. That's so fucking...so fucking *hot*..."

A part of her knew it was wrong. A part of her knew, indeed, that this was all fucking *insane*. That this was *dangerous* and she had to get out of here as soon as possible.

But all of this was buried—deeply so—beneath an avalanche of arousal for something that she had never even *felt* before. It perhaps would have been one thing to be as crazy attracted to Phoebe as she felt right now—with Phoebe still becoming every more gorgeous beneath Jacob, with her legs longer, her body leaner, her waist tinier, hips wider.

But to feel all this want, this desire, this *need* for *Cock*, capital C motherfucking COCK for the first time in her life, Gwen's more rational side had no chance.

If she was still a lesbian, it was only because she couldn't imagine fucking any other man alive...only Jacob. And oh, fuck, did she want to fuck him.

Finally, the two rutting mates seemed to notice her. Jacob turned with a smile, pulling himself out of Phoebe. Hot streams of precum shot to the floor, like a trail of gasoline leading to a fire. Some landed on Gwen's bare thighs, and she scooped it up with a sort of wonder, marveling at its thickness, its consistency as it slid between her fingers.

"Lick it down," said Jacob.

And she had to, she *had* to obey. He was the *bearer* of this fucking nectar and she *had* to do what he said. Truth was, she would have done it even if he hadn't told her to.

The second the thick substance entered her mouth, a deep, pleasured moan escaped her. This was everything. This was *everything* she had ever wanted. It was like if all the pleasure receptors dedicated wine and chocolate doubled in number and participated in a mass orgy.

"Phoebe," said Jacob. "Take a drag off my cock and kiss your lover."

The blond beauty's eyes glowed with anticipation. "Yes, Sir," she moaned, dropping to her knees and taking his cock in slow and easy. It was incredible to Gwen, how *much* of his cock there was—and how easily Phoebe took it down her throat. A thick, pulsing bulge was visible inside her throat, and then she pulled out, her lips and face slathered with his essence.

Then Phoebe turned to her lover, eyes smoldering. Those glorious, newly huge tits, wet with sweat and every inch of her toned to perfection. Soft, baited breaths exiting her angelic, cum-slathered mouth. Long strands of the thick goo crossing in tendrils across her open lips.

"Kiss me, my love," Phoebe moaned, taking Gwen in her arms. "Kiss me forever."

There was no resistance possible. Gwen melted into Phoebe, her huge breasts, her perfected body, her silken soft hair. They kissed for what felt like days, but must have only been minutes. Each new second of rubbing their lips and tongues against each other meant more and more of Jacob's intoxicating cum slipped down Gwen's throat. The taste was amazing. Her cunt boiled over and as much as she adored kissing her love, she needed to be *filled* by that fucking bimbo-breeding godstick he called a cock.

"Just a few changes here," said Jacob, tinkering with his tablet. "You never liked me very much, did you, Gwen?"

He was commanding her attention now, and she had to give him her respect. It was so important for a pretty girl like her to respect a Man like Jacob.

"I...I don't..." she gulped. She *thought* she liked him—liked him a *lot*, actually, always had. But if he was *saying* she didn't, she didn't want to disrespect him somehow...

"It doesn't matter. You're in love with me now, aren't you? Both of you."

Gwen stole a glance at Phoebe, and the two of them blushed. She recalled with clarity now the conspiracy she and Phoebe had made, getting Phoebe the job as his TA so that they could have time alone with him like this. Their love was girlish, adoring, and absolutely real. He was like a rock star times one million—they'd do anything to be alone with him like this.

"Yes, Sir," said Gwen, breathy, staring with adoration up at him. "Totally in love."

"And you love your new body, Gwen, don't you?"

Truth be told, she had barely noticed it. But at his words, she looked down at herself and saw the changes he had made—the bigger, fuller breasts. The tight musculature of her body where she had been simple skin-and-bones before. The thick, full dark brown hair that cascaded in sexy, voluminous beach girl waves down the middle of her back—red streak in tact. She and Phoebe looked more like sisters than lovers.

"Yes, Sir. I *love* it."

She had to love everything he told her to love. He was a Man and she was just his silly fuckdoll and that was that.

"Good girls. Why don't you come suck my cock together?"

They groaned, both obviously waiting for this. Gwen rushed forward first, taking her first taste of cock with relish, sliding her mouth over his massively thick shaft with an ease that would have been absolutely impossible just two minutes ago, before Jacob had noticed her and began to alter her mind and body with the tablet. Before, she might have broken her jaw, and certainly choked to death, trying to wrap her luscious lips around his huge cock. Now she took to it like a duck to water, sliding up and over, tongue lashing with loving licks all around the sides as she slurped and stroked him.

"God, fuck her mouth, Master," Phoebe moaned. "Please fuck Gwen's mouth? Please? Oh fuck, do it...fucking teach her a lesson. Teach her to *obey* you, Master..."

Master, thought Gwen. Oh fuck, yes. That was the *perfect* name for Jacob. He was her *Master*, and he was *fucking her mouth*.

She slipped off the cock only long enough for Phoebe to join her as they ran their mouths and tongues over his cock in unison. Passionately, they melded lips at the head of his shaft, making out with aching need with his perfect meat in between their conjoined mouths. Phoebe's fingers slipped into Gwen's cunt, and Gwen's into Phoebe's, and the two of them fingered each other with increasing gusto as they traded turns up and down their new Master's titanic rod.

Jacob shoved Gwen into the corner of the office and powered his cock down her throat. If she wasn't so absolutely willing for him to do it, it would have looked violent, scary. As it was, she moaned with bliss as he manhandled her and began to fuck her throat in earnest—fuck her entire mouth like it was a cunt he needed to teach a lesson.

And Gwen was so ready to learn his lessons.

“Fuck her, Master, yes!” Phoebe moaned. “Fuck your little fuckdoll. Fuck her face, please? Fuck her *harder*. Fuck her until she can’t fucking breath, baby, *please*, Master?”

“You fucking bitch,” he grunted. “You always...shooting me those dirty looks. Who's fucking dirty now, Gwen? You're my dirty little whore.”

She *was*. What dirty looks he meant, she had no idea. Maybe all those dirty “please come fuck me Daddy” looks she and Phoebe practiced with each other to give him whenever they saw him—their number one Hunk, their super-god-only-man.

Phoebe, meanwhile, was going mad with desire at his side, bopping at his hips with her fists, pounding her feet up and down on the floor.

“God, Master, cum down her throat? Oh fuck please? Oh fuck *please*?”

Something in him must have felt the desire to comply, because that's exactly what he did. Jacob emptied himself inside Gwen, dumping heavy loads of white hot cum down her belly, painting her throat, spraying into her mouth, and finally covering her face and body.

There wasn't a part of her that didn't feel totally soaked in his huge load of hot sticky seed. She'd never felt so erotic, so sexy in all her life. She felt like a work of art.

She had to take it in for a moment, try to regain her bearings. It was so very hard when swallowing and sliding the cum all over herself was so easy, so fun, so delicious.

Then, still fingering herself, Phoebe knelt forward and happily began to lick her semi-conscious lover clean.

And all the while Jacob was watching—tinkering—swiping—tapping away at the tablet, perfecting his new slaves.

HE ARRANGED THE GIRLS on the couch, ordering them to make out while he put his thoughts in order. During the drive home, with the two girls safely making out in the back seat, he’d had a sort of moment of clarity:

There would have to be a reckoning with Vivian.

She was many things, and not all of them were favorable; but she was still his wife, and he loved her dearly.

Their relationship had a sort of open door policy when it came to sexual relationships that neither of them much took advantage of. Both were

homebodies; going out with some brand new partner was just a lot of damned work, to be honest, and both preferred the company of their spouse.

So, he wasn't overly concerned that Vivian might be upset he was cheating on her. According to their rules, he actually hadn't.

But he was upset that she'd think he'd overdone it. By, well, a whole hell of a lot. He'd transformed two perfectly innocent young women—*lesbians*—into his cockloving fuckslaves just because he'd wanted to get off.

It was hard to explain what had come over him. He'd undone most of the changes to himself at this point—especially those concerning his scent and all the other various addicting qualities of his presence. Phoebe and Gwen remembered that they had fucked him—and remembered that it had been *great*—but they also were more in love with each other than they had ever been. They were also obedient to him, but not absolutely so.

He just wanted to make sure that he could have them stay in one place if he wanted to make changes to them. Definitely, no more sex.

Yes, sure. That's why he brought them home to meet his wife.

The template that he had built—he called it the "Master build"—was saved on the tablet. Probably that was proof enough that he wasn't totally serious about giving it all up.

He was in the bathroom washing his face when he heard Vivian walk in. She walked past him with a soft "hi, dear," rushing to set down her bags and slip off her shoes. She carried a lot with her through the day.

Then she saw the two girls on the couch. They had been changed back...mostly. He hadn't been able to undo his changes to Gwen's hair—she looked so fucking *good* with long hair, that red streak intact. And while their breasts were still larger than they had been, they weren't quite as big as he had made them before.

And yet, still, he had their old templates saved too.

And yet, still, also—he persisted in the delusion that he didn't want to fuck them again.

"I wanted to be good," he said. "But I don't think I'm very good at it."

Vivian jumped at the sound of his voice, a disbelieving smile on her face. "What...what's going on, dear?"

There was no simple way to explain it. He took her by the hand and sat her down in the next room, their dining room that doubled as a small library, overflowing with all of their books.

He went through it all, step-by-step. The woman in white. The men rushing after her. The stone that became a tablet. The tablet that let him do...anything. The wild rampaging sex with the two beauties one room over.

She asked him to show it to her, and he did. When she tried to swipe a setting this way or that, though, the screen did not respond.

"It only works with me," he said. "Found that out already with Phoebe."

Vivian nodded, staring thoughtfully at it. It wasn't her best angle. Her chin and jawline could stand to be more defined; her eyes just slightly too far apart. A small, barely noticeable zit had appeared on her cheek, covered with make-up.

There was so much he could change about her. So much he could do. The thought was making his cock strain. He had trouble thinking about anything else.

"Well," she said, running a hand up and down his thickly-muscled arm. "I see you certainly didn't mind making some changes to yourself."

"There was more than just this," he said. "It felt...intoxicating. It felt *right*, Vivian. And I don't know if I can stop myself from doing it again."

"Do you want me to tell you to stop?"

"No," he said instantly. "Yes. I don't know. I don't know...what I want."

But his cock did. It wanted to fuck, and soon. It wanted to fuck Vivian so thoroughly that she'd be begging him to make her prettier for him.

To be the kind of wifefuckslave he *deserved* for having so much power.

"All that matters to me is that you're happy," she said carefully.

"Thanks," he said. "But I mean...is that happiness? Changing...like that?"

"How did it feel?"

"It felt...amazing. But how do...I mean, what do you *think* about it? What do you feel?"

She was hard to make open up. Always so concerned she'd be hurting someone's feelings. "You can have these girls, I can see that. Easily. But it's...scary, Jacob."

"I know. I shouldn't have done that. I just...I got so turned on. I can probably turn them right back to how they were..."

"We both know you'll just change them back again."

"No, I won't. I mean, you say the word, and I can just—"

"*Don't*—" Vivian took a moment, shaking her head and bending over. She sat back up again. "No. Okay? I'm not *stupid*, and neither are you.

Right? You have something that makes you a fucking sex god to the women around you, you've already fucked the minds out of two beautiful—fucking *gorgeous*—young women, and you're just going to *give it up*? Jacob...please. Don't buy into that idiocy. You're better than that."

He looked down, blushing a bit.

"Hell..." said Vivian. "Even if I *did* say for you not to do it, I mean, that's just lunacy. Because if you really wanted, you could just...you know, fucking change *my* mind, couldn't you? Just *tell* me to want this. Tell me to forget this whole conversation, or just manufacture it and place it in my head, or...anything really. It's...you know. I mean, fuck, honey, even *I* find that kind of power hot."

They sat in silence for a moment. Jacob tinkered with the tablet, turning it on and off, on and off.

"So you want me to...what? Destroy it somehow?"

"No. Not that. I just want...I don't want to be left behind."

She stood up, walking to the edge of the room where she could see Phoebe and Gwen still passionately making love to each other's faces. Their kissing session has escalated to include lots and lots of tit-grabbing.

"What are you saying?" Jacob asked.

"I don't want you to fuck these women and not still want to fuck me, Jacob. They're cute, and young, and hot...and I know that, like, I'm terrible about wanting to have sex, but I still really, *really* love it. And I love it with you. So I don't want...I don't want you out of my life."

She couldn't be serious, though Jacob. Was she serious?

"Are you suggesting what I think you are?"

"What do you think I'm suggesting?"

"I mean...to make you...to change you. Like I changed them. To...I mean, if I decide to stay with my new form, then I should also...change you." He licked his lips. "Breed you, even."

"Do you want that?" Her voice was soft.

It was time to be brutally honest. "Yes. I do."

She shrugged."Then go ahead. If that makes you happy. I just can't bear the thought of losing you, that's all." She put her hand on his thigh. "I can see which way the wind is blowing. You're my husband. I know you. You already decided this." She slipped down to her knees, tugging at his zipper. "I'm bad at having sex. Initiating. Feeling good about myself, feeling sexy

enough to fuck. We both know that...but you could change that, couldn't you? Could you change it right now?"

"Fuck," muttered Jacob.

He loved his wife.

The tablet was not far away. In seconds, he had Vivian brought up on the screen. He immediately navigated to her emotional stats.

Levels of anxiety? From close to 80% down to 10% in a heartbeat.

Depressive tendencies? Totally removed.

Desire for sex? Increased past her normal 25% and up past 80% (any more than that and she'd never leave his cock alone enough for him to fuck other women).

"Mmmm...." Vivian moaned, eyes closing. She stretched her arms upward and leaned in to his body, giggling softly. "God, I feel...*great*..."

He gestured for her to continue to unzip his cock, and she obeyed immediately. Her hands were soft and sure, taking him out with a bit of wonder. She'd never had complaints about his size—and she certainly wouldn't now that it was even thicker and longer than before.

"Girls, come in here," he called.

Phoebe and Gwen obediently came over. There was nothing stopping him, nothing at all, now that he had the explicit permission of Vivian. His wife's mouth gently slipped over the head of his cock and she sucked diligently.

Every flaw he had ever pointed out, everything that had ever made him wish he had a prettier wife, he changed.

Sexual desire was first up—escalated to 80%, but only for him. Other men were dropped into negative levels. Desire for women went up from 40% to 70%.

But that wasn't enough. Oh, no.

As he arranged for more changes, he ordered Gwen and Phoebe to get naked—they didn't need their clothes on anymore. He made a very quick alteration to their profiles, upping their obedience and their sexual attraction to him.

Their obeying echoes were tinged with heavy, lick-lipping lust as they dropped completely nude to their knees.

Then he worked on Vivian. Her babyfat evaporated in seconds. The line of her chin and jaw became clean, regal, and elegant. The muddy hazel

color of her eyes became bright and cheery, while her lips were enhanced to be more full, more plush and ready for kissing.

Her body became toned and long, her torso tiny and tight while her legs stretched longer. Long legs, big tits, thick long hair, tiny waist, wide hips—this is what his women would *all* have from now on. He had a type, and there was no reason not to indulge himself.

Vivian moaned at the changes. There was an option to make each alteration fill her body with pleasure—and so, loving his wife, of course he turned that option on. And so her body was already brimming with orgasmic bliss as her lips curled around his thick cock, sucking harder and harder, her every portion transforming purely for his pleasure. She looked like a model, and this model belonged to him.

He needed to fuck her. For the first time in longer than he could remember, he needed not only just to *fuck*, but to fuck in particular *his wife*. Not just to use her as a receptacle or an aid while he filled his thoughts with other women—no. He wanted to fuck the shit out of his girl.

“Get on your back,” he ordered.

Right away, she obeyed. “Yes, Sir.”

she licked her lips, her face brimming with confidence. He liked this new her. Even so, she had to learn the ropes.

He slapped her cheek—lightly, only barely enough to leave a red mark.

“You call me Master, slave.”

Her smile only widened. “Of course, Master. Anything you say, Master.”

He ripped the clothes off her body. Gwen and Phoebe gathered in close to him. Phoebe pushed her enormous tits against his arm, cooing appreciatively as he lowered his cock down to Vivian's wet, pulsing cunt.

Gwen, meanwhile, slid her bare cunt over Vivian's mouth, encouraging her to lick her pussy while their Master watched.

“He'll like it...” said Gwen. “He'll fuck you harder...”

It was all Vivian had to hear before sliding her head forward with relish, licking at the hot honeypot of the young temptress.

Entering Vivian was like an entirely new experience. They had fucked thousands of times in their period of marriage, but this was something entirely new. There was a whole new feeling to fucking his wife, his *gorgeous* wife, unqualified in any of his estimations of her. No turning away to imagine something or someone else to get harder. All he had to

look at was her beautified face licking out Gwen, her transformed body squirming and writhing, all of it totally belonging to him.

"Fuck her, Master." Phoebe's fingers were well up in her cunt, her entire body shaking with desire. "God, you're fucking her so good, Master...you're so fucking *good* to her..."

They fucked like this for several minutes—Vivian eating out Gwen, Phoebe cooing and moaning and fingering her cunt as she urged her Master to fuck his wife harder. Vivian slid Gwen to one side, though, biting one lip with desire.

"Now, you." Vivian urged him. "Show me what you *really* look like, husband. Show me your *true* self."

He knew what she meant. The tablet was near, and in moments, he had the "Master template" activated. The changes were so quick as to be almost instantaneous—one moment, he was a well-muscled version of his former self.

The next moment—he was a tall, muscle-bound, incredibly hung uber-god. His cock *grew* inside of Vivian, to the point where he had to alter her profile too so that her body could take his enhanced length. And all the while, his addictive, mind-altering precum and scent filled the air, fucking their minds with his forceful obedience even more.

"O-oh," Vivian moaned, looking. "Oohhh, shit. Oh *god*. Oh, *god*!"

Her face was wide, eyes totally open. For a moment he thought he was hurting her.

"You have to fucking put a baby in my body, holy fuck! Oh my fuck, Master, please!"

The volume of her voice reached near-hysterical levels. He could feel her orgasms thrashing around his pumping cock like lightning bolts smashing against water, with his cock the one ship bold enough to navigate the seas.

He needed to cum inside her. He needed to cum inside his *wife*.

"Yes!" Vivian moaned. "Put a baby in me, darling! Please do it! Please fucking breed me!"

"Do it, Master." Phoebe pressed her huge tits against his arm, urging him on. "Put a baby in her, Sir, please? Fuck her, Master. We need to see you fuck her!"

"Yes, Master." Gwen positioned herself over Vivian again, sliding her slippery wet cunt on top of his wife's face to lick. "Do it, please. Fucking

dump your cum in her fertile belly, please?"

Beneath him, Vivian bucked and gasped, her mouth automatically reaching up for Gwen's sweet cunt. Her new musculature made her much more active beneath him—but his favorite position was still pinning her down, fucking her helpless body as hard as he could.

Emptying into her was paradise. His mind felt lost as he came inside her, orgasming for what must have been straight minutes. All the while his cock pumped, his balls thrumming and throbbing, pouring more and more sticky seed into her fertile hot body.

Gwen and Phoebe began to kiss one another around his cock. He slid out from Vivian, guiding his cock up to their mouths and allowing them the privilege to clean him.

Vivian's body was filled. But Jacob had stamina for days. And so, as he watched his wife's mind shutting on and off, her thoughts eviscerated by the pleasure of his cum filling her womb, he pulled Gwen close and began to start again.

"You ready for your turn to get pregnant, girl?"

Nothing would stop him now.

Ruling His Own Strip Club

THE NAME OF THE ESTABLISHMENT was *The Cabin*, and it was the best strip club in Bloomingdale Heights.

Jacob approached it with an easy, sure confidence. In his hand was his new tablet, humming with energy.

Not so long ago, the trip to a strip club would have left him with a great deal of trepidation. He enjoyed them, like any red-blooded male, but there was also a lot of uncertainty. *The Cabin* was in a bad part of town—would he be mugged? Would his car be broken into?

Once he got inside, would he look like some loser just being there by himself? Once he found a dancer he liked, would he be easily able to speak with her, or would he stumble over his words and seem like a fool? Would he come off as a creep, or worse, as some hapless sexless loser who didn't know what it was to talk up close to a beautiful woman?

And all of those times had been in the dead of night on the weekend, when a person was *supposed* to go to a strip club. This was in the middle of a day on a Tuesday. There was no way he was supposed to be here now—in fact, he was *supposed* to be at work, teaching a class.

Soon, he would quit that job. It was unnecessary for him now and far too public. He did not want to have to be out in front of people anymore. And if he taught a class, the temptation to alter the bodies of so many fine young females of the student body would be too great a temptation.

No, better this place, and for a litany of reasons. He had considered them carefully.

There was the ease of money, for one. He owed quite a lot in student loan debt. Soon, that debt would be obliterated, and he'd be able to start saving for his future in the most efficient ways possible. The tablet had let him know, after all, how to "solve" the stock market—all he needed was a little capital to get it done.

Then there was the matter of his unstoppable hard-on. He wanted it serviced, and he wanted it serviced by the sexiest women around. The ones who lived, breathed, and thought sex—the ones whose job it was to turn men on all the time.

The thought of loyalty his wife Vivian was something of a forgotten absolute, now. They had always had an open marriage—now, the marriage would simply be *very* open. If she couldn't be absolutely everything he wanted, then he deserved to find all the women who did, simple as that.

Vivian, naturally, agreed. The tablet made sure of that.

And besides all of those reasons—there was the matter of whoever it was who had been chasing the woman who gave him the tablet. Money—and lots of it, and very quickly—would come in handy against someone like that.

Who *that* was remained a mystery, but he was not so stupid as to believe that he would remain outside their reach forever. Whoever it was wanted the tablet, and he needed to keep it.

Because now that he'd had his taste of power, he'd be damned if he gave it up.

Inside the club, music thumped. There was no smoking in these sorts of establishments anymore, but it still *felt* smoky. Black lights and lasers streamed through the air, pulsing in time with the trendy pop beats pounding through the speakers.

There was a glass booth with a young black woman inside. Stickers plastered the glass, advertising happy hours and dancers on tour from New York and Honolulu. She looked bored, reading a fashion magazine.

"Twenty dollars is the cover," she said, not looking up.

"You'll let me get by without that, won't you?"

Now she looked annoyed—still not looking at him—but before her head moved up, she inhaled slightly. That was all it took. His new scent, his pheromones, worked rather quickly.

If his scent hadn't fucked up her head, the rest of him would have. He was tall, heavily built with thick, hard muscles, and had a disarmingly handsome bearded face. He wore a tight suit jacket and slacks. His button-up shirt was unbuttoned at the top end, revealing perfectly formed marble-hard pectorals that were the stuff of smutty romance novel covers.

"S-sure," she said, flitting with her hair. It was curly and bouncy. It was cute that she thought she was hot enough to really fuck him—hotter than the three cock-slobbering slaves he already had at home. Maybe she would be after a little modification, but he doubted it. "I mean, I can't...you just..." she gulped. A little bit of drool began to form at her lips. She breathed harder and harder—another effect of his scent, which only made her take in more of it, turning her brain to hotter and hotter mush.

"And bottle service, yes? Tell your girls I'm the biggest tipper you've ever met."

A bouncer approached from inside the club, apparently overhearing some of their conversation. He was wide and bald, his countenance like that of a grizzled war dog.

"Is this asshole trying not to pay, Sugar?"

"He's, um..." Sugar stumbled, smiling apologetically at Jacob for the interruption. "He's fucking *h-hot*."

Jacob smiled at her, and she giggled, coming close to fainting. Girls like her—working the front desk, working as waitresses—didn't dress in the skimpy outfits of the strippers. She wore tight blue jean shorts and a black tee. But he could tell she wished she was dressed hotter for him just then.

"Hey pal," said the bouncer. "You gotta pay, or else—"

Jacob turned his full attention to the man, glowering. It took about five seconds of this before the bouncer turned his head down, his eyes to one corner, and shuffled out of the way. Like a child hoping to avoid an angry older brother.

“S-sorry,” said the bouncer. Jacob didn’t know it, but the man had served three tours in Afghanistan. Now, in front of Jacob’s undeniable presence, he was more terrified than he’d been under the fire of machine guns. “I didn’t...I mean...I can just...”

The bouncer’s cock and balls had shriveled up, trying to hide up inside his body—like he was sitting on a glacier, and one that was supremely angry with him. Jacob smiled. If he wanted to now, he could disassemble even this sort of fighter with ease. He’d made himself a very dangerous person over the last couple of days of experimentation and thought, trying to foresee all possible ways in which his newfound power might get him into trouble.

But it was better, he knew, to not have to fight in the first place.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said. “Just send a few girls my way. In fact...” he took a look past the curtain into the club, scoping out the place. “Kick everyone else out. Turn off that obnoxious music. Bring me the owner, and call all the other girls in. Every dancer and every waitress you have. You got that?”

The bodyguard nodded, fear in his eyes.

IF DANIELA KNEW ONE thing, it was that she deserved better in this life.

Look at her. Just fucking *look* at her.

Statuesque blonde. Twenty years-old. The kind of body that had, after six months of dancing at *The Cabin*, had already paid her way through her first two years of college with funds for the other two put away in a bank, and enough for grad school probably ready by the end of the year.

High cheekbones. Sensationally angelic face. Pout-perfect lips, bright blue eyes, and long blond hair that always behaved no matter how rough she slept. The kind of body other girls dreamed of. Heck, the kind of body even professional athletes dreamed of. Resistant to injury, capable of constant improvement, toned and muscular and always ready for another rep.

Daniela worked for it nonstop, naturally—first as a gymnast from ages 6 to 18, and then in the gym, and then in the club.

Her friends often told her—the shallow friends, the kind who were around her because they thought she would be an Olympic prospect and wanted to stay close to that kind of glory—that they were surprised she

hadn't found some rich man to bankroll her life by now. But that wasn't Daniela's style.

She wouldn't be in debt to anyone. She would be in charge of her life, *forever*, and nothing would change that. If she hadn't busted her knee at 17, she probably *would* have gone to the Olympics, but that dream was dead now—and she danced at *The Cabin*, instead.

Why she was being asked to be there for some "emergency staff meeting" in the middle of a goddamn Tuesday was beyond her. She was a weekend dancer—good enough to start touring in a few weeks, where she could go to Vegas and maybe Los Angeles and make some absolutely phenomenal money—and even showing up to *The Cabin* in the middle of the week felt beneath her, no matter how emergent the meeting decided itself to be.

She was the best *The Cabin* had to offer, and you didn't slap the best in the face by pulling her in during the middle of the week.

But—whatever. She was a team player. She thought of herself as a leader in the dressing room, and the best leaders led by example.

When drove up into the parking lot, she was surprised to see all the bouncers there on their way out of the club already and heading towards their cars. She stopped Myron, one of the bigger guys and one whom she had developed a friendly relationship with over the past few months. It behooved the dancers and the bouncers to get along; they relied on each other. A good bouncer made sure that dancers got paid; good dancers made sure that bouncers got a cut of their tips.

"What's the deal?" she asked, stepping out of her car. "Where are you guys going?"

She wore skintight denim jeans, ripped around her thighs and ass, and a pink crop top. Her body, lithe and toned, looked phenomenal. Her competitive spirit had made her hope she would at least get a *few* appreciative looks from the gathered bouncers, but they all shuffled soullessly to their cars.

Myron spoke like a scolded child. It seemed strange on a man of his size. "Nothing. We're just fired. No job. It's no big deal. We'll find something else."

"Fired?" she said, surprised. "Vinny fired you?"

"Yeah."

"*All* of you?"

“Yeah. I mean he didn’t. The new guy did. New owner.”

“There’s a new owner? Vinny sold the club? What are you talking about?”

But he wouldn’t say anymore. He looked close to tears, but the reason for this seemed harsher than just needing a job. It seemed like his very *existence* had been called into question, and he had been found wanting.

Unsettled, Daniela still moved forward into the club. She would get to the bottom of this. If some new owner thought he could just fire the bouncers she'd been building up the loyalty of for months, he had another thing coming.

Inside the club, there was no music. The lights were up, and the black lights were off. Daniela found what appeared to be almost the entire staff of dancers in front of a beautiful brunette holding a clipboard. She wore a sharp, tight silver pencil skirt with a thin, sheer silk blouse. Her breasts were immense and, for some reason, struck Daniela as being absolutely full of milk. Wire-rimmed glasses attended her nose and eyes.

She looked like a hot librarian. Like a hot, porn-star librarian.

The dancers in front of her were on their knees, faces rapt with attention. There was a smell in the air that Daniela couldn’t quite define. It was pleasant, though, and aromatic. It overpowered the normal smell of beer and body oil. Deeper than those. More powerful, more penetrating. Her brain followed the smell, unable to stop itself, letting the pleasant sensations seep deep into her core.

“Now, girls,” said the woman. “Your new owner has some very strict specifications when it comes to interacting with customers from now on. First of all, you’re not to touch—Oh.” The woman smiled, seeing Daniela enter. “You must be Daniela. All the girls here said that *you* were the best. My name is Vivian.”

She held out a hand for Daniela to take. Daniela was actually rather surprised that the other dancers had said she was the best—it was true, naturally, and Daniela knew it—but strippers were usually a rather catty bunch. Often they refused even to admit that one girl looked better in a different color than they did, and so on. It was a herculean effort sometimes to just get the girls to admit that the sky was blue—agreeing would be weakness, and weakness meant that you were complying to lower pay and worse placement in the week.

Daniela took Vivian's hand, and a pulse of calming, benign warmth spread through her. Questions about what had happened—where was Vinny, why were the bouncers fired, and so on—left her quite suddenly. Vivian's blouse was mostly unbuttoned, her cleavage shiny and delicious, and Daniela felt her eyes filling with the sight. It became very important—*very* important—to impress this woman right away.

This woman, she knew instantly and intimately, held access to the *Cock*. And even without knowing whose cock, even without ever having a cock inside of her in her entire life (it was a lonely life, constantly prepping and training for gymnastic meets), Daniela knew that was incredibly important.

"He'll want to meet you straightaway," said Vivian. A hush of jealous whispers went through the crowd of gathered dancers. Daniela felt a rush of pride, though she could not place its origin. "Gwen, escort her, please?" Vivian leaned in close to Daniela. "Gwen is your new owner's head of security."

A woman approached from the back from her post at the front of the VIP entrance. She was dressed in tight leather from head to toe—skintight boots with blood red bottoms snapped over a tight black catsuit, the zipper in the front of which was only halfway up her ample breasts.

She looked like a post-apocalyptic badass—though, with her thick tits and gorgeous face, the kind that would fuck you to death. Her sneer seemed permanent. A long trail of bright red went through her dark brown hair.

"Come with me," said Gwen.

Her tone brooked no argument. Daniela got the sense from looking at her, as she had from looking at quite a few bouncers, that this was a woman who knew how to protect herself and enforce her will when needed. She moved with a cool, calm grace reserved for fighters of the highest caliber. Her ass in those tight leather pants was molded perfectly, high and glorious.

Daniela followed her into the VIP suite where she had been hundreds of times before. This new owner—and why was Vivian calling him *her* new owner instead of *the* new owner?—was stationed in the penthouse VIP suite. It was a round glass-enclosed box, the sort of glass that looked out but not in. Guys loved to get blown while watching other strippers do their thing out on stage.

Daniela had always been willing to fuck in the VIP suite, or blow, or whatever. The most she had done was a handjob, though. It was the most that the men who had come through could afford. She normally charged

five grand for a handjob. It was ten for a blowjob, and twenty for everything else.

This was light years beyond what the other girls charged, but Daniela knew time with her was worth it. She'd seen those other girls work, and she judged herself better, that was all. She an eye for this sort of thing.

Inside the penthouse suite were a few girls Daniela knew already, and one that she didn't.

The one she didn't know was dressed all in bright, fluffy pink lingerie, wearing bright tall heels with puffy balls on top. The other two were Jasmine and Ariel, two beautiful Asian women who often dressed up as princesses.

The mouths of all three emanated moans of pleasure as they attended the most impossibly perfect man Daniela had ever seen.

Her body reacted immediately. Hands began tearing at her clothes; she was wearing far too much, dressed far too modestly, to be in the presence of such a lord, a king, a god. The scent in the air outside magnified a thousandfold in this enclosed space, and everything about the world suddenly made sense.

She dropped to her knees on the thick, round circular bed, mouth open in awe. Her pussy dripping wet, body heating up with small erotic beads of sweat dripping down her brow. In seconds, her clothes were ripped off, and all of her felt nothing but primal, unstoppable *need* to fuck this man.

He would be the first one in her virgin body. As far as Daniela was concerned, he would be the *only* man. Once you were with the best, you didn't traffic elsewhere.

"Shit," he said, looking her up and down.

He swatted the three girls on his cock away, the way you knocked away over-excited dogs upon returning home. Ariel tried to keep sucking him, and Jasmine slapped her and knocked her away—clearly annoyed by her fellow pet's lack of obedience.

The man gifted Jasmine with a smile—encouraging a sudden overflow of bliss on the young Asian's face—and then turned to the approaching blonde.

"You must be Daniela."

He knows my fucking name! Daniela's excitement overflowed. She nodded eagerly, every affirmative catching in her throat.

“You’re more gorgeous than they said you would be,” he said, moving toward her across the bed.

In seconds he had her scooped into his arms, his massive cock sliding up against her torso. Cum and pre-cum mixed together and slid down her tanned, tight ab muscles. Heavy streams of it slid across the outside of her pussy, and she felt her orgasm approaching quickly.

“Gorgeous,” she said, nodding, knowing it was true. *He* had said it. “For you.”

There was no pretext, no useless asking for consent. She wanted this more than anything in her life. His limitless strength pushed her up and then rammed her down onto his cock. Crying out from the sudden entry, she was surprised at the total lack of pain she felt—wasn't it supposed to hurt? Wasn't it supposed to be bittersweet?

It wasn't. It was beautiful. It was sensational. She suddenly and violently wasn't a virgin anymore, and it was the most amazing feeling she'd ever had in her life. Orgasm—hot and sudden—swept through her body as his cock rode on her g-spot, delivering her wave after wave of dirty pleasure.

He powered her into the wall, entering her suddenly and brutally. If she hadn’t been so fucking dripping wet, she might have screamed from pain. His cock was enormous, pushing inside of her, bigger than any she had ever seen. Longer, thicker, and soaked already from slave-saliva and precum. As it was, though, she screamed anyway—from pleasure.

“Fucking *mine*,” he growled in her ear. “Fucking mine. Look at you. Look at how—h-how fucking *hot* you are, *fuck*!”

For the past several months, Daniela’s entire world had revolved around the hierarchy at the strip club. Her standing there had been as precious to her as her standing in life, and she knew that unless she was treasured there as a top act, then her efforts in bettering herself would be meaningless.

And that was unacceptable.

Fucking Vinny, though, had been out of the question—and so other acts always took a little bit of precedence over her: the girls who were willing to sleep with the boss to get the top bills. Daniela was the most beautiful and the most talented, clearly *a* star, but she wasn’t *the* star.

And now, even as Jacob’s mindblowing cock gave her the fuck of her life, she had enough of a mind to be aware that *this* was the man who would catapult her to the position she deserved in life.

“So hot,” he grunted again. “Barely have to...have to do *anything* to you, fucking...shit...”

His fingers slid up and down her immaculate body. He could wrap his thick hands around her from waist to ass—that's how tiny she was compared to him. his cock somehow becoming even harder inside of her as he drove into her over and over. Every new touch of his skin on hers sent lightning bolts of bliss through her body.

He was Power Incarnate. There was no other way to describe it. How she felt was artificial, unnatural, forced—and clearly what he had done to all the other women, the *bouncers*, that was something insane. Magic or something.

And yet even though she knew it was some kind of artificial, it felt real. It felt perfect. It felt *destined*.

And so as he made her cum—for the tenth time in as many minutes—her eyes gazed at him with absolute and adoring love.

“Please, baby,” she moaned. “Please, baby, baby *darling*, please oh fuck, please be my first, please fucking cum inside me.” Her lips, wet with need and plump with aching desire, pushed against his ear. “Please force my virgin body like you fucking *deserve*, Jacob, oh fucking *please*!”

The sight of her perfect face unleashing this kind of complete adoration, this complete submission, was enough for him to lose all the control that he had built up. She was simply too beautiful to not cum inside of her when she was begging him to do exactly that. Groaning, spasming, he emptied inside of her. Hot seed splashed against her womb, filling her entirely. Thick gushes of it dripped out from her entrance and down onto the bed, where Jasmine and Ariel quickly licked it up with patient, adoring tongues.

Her cunt milked his spurting cock, hoping to take every last spurt of his lifegiving cum inside of her.

It was appropriate, she thought with great satisfaction, as she took in his last spurts of his still-hard cock. She would milk him for everything he could give her—and he could give her everything.

VERY QUICKLY, WITHIN less than a month, *The Cabin* became the most popular strip club in the city.

It was, in fact, one of the most popular establishments in the city period, and only suffered in attendance because most of its patrons could barely

afford to visit once, let alone multiple times. But that was fine with Jacob.

The set-up was similar to the previous owner's method. All guests paid a fee to enter. If they wanted attention from a dancer, that was another fee. If they wanted *private* attention, that was an even higher fee—and so on and on.

But there were differences.

First, the security was now entirely staffed by women. Tall, lovely, amazonian women who were inexplicably well-versed in all manner of hand-to-hand combat, crowd control, and other various forms of violent acts. Each was trained so well that they could have competed on a global scale, shaming any masters of the martial arts they now possessed—and at fractions of the age of those masters and still knowing easily ten times as much, as the mastery of these women extended far beyond one simple discipline.

They were led by Gwen, chosen by Jacob mostly because he thought the red streak in her hair made her look a little tough. Then, with the help of his tablet, he made her look *extremely* tough...and then he'd given her the lifetimes of knowledge to back it up in less than two minutes of tinkering with her profile on his tablet.

As a lark, he'd dumbed down Phoebe and made her Gwen's personal maid. Her IQ was barely enough to put her own clothes on in the morning. Her tits were so massive that she couldn't go out anywhere without looking like a total bimbo fuckslut. Gwen took care of her with great attention, deeply in love with her. And Phoebe, too, was deeply in love with her. They were happy. It's just that Phoebe probably wouldn't be able to write her name for a while, let alone the recipe for ice.

He justified it by saying that he could change her back at any time...when he felt like it. He hadn't yet, though. Altering her mind so much, fucking up her way of being, only got his cock harder. Some women just needed a little bit of humiliation in their life.

It was a tight rope he walked...and it excited him to walk it. Besides—he could increase his ability for balance whenever he liked, so he could walk on tight ropes all day long.

The security girls normally dressed in tight leathers, walking around the club and looking like some cross between bondage dominatrices and motorcycle babes. They were important, because they were the ones who ensured that the regular dancers were no longer touched.

No one touched Jacob's women now except for him. Those who tried learned how to apologize with a broken arm.

Vivian was no longer a teacher. She was, instead, now Jacob's madam.

From his wife, he received regular reports on who was working well, who was earning, who was feeling flickers of emotions besides pure bliss at serving him. His control was not entirely absolute—he had done that with Phoebe, and it shrunk her mind down to the size of a pea.

A little free will went a long way—none of the girls there believed *he* had made them love him. Rather, they thought they had chosen this life, despite all evidence to the contrary. When a girl was in good need of a fuck, Vivian would bring her to Jacob's office and guide her down to her knees, whispering in the lucky gal's ear what sort of position or outfit turned him on that day. That one fuck would keep her happy for days, a brilliant pink cloud of lust massaging her brain, and just as the cloud began to dissipate, Vivian would be there to lead her back into Jacob's office.

The dancers had been individually perfected down to their smallest detail. None had a single flaw—their skin was blemish-free, their bodies without sickness or injuries, their minds pliant and obedient to Jacob's will, their hair long and thick, their eyes bright, lips shiny, asses taut, breasts enhanced to the point where a 36C cup was considered "small." They were encouraged—explicitly and implicitly—to think of themselves as the elite of the female population.

The security girls were beneath them in the new hierarchy, and beneath the security, the waitresses.

Only Jacob deserved to touch the dancers, then, being the elite of the male population. So, the security girls had to ensure that the dancers were never touched by another man. To attempt so was heresy in their new religion, circling around the pleasure of Jacob's cock.

For a man to actually touch a dancer was blasphemy, and for a security girl to allow it to happen was tantamount to an unforgivable sin, ensuring a quick excommunication from the presence of their one and only God.

The power of the tablet had, perhaps, against his original wishes, gone to his head a little bit.

He didn't give a fuck.

An obvious question develops in the mind of the astute observer. With the guests never touching the dancers, how was any money made?

Pheromones were powerful chemicals, and Jacob had used the tablet to enhance his understanding of them and how the could be made to work to his advantage. The dancers now emitted strong, pleasant scents—much like his. When any male besides himself came into contact with these scents, their arousal would take over the entirety of their motor centers, dictating every action. The men would be turned on enough by the simple appearance of the sixteen tirelessly flawless dancers Jacob had in his employ working every day and night.

Add their new scents into the mix, and the men watching were helpless to do anything but watch the dances and drool, handing out more and more money all the while.

Drink prices were increased one hundred percent, and then two hundred percent. No one complained so long as they got to stare at Jacob's beautiful girls. The patrons were drunk on lust from the second they stepped into the establishment.

Even so, Jacob had no real desire to leave anyone destitute. The idea was to sheer the sheep, not to skin them.

He found out, through tinkering with the tablet, that he could actually set a command for locations as well as people. Anyone entering through the front doorway would only spend as much as he could reasonably afford—once they were tapped out, the second their last dollar was spent—they would cum in their pants. His security girls, on the spot with their attentions, then would toss him out.

His first night open, the club pulled in fifty thousand dollars. His latest night, six weeks in, cleared them past two hundred grand. He'd had to install ten new ATMs in the past two weeks. He was rapidly approaching millionaire status, and perhaps would have been approaching more rapidly if it didn't turn him on so much to lavish Daniela with cash and attention.

At his urging with the tablet, she had abandoned all false notions of modesty and niceness toward the other girls. She was the best, and she knew it, and she acted like it. Her name was at the tip-top of the marquis outside the club.

She used to dance under the stage name of Starla. That was done with. He liked Daniela better, and didn't see that she had any reason to be ashamed enough to hide her identity. And, it wasn't as though she had to protect herself from any of the men coming in to the club anymore.

He wanted her identity and her character in the club—a haughty, queen-like figure who knew what a terrific asset she was to their production—to be inseparable.

The other girls abandoned stage names as well. He did let them pick, though—either stage name or real name. But after they chose, he entered it in the tablet and made it permanent. Now there were girls who always thought they had been called Scarlett, or Sugar, or Destiny, or Lexxa.

Daniela, though, was still simply Daniela—a regal, elegant name for a woman who would have been a queen anywhere she went. He showered her with gifts—expensive furs, diamond necklaces, ruby earrings. He didn't have to give her a damn thing for her to fuck him or for her to be happy; it just made his cock *hard* to see her positioned on a pedestal so much higher than any of the other girls. They were all paid a tenth of what she was.

Vivian wasn't paid at all. He told her she ought to be happy just to be the wife of a man like him, and Vivian readily agreed. She adored him so much.

At night, after the club closed, Daniela stroked his cock while he counted the cash they took in and divided it into large stacks for himself and the other girls. She cooed and giggled, encouraging him to strip hundreds and hundreds of dollars off from the pay of other girls and put it in her pile, making it ever bigger.

No one complained. *No one*. They knew the consequences for themselves would be dire if they did. Instead they prayed that some day they, too, could be Master's favorite like Daniela was.

A pipe dream.

Indeed, the only exception to his power and his private life that he made was that Daniela did not know about the tablet. Only Vivian, alone among his slaves, knew what the tablet could do.

This was for the best. Lately, his thoughts on Daniela had become very twisted indeed. He couldn't be around her without being hard, and he couldn't be around her and the tablet without altering her just a little.

Making her a *little* more bitchy. A *little* more entitled. A *little* bit more totally in absolutely-endless-submissive-adoring-love with him and only ever him. A *little* bit more disdainful of the other women.

These were small changes, but taken on a curve over time, the results were massive.

He'd caught her yesterday threatening to murder Jasmine for spilling her toe nail polish within three feet of Daniela. Her hand on been on

Jasmine's throat—she was *strong* now, and had to be to withstand Jacob's constant attentions with his enormous strength—her hand on Jasmine's throat and lifting her up off the ground. Perfect sapphire blue eyes full of fury and violence.

Jacob was certain that if he hadn't stepped in, Daniela might have killed her.

That certainty had made him so excited that he'd had to fuck Daniela then and there. Halfway through the act, he remembered to tell her to let go of Jasmine's throat.

Jasmine, coughing and heaving, thanked Daniela for correcting her. If she hadn't done it automatically, Jacob would have ordered her to. His queen needed to be shown the proper respect.

During Daniela's act in the show, he'd taking to fucking Vivian stupid. His wife was pregnant and was already beginning to show. Her tits leaked heavy milk—as did Phoebe's, Gwen's, and a few of the other girls he'd taken as regulars besides Daniela.

None of the guests seemed to mind that they witnessed pregnant dancers. Some of them seemed to love it. Daniela wasn't pregnant yet like the other regulars, but it was only a matter of time. He could give her a dozen children in two pregnancies and she would look as eminently flawless as she always had—before, during, and after.

God, he was really falling for her. He watched her dance—stripping off long furs on the stage, tight elbow-length gloves on her hands and arms, diamonds glittering madly around her ears and neck.

He stood behind his desk in the VIP lounge above the stage. Staring out of the one-way mirrored glass, fucking Vivian. Fucking her harder than he had ever fucked anyone.

But watching Daniela. Wanting Daniela. Needing Daniela.

And she danced only for him. Staring up at him all the while. Her love total. Her every expression, every movement designed purely to turn him on. He'd uploaded her mind with knowledge of every sort of dance in the world—she could walk on to a stage in New York for the strangest avant-garde show on earth, and she'd fit right in and shame the other dancers that had been practicing for months. (This was, of course, more knowledge than he delivered to the other dancers—though they were still supremely skilled.)

And yet all of that skill, all of that ability, was invested purely into making his cock hard in new ways every night. Surrounded by a crowd of hundreds, she danced solely for her Master.

He made Vivian join in on his twisted thoughts as he drilled into her, watching Daniela move for him.

"I want you to fuck her!" his wife would cry, at his command. Obeying him made her pussy sopping wet as he pistoned into her body. "Fuck Daniela, please! Oh god. Think of her! Look at her! She's so fucking hot! So fucking *right* for you, oh my god, my god, my HusbandGod, please! Please fuck her soon! Own her! Daddy, oh Daddy, my DaddyGod, please!"

His brutal fucking of Vivian bordered on abuse, and certainly would have left bruises had he not reinforced her body for his vicious fucking. He slapped her ass, bounced her head into the one-way glass, squeezed the thick portions of her hips and tits with hands that could crush stones.

Cumming, he would spray all over Vivian, leaving her exhausted, drooling, delirious from pleasure. His cum bathed her completely, leaving her close to drowning in the stuff, all over her face and hair and tits. She would need a good four hours of sleep before being herself again—tantamount to close to twenty-four hours for a normal person.

Jacob knew—and was more certain every day—that this was the sort of treatment he deserved.

CELESTE, ATTENDED BY seven of her loveliest servants, slowly entered her court room.

Upon her heavenly body, she wore a sheer white gown. It had a long, twenty foot train, webbed with priceless blue diamonds. Four honored slaves were allowed to carry it and be close to her. Their cunts pulsed with the constant orgasm of their Mistress's proximity.

Anastasia had been pleasured now for weeks. Her will was strong—very strong indeed. But she had broken last night. Celeste allowed her to continue to be given pleasure for this long, if only to enjoy the fact of her sister worshiping her new Mistress.

All around Anastasia's cell were still images of Celeste. Projection screens floated gifs and video clips of her into every surface of the enclosed area, so that there was not a single surface Anastasia could look at, while pleasure flooded her system, that did not contain her younger sister's perfection.

"M-mistress..." Anastasia breathed.

The admission of Celeste's superiority to Anastasia sent a tingle of pleasure down her spine. It was so *nice* to be recognized for what she truly was.

"That's right, slave. I am here to allow you to serve me as you should. Is that what you desire?"

Anastasia's face was covered in sweat. Even so, she was lovely, a rose in dew. Celeste would have no issues allowing her to share her bed night after night. An immortal plaything might be very interesting indeed.

"Yes, Mistress. P-please, Mistress. I want to serve you so badly. I wish only to obey. I need only to make you happy."

"You need tell me only one thing to make me happy, Anastasia." Celeste bent over at the waist, posture perfect, and stroked her orgasming sister's face. "Where is the Djinn Stone, my slave?"

"Bloomingdale Heights University," she said instantly. "I don't know the name of the man. I promise you. He was average height. Bearded. Stocky. I expect that will have changed now, but it's impossible to say. He had a good soul, but...clouded. I hoped he would protect the Power from you. I was wrong to think this, Mistress. I am so sorry."

“Shush,” said Celeste. She nodded at her servants, who had heard the entire exchange. They knew their duty immediately.

Whoever she had given the Djinn Stone to would be tracked down. The Stone would be retrieved, and its new owner would find his hold on the Stone—and his life—to be only temporary.

“Wonderful,” said Celeste. She turned to her remaining servants. “Toss her into the hole.”

“T-the hole? What is that? Mistress? You said...you said I would serve...”

“Yes, slave mine. And so you shall. But you have insulted me. And pestered me. And plagued me. And know that you have annoyed me, that you have raised my ire. And only when you are released from the hole shall you be forgiven. I think perhaps ten years shall do it.”

Anastasia began to wail. Celeste smiled, of course not allowing her sister to see that delightful sight, and turned away. It pleased her to know with certainty that Anastasia cried not because she would be stuck in the cold, dark, wet hole for years, starving and on the edge of madness.

No, she cried because she had displeased her Mistress, whom she loved more than anything in this world.

IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF the day on a Sunday morning. Most strip clubs had some downtime this part of the week—either people recovering from the heavy drinking of the weekend or paying tribute to their religious affiliation of choice. Jacob’s club was no exception, though the place was still thoroughly crowded. There simply wasn’t a line running through the parking lot like there was during the nights.

His chosen coterie of sixteen dancers were tireless, working every day for him. They had three hours of sleep each—two more than they actually needed from day to day—with the exception, naturally, of Daniela, who’d had six, after he had fucked her several times, powering her body into the wall of his office.

Her getting double of everything the other dancers had, *everything*, never stopped making his cock hard.

Jacob himself didn't sleep much at all anymore. He didn't need it. Occasionally he would take brief naps after virulent fuck sessions, re-awaking more charged for duty than ever.

Vivian was in his office with him, dressed in what had become her normal accouterments. A sheer silk blouse, a tiny pencil skirt (this one was peach), tall matching heels, and a diamond choker around her neck.

He did like to spoil her a little. She was his wife, after all.

"Katelyn and Sierra are both making about the same amount, close to seven grand a day," said Vivian. "I think if we moved them apart, though, that they could be making more. As it is, they look so much like twins that customers have difficulty telling them apart."

Jacob had wanted a pair of sisters in his employ. They weren't *really* sisters, not in any sort of familial sense, but over time, he'd made them forget that. Soon, he supposed, there might be a day when they woke up and didn't know which one was Katelyn and which was Sierra.

"Put them on different auxiliary stages," he said. "But keep them dancing together. They're a great opener for Daniela."

Speak of the succubus, and she shall appear. Daniela strutted confidently through the door. Naturally, she looked fantastic. A long, sweeping blue skirt covered her legs, a long slit revealing the entirety of one expertly toned and tanned thigh. Tall jewel-covered heels with blood-red bottoms adorned her feet.

On her torso was just a flimsy push-up bra, sparkling with sapphires. He gave it to her just the night before. Each breath she took meant that the fabric had to struggle to keep her breasts constrained. Her delicious tits were so firmly pressed together that a heart-rending line of cleavage had developed, sure to shatter any man who saw her.

Any man, of course, besides her alpha, Jacob.

"I'd like to talk to you, Master," said Daniela, bright blue eyes laser-focused on him.

"Good morning, love," he said. "Vivian and I are in the middle of a meeting. You can wait, if you like, on your knees..."

The implication was obvious as he gestured beneath his desk. Maybe he'd give a little treat to Vivian, let her think he was looking at her while Daniela sucked him off. Though of course, his thoughts wouldn't actually stray from the phenomenal blond as she worked away at his rod.

"Good," said Daniela, raising a sneering eyebrow at Vivian. "I'm glad she's here. She ought to hear this."

Daniela's strut was something from pure erotic fantasy. Hips swaying, one foot in front of the other, every last movement designed to make cocks

hard. Her abs were impossibly beautiful, perfectly formed. Jacob knew because he had altered them himself.

She put a hand on Vivian's shoulder and pointed at the ground. "Bow before your God, bitch."

Vivian, to her credit, did not obey right away. Instead she looked shocked at the request, and at Daniela's vehemence. Her eyes, bright and dark, looked questioningly at her husband.

He shrugged slightly, and indicated that she should obey. As she knelt, Jacob knew that in her obedience, she would feel the soft thrill of a light orgasm coursing through her muscles.

It was an erotic sight, seeing Daniela above his kneeling wife like that. Hot enough that Vivian was kneeling with her forehead touching the ground, her tight, bubbly ass resting on her tall tall heels. But to have Daniela above her, tossing her yard-length golden hair back with satisfaction at her victory...that was something else.

"That's right." Daniela shuddered, visibly pleasured by the action of acquiescence. "You see that? That's not the kind of wife you deserve, Master. Someone bowing and scraping simply because her betters commanded her to. Your wife shouldn't *have* any betters."

Jacob felt something stirring deep within him, dark and desirous. "What's this about, Daniela? Why are you here?"

"You know why I'm here," she said, strutting around his desk and crawling up onto his lap.

He was much taller than her, even in her heels. He outweighed her by more than a hundred pounds, and all of that bulk was pure muscle. She was feather-light in his hands.

"You've always known exactly why I was here. You chose me, and I chose you. You *know* what I want."

Lately, as he emptied himself into Daniela, she'd taken to whispering naughty, dark things to him.

Make me your wife. Make me your property. Take my dowry of beauty. Crush Vivian's dreams and make them mine.

He had thought, mostly, that it was just to get him off a little more, to encourage more spurts of his white hot cum to power into her fertile pussy.

But she had thought more, evidently. And why wouldn't she? If it was hot enough to make him cum, it was hot enough to make a reality. Wasn't

that how all this worked? Wasn't this entire club a living reality based on his fantasies?

"You deserve better than her as a wife, Master." She put her hand on his, taking it up to her chest, between her preciously hot tits. He could feel her heart beat thumping. She was *nervous*, this beauty goddess, staring at him with loving azure eyes. "Jacob."

He allowed her to call him that—the only one aside from Vivian who he allowed the honor. Other girls talked constantly about who he might allow next, who was working up the ranks and who was earning his favor. In truth, he had no plans to let another call him by his name, but it was fun to make the girls compete.

No one competed like Daniela, though.

"You know that you do," she continued. "That's why you have me. That's why you're letting me in here now. That's why you're letting me say all these things. Aren't you?"

His cock pushed hard up at her body through his pants. Smiling, she shifted and unzipped him, taking his considerable mass into her delicate, soft hand. In seconds, precum streamed down his shaft and her hand stroked expertly up and down.

"You could stop me at any time, after all. You're *so* strong. So *powerful*. But you don't *want* to, do you? You want *me* to be your wife, don't you Jacob?"

She kissed him, deeply, passionately, love exuding from her every action. He could hear Vivian's terrified breaths from beyond the hot space of their kiss.

It's okay, he thought inanely. I can just...change Vivian...make her fine with this...make her *want* this...

Daniela leaned back, shaking her considerable mass of hair out, soft locks dripping down her back. She raised one eyebrow, stroking him still, her face positively on fire with need.

"Say it, won't you? Tell me I'm the wife you deserve. Tell me you don't want her as yours anymore. Tell me I'm *better*, please, Master? Please, Jacob?"

Before he could respond—before he could jump off that edge with her—an enormous boom sounded off from downstairs.

Screams sounded—and an alarm went off, screaming through the club walls. Daniela, in her sudden confusion, only stroked Jacob harder. Needing

in her panic to feel the most secure, most steady rock of her life that there had ever been.

"Wh-what's happening, Master?" she asked. "What is it?"

He set Daniela to one side and walked to the window overlooking the club. Men had arrived—those same sorts of half-naked men he had seen more than a month before when he'd been given the tablet.

"It's an attack," he said, thinking brilliantly fast. "Vivian, gather the girls and take them to the vehicles out back. We've discussed this. Do it. Now."

"Yes...Husband."

She hesitated only for a moment, letting that word strike at him, and ran down to the dressing room. Moving fast, even in tall tall heels like what she had on, was not an issue for her. Her agility was well beyond that of most women.

"Darling?" Daniela said, sliding her body up against Jacob's. Her hips pushed against his, and he could feel the wet heat of her cunt. It made his cock spurt hot precum all across the window. "I'm scared, darling. What do you mean, an attack?"

"You have nothing to worry about," he said, hoping he meant it. It seemed to calm her though. "Come with me."

Already the fighting had started. The attackers had not come through the front door. Instead, they had blown a hole through the side of the building, to the left of the main stage. Gwen and the other security girls lined up in front of them and—after a short moment of measuring—both sides closed.

The fight was brutal. None of them were armed saved for the skills in their minds and how cruel they chose to be. He watched Gwen rip a stripper pole out from its moorings and use it like a poleaxe, driving the jagged edge into the heads and throats of the male attackers to cut them down.

Smoke filled the club. If he went downstairs, he risked leading Daniela through the melee and having her possibly hurt. Not something he could do. Instead, he rushed at the wall and powered through the bricks. The mortar was loose, the masonry shoddy. Something he had been meaning to fix before too long. Now he was glad he hadn't.

In thirty seconds, he'd broken out a man-sized hole in the wall. His suit was ruined, but his skin was unbroken. Jacob was fairly certain that, in a fair fight, he could have taken the entirety of those attackers on by himself.

There was enough knowledge in his head of fighting to shame even the most ancient fighting champion.

But, he knew also that whoever sent them would have to have been quite stupid not to expect him to know how to defend himself, especially given the seemingly limitless powers of the tablet.

Scooping Daniela up in his arms, he hopped down to the parking lot below. It was a ten foot drop, but he felt no pain. The other dancers, led by Vivian, were obediently filing into the black SUVs waiting for them. There was no panic, no screams.

His girls followed his instructions to the letter, and recent insurgencies aside, Vivian still carried the voice of the Master when she commanded his girls.

In moments, all the dancers were safe in the vehicles. They had to sit on top of each other; there was not enough room, quite, for all of them together. Of course, Daniela sat in front in her own seat. He drove one SUV, and Vivian the other. He honked the horn three times, sounding the retreat for Gwen.

His gaze drifted to Daniela, looking stunning just sitting, waiting patiently for him to drive off. Thinking for a moment, a mischievous glint sparkled in her eyes. She leaned over and unzipped his pants.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"My wifely duty," she said, sighing happily and taking his cockhead between her heavenly lips.

As they waited, then, Daniela began to blow him in her inimitably expert style. The other eight girls piled into the SUV sighed with lustful longing, watching her work on the object of their adoration and worship.

If the security weren't out here in thirty seconds, he'd leave them behind. Maybe they'd be taken. Maybe they'd be killed.

He looked down at Daniela, blissing out as she slurped up and down on his cock.

Better them than her.

Better all of them than a single hair on her head.

JACOB'S PLAN WAS ELEGANT in its simplicity. Vivian adored him for it.

For that, and for everything else about his everything. She capital-L *Loved* her Husband, capital-H.

Her tiny, beautiful body was full of new babies for him—triplets, probably—and she was so lucky that he had chosen her to be pregnant among all his available slaves.

They drove up to the largest, most expensive house in the city, and Jacob forced open the front door. It was easy with how strong he was.

The married couple there was eating an early dinner. They had a cook and a maid on hand to attend to them, both female. Both rather unworthy of living up to her husband's exacting specifications for quality slaves.

He had his dancers spread out throughout the immense house, searching out any other guests or servants (there were none) and blocking the exits. Only two of his security girls had made it out from the strip club—Gwen, thankfully (Master did have such a soft spot for her), and Melody, a tall dark-skinned middle-eastern girl who would have crushed any beauty contest she entered. Unfortunately for her, that kind of abject desirability only put her in the lower tiers of the beauties available to serve Master's desires.

If Jacob had decided to book some getaway plan in advance—put a hotel on retainer, make a safe house, have passports and tickets ready—this would have all left a record. And why would he need to book anything in advance when wherever he wanted to go, he could go?

Better to make it spontaneous. Much harder to track.

Very soon, Jacob, Vivian, and Daniela were in the luxurious dining room. The table was ten feet long, a gloriously carved walnut. A diamond-sprinkled chandelier hung overhead. Great pieces of artwork clung to the walls, impressionist mostly, though one was a Rococo of some cherubs playing in a spring. With them were the cook and the maid—both already kneeling to Master's glory—and the millionaire owner of the house and his wife.

Ah, the millionaire's wife. She was more plastic than person, but she was the sort who really made it work for her. She was young—probably only twenty-five or so—and so the implants and surgeries hadn't had time yet to be caught up with by gravity so that their allure wore off. She looked like a porn star in her prime. Her hair was a deep orange-red and Vivian knew, from the instant she saw him, that her Husband would fuck her stupid.

He didn't have a redhead yet that he was truly satisfied with. Vivian had taken notice; this was her Wifely duty. Aurora and Chelsea, the two redhead dancers he now owned, both only received his cock about once a week each. Compare that to someone like Lexxa, who was on his cock practically every other night.

Or Daniela, who was never *off* his cock. Oh, Daniela...Vivian had so many feelings about her.

"Wh-what is the meaning of this?" the millionaire asked, blubbering. He was overweight and mustachioed.

"The meaning of this is that your home is mine now." Jacob walked up to his wife, who trembled in desire at his nearness. She flashed him an urgent, happy smile. The millionaire was more than twice her age.

"Y-you stay away from her," said the old man. "That is my wife! That is my—"

"You don't have a 'my' anything anymore," said Jacob. "And if you talk again, you'll regret it."

Daniela clapped with ardent glee, eyes lighting up at the threat of violence from her Master.

He stroked the face of the wife. She whispered her name so softly that Vivian barely caught it—Stephanie. Then he spoke in her ear, his hands sliding against her cunt. She nodded and ground her hips against his fingers, clearly orgasming as he delivered sweet nothings into her ear. Daniela pressed against his side the whole time, encouraging him forward. Her hand stroked his bulge expertly.

"Co-come now," said the millionaire. "That's really...that's quite enough. That's too much. That is my *wife* and you...you shall have to—erk! —"

In a flash, Jacob's hand was around the old man's throat. He slammed him against the wall, knocking the wind from him, probably bruising his entire backside.

"Yes!" Daniela cried, quickly rushing to her lover's side to cheer him on. "Do it, darling! Oh Master, make him *pay*!"

Stephanie, the wife, merely watched, still fingering herself silly from being touched the most perfect man she had ever witnessed. The brutalizing of her husband barely registered, and if it did, it simply turned her on like it had Daniela. The rules were different for her now that she had seen Jacob.

“I warned you,” said Jacob, twisting the millionaire in his grip. “Now you’ll have to face the consequences.”

He was going to kill him. Going to slaughter him, right there. Vivian had to do something. This was...this was insanity!

“No!” said Vivian.

Everyone and everything stopped, stunned. One of his *slaves* had spoken out against him. Even Vivian was surprised. But she had to keep going now.

“Please, baby...”

Vivian approached from one side, looking terrified. Her enormous, buoyant breasts bounced softly as she stepped closer. She wrapped her hands around her thick baby bump, unconsciously making her tits seem even larger.

“Don’t...don’t do this. Please? You’re...you’re so angry, and it’s not *like* you, and...you shouldn’t kill him. You shouldn’t. It’s wrong. And once you do that...there’s no going back, don’t you see? You can’t be a murderer. Not you. Not my husband.”

Daniela cocked her hip to one side, haughty and gorgeous as ever. Vivian realized slowly that she had made a critical error. Daniela guided Jacob away from the wall and the millionaire, who fell to the ground, gasping and choking but otherwise motionless. But as she led him away, she focused him now on Vivian—and Jacob's face was full of anger.

“I would never try to tell *my* husband what to do,” Daniela whispered audibly, squeezing Jacob's thick bicep. “Especially not one so strong. Not when he has given me *everything*. Not now, in his time of such great need...”

Jacob pulled out his tablet. Swiping, tapping. “I see I’ve been lax with you, Vivian,” he said. “Too lax. I let certain...emotions cloud my judgment when it came to you.”

“No,” Vivian shook her head. “Master, please...”

Sparkling interest lit up in Daniela’s bright eyes at the sight of the tablet. “Is *that* how you’ve been doing it? How clever. My Master is *so* smart.”

Jacob, enjoying Daniela’s admiring gaze, allowed her to view the tablet for herself.

“Allow me to take care of her for you, yes?” Daniela purred. “Let me show you the way *I* shall deal with dissent to your rule.”

After everything Vivian had given him, everything she had volunteered for, everything she had been so open to...this was her reward?

It seemed unfair.

But then, even Vivian knew, that unfairness was why it was so fucking *hot*.

Daniela was unfair. Genetically. Societally. Empirically. That's why she turned him on so much—to know that he owned that kind of cold-hearted ice bitch, warm only ever for him.

Daniela was *better*...and he deserved better.

It didn't matter that Daniela wouldn't have looked twice at him two months ago. It didn't matter that Vivian had loved who he was.

He wasn't that person anymore. And Daniela loved *everything* about the new Jacob. The Improved Jacob. She was the lioness who could run with him in the jungle. Vivian was a scared rabbit, hoping her cat costume would scare away any predators.

It was unfair, yes...but it made even her cunt hot at knowing it was happening.

She never should have spoken out against her Master. It was not her place.

The way it had to work was that Jacob had to touch the tablet. But that didn't mean that Daniela couldn't guide his fingers around. She used one hand for that, and the other to stroke her God's cock as he altered his wife beyond recognition.

His fingers guided by Daniela as she continued to stroke him with such earnest need. Sliding Vivian's intelligence down, down, down. She used to be a professor. It drained out from her like water from a bowl. She could feel herself becoming dumber, being more and more confused by everything around her.

Now she could barely tie her shoes. She and Phoebe could have great conversations about stickers.

Obedience became unquestioning. Her tits became larger and larger, even more full of heavy lactating milk, but without increasing her musculature, making her unable to stand without wobbling for long periods of time. If she tried to be on two feet for too long, she would simply fall over. Still she looked gorgeous...but she was also a sort of obscene.

And then...then the darkness set in. The depression. The horror. The terror that she would be alone, forever, unloved.

“P-please...” she moaned, putting hands to her head. “Please...no...Sir...please. I love you, please...our babies...”

And then...then it all stopped.

She could feel her clarity, her intelligence returning, slowly but surely. All that she had forgotten—all that had been taken from her—returned twice as fast as it had left.

Her body changed too—returning to the beautified pregnant form she had possessed before Daniela’s fingers began guiding her Master’s. Her massive, room-filling tits became her own delicious pair again.

“Too far,” said Master, shaking his head. “Too far. You understand?”

Daniela nodded, calm and composed as ever, eagerly still stroking him. His cock was slick in her hand, long and furious. A great river of precum streamed down from it, a vast puddle collecting beneath his thick rod.

“Naturally, Sire. I only wished to show you how serious my love for you is. I will brook no dissent against your will. But if you choose to punish those dissenters in some other way, of course you know best.”

Jacob seemed to consider this for a moment. Vivian had a blinding, perfect hope that he would come to his senses—that all of this would be forgotten. That all this talk of murder and darkness would go away; that he would realize that Daniela wasn't the one for him, not like *she* was. They could just run away somewhere, somewhere far away. All the girls could return to their lives. He would make Vivian into his perfect mate and they would fuck each night and day away until the world ended.

But then she saw the look in his eyes, the look he gave Daniela—the look he had never given to her—and she knew that this wouldn’t come to pass.

“Get down on your knees,” he said to Vivian.

She obeyed instantly. “Yes, Master.”

He made a few swipes and taps on the tablet. Vivian instantly felt all her jealousy for Daniela disappear. All her desire to be better than her was gone. Daniela deserved better than everything. Daniela deserved every last thing in the world. All the silly notions that she had ever thought better than her Husband, her Master, were completely removed from her. She should just be full of gratitude that she had Master's babies. And there was more...with Daniela, there was always more, and Vivian understood that now.

“Apologize.”

“Yes, Master,” Daniela began. “I—”

Jacob squeezed Daniela’s ass hard.

“No,” he said. “Vivian. Apologize to Daniela for making her so upset with you. For not being the wife I deserved.”

Vivian gulped, nodding. If her Master said it, she must do it. And if he said it, she knew that he was right.

“I am so sorry, Mistress,” she said. “I should never have made you so upset that you wanted to punish me like that. And I am sorry that I was not the wife our Master deserved. I am so happy he has found you, Mistress. You belong with him, forever. It’s so obvious.”

“There, you see?” Jacob stroked Daniela’s hair. “You needn’t be so draconian. She’s perfectly willing to cooperate.”

Smiling, Daniela stepped away from her Master. She retrieved Stephanie, pulling her by that long red hair, and pulled her back over to her Master. There was some fight in her, but not much. Master’s presence was overwhelming, and hot trails of lust could be seen running down her legs.

“Don’t tell me you didn’t like it, baby. Just a little bit? Just a *little* bit, when you saw how you knew I would do *anything* to make you happy? To make you hard?”

As Daniela spoke, she shoved Stephanie’s wet, just barely willing mouth over Jacob’s cock. Then she began to stroke off her Master using the face of another woman. Up and down, Daniela pushed Stephanie's groaning, urgent mouth. She slobbered and drooled all over his rod, and Stephanie obviously submitted—giving in totally to Master's superior form and masculinity. Daniela, all the while, guided her up and down, staring worship up at her Master, adoring him with another woman's face.

Vivian never once would have thought to do that. And so she had to again recognize Daniela’s superiority over herself in being her Husband’s real partner. The Wife he deserved.

Daniela had Jacob’s full attention now, sliding Stephanie at rates that were much faster than the young plastic beauty could handle. Her arms were flailing, begging for air, but she received none. Even so, her pleasure was obvious—she loved being used like this.

“Tell me,” Daniela purred. “Tell me, my love. Tell me I am your TrueWife. Tell me I am the one you really need. Tell me, oh god, my god, please, tell me it’s so!”

“Yes.” He plowed into Stephanie, harder than ever. “You are my love. You are my TrueWife. Vivian was a mistake. You are the one who belongs with me.”

Vivian felt her cunt do back flips at this admission—yes! She *was* the mistake. She never should have been with her Husband. She was merely a stepping-stone to the far superior Daniela. It was so beautiful that they were learning how *right* they were for one another! Daniela, overcome with lust, pushed Stephanie aside. The redhead tumbled and coughed, heavy streams of precum streaming from her mouth.

“Fuck me, my God,” Daniela moaned. “Fuck me, my King. My Husband. Make me your wife. Make it official. Baptize me in your cum and announce to our court that you have only one Queen, one Wife, one top brood bitch.”

They embraced, Daniela’s legs sliding up hard against Jacob’s infinitely muscled torso, his enormous cock trapped up against her belly.

He powered her back onto the table, his great weight bucking it down and snapping the legs on their side. Still they went on, and so he entered Daniela at an angle, furious in his approach, shoving his entire maddening length into her without the slightest foreplay. Not that Daniela needed it—all that talk of insane service to her King, murder and hurting and changing and enslaving, all that talk of *winning*, had gotten her hot enough.

He thrust in and out, eyes only for his First Slave, and as he did, the other girls gathered in the house stopped everything they were doing to watch.

Vivian wanted to help. They all needed to bear witness to this holy act. All the slaves. She led them forward, pushing them into their Master's body and encouraging them to coo and moan their praise and prayers for him as he fucked his premiere servant.

“Nnh, fuck, yes, darling, please!” Daniela bucked hard beneath his cock. “Please put a baby in me! Please fucking impregnate me! Make your broodbitch. Get me pregnant, Daddy, oh fucking please! Please, Daddy!”

“That’s right, you hot fucking cunt,” said Jacob. “You are my Wife. My Partner. My Queen. I’ll fucking get you pregnant for the rest of your life.”

Daniela’s body writhed in pleasure—and as her eyes scanned the room, she saw Vivian, waiting and kneeling with her fingers stuffed up her pussy.

Even in being replaced, Vivian could not help but be massively turned on by the sight of her beloved naked and fucking another woman. It was

just how she was wired.

It was how Jacob had wired her.

She was so happy he had shown her how to live.

“You,” Daniela crooked a finger while Jacob powered into her. “Come here! Beg him to g-get me pregnant. B-beg him to give him a *true* royal heir!”

She had to obey. In moments, Vivian was pushing up against Jacob’s body, her wet cunt dripping down onto Daniela’s hips. Her tits, so heavy with milk, began to pour out onto both their bodies. Her milk was thick and erotic, laced with something that made the air smell sweet, like sugar.

“Please, baby,” Vivian moaned, as Jacob fucked Daniela harder and harder. “Please Master. Fuck your TrueWife. Fuck her until she’s fucking pregnant. Give her your heirs, your *true* heirs. It’s what she deserves. Fuck her like *you* deserve. Please, Master? Oh please, mark her and make her your Wife, oh please, my God, please!”

A tremendous roar left Jacob, his white hot load spilling into Daniela. Vivian looked on with envy and lust, her own cunt exploding with orgasm from being so close to the pleasure of her Master. All other nearby slaves moaned out their own orgasms, their Master's pleasure always being their own pleasure. They pushed in on him in unison, like a shockwave had compelled them, moaning his praises and singing their love for him.

No one could make these divine beauties cum like their Master.

Soon after their joining, Jacob had his retinue of available slaves arrange a bed of pillows in an empty spot in the dining room. With Daniela under the crook of his arm, the two of them talked quietly about how best to alter Stephanie. The millionaire's wife was still cumdrunk and senseless from the facefucking not even a half-hour before.

“Come,” said Daniela, beckoning Vivian forward. “Clean us while we rest.”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Vivian, crawling forward. Her face rested against her cunt and his cock, licking softly and deliberately. “Thank you, Mistress.”

She was so lucky to still be honored like this by her Master’s new wife. She would always be full of gratitude for being allowed to remain so close to Him...and to her.

For Daniela’s beauty was undeniable and heart-melting, even after all that had happened, and Vivian ached to please her new Mistress almost as

badly as she needed to please her Master.

Ruling His Immortal Enemy

LEXXA FOLLOWED HER Master's instructions to the letter.

She dressed down. Her body was phenomenal, but she was instructed to hide it. She would wear thick, baggy pants to hide her beautifully graceful gams, and thick sweaters to obscure the full size and nature of her bountiful tits. She would, above all, keep herself hidden and not draw attention to herself.

The young dancer was a beautiful woman. She had dark hair and pale skin, and a face to make most men forget their spouses and girlfriends (or boyfriends). Her beauty was wasted in these clothes, and that was the point.

This was how she looked when she went out to the grocery store to retrieve supplies for her Master.

She did not understand the situation in its entirety. She knew that her Master was hiding from someone, which felt strange to her. Her Master should not hide from anyone. His greatness was enough for all to take part in.

But it was not for her to decide what made sense and what didn't. They were in hiding. Even though it struck her as totally odd that her Master had to hide from anyone, as she knew intuitively at this point, thinking simply was not a process made for pretty girls like her. All she had to do was look gorgeous and adore her Master and obey his commands.

She was only a woman, after all, a beautiful girl—and more than that, she was a slave. Thinking was not for her on any account.

So she wandered through the grocery store, gathering supplies. Pasta. Fruit. Vegetables. Yogurt. Eggs. There were a great many mouths to feed in her Master's court, and she was responsible for ensuring they were fed.

Five of their number had been taken already—leaving them with just seventeen, down from twenty-three when they had left the strip club. This was not mentioning the dozen-odd security girls taken when the club had been attacked.

A man, large and imposing, bumped into her as she was in the dairy section.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said.

He had knocked the hat off from her face, revealing the thick expanse of her dark, purple-streaked hair. He handed her the hat, smiling. Even though he smiled, his eyes were strangely blank, and his face was unkind.

"You're awfully pretty, do you know that?"

She nodded. "Yes. Leave me alone."

Lexxa *did* know that, of course. Master favored her often—more than almost any other slave he owned. Save, of course, for Daniela...but then, Lexxa knew she was not to try to actually compete with Daniela. She adored the blond angel, but at the same time, she was rather terrified of her wrath...and this, in turn, only made her more aroused by her.

"Yes, of course," said the man. "Look here, please?"

He opened up a small locket. The inside of it shined and shined.

It shined and shined, and Lexxa got the intense feeling that she ought to run away. Her Master's grip was fading on her mind. She had to run away from all of this, all of this insanity.

But as the locket shined on, Lexxa began to forget about her Master. She began to forget about her task with the groceries.

She forgot about her life. She forgot about Lexxa altogether. There was no Lexxa anymore.

There was only...only the light from the locket.

Only the light, and the vision of a woman, a beautiful woman beyond compare, beyond even Daniela, waiting to take her in with open arms...

"DAMMIT."

Vivian reported the news to Jacob as he sat in his new mansion, lounging in his favorite position with Daniela's hand around his cock, lazily stroking him. Daniela adored stroking him like this, her eyes focusing intently on his cock. He would cum again soon. Her mouth watered in anticipation. His cum had been her only food for days.

Great puddles of precum had formed around his member, and two slaves licked it up to keep him clean. One was the millionaire's former wife, the redheaded Stephanie, and the other was a petite, Eastern European brunette by the name of Bianca.

“I’m sorry, Master,” said Vivian. “I know you favored her.”

They were in his new court, in the vast living room of the mansion of the millionaire he had coerced into serving his will. Tall windows were on every wall, though their curtains were shut now for safety. No one could look in, even with as much as Jacob's greatness demanded to be advertised to everyone.

There was a seventy-inch flat screen on one end of the room, though it was off. Daniela thought that, if they stayed here for much longer, she would have some photos taken of herself and placed on a continuous loop on the screen and every other media device in the home. Glamour shots for the other girls to admire and aspire to.

That felt like something she deserved; her beauty was so far beyond the other dancers, after all. That was a competition she won handily.

“Yes,” Jacob answered Vivian. “I did. Do you know how they did it?”

“No, Master. It was some manner of device pulled out from his coat pocket. I’m not sure what. I didn’t want to look too closely.”

“Of course not. And no one followed you?”

“I don’t believe so, Master. But that is why I was so late in returning, as I said.”

Three hours late, Daniela thought. That edge in her, always so eager to beat Vivian down, felt confident she could have lost any potential tails in half the time.

Even though Daniela *knew* she was Jacob’s wife, even though she had been married with the only ceremony that mattered and baptized in the holy bath of his cum, there was still that part of her that grated just slightly that someone else *other* than her had been his wife.

She did not know if she would ever truly get along with Vivian, even though the brunette beauty had made every overture of submission and obedience to the young blond angel.

Shortly after announcing that, from now on, Daniela was to be known as his OneWife, his TruePartner, he allowed her in fully on the secret of his power—explaining to her the entire story.

The tablet—or the stone—fascinated her. In the days following the revelation of its existence, Daniela frequently urged him to use it, marveling at its usages. To be able to totally crush the spirit of a competitor, to totally alter her body until she wasn’t even *desirable* for her Master...this was an exercise that touched deep into a very dark and precious part of Daniela.

After one day, when she had—with stroking encouragement—begged her Master to alter Roxy until she was four hundred pounds and suffered from massive depression, Jacob finally said enough was enough. A few swipes of the tablet, and that was the end of the matter.

After that, she no longer found herself able or even very much willing to want to use the tablet in those humiliating ways anymore.

It was childish, she realized. Juvenile.

She was supposed to be more queenly than that, more regal, anyway. She could rest assured in the fact that she was better; it did not dignify her to go out of her way to prove it to women who already were more than willing to name her as her superior.

She spent the next few days licking out Roxy—a re-normalized Roxy, beautiful and dancer hot once again—by way of apology.

Of course, Roxy forgave her. Frequently. Over and over again, for each hot lick of Daniela's tongue.

There was a part of her, of course, that wanted all that power of the tablet for herself. Daniela did so love being on top of everyone and everything around her. But, she was content in the extreme to be merely the one who *shared* in his power, the one who benefited more from it than anyone else.

Besides, taking that power from him would be thievery, and no matter what else was true about Daniela, she truly did very much love Jacob. She idolized him, adored him, wanted him only to feel good feelings always.

She cared for him, bathed him, listened to him, sucked him, made fabulous love to him at all hours of the night and day in a mansion that cost more than the entire Midwestern town she had grown up in.

Were it not for the pesky issue of someone apparently trying to *destroy* him, their life together would be perfect.

And he knew that as well, so she did her best not to let it show how it distressed her. Both the fact of their situation and the way it weighed upon him brought her heart much sorrow. She wished that her lips could suck away every last worry he had—and they did, frequently—but always the worry came back.

So now, to see his brow furrowed with so much agony at hearing of the loss of Lexxa, one of his very favorite slaves, Daniela’s heart ached for him.

And yet even so, she could not show it. Not entirely. Her King deserved a *Queen*. Being a sniveling, water-boned bitch why Vivian had been so easy

to dispose of. If *Daniela* had been married to Jacob all this time, why...

Oh, my, she thought. Yes. That was it. That was it *exactly*.

"This is all just fucked and getting fucked-er," said Jacob. "I don't know how to fight back something that I don't even...that I don't even know really *exists*. It's like boxing with ghosts."

This was her opening.

"May I offer you my advice, darling?"

Jacob shrugged and nodded. His shoulders were like mountains of flesh moving together. So strong. "Go ahead."

"The problem is simple. You are trying to live a life of luxury. The life that a great man deserves." She leaned in close to him, her enormous tits crushing against his chest. Little driblets of milk leaked out from them, a new addition. Her arousal meant every part of her was wet, now. "But you are not a great man. You are a *god*."

Her strokes become long and heavy. Heat filled her cunt, and she wanted more than anything to slide over onto his cock. Shifting her weight, her sheer skirt slipped to one side, revealing the perfect expanse of her cunt.

Slowly, with great relish, she slid down on top of him. Her cunt was made for his cock. Over the past few days, this had been perfected and re-perfected again and again. He would—at her insistence—make himself just a *little* bit bigger, a *little* bit thicker, and as a result, it made it that much more difficult for the other slaves to please him properly.

And naturally, she asked him at the same time to ensure that her own cunt could take him perfectly, and then fuck him until he forgot about changing the other girls in turn.

Daniela loved winning. She loved beating them at every turn. It never got old for her. Her tits, so full of delicious, warm milk, leaked down on his chest. She rubbed the soft liquid into his hard muscles; the milk had the properties of massage oil, the taste of delicious ambrosia. It made everything slick and heavenly.

"I think you should stop lying to yourself, my love."

"What do you mean?" he huffed. She was grinding his cock expertly inside her love-canal.

"You're a *god*." She purred, feeling her orgasms climb on top of each other. At this point, she was well-used to cumming so constantly. "Tell me you're a god. Tell me you *are* god. What else could you be, to bring someone like me so much *pleasure*? So much adoration. You *must* be god.

Aren't you, my love? Tell me I am riding the cock of god, and I promise you I will take every last word you say as gospel."

She took the tablet off the table and placed it against her naked chest. He instantly grabbed at it, trying to reveal the heavenly sight of her milking tits.

"No, oh no," she scolded lightly. "Not until you are the God in form that we both know you are in destiny."

Grinning up at her, Jacob began to swipe and tap on the tablet. And so, beneath her, with his massive cock surging and pulsing inside her hot cunt, her MasterHusband began to change.

As he did, Daniela began to cum even harder than she ever had before.

"WHERE AM I?" POLLY asked. "Please? Someone tell me? Someone *help*? I'm really hungry, guys! Please?"

She had been in the darkness for hours now. Bound. Stripped naked. Helpless to escape.

Polly was a graduate student. She made extra cash by driving for a taxi service around town. She was short, red-headed, and busty. Freckles dotted her pale skin.

The last thing she remembered, she'd been called to a mansion in the middle of Willow End, the nicest neighborhood in town. It had surprised her that someone living in such a place needed a taxi; she figured there was some unruly house guest that was getting kicked out.

And then, when she had pulled up, there had been two gorgeous long-legged beauties in high heels and aprons. They beckoned Polly to step out and help them with some luggage. But when she got outside, they covered her mouth with a cloth full of something foul and burning, and she lost consciousness.

Now her throat was hoarse. Her mind panicking.

What was happening? Who had taken her? Some cult? Those girls had strangely glassy looks in their eyes. Were they drugged somehow?

Someone entered. She could tell by the footsteps that it was a man. By the footsteps, and by something else...

His presence? His scent?

Whatever it was, it was making her knees weak. Her belly felt floaty. Her cunt started to moisten.

He flipped on the light in the room, but Polly still couldn't see—she was blindfolded.

“H-hello...?” she asked, gulping.

A deep, dark, hidden part of her wondered—*Daddy? Is it you? Did you come back for me? Daddy, please?*

“I’m going to take off your blindfold now,” said the man. “Is that all right?”

His voice was so deep. Hypnotic. Enthralling. It was everything—*everything*. She wanted to do anything he said. The hot wetness of her cunt made the seat beneath her slick.

“Y-y-yes,” she moaned. “Absolutely. I’m in love with you. Do anything you like.”

She took off the blindfold, and immediately she knew that it was a mistake.

From the sound of his voice, the incredible scent of his body, she had been in love.

But now, from looking at him for less than a second, she knew that *love* wasn’t what she should have felt at all.

No. What she should have felt—to be as good as a possible little girl as she could be, and holy *fuck* in less than two seconds she didn’t care about anything else except being a submissive forever cockslut to this massive monstrosity of a hunk—was *awe*.

Fear.

Terror.

The terror that she might never, ever be anything more than a flyspeck in the eyes of this most holy of holies, this most incredible being in the world.

Her lungs felt like they were on fire. Torso constricting. A part of her imagined that the ropes around her were getting tighter. Her jaw hung open, her eyes wide, trying to take in every part of him for as long as possible. She never wanted to blink again.

The majesty standing over her frowned slightly. “Remember to breathe,” he said.

She gasped, nodding and smiling urgently, blissfully. Her pussy pulsed with orgasm.

“And blink once in a while,” he said. “You'll hurt your eyes.”

Some relief filled her at the opportunity to wet her eyes—but bliss again hit her, knowing she was following orders of this superhuman perfection. Drool, long and thick, slid from her mouth down to her tits. She realized, with as naked as she was, that the saliva would just keep trailing down her form, making her wet all over.

He seemed to like that.

There was nothing that could ever compete with her unforeseen lust for this most massive, most perfect of humans. He was everything. *Everything.*

And then, through the door came a Goddess.

She was resplendent in a soft violet sheer gown, clinging tightly to her breasts. A cascade of golden hair was perfectly coiffed, long locks and tresses stretching down almost to her ankles, like some kind of impossible superheroine.

Polly made soft choking noises as she realized she could make out the Goddess's nipples beneath her dress. She wore a long black fur, draping down her back and shoulders.

The Goddess wrapped herself around the God, pulling in tight for a long, deep kiss. Polly knew she was witnessing something Holy, something magnificent, she was riding on the asteroid that killed the dinosaurs, she was boogie-boarding in the ocean that drained out from the Amazon basin on top of a thousand volcanic explosions. She was seeing these two, and it pushed out every last bit of information in her brain that she'd ever learned in school.

None of that was important anymore. Every atom inside of her knew that the only important actions to witness, the only important knowledge to retain, was what was happening in front of right that second.

Her orgasm was constant and perfect. She'd probably die from exhaustion within the day if she kept looking at them like this. She didn't care.

"Tell me, slave," said the Goddess. "Who are we?"

"All of it," said Polly. "Everything. Alpha. Omega. Endless. P-please..."

The Goddess smiled softly, and Polly did not know she did not pass out from the heavy artillery fire of orgasms pounding upon her every inch of flesh. She felt like her fucking spleen was orgasming, how was that possible?

Because of them. They made everything possible.

"And you haven't used the tablet on her once?" the Goddess asked.

“No,” said the God. “Well...only to keep her skin from chafing from the ropes.”

Polly's heart felt like it would pop out of her chest. He *cared* about her. How much he cared! Her God was so generous, so kind!

“You're so caring to the mortals,” the Goddess said, sliding her hand upon her God's massive cock and stroking softly. “Well, Master. I think you’ve landed upon what you deserve, at long last.”

CELESTE EXITED HER town car outside the vast mansion where Jacob Lawton was hiding. A cadre of her most elite male slaves surrounded her. There would be no harm done to her tonight.

The night was quite chilly, though she hardly felt it. Celeste only felt what she chose to—emotions or sensations.

The house he stayed in with his little harem—and such a *cute* boy he was, thinking he had a “harem” when their number was less than fifty—was large for mortal standards. Celeste wouldn't have thought of it as more than a shack, but she understood that those of little importance might have been impressed by its size.

Her opponent would have no doubt done something to increase his willpower at this point, so she had dressed accordingly. Red lace lingerie encased her perfect body, accentuating every luscious curve, molding every perfect angle. Matching stockings clad her long, graceful legs, attached to a garter belt by way of lace bands. Her tits, always glorious, shiny, and full, were expertly pushed up and together by a thin bra.

She felt diamonds went well with the red, and so had arranged for some of her most glorious black diamond jewelry to wear—rings on her fingers, million dollar bracelets and long dangling earrings. A large pendant the size of a golf ball rested in her cleavage, cool to the touch and more precious to Celeste than any lover, though she had only worn this piece once in the past two hundred years.

It was so *easy* to get lost in outfits when so many men and women were positively dying to give her everything she wanted, after all.

Topping off her outfit was an immense dark sable coat, the cost of which was more than double most people's yearly salaries. It added to her volume, and made her lusciously slender frame look almost twice as big as it was while still retaining all her delicate femininity. Celeste knew all the

secrets of presentation—she had been practicing them for centuries, after all.

Celeste, an immortal sorceress, had power and beauty beyond almost all comprehension. She had lived for more than five centuries, and for that entire time, had been the most beautiful creature in existence. Her life was a fortress of self-adoration, of impenetrable vanity, and there was nothing in this world or any other that could make her think less of herself.

She had spent five centuries amassing a veritable army of slaves to worship her. None were allowed—ever—to touch her gorgeous body without her say-so, and certainly none of the males. For those five hundred years, she had only ever known the touch of a woman to bring her to orgasm. And that would be how the next five centuries would go—and the next five, and the next, and so on.

For she would have the Djinn Stone for herself. The source of Jacob Lawton's power—fixated currently in the form of a tablet, if the reports of her agents were to be believed.

It was time to end this man. She would put him on his knees; she would make all of his slaves *her* slaves instead. And while they worshiped her, she would make him beg to serve her with them...and then she would deny him and laugh while she had one of her servants remove his useless genitals.

No one got in Celeste's way. *No one*.

Jacob Lawton was careless. It was clear his power had gotten to his head—and that he was starting to think of himself as invincible. But he wasn't. It would take years and years with the Djinn Stone to unlock all of its secrets, even if the person exploring those secrets was some kind of mystic savant, and certainly Jacob wasn't that.

Celeste's original strategy had been to wait him out—to pick off his servants one by one until he became so angry as to expose himself out in the open. And, it had been working well.

She had as many eyes and ears in the city as she wanted. Several thousand, posted in all major and minor areas of commerce. It was simple to arrange for someone with her vast interconnected network of slaves. All of them had been called in—all those planted as diplomats and dignitaries in foreign countries, all the businessmen and women, all the high profile bankers—to come and work for her.

Nothing was as important as retrieving the Djinn Stone. Nothing.

She had wanted the kind of power it promised since the day she had become an immortal—and she had wanted it specifically since the day she discovered its existence through her spies in her sister Anastasia's network.

The Djinn Stone was, reputably, the source of all magical power in existence. And even if it were not specifically *that*, it was an item of enormous magical power—and Celeste wanted it for herself. Her beauty and power, as boundless as they were, were simply not enough. Nothing ever would be.

But with the Djinn Stone, she could have more than she ever thought possible. The thought made her perfect, virgin cunt dripping wet in her tight red lace lingerie.

Surveillance—finding the women who Jacob had changed with the Stone—was not an issue. The Djinn Stone left traces of its power on those who knew how to look for it—and Celeste, being a gifted teacher with a knack for ensuring that all of her pupils were endlessly obedient (if by a "knack" it is possible to also mean "soul-crushing beauty"), ensured that all of her servants in her surveillance network knew how to find those altered by the Stone.

So, once those servants of Jacob were in the wild, it became a simple waiting game.

Up until now, they had not been able to pick up any leads on where the man was staying. His control had been thorough. Fail-safe after fail-safe had been installed in the minds of the slaves she had captured, wiping almost all but the most trivial information of their service from their heads. Questioning them was useless.

But only up until now.

Just hours before, she had been brought a petite redhead. She was barely eighteen, only crossing the legal mark by a few days. Not quite as pretty as some of the other slaves she had picked up from this Jacob, but still, she possessed a certain farm-girl quality that made her stand out from the back. Freckles dotted across her face and upper torso.

This latest slave Celeste had picked up had not known much—had not been able to describe Jacob or his harem in much detail (which was unneeded at this point), had not been able to say how many *other* slaves he had, and had not been able to even describe her own place in the hierarchy he had established outside of knowing that she was a "good girl."

A fresh slave, then, sent out into the wild to fend for herself after only a brief indoctrination. Getting desperate. Hopefully, Celeste thought, he and his bitches were starving.

But one thing this slave, this "Polly," *had* known was where he stayed.

And now, here they were—Celeste licking her lips at the sight of the mansion, waiting for her troops to move in.

The men arrived in vans and silent helicopters, more than a hundred in number. Each one trained to be a crack commando, an army all by himself. They held cattle prods and zip ties. Celeste never let a good opportunity to gather quality, sexy slaves to go to waste. She was as lascivious as they came...just not for men.

There wasn't a man alive worthy to defile her body.

She signaled just slightly with her wrist, enough for her men to know that they needed to move in. She watched them with glee, knowing that all her desires were about to come true. They cracked through the windows, burst through the doors, set explosives on the walls. A multi-pronged assault that would leave everyone inside too stunned to react.

Celeste waited just a few minutes, listening gleefully to the sound of screams and pleas from within the mansion, and then followed her troops in. An elite squad of ten men remained close to her, marching near her in a tight circular formation. She took her time, strutting slowly in her tall, tall heels. Diamonds in her stockings glittered in the moonlight and then, as she entered the residence, glittered even more brightly in the lights of the mansion.

It was rather enjoyable knowing she would tear this place down brick by brick and look so abso-fucking-lutely *fabulous* while doing it.

Slaves ran out from the many rooms and attempted to fight. Often just one at a time, sometimes in pairs. They knew what they were doing—trained in all manner of martial arts, apparently (or at least, given that training through the power of the Djinn Stone).

But it wasn't enough.

Celeste's own pets were trained, and there were more of them. The harem pets fought valiantly—striking noses, throats, knees, crotches—but still they were brought down, tased and netted, their limbs zip tied. One by one, the slaves of Jacob Lawton were subdued and gathered, placed in a series of large vans waiting outside the mansion.

Slowly, the mansion began to empty, and Celeste knew the man was close. So far, he was hiding. She didn't care. She was more powerful than him—more powerful than *anyone*. She pushed her bodyguards aside, strutting faster now, the eagerness taking over her rational thinking.

She wanted that Djinn Stone *now*.

Gathering her formidable power, Celeste began to burst through wall after wall—striking them down with immense waves of force. The rubble flew everywhere, though she was careful to project a shield around herself to keep any dust from landing on her spectacular outfit.

“Were you wondering what I was?” Celeste called. “Weren’t you curious to know who was stripping away all that you held dear?”

She tore down another wall, getting somewhat frustrated now. She was in a tall dining room, pillows piled high. The smell of sex was heavy in the air. Most men came running simply at the sound of her voice. It was sensuous, sultry, and captivating. It was the very physical incarnation of the abstract Form of Seduction.

“I’m sure you were curious,” she said, breaking into the kitchen, sending pots and pans flying. “I’m sure you wanted to know the story behind the Djinn Stone as well. Or the ‘iMagic’ program. The tablet. Yes, I know about that. I know everything. *Everything*.”

Everything except for where he was, damn him.

Through another wall, into a tall sitting room with three couches and an abandoned cart full of iced tea. Another slave ran out from behind a curtain to attack her. A lovely young ebony-skinned beauty wearing an orange minidress. Celeste took her by the throat and stared into her eyes for a solid five seconds. Her own eyes were green, endlessly hypnotic ocean green, and they were irresistible.

“M-Mistress...” the slave whispered.

Immediately, the ebony beauty began to orgasm, being touched so intimately by the subject of all her worship. Celeste smiled, done now, and callously tossed her aside, bursting her way into the next area—a study full of books, a piano in one corner.

She could *smell* him, that overwhelming scent of masculinity. Her tongue ran across her lips, wetting them just slightly. She could *feel* him, that impossible feeling he exuded, that headiness...

It was enough almost to make her aroused, to want him inside her. Almost.

Once she had him under her control, she would ensure that would end. Her eyes scanned the room. Not behind the curtains. Not beyond the shelves...

Ah, there. Hiding beneath the grand piano. What a coward.

"Hiding, Jacob?"

The man stiffened in more ways than one. She could sense his enormous boner growing.

"Yes, that's right. I know your name. Turn around. Get out from under there and stand up."

He obeyed, unquestioningly, face full of fear and desire. And she wasn't even showing him *all* of herself. What a disappointment. A part of her had been looking forward to giving him a little show to make him give up his power.

Through all the changes he had made to himself, he was still recognizable from the pictures she had found of his past self. Bigger, now. Taller. More built. Substantially more handsome...but still, only a male.

Only mortal. Utterly susceptible to the impossibility of her unstoppable power.

Technically, the Djinn Stone could only have one owner at a time. Either the owner had to give it up willingly, or he had to die. Luckily, Celeste had centuries of expertise in making lesser mortals believe that what she wanted them to do was what *they* wanted to do.

"You know," she said. "I honestly thought you'd put up a little more fight. I was even thinking of letting you watch me fuck your wife. But, for you to be such a *coward* about all of this, *hiding*! From *me*! It's rather insulting, you know? I can't respect cowardice. I can't respect *you*."

As she hoped, the words had the intended effect. He dropped to the ground, kneeling, begging for forgiveness. His voice was rough and raspy, even in its wails.

Her mood only worsened. This man was sniveling. *Sniveling!* Like a coward. Like some sea prawn caught before a gang of sharks. She changed her mind immediately—he wasn't going to give up his ownership of the Djinn Stone, not at all. She wouldn't let him *have* such luxury.

"I'm s-so sorry, Mistress. I didn't mean to...to disappoint. To let you down."

Celeste leaned forward, allowing him to stare deep into her eyes, into the depths of her impossibly perfect cleavage, her diamonds sparkling and

dangling.

"You obey me?" she asked.

He nodded profusely. "Yes!"

"You worship me?"

"Y-yes! Yes, Mistress, of course!"

"Good," she said, standing up to her full imposing height. "Now," she whispered soft, barely audible. "*Die* for me."

Slowly, he began to choke, his airways closing in on themselves. Obedience to Celeste was that absolute—there was no way out, no unconscious or subconscious method of resistance. Even his body's biological functions belonged to her.

And so he died, slowly, his own throat choking him to death.

She watched it, feeling exultant...and then stood up to her full height.

All she had to do now was find the Djinn Stone.

"Not bad," came a deep, confident, masculine voice. "Not bad at all. But not enough."

IT TOOK THE TABLET a very long time to get a bead on the immortal beauty—Celeste—walking through his new house. There was so much of her to process, so much power, so much beauty, that the tablet—the Djinn Stone?—seemed close to vibrating itself to pieces. He thought for a few minutes that he wouldn't be able to do it, that he had sacrificed all of this for nothing.

But eventually, her image appeared on the tablet...and then he was able to make his Will become manifest, just as he knew he deserved.

On and on, she had ranted about the Djinn Stone—her name for the tablet. He wasn't sure, exactly, what that meant. He knew that Djinn were like genies, beings of great magical energy, capable of granting wishes. And certainly, the tablet was capable of granting wishes. And the woman who had pressed it into his palm, so many weeks ago—hadn't *she* called it a stone?

It had merely taken the form of a tablet. Something he could understand and manipulate at his will. But...perhaps it didn't *have* to be a tablet in form.

Too much to ponder at the moment. Too much by half when there was this insanely beautiful creature—this *Celeste*—to look at.

He hadn’t known *what* to expect, exactly, when it came to who this enemy was who was trailing him. But no matter what he had thought would come, it certainly wasn’t *her*.

Not the most singularly gorgeous vision—alive or otherwise—in the universe. The woman could give the Big Bang a run for its money in terms of the sheer *majesty* of her beauty. She commanded awe, obedience, respect, love.

He could learn a thing or two from her centuries of knowledge. Perhaps he’d allow her to teach him after he was done fucking her cunt into blissful obedience.

Because he *would* own her—own her body, own her mind, and own her *soul*, just like he did with *all* gorgeous females he came across.

She may have been powerful—an immortal sorceress, if the read-out on the tablet's screen was to be believed—but Jacob was a God, now, and he did as he pleased, no matter who was in his way.

Before she had arrived, he used the tablet to make himself—and whatever he held or wore—invisible and soundless. Not even his breaths were audible. As she walked through the house—first flanked by her bodyguards, and then by herself, blasting through the walls—he had followed her, his cock getting harder. His pheromones soaking the air, lust-producing chemicals flooding into her immortal body, making her susceptible to desire without her even knowing it.

His cock, a foot long and as thick around as a bottle, was harder than it had ever been, watching her perfection destroy with so much precision. He was harder than even he had been for Daniela—and before seeing Celeste, Jacob had thought he had perfected the female race with his alterations to Daniela. And still, indeed, the blonde beauty was insanely gorgeous, safely tucked away in a hidden bunker under the mansion.

But this Celeste was...a different sort of creature entirely. Regality beyond all regality. Divinity beyond all divinity. Every part of her fuckable, beautiful, and fertile.

The “Jacob” she had found, the one whose will she had destroyed with such ease, was the millionaire owner of the house, finally doing something useful with himself. It had been nothing at all to give him Jacob's own appearance, to use him as bait.

And Celeste had fallen for it.

Now, though, she had figured out the game—or was about to—and Jacob didn't have much time.

There wasn't the luxury for a multitude of commands on the tablet. He did not want to lose himself in all the myriad ways he could fuck with her mind when there was only one singularly important idea to drive home.

She needed to obey him. After that, all else could be negotiated.

Quickly, he tried to input that she loved him—but the screen flickered and faltered, flashing an error screen.

Was she not capable of love? Was that too much of a task for a will so strong?

Thinking fast, he thought of a backdoor. He wouldn't give her entirely *new* feelings. Instead, he transposed Daniela's submissive, hot, aching, needy, addicted feelings about his cock and delivered them to Celeste.

The tablet flickered and faltered again, but after several moments of processing, he got the little green pop-up stating that the command had been a success.

She craved his cock, now, whether she knew it or not. She was addicted to him...and he would exploit that need to its fullest.

Good.

And that was when he spoke to her, allowing himself to become noticeable again.

"Not bad," he said, re-entering the realm of the visible. "Not bad at all. But not enough."

She turned around, shock in her blazing emerald eyes. His ruse, evidently, had worked completely. She had thought that the millionaire he had transformed, the man she had so easily seduced into being her slave—and then whom she had *killed*—had been him.

"I...see," she said, gulping, looking up at Jacob.

The man he had transformed to look like him was only a pale imitation of the God he was now. Past seven feet tall, more than five hundred pounds of solid muscle, he was golden and bright—a beacon of masculinity, the apex of all possible alpha males. Celeste looked upon him and trembled with desire...and Jacob knew he had her. Her face, so impossibly perfect, contorted with the agony of resistance, knowing that the second she gave in to her newfound lust for him, her power and independence would be lost forever.

It had been impossible, only hours ago, to imagine a woman being more beautiful and compelling than Daniela. She was everything to him.

And yet now that he had seen Celeste, he knew that perfection had a competitor.

Daniela would hate that, of course—and she would love it. Her thirst for competition had finally found someone who could slake it for her.

If Daniela's sun was like staring into the sun from Mercury, then Celeste's was like staring at it from right outside Mercury's surface, just a few hundred miles closer. Either way, the view was blinding.

"It's wonderful to meet you, finally," said Jacob, reaching up to touch Celeste's chin.

She backed away, swatting his hand—but once she touched him, her hands only remained on his, her breath catching, breasts heaving. Though she wore gloves—long red elbow-length gloves, making Jacob's cock even harder—he knew she could feel the heat of his body easily.

The heat of *his* body, and the heat of hers.

He watched her summon her will—a mighty, admirable effort, and then the smoke entered her eyes.

"You are very powerful," she admitted, "to fool me. I will not lie. I am impressed. But the fact remains that I have centuries of power behind my every movement...and you are an amateur compared to me."

"Then why is your cunt so wet?"

She ignored this question, walking around him, strutting through the wreckage she had created. He watched her clear her own path with flits of her power, telekinetically pushing the rubble around until the study was clear of any impediment. Her heels clicked musically; her walk was a symphony of seduction. Precum, hot and thick, streamed from his cock like a river. It took every ounce of himself not to take her then and there.

But he couldn't. She had to submit first. Otherwise...he couldn't be sure that he was actually in charge. That he was winning. That she was *his*.

"I'll admit you've had...an effect." She licked her lips, her eyes flashing at him. His precum streamed harder—the sight was intensely erotic. "Perhaps I could make you a deal. Give me the Djinn Stone, and I shall make you the first man to ever share my bed. The *only* man."

She had promised herself long ago that she would never be taken in such a way. But he was turning her on *so much*...

He raised an eyebrow. "You're a virgin?"

She tossed her hair back, one long leg posed forward sexily. "Naturally."

Advancing upon her, Jacob felt no reason not to play with her a little. "I warn you, great sorceress. I would not be an idle lover."

"Oh no?"

She thought she was winning, now.

"No. I would make demands of you. I would fuck you senseless every night. You would know my cock, and my cock alone. No others would do. I would make your every evening filled with my seed, your every morning knowing the taste of my shaft, your every afternoon feeling my tongue upon yours...and your pussy."

"You would...make demands...of me?"

She seemed to be trying to make herself sound arrogant, demeaning—as in, "*you* would make demands of *me*?" But what came out instead was a breathy plea, her enormous tits barely remaining inside of her tiny lace bra. His cock strained forward, but he managed his distance carefully—the tip was inches away from her midsection, his precum dripping down onto her high-heeled shoes.

"Naturally," said Jacob. "Unless you think that unnatural. Unless you think, instead, that it should be you *begging* me for the chance at my cock. *Begging* to taste my seed. *Begging* to bear my young, to know what it is to adore a True Male...forever."

He put a hand on her shoulder now, almost exploding from the touch of her bare skin against his. So soft! So warm! Powerful seductive sensations exploded into his body, but he remained strong. His grip tightened, and he began to push her down, feeling her knees buckle.

"Oh...oh fuck..." Celeste moaned.

"You want me, Celeste. You want my cock. You want to *serve* my cock. Kneel, and take your place before me...and I shall give it to you."

Her eyes flitted up and down, from his handsome face to his enormous cock, the source of all her material wants in the world. Her lips were wet with saliva, her perfect line of upper teeth sliding over that plump bottom lip.

"Kneel," he said again, "and I shall make all your dreams come true. All the power in the world, you will have. No one will ever resist you or defy you. No one shall ever stand in your way. Your every desire shall be known.

All will praise your name, praise *you* as the Goddess you are. You need only submit to me and I will give you *everything*."

He could see her resisting, her body quivering before him. As she trembled, her fur coat dropped to the floor, revealing the full majesty of herself. Her face, so haughty and arrogant before, stared up at him with complete vulnerability. She was spiraling fast, becoming his—all he had to do was push.

Up close, shed of the fur she had been wearing, her entire body was divine. He was struck again by the truth that never, *never* once had his cock been harder—not even for fucking Daniela in her full Goddess form.

He took her by the throat, squeezing gently. "You belong to me, now, little girl. Kneel for your Man. Kneel for Master."

"F-fuck..." she moaned.

Her legs gave out, and she dropped, her throat leaning into his grip. Slowly, he let her lower all the way down until her knees caressed the floor, sliding into her fur.

Now she was face-to-face with his cock. It was completely hard, sticking up almost to his belly in its hardness, its exultant length. Cum slathered downward—no longer precum at all. Just looking at Celeste kneeling like that, her breasts pumping up and out from her heavy breaths, had him cumming—but he had it under control. It was a slow, steady stream, jetting down on the fur beneath her.

The pleasure of her sight was undeniable, but his will was indomitable.

"Please..." she said, her voice soft, cooing. No man in history had ever had this Goddess under his control like this, and Jacob knew it. "Please...I'm supposed...supposed to win. To be in charge..."

"You'll be in charge," he said, smiling. "You'll be at the very tip-top of my slaves. Order them however you want. And you and I have an entire world to enslave, don't we?"

"...nnh..." she moaned, licking her incredible lips at the sight of his constantly streaming cum. It had formed a pool at her knees, spreading into them. Her stockings began to be soaked. Its addictive chemicals pushed into her skin, becoming a part of her system. One gloved hand raised up tentatively and tried to stroke him.

He slapped the hand away. She was shocked and began stuttering protestations, her voice soft and whiny.

“First, you pledge yourself to me. Only me. Name me your Master. And then I’ll let you touch me. Suck me. *Fuck* me. What do you think of that?”

“I pledge myself to you, Master” she said, almost automatically. “Oh fuck, please Master, let me...let me—”

He thanked whatever greater forces were listening that she had given in at last. He did not how much longer he could have held out. His cock surged forward and he shoved himself against her mouth, letting her take its great length through her lips and down into her throat. Cum jetted still from his cock, his enormous balls pumping furiously to maintain production, only now it was no longer a slow river but the heavy blast of a hose.

Celeste moaned heartily, slurping up and down, delighted choked laughs sounding from her virgin throat as she moved. Her eyes, so deep and green, stared up into his, and he knew he owned her totally. His hands ran through her hair, tugging at it, grasping masses of it as thick as his forearm and piling it over her head, reveling in the slick silky softness only she could possess.

Jacob couldn't believe the sensations she delivered. “You—are—so—fucking—good!”

Her lips were like fire, her tongue a whip of liquid bliss. Every part of her was designed to give him the greatest pleasure in the world.

“Have your troops stand down,” he said, still fucking her beautiful mouth, “and return my women.”

Celeste, clearly cumming at obeying his command, nodded slightly with just the head of his tremendous cock in her mouth. She closed her eyes, concentrating, and then slid off him just slightly.

“Done, Master.”

Her voice was slightly slurred, her tongue still draping across his tip, lapping him up as he sprayed hot cum against her throat and tits. As soon as she finished speaking, though, her lips re-wrapped themselves around his rod, sinking her beautiful throat into his shaft once more.

Slowly, his slaves began to file back into the room, sitting down and kneeling from a distance, fingering their hot cunts and whispering quiet prayers of praise to their God for ruling the day. The male slaves that Celeste had returned to their car, and from there, would return to their home —they had no purpose in Jacob's house.

After a few more minutes of this, Daniela arrived, having been told the danger had passed and that her Master had won. The blond goddess strutted

forward in her pale blue sheer gown, her massive tits jiggling merrily. Everything about her was regal and pure, her own body in her outfit almost on par—if not completely equal—to Celeste's.

Daniela slid up against her Master, taking his arm into hers, docking her tits against his hefty bicep. If Celeste cared about her intrusion, she did not show it, far too busy still with earnestly sucking up more of her new Master's cum. Her desire seemed endless...and so was his.

“My love,” Daniela whispered. “She is so beautiful...so amazing...”

There was fear in her eyes, and well there should be. The one possible rival to Daniela’s perfection, and, without further modification to Daniela, possibly very easy his new favorite. Jacob, sensing this fear, this trepidation, began to fuck Celeste harder. Soon, the dark-haired beauty was bent over backwards beneath Jacob, with him practically squatting down into her as he fucked her luscious mouth.

“I...” Daniela gulped. “I want to remain yours, my love,” she whispered. “Please, Daddy...don’t...”

She could not finish, fingering her sparkling hot cunt as she watched the erotic display of the immortal Celeste sucking off her God. She could not resist the call of all that pleasure being delivered to her Master.

This was, of course, the same sort of begging plea that Vivian had made.

And yet Jacob knew Daniela’s value—her potential. Better than Vivian could have ever hoped to be.

“Do not worry, my Wife...” he said, smiling. “There is nothing that says a God cannot have more than one wife, is there?”

Daniela's eyes shined with triumph. “No, Master. Nothing at all. In fact, that is what you deserve! Two goddess wives...two perfect slaves, blonde and black-haired, to adore your every motion, serve your ever need! To be taken by you. Forced by you. *Bred* by you.”

Jacob, hearing that, lost some of his control—but it no longer mattered. Everything *important* was under his control now.

He pushed Celeste down to the ground, shoving his cock between her tits, ripping off her bra in the process, and titfucked her all the way to completion. Those heavenly mounds, so round and big, were like nothing he had ever felt before—tighter and warmer and slicker (from all the cum and precum covering Celeste) than some women's cunts. He emptied all the way out onto Celeste's face, spraying all over her hair and face. His cock

was so big that as he thrust into her her lips could slide around the head, taking hot shots of his cum into her mouth.

After many furtive, hard thrusts, his cum spray slowed, and he felt sated...but only for a moment. Daniela slid forward and began to drag her tongue up and down Celeste's impossibly gorgeous face, slurping down every last drop of her Master's cum. Celeste moaned, smelling all that cum on Daniela's breath, and grabbed the blond, kissing her deeply.

Their embrace was passionate, needy—Jacob could not help himself. He grabbed the tablet, just nearby, and began to make a few changes. Swiping and tapping, soon, Daniela was utterly in love with Celeste...and Celeste, her resistance now conquered, was absolutely in love—deep, romantic, needy, aching love, with both Daniela and Jacob.

Their embrace immediately became a thousand times more intimate, the two of them giggling softly, kissing like passionate girlfriends and not just the furiously conquered fuckslaves of a fervent tyrant. The two of them traded hot glances at each other, and then—as Jacob sat up off Celeste's gorgeous chest, his thick cock dragging down her impeccably built torso and resting on her thighs—both began to groan with need.

"Virgin," Daniela whispered softly. "She's still a virgin, isn't she, Master? You must fix that. You must *fuck* her, please? You must...you must *breed* her, oh God, oh Daddy, please?"

Celeste nodded, beginning to gyrate her hips upward, slowly dancing on the ground to entice him forward.

"You must, my love," she moaned. "I need it, Master. My Master, please?"

Jacob grinned. He needed to impregnate her, but it was fun to make this goddess squirm.

"Oh, I don't know..." he said, sliding his cockhead around her entrance, letting his cum and precum trail down and soak her cunt. "Do you really want it?"

"Oh yes, she *needs* it, Master." Daniela slipped behind Celeste now, cradling her beautiful head inside of her breasts. "Tell him, baby. Tell him how you need his fucking cock. Tell him how you need him to *break you in half*."

"Take me!" Celeste slid her head against the sides of Daniela's soft tits, groaning and biting her lips in pleasure. "Be my first, my love! Oh please be the first man inside me! I need it! I need it so bad!"

He could hold back no more. Both beauties urging him on, needing him to fuck this Goddess...it was all he could stand not to cum right away. His thick, huge cock pushed hard into Celeste's entrance—and immediately she came. A soft, high-pitched, moaning scream flung from her mouth, silenced quickly as Daniela leaned forward and kissed her, cleaning that hot goddess mouth thoroughly with her tongue.

Thrusting, pumping, breaking through all virginal resistance, Jacob fucked Celeste with limitless energy. There was no taking it easy, no easing himself in—he fucked her furiously and fast and right away, his hips pistoning forward and his cock shoving deep into her tight canal as she squeezed and came again and again around him.

“Tell me, please, Daddy!” Celeste cried. “Tell me I'm yours! Tell me I'm yours forever, please! I was so wrong to deny you! So wrong to think I could win! You'll *always* win! You are my superior, my Master! I need you, I *love* you, please!”

Around them, the other slaves were fingering themselves even harder than they had before, their faces contorting with rapture—this holiest of holies transpiring before them. In the future, these few dozen would always be regarded with the utmost respect and reverence for witnessing the single most perfect act in creation—their God transcending, his apotheosis complete.

“You're mine,” Jacob huffed, feeling his orgasm approach yet again—one bigger than all the rest. The one that would impregnate her and mark as his total breeding bitch property. “Mine forever.”

“Yes!”

“I'll *always* win. I am your superior. You *belong* to me! Forever.”

“Forever,” Celeste promised him. “Forever!”

Gasping, grunting, Jacob exploded inside of her, his cum emptying out in a heavy, heady stream that quickly was too much for her body to contain. It leaked out from around the sides, dripping down to her asshole and making the fur beneath them utterly soaked in fluids.

Celeste and Daniela came at the same time—Celeste obviously cumming nonstop from the second Jacob had entered her, and Daniela cumming from the shock wave of pleasure exploding from the two divine beings that she was underneath.

Slowly, Jacob exited his goddess, feeling the pairs of hands from Daniela and Celeste as they stroked him still, admiring his hardness,

worshiping his masculinity.

"I love you," he said to Celeste. "I love you both."

"We love *you*, Master," they said in perfect unison, "for all time."

SIX MONTHS AFTER TAKING Celeste, Jacob and his harem of wives and servants lived in a vast tower on the West Coast. It was well outside the bounds of any city, and yet all the same the population grew every day.

He sat on a massive throne on the top floor with Daniela and Celeste under each arm. Their hands, small and delicate and utterly worshipful, ran up and down his massive slick cock. Their preciously hot breasts were pressed together at the base of his shaft while they made love to the only cock either beauty had ever known.

Down below, the room was full of his servants, on their knees and praying. Vivian led a prayer service dedicated to him.

"The One Cock is all we should ever know." She fingered her tight cunt as she spoke, as did all those participating in the service. "There is no Will but His Will, no Desire but the Desire to Obey, to Please and to Worship. The Master simply *is*, and we *are* as but a response to Him, existing purely to earn His Favor and adore Him...forever."

Vivian had become his High Priestess, an appropriate position for someone who had earned his favor so handily.

Her utility never ran out—but if it should, there would be dire consequences, as well she knew. She would do anything for him, anything at all, and always was quick with suggestions as to how to make his reign all the more complete.

Worshipers flocked to him. This happened even with all the major media outlets denying his existence—denying his existence, of course, at his command. He had bought them out shortly after taking control of Celeste's finances. The world spun now on an access he controlled. Every one of the media outlet's CEO—gorgeous women all, some of whom had never even held a position in media before six months ago, who had been strippers or models or celebrity starlets—were utterly obedient to him and absolutely worshiped by their subordinates.

On social media all around the world, he had his servants spread the word—if you were a beautiful woman and wanted to live a life of endless, easy luxury, then make your way to the Holy Tower.

Money was never an issue. Celeste's network of dignitaries and diplomats opened up an entire new line of revenue and control for him. His slaves, already so beautiful, were sent out into the world to work as elite-class call girls of the highest order for the world's richest individuals.

The difference was, of course, that they never had to fuck a single soul. Just like in his club, their clients paid for the privilege of merely being in the presence of these women. To request special favors—the wearing of sexy outfits or the utterance of a complimentary phrase—these men drained their savings and sold their stocks and property...which all funneled straight back to the Holy Tower.

And these women, so absolutely unattainable by every man they saw—rich and powerful men who made decisions that shaped the way the world worked—who treated their clients with a mediocre acceptance bordering on complete disdain, were absolutely obsessed with their Master Jacob.

If these girls were lucky, they were called in once a month to receive a re-up on their allotment of cum. In the meanwhile, they created shrines in their penthouse condos and sucked on artificial phalluses crafted to the exact measurements of his Holy Cock to keep themselves sated.

Celeste and Daniela were formally made his wives. Of course he had to make a few changes in the state legislature, allowing polygamy to be legal.

Polygamy—and not bigamy—as Jacob could not be for sure that he would stop at just two. There might not have been any others on the level of Daniela or Celeste, but the world was vast, and filled with dark magics. He intended to conquer them all.

While Celeste and Anastasia both had once been firmly under the influence of their Djinn Curses and Promises, Jacob now held the Djinn Stone, and it was he who commanded the magical powers influencing their lives. Celeste still was an incredible capable sorceress, as was her sister Anastasia, and both were training Daniela to be as capable as they.

What was the point, after all, of having immensely powerful women positively drooling to do your bidding if you didn't make them as powerful as possible?

Vivian ended her sermon with a worshipful sigh and a long, thrilling cum, moaning out her God's true name again and again while those gathered before her looked on with heated jealousy, cumming themselves.

As she calmed and dropped to her knees, all the praying slaves came together and knelt—more than three hundred of them— and looked up at

their God. They all spoke in unison—including Celeste and Daniela.

"Thank you for making us yours, Mighty King. Please, tell us how we may serve?"

Jacob smiled. He had a whole world to conquer—and there were plenty of ways he deserved to be served.

Mesmerizing His Best Friend

Lane and Jessica showed up at the residence, each a bit intimidated.

"Didn't they tell us it was an easy one story?"

Lane nodded, thumping his cooler against his thigh. "Yup."

"That's a three story house, Lane."

He nodded again. "Yup."

Ugh. It was like drawing teeth with him.

She tried to put on a cheerful face, smiling and tossing her hair back as they approached the house together. The impulse to reach her hand out and pat him on the back—she could sense his mounting frustration—was almost unbearable, but she checked it.

The house above them was rather enormous, on the top of a short hill. It had a slanting black roof, and deep red brick, each window a long ovoid shape. There were forty stone steps up to its front door—Jessica counted. The lawn was unkempt, and kids from around the neighborhood had already started tossing eggs and stones at the old thing.

The two were doing volunteer work for the local Community Center. It was their job to clean out the possessions of old hoarders, usually dead ones, to help new individuals move in. Most of the houses were used for halfway homes, but some were used just to raise money for the Community Center with the profits of the house sale.

"I know this house," she said, trying for a little conversation. "I forgot about it until now. But there was an old magician who lived here with his assistant. They married when he was just getting started out. They made lots of money, I think."

"Yeah?"

"She died like five years ago or so I think. I guess he didn't take it well."

He said nothing in response, of course. Jessica tried to not to sigh and show her frustration—that would just make things worse.

Ever since she had turned down his stupid, ill-advised love proposal, it had just been down hill for the two of them. She had been as nice as she

possibly could, explaining to him how she just didn't feel the same way as he did. He was more like a brother to her than a lover.

It killed her mostly because they had been such good friends not too long ago. Three days! They had been friends for years and years—since Jessica was ten and moved in down the street for them. They each loved the same TV shows, and would reenact stories from the big fantasy adventures with walking sticks and bathrobes, floating around the neighborhood and shouting out lines of dialogue. Any time one or the other had a birthday party, they would always make sure to give each other their presents last, knowing that what they delivered would trump anyone else.

They even arranged their high school schedules around each other's classes so they could have the same lunch. And all throughout high school, they had been close, not breaking up into different cliques even though Lane was becoming more of a programming nerd and she was becoming more and more focused solely on her studies.

Things could change so quickly. Before, he had been warm, happy, smiling all the time, always with something chipper or funny to say.

Today, and for the last three days, he was dour.

It was her own fault, she supposed. She shouldn't have ever demanded that their supervisor at the Community Center put them on the same team. If she hadn't made such an enormous deal of working with who she thought at the time was strictly her best friend, then she might have been able to get out of working with him on this Saturday.

But no.

"I'm sorry," Dylan, her boss, had told her. "I booked everybody's schedule around you two. There were some complaints, but you put the demand forward so hard that I can't do anything else now. Try again in a month."

She was stuck with him. For a whole month. One month of Lane's endless, sour mood. God, if only he had kept his mouth shut and didn't tell her he loved her!

Jessica thought it could be cool to work some community service before heading off to college later this year, in the fall. The two of them had just graduated from high school, each eighteen years old, and Jessica wanted to pledge to some sororities. She would have a better chance for the big ones, like Kappa Phi Theta, if she worked community service first, though.

In any case, she liked helping people. She felt like a life in community service wasn't a bad way to live. She wouldn't be paid much, of course, but it was a calling, and she felt—very strongly at times—that it was calling to her. Happiness was helping others out. That was just how she had been raised.

Lane said he wanted to do some community service too, just to help out. That he felt bad about not giving back after being raised with so much privilege. He wasn't rich, but he was a white kid living in suburban America, and he said all the stuff that he took for granted—a nice house, a nice car, a guarantee of a safety net—got to him from time to time.

Now, Jessica knew that volunteering had only ever been to get close to her. Of course, he was too proud to back out now. Or maybe he just wanted to sneak glances at Jessica.

Jessica was positively, achingly gorgeous. She knew this about herself, though she tried not to be identified by it. She was a real woman, with real ideals and ideas and thoughts and motivations and concerns. She wanted to save the environment, and use quinoa in every meal. She wanted to switch entirely to electric cars, and run airplanes off of lithium batteries. She wanted to spend her life making the world better.

And what she did not want, at all, was to hang out with Lane today.

She sighed. At least she went out of her way to not dress provocatively. Her thick, long, shiny dark hair was bundled behind her back in a thick ponytail, her slim, shapely legs covered over with jeans. A tight t-shirt—probably too tight for her liking with Lane around—tried its best to cover over her enormous bust.

She had experienced a rather late growth-spurt within the last year, and she was still somewhat in denial over her blooming, and had refused to update her wardrobe accordingly. Her friends would tell her it was no use being gorgeous if she wasn't going to flaunt it—even Lane had dropped similar comments, which in hindsight now felt creepy—but Jessica wasn't just going to start changing her personality because she had turned out beautiful. Men could look at her angelic face or her bright blue eyes or her incredibly sexy lips all they wanted—she would stride right on by and do what she wanted while they were distracted.

The two made it up to the last step at the top of the hill. Lane dropped his cooler down on the porch, scooting it out of the doorway. The last house they had been to, Jessica had nearly been buried alive under a stack of

magazines fifteen feet tall and ten feet wide. Luckily, Lane had grabbed her out of the way just in time.

That had been just yesterday. Afterward, he still barely spoke to her, and she was afraid to talk to him much, lest she get drawn into another discussion about how she wasn't going to start loving him just because he wanted it.

The door to the house was already open, but they had the keys just in case it wasn't. Inside the entryway were a multitude of photos in frames on the walls, each with the frankly beautiful assistant—whatever her name was—paired with The Great Machismo. Most of the photos had her bending over in front of him, or on her knees, or sliding up one leg, or other various forms of supplication.

"Gross," said Jessica, eyeing the photographs.

"Yeah," said Lane. "Take a look."

He was pointing to the study across the hall, where there were stacks of shopping carts layered on top of one another, each filled with bags of trail mix. One whole wall was covered by boxes of pens, and the wall opposite was covered with boxes of pencils. The last wall had interlaced boxes of colored pencils and highlighters. Several grocery bags littered the space in between all the shopping carts, each filled to the brim with cereal box tops.

"Okayy..." Jessica said. "Let's get to work, I guess."

Since the owner was dead, all they had to do was move everything out of the house into the yard, where the community center service would come by later in the day and load it all up on a truck. They were to make two piles—one for still useful items, like the pencils and pens, and the other for things with no apparent use, like the box tops.

After two hours, they had cleared out the living room entirely, and Jessica said something about being thirsty.

"I've got some bottled water in the cooler," said Lane. "You want one?"

"Sure," she said.

She was reluctant to take anything Lane gave her just on principle, but she felt she had little choice in the matter. When Lane stepped outside to grab the cooler, she heard a loud thump upstairs. They hadn't even ventured upstairs yet.

Lane came back inside and handed her a bottle.

"Did you hear that?" she asked, twisting open the water and taking a swig.

She could see Lane trying and failing to avert his eyes from her lovely mouth wrapping around the water bottle's head.

"Hear what?"

She wiped her mouth. "There was a sound upstairs."

"Maybe he had cats?"

"Dylan said there were no animals here."

"Let's go find out," he said.

She knew he loved animals. He had always gotten the best grades in biology, figuring out how stuff was supposed to work. It was the one subject that he could actually tutor her in. If there was computer programming, he would have tutored her in that as well—but that was just a series of electives at their high school.

Following him upstairs, she looked critically at his backside. He just wasn't...*firm* enough for her ideal man. He was skinny, and not bad looking, but Jessica was holding out for a sensitive jock type. A completely ripped athlete with a heart of gold who would read her poetry as he fed her grapes. Was that too much to ask?

The upstairs was uncharacteristically clean for a hoarder. There were several stacks of books, and many, many notebooks filled with spidery-scrawl handwriting that flipped openly from the breeze coming in through the windows, but not really a lot of junk.

"I guess he didn't have enough time to get started up here."

Lane nodded. "I guess not."

He bent down.

"Hey, look at this."

There was a book splayed open—no title, written in some language Jessica didn't recognize—with a deep portion of it cut out in the shape of a circle. Next to it was a golden pocket watch.

"I guess this was in there?" Lane said.

"Yeah," said Jessica. "But why carve out a book to hide a pocket watch?"

Lane shrugged. "Maybe it's worth something?"

Jessica rolled her eyes. "Everything is worth *some*thing. Especially the hidden kinds of things."

She snatched it out of his hand, opening it up. There was a little note inside.

“It says, ‘Thirty Minutes of Unlimited Induction. Limited to One Use.’ What does that mean?”

He shrugged. “Well, the one use thing, that’s self-explanatory, right?”

“Right. But one use of induction? Induction into what? That doesn’t make any sense.”

“Can I see it?”

She handed it to him. He did know about machinery and that sort of thing, she supposed. She watched for a moment as his fingers slid across the dials.

Humming quizzically, he pointed it at her, and she felt hot, sweet, perfect orgasmic bliss rush through her body.

“Laneee,” she moaned. “Fuckk Laaaneee...”

And then her mind simply went away, ready to be filled in with whatever Lane happened to say.

“JESS? ARE YOU OKAY?”

Lane was snapping his fingers in her face. She giggled happily, snapping back at him.

A surprised smile slid over his face.

“You okay?”

“Uh, yeah. Why wouldn’t I be okay?”

She slid her hands over one of his, grabbing them and sliding them in between her tits. Then she started mashing her titflesh on his hand. He liked that, right? Why wouldn’t he? She had great tits. She knew that. She was proud of them. She was proud of her body. She should really show it off more. Lane would like that.

Jessica would love anything at all that Lane happened to like.

He shuddered and started breathing hard, looking her up and down. His other hand went to her waist. She nodded small, encouraging him even more by licking her lips.

“It’s just...you were...spacey for a moment...or thirty...”

“Mmm,” she purred, sliding his hand up to her jaw and then cheek. “Maybe I was just thinking about how I have like, the *biggest* crush on you.”

That was an understatement, if there ever was one.

“You...you do?”

“Of course I do. I’m in love with you, silly. Can’t you tell?”

She hardly felt she could make it more obvious. Still, it didn’t hurt to work at it. She slid one leg up his.

“Say...say that again,” he said. He was biting his lip now, clearly turned on.

She drew herself close, crushing her tits against his chest. His hand was trapped there, now, completely enveloped.

“I’m in *love* with you, Lane.” Her blue eyes shone with an almost zealous light. “I’m *so* sorry I freaked out when you told me before. I just wasn’t in my right head at all. But I totally am. I love you more than anything, more than anybody. I need you in my life, Lane. I need to be your girlfriend. I need to do as I’m told and be your total fuckbabe sweetiegirl. Please, Lane? Please make my dreams come true?”

She knew she was born to be his girlfriend. She had longed to be his girlfriend for as long as she could remember. It was her life’s goal. More than helping others, more than going to some stupid college or earning degrees or jobs or whatever—Jessica needed to be Lane’s girlfriend and adore his face with her lips and enormous tits as much as possible.

“Yes,” he said. “Yes, I’d love that, Jessica.”

From out of nowhere, she came. The orgasm rocked through her body, and she held his hand even tighter to his chest, her strawberry-sized nipples rubbing up and down on his torso. She knew he could feel the hummingbird fluttering of her fragile heart, the heart that he now controlled utterly, as the bliss slid through every last crevice of her being. She held him tight, her hips bucking, kissing his ear and breathing so hard. Lane grabbed her ass, hard, and that made her cum even harder.

“Holy shit, Jessica...did you just cum?”

“Yeah,” she whispered happily. “Oh fuck yeah I did, love. Just for you.”

Squirming delightedly, her pants totally soaked from her hot pussy juices—she didn’t stop to think about how one orgasm by itself was not enough to completely soak her pants—she looked up at Lane beseechingly. He moved his hand from out of its space between her tits and then wrapped it around her ass with his other. He picked her up purely by her ass cheeks and kissed her.

It was the most perfect, most wonderful, most passionate love-filled kiss Jessica could ever have imagined. She could have died then and done so

happily. She sucked at his tongue, loving every perfect inch of it. When he finally drew away just for a breath, she needed more.

"I want to go down on you, baby," she purred. "Please?"

She tilted her chest up so he could see right down her shirt. In case he couldn't see enough, she tugged hard at the neck, showing off her breasts even more.

"You want to go down on me, here?"

She nodded. "I haven't gotten to do it ever. And I need to show you how contrite I am, love. Please?"

Lane bit his lip. "You want to suck me off because you love me, huh?"

"Of course I do! I love you completely! I'd do anything for you! You're my superman, love. You're my big bad hero man. I need my boyfriend's cock inside of me, filling me up like nobody else gets to, please!"

A hot, dominant edge had taken Lane's face.

"Kneel down."

She did so happily.

"Take your shirt off. I want to see your tits."

Again, she did so happily, showing him her perfect, young eighteen year-old tits, so firm and round.

"The bra, too."

She did it without a second thought, eager to show herself off for her boyfriend. There was no sag to her enormous breasts. She was so proud of that. So proud that she was so pretty, just for him.

Jessica didn't care she was supposed to be working. She didn't care she was in a dead stranger's house. All she wanted was to suck Lane off. Her best friend. Her boyfriend.

"You've never been fucked in the mouth before, have you Jess?" He started unbuckling his pants.

She shook her head. "No way, baby. I've been saving myself for you. I've barely even kissed other guys...and if I was, it was just practice for you! I need to be your perfect girl, Lane! I need to be yours, totally!"

His pants and underwear dropped all the way down to the floor. She could easily see his thick, hard cock, so ready to go. "You want me to fuck your mouth for you?"

"Yes, baby! Take my stupid mouth's virginity! I don't want it anymore! I don't need it when your cock is so big and true and wonderful!" She took in a deep breath, so in love with the sight of his perfect dick. "Please, Lane,

baby, you have to fuck my mouth with that thing. Please? Fuck my throat, Lane. Fuck it like it's a pussy."

Obliging her, he shoved his cock hard into her mouth. She slid her lips over it, savoring the taste of his perfect rod.

In a perfect world, he would have taken his time, letting her explore the taste of his cock, letting her find out just how wonderful his cock was inch-by-inch. But no—she had asked him to fuck her mouth, and fuck her throat, and that's exactly what Lane did.

With a dark grunt, he took a hold of her thick, shiny dark hair and drove his hips furiously into her face, relentless. She was gagging, soon—Lane didn't care. So, Jessica didn't care. She would learn to overcome. His cock filled every part of her—it was literally too much for her.

That was really fucking hot, she decided.

She could have her throat fucked, though. She could be Lane's special mouthfuck girl. She was his *girlfriend*. That made her *special*.

It seemed important to stare at him the whole time while he fucked her mouth, her tongue rapidly sliding over every bit of thick meat that it could. Hot, delicious shlocking noises rang out in the empty house, punctuated by the happy slaps of her naked tits against his legs.

She stared at him with all the love she could possibly muster. He seemed *angry* as he fucked her, and that was so fucking hot, like he was fucking away his frustration by driving his big fat meat into her so fucking hard.

If she could form any words that weren't slippery, sexy moans, they would be, "Oh my god, Lane, I love you, I love you so much!"

Jessica's enormous tits bounced wildly as he fucked her harder and harder, filling her up totally.

"You're my fucking girlfriend," he grunted. "Mine. All mine. My girl. My fucking blowjob girl."

"Mmmhmmmm!"

"Oh fuck," he moaned. "Fuck, Jess. I love you so fucking much. I love you. Oh god, oh god..."

He erupted in her mouth, unable to hold back any longer. Jessica knew it was because she had been such a perfect little cockdoll girlfriend that he had cum. His hot spray layered in her throat and mouth, filling up her every thought, her every possibility for the rest of her life. She knew that no

matter where she went, no matter what she was doing, all points began and ended with her boyfriend's cum spraying inside of her.

Finally she withdrew her mouth from his cock, but only to clean it more thoroughly and swallow even more of his cum.

"That's so good," he said softly. "What a good girlfriend you are."

It was a dream come true. She was his girlfriend. She couldn't believe how perfectly lucky she was to be with him.

"HOW'S MY LITTLE LOVESLAVE doing?"

Lane bit Jessica's shoulders as she did the dishes. It was her night for the dishes. She was happy to do them. Clean dishes made the little home they shared, the top floor of a duplex, even better. They had moved in together only a few days after Jessica announced her love for him, over six months ago. He was going to college in the city now, and she was working a full-time job as a secretary, basically supporting him. She thought that was terrific, that she could help him like that. He promised her that once he was done with school, then it would be her turn, and that was really so generous of him.

Girlfriends were supposed to be agreeable.

But, as he whispered to her, hands wrapping around her waist, she felt reluctant to play at that exact moment.

"Baby, I just...I don't want to do that roleplay stuff tonight. Is that okay? I just want to make special, hot, sexy love to you later, when I'm done with this...like we used to."

She leaned her head into his, but he drew away. She could feel the disappointment brimming off of him.

More and more, Lane had been asking for her to call him Master while they fucked.

Jessica liked it fine—it was a neat little way to spice up their dirty talk. She'd say things like, "Fuck me, Master" or "Your slavegirl needs your mighty dick, Sire." And he would fuck her that much harder.

But, it wasn't her thing *all* the time. Lately, though, it really seemed like it was Lane's thing. All slave for her, all Master for him, all the time. She missed the lovemaking sessions they had when they first started their relationship, where he would stare into her eyes and just list out all the happy, lovely, wonderful things he adored about her.

She was always thoroughly happy to go to bed with him. Fucking her man, when he was so wonderful and beautiful and she loved no one else better? It was transcendent.

Perhaps he could be a little better in bed, or a little bigger, but Jessica was fine without those things. Making love to her wonderful boyfriend was the best thing in the world. She would do it however he wanted. But...if she could influence what he wanted, if she could mention maybe another way of getting things done...wasn't that good of her? To be open and honest about what would make her happy too?

"I'm going to go read for class," he said, sulking off.

She sighed. Her man was so complicated. She would have to work harder to know what he wanted. Being a great girlfriend was everything that Jessica wanted, and she could only ever be Lane's girlfriend.

When she finally finished up the dishes, Lane walked back into the tiny kitchen, holding the gold pocket watch he had taken as a memento, he said, of her pronouncement of love for him. She thought it was sweet at the time. But lately...

"That thing again? Come on, Lane," she said, smiling and shaking her head.

Every little while or so, he would take it out and show it to her, trying her to do...something. He'd ask her how she felt—always, her answer was great. Being around Lane made her feel just fabulous. But he always seemed disappointed in the answer.

"No, I've been thinking about this a lot. This time...this time I want you to try something for me, okay?"

She would be happy to try anything once for him. That was how they ended up doing anal—which she would not confess to ever liking, though she loved that Lane had loved it. Afterward, of course, she asked very sweetly not to do it again, and he acquiesced. He was wonderful like that.

"This time I want you to point it at the mirror, and press this button," he pointed at the side of it.

She took it. "This button?"

He jumped to the side, ducking his head. "Whoa. Yes. That one."

She giggled. "What do you think is going to happen?"

"Just...just try it and see, okay?"

She shrugged. Of course she would try it. She was his girlfriend. She'd *always* be his girlfriend, unless he gathered up the courage to propose—and

then she'd happily be his wife.

Stepping in front of the mirror, Jessica took a breath, quite happy with what she saw. She was wearing a happy little yellow sundress, skimpy and sultry, showing off lots of her gorgeous breasts. She loved that she was so pretty, just for Lane.

He shut the door behind her.

"What's that for?" she called.

"Just trust me," came his voice through the door.

"Okayyyy..."

She held up the pocket watch, pointed it at her reflection in the mirror, and pressed the button.

And then her world exploded in happy, thoughtless bliss.

JESSICA FELT HERSELF coming back online, brushing her hair in front of the mirror. It was thoroughly shiny and sexy, just like Lane deserved of his girlfriend.

She sighed. She was really tired of that designation—girlfriend.

It was so drab and boring to just be her love's girlfriend. He deserved so much more than that, didn't he? He deserved something sexier. Something so much more incredibly erotic.

I really should be Lane's slave, she thought.

Yes. A slave.

Girlfriends kissed and fucked and loved. But slaves *served*. Slaves did anything their Masters said. Slaves could pregnant, she realized distantly, her hand sliding up into her bare, wet cunt.

She was naked in front of the mirror, she realized. Totally naked, her pussy dripping hot wetness like she had been cumming for the past thirty minutes straight. And yet, even so, she still wanted more sex. She wanted Lane to fuck her and call her his fuckslave and she wanted to call him Master and she wanted him to *be* her Master.

The thought clung to her mind like it was coated in molasses. There was nothing in the world that makes more sense. In fact, if she was his slave, that would mean that she could just be sucking his cock nonstop.

He could just be watching television or playing videogames or any of the other really important manly things he did all day, and she could crawl up to him and start sucking off his big fat cock that she loved so fucking

much and just suck and lick and adore him until he spurted his cum down her happy little slave throat. Then she would go make him dinner like a good slave and then suck him off again while he was eating dinner.

That would be so cool.

The bathroom door was open. When had that happened? She shrugged. It didn't matter.

Stepping out of the bathroom, she rushed to the bedroom, where she put on her sexiest lingerie as quickly as she could. The black corset, of course, that made her big tits look so fucking great, like she had stepped right out of a porno.

And the lace panties with the garter strap too, along with those smoky hot stockings that covered her legs and made her feel like she was just born to be shown off for her Master.

Tall, tall black heels, of course, the tallest ones she had. They were only a measly four-inches high—she'd have to fix that soon. And then the coup de grace: black elbow-length opera gloves.

She had never worn them, even though Lane bought them and said she would look really sex if she did. She didn't understand that. Why had she been such a disagreeable bitch? That was no fair to him. She needed to show him what he was to her.

Every part of her now was advertised as a complete fucking slavecunt for Lane's use and abuse. Her hair, so long and thick and shiny and sexy, ran all the way down to her waist. Lane insisted that she had long, gloriously healthy hair, and she was so glad she had obeyed. There was no way he could look at her and think about anything else except for hard, furious fucking and putting her in her place as a bitch that only just barely deserved his glorious cock.

That was how she should look all the time. She didn't care if he wanted to go out to eat and have her on a leash, or walk through the park with her crawling behind him. If it was what he wanted, then he should get it. Lane was that important. Her Master was that important.

Fuck, she hoped he would let her call him Master.

She strutted down the short hall of their apartment, easily in view of where he sat on the couch, watching her approach. Almost like he was expecting her...like he was expecting this outfit. That was good. She wanted him to expect her to wear sexy things.

Casually, he pointed a finger down on the ground. Obediently, Jessica started to crawl toward him, swaying her ass happily as she stared up at him with lust in her eyes. When she finally reached him, she wrapped herself around his leg, her huge, delicious tits enveloping his thigh.

"Lane, baby? I'd like to ask you something."

He stroked her hair. She purred happily.

"What is it, love?"

She melted a little, hearing the pet name...but it hardened her resolve too, knowing it was the wrong one for a fuckslave like her. She took a breath, further hugging his thigh with her big breasts, and began.

"It's just, like, I'm tired of all these roleplay games. I really, really want to be your slave for real. I don't want us to be playing around with it. I don't want to just say those words. I want you to know, in your heart, that I'm your total, absolute slave. I want you to know I'd do anything you ask. I'd take your babies inside of me. I'd steal things. I'd lie." Her voice got huskier and huskier as her pussy moistened. "I'd murder someone. I'd seduce some old man so you could have all his money. Anything at all you want, Lane, I want to do it for you. Because I don't own myself. You own me."

She could see the excitement building in his face, and in the bulge in his pants. She leaned forward a bit and slid her hand over his pants, rubbing intently.

"You're my owner, Lane. You're my fucking Master. I don't care if I never call you anything but Master ever again. I'll do it in public, in front of my friends—you can upload hot photos of me sucking you off on the internet and make money off my hot fucking body, Sir. I don't care. I am whatever you need me to be. I'm your fucking slave, Master."

Her gorgeous face had become more and more intense as she spoke, her breaths harder and harder.

"Fuck," he groaned finally, stroking her lovely face. "Are you sure about this?"

"Oh yes, Master." She nodded intently.

He scratched his head. "I'm only asking because you're not begging. If you were serious, I'd think you would beg."

Oh god, she was so fucking stupid! It was the proximity of his cock making her so dumb. She had gotten greedy, demanding things from her Master, not thinking to beg.

“I’m so sorry, Master!” Her big blue eyes were so wide and earnest. “I can do that! Please let me beg! Please let me beg to be your cockslave fuckdoll!”

He ran a hand through the thick, sexy mass of her hair. “Very well. Impress me.”

Obediently, she bowed her heads between his ankles, raising her ass high in the air.

“Please, Master,” she purred. “Please let me be your fuckslave forever. Let me obey you in every possible way, please? Let me do anything and everything you desire. Let me be your perfect fuckpet slave now and forever, oh please, please, please!

So enthralled was she in her worship that she hardly noticed Lane had gotten up. In fact, she did not notice that he had moved at all until he ripped her panties down and shoved his bare, unprotected cock deep in her pussy from behind.

“Ohmygod*ohmygod*!”

Lane grunted and shoved into her even harder. “You like that, slave? You like it when I take you how I want?”

She felt more alive, more fertile, more womanly, than she ever had before in her life.

“Yes, Master!”

“Tell me again,” he grunted, pumping his thick, hard cock. “Tell me what you’d do for me.”

“Anything you ask,” she moaned.

He thrust harder. His cock was so fucking big. She couldn’t imagine a cock ever coming close to his.

“I’d steal for you.”

Grunting, he slapped her ass. She came right away, her face thumbing against the couch cushions.

“Yes! I’d lie!”

Thrust, thrust thrust, slap. She came again, again. Each new spanking was a new orgasm.

“Murder.”

Thrusting even harder still, pushing her face hard against the couch, he started to tug her thick hair back. It was so fucking perfect.

“I’d take everything someone else had and give it up to you, my Master!”

Slapping her ass wildly now. Her head was caught between the floor and the bottom of the couch, and she just simply did not care. Her orgasms arrived like trains in a subway, one right after the other, going every which way through her body.

"You have no will but my will."

"No will but your will!" she cried out. "No will but my Master's will!"

Finally his orgasm burst inside of her. It was Masterseed. It was godcum, filling her up. It was her alpha and omega, everything she hoped to achieve from life. It was so warm, so gooey and wonderful. He was such a fucking stud. She had no doubt that she was pregnant already. She was such a hot fucking perfect slave to make her Master cum like that.

"Very well," he breathed on top of her, after a minute. "You can be my slave. You call me Master from now on, girl."

She had been Lane's fuckslave for as long as she could remember, deep in her heart. Now it was her reality.

She couldn't help it. All her dreams coming true at once. She came once more, her pussy vibrating madly, turning around and holding her Master so tight, knowing he was going to give her countless more orgasms in the future.

Mesmerizing His Cheerleaders

"Explain to me again why we are having this meeting? Aren't you an alumni?"

"Yes, Miss Fellows. That's right."

The young man, Daniel, leaned forward, grabbing a photo off her desk. He was of average height, average build, his hair short and brown and his eyes distant brown. He wore jeans and a blue hoodie. To be frank, he was rather beneath having a conversation with Joanna Fellows, but as the cheerleading coach of Lovely Valley High School, she had to deal with a great number of undesirables. Constantly, men were attacking her solitude and personal space, trying just to have one more second of her lovely face or firm, delicious figure. As a ridiculously beautiful brunette thirty year-old, Joanna was rather used to it.

"Is that your husband? Your kids?"

A frown formed on her her lovely face. "Um, yes. But I don't see—"

"How long you been married? Your kid looks like, what, two years old?"

"Three. And that's how long we've been married, but I don't see—"

"That's good. I'm not really about older women, but you're so gorgeous, I figured what the hell, you know? You only live once. It'd be weird if your kid was older, though. I don't know why, exactly, but I know that's true. So I'm glad she's young, because you are really just incredibly hot." He smiled. "You know you're gorgeous, don't you?"

There was such a stream of vileness, such outright contempt for her station pouring from this boy, that Joanna hardly knew where to begin.

As such, she could only really stammer out a response. "I—you see, now see here, I don't—what do you mean, I know I'm—"

She shook her head. This boy was very confusing and right away. He had just stormed into her office and sat down, barely even saying who he was. That was unusual at any time, but especially on a Saturday practice, when practically no one else was at school.

Joanna purposefully asked for Saturday practices for the lack of distractions—so many of her girls were rather beautiful, and so boys from

all over the school would skip class to come and watch her team work out. And probably too, of course, to watch Joanna join in when she had to.

Joanna, of course, *did* know she was gorgeous. Joanna was tall, in incredible shape from her many years of cheerleading semi-professionally and then coaching, with beautiful breasts that enabled her to convince most men of anything she wanted to convince them of. Today, wearing her tight spandex coaching shorts and tighter cleavage-baring button-up jacket revealing the lovely deep line of her bountiful bosom, should have been a banner day for getting what she wanted from every man.

Except for this young brat, of course.

Her looks were how she landed her super hunk husband, Jerry, who ran the town's only used car lot. He was rich, and Joanna loved spending his wealth and being the recipient of it. She had three fur coats, her own master bathroom, and a walk-in closet the size of a barn. Now that she had a child with him, she had really locked him in. He loved their little girl, and treated her like a princess, surpassed only by Joanna herself.

"Look, toots, you don't gotta be humble with me. I think you're smoking hot. It's no wonder you're a cheerleading coach."

This really raised her ire. "I-I-I am the *cheerleading director* because I cheered all through college and won *state awards*. It has nothing at all to do with my appearance or my figure or my *breasts*—"

"Whoa, hey," he held up his hands. "I didn't say anything about your tits. Though they are really nice. They real?"

"Of course they're real!"

She felt stupid for giving him the reason to focus on her tits like that. But all the time, men thought she was a cheerleader just because she had big, firm, delicious breasts. In truth, they were more of a hindrance to her career than anything else. It was difficult enough doing all the back flips and twirls required for cheerleading without an extra ten pounds on your chest.

She stood up, pointing at the door. Her tits bounced gracefully with the movement. "I really must insist that you leave. Now. You have far outworn your welcome, young man."

Joanna felt she had been quite forceful. She felt like he must have really heard her, that there was to be no doubt what she wanted and that he would acquiesce.

All the same, he remained seated.

“Nah,” he said, waving a hand. “When does practice start, by the way?”

“What does that matter? Leave!” She pointed again, jabbing toward the door.

“It matters because I’m waiting for my girl Valerie. I really, really want to see her. But it’s fine that I saw you first, I guess. It’s just I been soft on her for the longest time. We grew up across the street from each other. She’s really, damned pretty. I think she’s only gotten prettier as the years have gone on, and now other guys have noticed, and I think my chances with her have been drying up, sort of. I’ve never been really good at communicating what I want, though. Lately, though, I got all kinds of confidence. Your tits look amazing in that tiny little jacket, by the away. Do you catch a lot of guys staring at you?”

Of course, she did. But that wasn’t the issue.

“Leave!” Joanna’s voice was reaching the very top of her speaking tone, bordering on screaming.

“No? Didn’t I already tell you no? You gotta listen, babe. It’s gonna be very important that you know how to listen to me in a few seconds.”

He reached into his hoodie pocket, pulling out a gold pocket watch.

“I’m calling school security.”

“All right, all right, just hold on a second.” He was twirling dials on the watch.

Joanna had picked up the phone, and was searching her desk for the number. The watch started to glow. “W-what is that?” she asked.

“Oh, this?” Daniel held up the watch. “This is my magic watch. A new friend of mine gave it to me after I helped him fix his car on the side of the road. I’m good with my hands like that. He said he’d been wanting to give it someone who was basically decent. I guess...” Daniel smiled. “I guess I am a little decent. I’m only going to enslave you for sex. Nothing really nasty, though I could make you do anything at all. This watch, it only works on one person at a time, but there’s a loophole around that he told me about.”

That was it. She was going to slap him. Joanna stood up and walked around the desk. She heard a low, odd humming sound from the watch as she made the turn, and as she turned on him her legs gave out in instant orgasm, every last bit of her mind melting into the background.

“OH GOD, MONICA, I’M so sorry.”

Lovely, slim Lindsay bent over trying to help the busty brunette up onto her feet. Monica shoved her back, and the pretty girl banged her head against a nearby locker.

“Don’t *touch* me, you idiot cow. Maybe if you weren’t such a fattie, it would be easier to not knock into your betters.”

Monica stormed off, rather enjoying the tears that had started to brim in Lindsay’s eyes from the impromptu humiliation. The stunning eighteen year-old would have been able to do much better if she’d had a little more time, but Lindsay jostling into Monica the moment that Monica entered the locker room had caught her off guard.

Calling Lindsay a cow, or even slightly overweight, as about as far as an exaggeration as someone could make about another human being. She was incredibly thin, almost too thin to be cute if it weren’t for her gorgeously styled blond hair and her beautiful face.

Most every girl on the cheerleading team was just as lovely as Lindsay if not moreso. But Monica knew that if Lindsay or any of the other girls had even a shred of self-esteem, then they would be able to challenge Monica’s spot as Queen Bee, and the sveltely curved young beauty just couldn’t let that happen.

So, three years ago, when she signed up for the cheerleading squad, Monica started a private war against the egos of the rest of the squad. With Lindsay, this meant initiating a long campaign of digs against Lindsay’s weight, who was at a perfectly healthy size at the time. It was fairly obvious that Lindsay’s eating disorder and subsequent severe weight loss were a direct result of Monica’s constant potshots.

Good, thought Monica, tossing her hair back and holding her nose high as she approached her locker, set aside from all the other girls—as was the cheerleading captain’s privilege. Other girls deserved to hate themselves when she was around. Monica was better, and deserved to be recognized as such. She didn’t care how other girls learned their place, so long as they did.

For the longest time now, Monica had loathed most other girls. As far as she was concerned, they were in her way.

Pulling out her practice uniform from her locker, she reflected on how she especially loathed the new girl, Valerie. Not only was Valerie’s beauty homegrown and natural and pure, it was rather more striking than Monica’s

own if one was paying close enough attention. Monica was your classic beautiful brunette, and alone in a room with a man, she was sure she could make him do anything she wanted.

But Valerie was the kind of beauty that could make a man *think* anything she wanted. Green-eyed, blonde, with curves that went on all day and legs that didn't know the definition of "stop," there was not a fleck of a flaw on Valerie's angelic figure or face. Her green eyes in particular made Monica green with envy. And so, Monica hated her. Just looking at Valerie, you knew she was the type to be gorgeous long into her fifties and sixties.

Monica knew she was beautiful, knew she was desirable, but she also knew that had quite a lot to do with her youth. Once she got old enough, unless she had a man firmly manipulated to her needs, she wouldn't be going anywhere in this life.

Her mother had been the prettiest girl at Lovely Valley High School. Three years ago, Monica's sister Laura had been the prettiest girl at Lovely Valley High School. And ever since Monica's sister had gone off to college to conquer a man and take him as her prize-winning husband, Monica had made it her life's mission to be the sexiest, hottest, most wanted girl at school in her mother and sister's place.

It wasn't that hard. Monica was perfectly beautiful. With her dark hair, slim body toned from years of cheerleading, and beautiful face, she broke hearts in every room she walked in. Boys or girls—she didn't discriminate. Most of the girls in the locker room right now probably had some sick, twisted lust/hate relationship with Monica. She took enormous pleasure in the thought that if any of them had lesbian fantasies, they were chiefly concerned with her tight ass and the way it carved into her hot little spandex shorts. She liked it that way—it kept them off-balance and therefore easier to intimidate and manipulate.

Valerie didn't have enough exposure with the rest of the girls to work up that kind of obsession yet.

Today, Monica's body looked terrific in her tight, spandex practice uniform. The school's colors were gold and blue, so her shorts were bright blue, tight and effortlessly showing off the amazing curve of her tightly toned ass. Her abs, a perfect combination of smoothness and tautness, weren't covered at all by the tiny gold cleavage-baring top, with its short sleeves and fun little blue stripes. She put her long hair back in a thick

ponytail, ready to work. When Monica showed up to practice, she showed up to show everyone else up.

The PA system dinged.

"Monica, come to the Coach's office."

That was odd. Coach Fellows almost never used the PA. Usually, she just shouted from her door.

Not thinking too much of it, she entered the office. Coach Fellows behind her desk with a young man, someone who Monica recognized remotely. Coach Fellows had a distant, serene smile on her face. Even though she was looking directly at Monica, the beautiful young cheerleader got the distinct impression that her coach wasn't all there. Maybe it was drugs?

And why was this man sitting in the coach's chair?

"Have a seat, Mon-ic-aa." Coach Fellows's voice was sing-songy, tinged with bliss.

Yes, drugs. It had to be drugs. Still though, the coach was in charge.

"Yes, Coach," said Monica, sitting down in front of the desk and crossing her legs.

She didn't spare a second glance to the man in the room. A boy, really, barely worth her time. She only dated college guys, and even then, just seniors.

"Please," said the buxom blonde. "Call me Joanna."

"O...kaaay?"

That was a near-taboo. The lovely cheerleading coach had insisted time and time again that she be referred to *only* as Coach, or Coach Fellows. Any attempts to call her something different result in marathons of push-ups.

Meanwhile, the man behind the desk was just staring at Monica, a small smile on his face. He would been maybe marginally attractive, in an average sort of way, if Monica's standards weren't so justifiably sky high. Not just anyone could be allowed to be near her.

"You're an incredibly beautiful young lady, Monica," the Coach said breathily. "I'm sure you know this already."

"Oh, I don't like to make a big deal about it."

The man laughed. "Please. Don't start lying already."

"Excuse me?" said Monica.

He leaned forward. "You make a bigger deal out of your looks than anybody on this planet, I think. You are nothing but your looks, sweetheart.

You might as well own up to it."

Joanna, next to the man, moaned out an affirmative. "Own up to it," she whispered slowly, hotly. Her tongue lavished over every word. "Might as well."

Monica was becoming...well, she didn't know what she was becoming. Scared? Maybe a little? Was this how it felt for others when she seemed not to care about what they said?

"Miss Fellows—Joanna, I don't understand. Who is that man in your desk? Why is he here?"

"This is Master Daniel, darling. Isn't he wonderful?"

The man—Daniel—banged his hand down on the desk.

"Unbelievable. All the hell you gave me, and you don't recognize me." He shook his head, clearly getting mad. "That's...that's mind boggling, it really is. You just hand out abuse like candy, don't you? Someone needs to do something about that."

Monica arched an eyebrow. She could smell it now, the sex in the air. Was it his, or Joanna's? Both? That was...that was disgusting, was what it was.

Sex. Ick.

"Is that a threat?"

He laughed, hanging his head back. Then he just sort of stayed there, as if he was enjoying something long and thorough, something perfectly executed. His hand went over to Joanna's hair, alternating between strokes and tugs.

For the first time, Monica noticed Joanna's arm movements, her hand pumping underneath the desk. How close she was sitting to Daniel. How she stared at him with complete adoration, unless he motioned with a finger for her attention to be on Monica.

Monica was no stranger to sex. It was an excellent way to control men. She had never gone all the way, of course, but she had given out her fair share of handies and blowjobs. She could only promise them for money and favors so much, after all, without delivering.

Mostly, she didn't enjoy it. Sex was a means to an end—but she enjoyed that end, power, so very much.

"Joanna, are you...are you giving him a *handjob*?"

Now caught, Joanna seemed just to speed up her efforts, staring into Daniel's face

“Of course I am, dear. He deserves it, for working so hard and being so wonderful. Isn’t he wonderful? Say how wonderful he is, Monica. Do it with me. You’ll really enjoy it, I promise. I didn’t think I would at first, but he showed me how wrong I was. He’s so good like that.”

She stroked his hair, kissing his face just a bit. Her eyes full of worshipful zeal, the kind that Monica had only seen in Joanna’s face before when she had been discussing new cheering routines.

“B-but you have a husband! A little girl!”

“Oh, them. I don’t really care about them. Master said I could divorce that fat lout and stick him with the child. At least until she’s old enough for Master to take, just like he took me and he’s going to take you! By that time I’ll probably be too old to fuck him good enough anyway, so I’ll have a perfect replacement on the way already. Isn’t that great? Or maybe he'll just get me pregnant today. I've asked him to. He seems very open to the idea.”

“Shut up already,” said Daniel, putting a hand on the back of her head.

Joanna nodded happily and gracefully slid down between his legs. Monica didn’t have to use much of her imagination to understand what she was doing. The hot, loud slurping sounds required very little thought to fill in the blanks. A long flush crept up over Daniel’s face. Apparently, Joanna was very good at being on her knees.

“Look babe. You gave me hell every day that you saw me in school. Which was, you might recall, a whole lot.”

“Oh...*oh*.”

Monica remembered now. A boy in the class ahead of her. She would order up her boyfriends to dump their lunches on him, or beat him up outside the cheerleader’s locker room, or prank call him and tell him to show up at Make Out Point by himself, whereupon she or one of her boyfriends would slash his tires. It was easy to forget doing things like that when she did them so very often to nearly everyone.

And now he had...he had somehow convinced Joanna Fellows to suck him off in front of a student.

Drugs. It must have been drugs. Right? Well, she wasn’t going to take any, by god!

Monica, horrified, stood up and starting walking out.

“I have to...I have to go!” she said loudly, panic tinging her voice.

“Wait a second,” he said, holding up Joanna’s hand, bent a little backwards. In it was a shiny gold watch. “You’ve got to watch this for a

minute before you leave."

"I don't have to—"

Then an odd low humming sound began, and Monica couldn't look away. Bliss poured out from the watch, and her brain turned turned off and her vile personality melted away.

"I'M SORRY I'M LATE, everybody."

Sweet eighteen year-old Valerie rushed through the double doors of the locker room, head down, not wanting to look at anybody. She hated being late. It embarrassed her terribly. Practice was supposed to start at ten thirty in the morning, but everyone was expected to be dressed and ready by ten for the Coach's daily pep talk, which meant arriving around nine-thirty most of the time. Even so, most of the girls got there at eight or even earlier, warming up and watching videos. It was ten-twenty, and Valerie felt horrible.

"That's all right," every cheerleader said in unison. "We are all on time for service, all the time."

Valerie wasn't sure what to make of all those eighteen year-old lovelies chanting that sort of thing all at once. Certainly it was part of their job description to chant, but it seemed odd they would do it on her arrival. She also wasn't sure to make of the fact that every girl was grouped up with at least one other teammate, often two, sitting down together and engaging in all kinds of licentious activities.

Each deliciously hot girl was in underwear. Many were kissing each other. Others had escalated well beyond kissing, into full-on tit-grabbing and pussy-stroking.

She watched the gorgeous slim redheaded Darla sit in the lap of busty Asian Cecilia, kissing her passionately, like her life depended on it. Then tall, amazonian Debbie tapped Darla on the shoulder.

"That's good, babe," said Debbie, her voice quiet and breathy, like she was afraid of disturbing someone nearby. "You really know how to use your tongue. But make sure you're grinding properly. He'll like it so much better if you're paying attention to his big fat cock. Here."

Darla slipped aside to let Debbie sit down on Cecilia, where Debbie ground her hot, wet snatch into Cecilia's needy lap expertly. Darla, her eyes blank and almost lifeless, nodded thoughtfully.

“Oh yes,” Darla said, her voice also a hot, breathy moan. “I see now. Do you think he'll get me pregnant if I do it good enough?”

Valerie would have left, then, like a normal person, except the whole scene had her horribly turned on. Her bisexuality was no secret to herself. If the entirety of the cheerleading locker room had collectively decided to give in to their hot lesbian desires at once, she was certainly in favor of it.

Although...why had they mentioned a “he?” Were they practicing for someone?

That would be pretty hot too. It was quite warm in the locker room, so all these young eighteen year-old beauties who were happily adoring each other’s tight, sexy bodies were beginning to be covered in sweat. Their bras and panties were all becoming casually see-through. Valerie certainly wanted to practice some kissing drills—maybe with that tart Monica who could never shut her evil trap—and so she began to strip down.

In her underwear, around all these other pantie-and-bra clad beauties, Valerie felt right at home. Surrounded by so many hot, young, athletic bodies, there was little to not be turned on by. All of the beauty and power of the school was concentrated right here in this very room, and each of these girls seemed compelled by something much greater than themselves.

She knew that she fit in with all the overwhelming volume of beauty in the small, sweaty room. Her blond hair was long and perfectly styled, her body lean, her breasts a considerable D cup that fit perfectly on her long frame, and her face was strikingly beautiful. She was gifted with plush, pink lips, bright green eyes, and wonderfully shaped cheekbones that made her face soft without seeming plump, and angled without seeming harsh.

She was not tall, though not short—romantically, she liked to think of herself as the perfect kissing height for her neighbor, Daniel, who she had had a terrible crush on for several years now.

That crush being denied and unsurfaced for so long, she had felt like she should at least explore her sexuality a little—she had no interest in other boys, who all seemed such bores when compared to Daniel, but other girls were free game as far as she was concerned.

So what was happening in the locker room right now excited her quite a bit. She looked from one kissing couple to another, hot strings of lust tugging at her pussy.

Still, she felt like she should get a little more information about what was happening.

Sitting on a bench near the water fountains were Angela and Lindsay, two lovely bleach blond babes who could have nearly been twins, locked lips happily, moaning into each and ever little lick and purr.

"Um, girls?"

No response.

"Are you...girlfriends, now? I'm really cool with that, but I'm just sort of...I mean, you're being really open about it. Everyone is."

"We're doing kissing drills," they cooed together, each gasping for breath. "Would you like to join us? Cheerleaders are required to be extra good at kissing, in case we are called to premium service."

Valerie bit her lip, rather tempted. Kissing both Angela and Lindsay at the same time?

Um, yes please.

She licked her lips a little, running her hands along Angela's big, perfect tits. Angela just moaned and stared up at her with the promise that if Valerie tried, there would be more moaning, more squeezing, and lots of hot, wet kissing.

Wow, wow. Oh wow.

Valerie wanted this. She wanted this almost as much as she wanted Daniel. She had been waiting for him to ask her out ever since becoming a dating age, after growing up with him living across the street. If there was anyone she wanted to spend the rest of her life with, she knew automatically it was him.

She slid down one long leg into their joined lap, smiling. Their eyes were vacant and empty, but for these two, that was sort of par for the course.

She slid her lips forward into Lindsay's face, pleasantly surprised at the hot, easy wetness that was waiting there for her. Valerie hadn't kissed anyone before—saving herself for Daniel entirely.

As they kissed, Valerie mused in the back of her mind about how cool it was to be a cheerleader. Valerie wasn't sure why exactly she had become a cheerleader. She did it, at first, to kind of throw it in their faces, all these stuck-up bitches thinking they ran the school.

For three long years, they had laughed at her, pushed her aside in hallways, or sneered at her as she got straight As in every class.

At the end of last year, after a particularly humiliating incident with a water bottle and the entire wrestling team, a lightning bolt of inspiration

struck Valerie.

Why not become a cheerleader?

Why not become the *best* cheerleader?

She could do it for herself and for Daniel. Certainly, all those bitches had made his life hell while he was at school. Once she was the very best cheerleader, she would run them just how Monica did, and force them to apologize to him.

So, she spent all summer learning all she could about make up and fashion, knowing she had to look the part perfectly. Her blond hair, once an unkempt broken tangle of threads, was now flawless and shiny, like woven gold. By paying attention to her diet, her skin cleared up, her tummy flattened, and her eyes started to gain a luscious green luster that wasn't there before.

Lindsay kissed her hard, harder, as Angela's face moved down to Valerie's perfect abs, licking the soft muscles there. At the local gym, over the summer, she had taken two gymnastics classes and three other workout classes simultaneously. Her body became hard with sexy, luscious musculature.

And at the back of her mind, through all this work, she thought—maybe this will make Daniel finally notice me again.

They had drifted away when he made it to high school. One year older than her, he just got caught up too much in his studies—and he was even more distant once he made it to college. Even then, when they would hang out during his time at home, he seemed distant, like his mind was a million miles away.

So at the end of the summer, she had lost forty pounds and looked like a supermodel princess. She rather liked it. Lately, she had found herself really quite enjoying all the attention she was getting.

Boys gave her gifts. Other girls asked her opinion. Teachers didn't mind if she stopped turning in work. It was wonderful what showing a little skin got her.

She especially enjoyed driving Monica nuts with her show of innocence about her own beauty. Girls like Monica only cared about status and beauty—it was fun to throw it in their faces every once in a while.

"Valerie," said a breathy voice over the intercom. "You're being called to service, dear."

A long, jealous moan rose up from all the girls. Angela and Lindsay both stopped kissing her, retreating obediently.

"I'm so jealous," said Angela.

"So very jealous," said Lindsay. "You'll get to be with *him* now."

Just the thought of "him," whoever it was, drove Angela and Lindsay to start kissing each other again once Valerie had stood up completely, their fingers diving into each other's soaking cunts.

Valerie stopped by in front of the locker room mirror before popping into the office—her hair looked a bit tangled from Angela's strokes, but still flirty and sexy. Her plain white t-shirt and panties did nothing to hide how excitingly young and hot her body was. Whoever was in charge here, he would be sure to want Valerie.

And she wanted him to.

Something incredibly arousing was happening here. She knew she could run away. She knew that every single girl here had been dominated somehow. She knew they were all the servants of some powerful force, forever destined to do as they said.

It was easy to see that. She had read dirty, hot stories on the internet. She had fingered her hot cunt to them again and again, imagining herself in this very situation.

Run?

As if. If she couldn't have Daniel, at the very least, she could have some hot hunk totally mindfuck her. That sounded completely divine.

She walked into the office, completely unsurprised to see a make-shift throne formed out of six beautiful cheerleaders in a pyramid formation, just as they had been trained for so long. They were smiling and gasping in orgasmic bliss as they stacked on each other, just so happy to serve. The man on top of the hot, young throne was being serviced orally by Monica and her coach Joanna, each taking turns between sucking hard and lovingly and then kissing his thick balls.

Valerie drew in a shocked, perfectly excited breath.

It was *Daniel.* He was smiling wickedly down at her, though clearly trying to control the pleasure just her appearance gave him, on top of the sexy blowjob the two babes were delivering.

"Oh my god," she murmured. "It's you. You've taken control of all of them. You've...you've dominated each and every last woman here."

"Yes," he said, " I have."

She licked her lips, putting her hands in her face for a moment. This was all so much to take in.

"Daniel, that's...that's...that's..."

"Evil? Despicable? Deplorable? Shameful?"

He looked almost ashamed as he said those words. And Valerie knew at that moment that, if there was one person in the world who Daniel would listen to, if there was one person in the world that he would stop all this because of, it was her.

Too bad for all those cheerleading cunts, then.

"That's really fucking hot, Daniel."

He seemed taken aback. "What?"

His grip on Joanna's head tightened. She could sense already that he was hoping, desperately, for exactly the words that she was bursting with need to say. He used Joanna's mouth like a wet hand, sliding her up and down his shaft intently as he listened to Valerie. Joanna's eyes were glazed over with pleasure.

"Daniel, I've been wanting you to ask me out on a date for longer than I can remember. I've dreamt of you coming over to my house and busting down the door and holding me down, fucking my mouth until I can't breath. I've dreamt of you getting me *pregnant,* even. I've fingered my cunt *so much* thinking about that, Daniel. And now you're here telling me that you've enslaved all these snobby bitches to your will and you've saved me for last? Daniel..."

She rushed forward, pushing on top of the throne of girls and kissing him on the lips hungrily. Her thighs slid over the cooing faces of Joanna and Monica, her hand shoving Joanna down harder on Daniel's cock. His breath caught.

"That's the hottest, sexiest, dirtiest, most wonderful thing I've ever heard. I want you, Daniel," she purred. "I want it, *Master*. I want you to *dominate* me."

"Fucking...shit. Wow."

She kissed him again, nodding intently. "Mmmmhmmm. I want *you* to be my Master. I want to help you take over more stupid cheerleading sluts to worship your hard, needy cock, sir. Please won't you let me?"

"Y-yeah," he nodded. He tugged her hair then, a test maybe. Valerie cried out happily. "Yeah, that's right. You're just a little fucking fertile slut

for me, aren't you? My special little Valerieslave, ready to suck me off. You've needed to for so long, haven't you?"

"I really have, Sir! I really, really have."

Her voice was filled with whiny, hot need, so desperate to show him how much she cared. Open, hot lust poured out from his face, the most emotion she had ever seen from him. Clearly, it turned him on, knowing that she wanted this so bad.

Hoping to double his lust, she slid Joanna off of Daniel's cock and then wrapped Monica's hair around her hand, shoving the lovely teen's mouth up and down her Daniel's cock hard, harder, *harder*.

"You little fucking slut, you take Master's cock." Valerie had a big, satisfied smile on her face. "You take it like you deserve for being such a *cunt*."

Monica could only moan out a happy affirmative, so very ecstatic to do as she was told. Valerie looked back up at Daniel with her big green eyes, covering him with a love-filled gaze.

"How does it work? The control?"

"This watch," he said, holding up a big gold pocket watch. "It entrances someone for about however long I need, but I only get one shot. You press this button, here," he pointed, "and whoever's looking at the watch is your slave."

She licked her lips helplessly, so turned on. The vehicle of the destiny she had always wanted just sitting there in the hands of the man she had always wanted to be with.

"Tell me to do it, Daniel," she moaned, jacking his cock so hard with Monica's gorgeous face. "Make me yours forever."

He was about to open his mouth, and she kissed him to cut him off just for a moment.

"Wait," she breathed. "I have a better idea. What if you put me under the second you came?"

"No," he said. "I can't do it. It's limited to one use, like I said. Forever. And all these girls have been taken and used the watch already. You have to put yourself under."

Another sizzling hot kiss, choking Monica's throat on her new Master's cock all the while. It was fun hearing the once-snotty bitch try to breath.

"Even better," Valerie said, half-purr, half-growl.

Pushing Monica and Joanna aside, she laid out on the pyramid of hard, hot teenage bodies beneath her, each still squirming with ecstasy from being so close to their Master.

"Undress her, girls," said Master Daniel.

Nodding with happy, lusty smiles on their faces, Joanna and Monica each ripped Valerie's panties and sweaty white tee straight off. Right away, he entered her with his huge, unprotected cock, wrapping her legs around the back of his neck. Practically squatting down into her cunt, he drove into her harder and harder with his thick hard member. He was so big! She couldn't believe what she had been missing out on for so very long.

"Fuck me, Master!" she moaned. "Fuck me harder, please harder!"

He did tenfold. Valerie was endlessly impressed at his stamina. Surely he had been fucking all morning long. He was so very virile. How lucky she was, to have a man who could fuck for so long and so hard, and had such an array of choices when she wasn't enough for him!

Her hands dug into the hair of the girls underneath her, pushing and pulling their faces against each other. She didn't care how hard she was tugging. They would take it. They didn't have a choice. Soon, *she* wouldn't have a choice.

God, that was so fucking hot!

"I'm gonna come, Valerie," her darling Master moaned, his pumps increasing again in intensity.

All the slaves around them gasped with instant orgasm, each of them writhing underneath the two as their pussies exploded with bliss. It was like a window into the future. They were cumming because he was cumming. Soon, that would be her whole life—cumming at her Master Daniel's pleasure. Oh god, yes! Yes, please let it be true!

"I'm gonna come. I'm gonna...gonna come!"

She felt his hot, perfect release spurt inside of her waiting fertile pussy, and for just a second, let herself enjoy that last bit of consciousness. Then she pressed the button on the watch, hearing its low, hypnotic thrumming, staring right into it. Her very last thoughts were washed away, just as all the others were, though probably Daniel would have rather liked them:

Bye bye, mind. I don't need you anymore.

I've got my *Master*.

SLAVEVALERIE ADORED SlaveMonica and SlaveJoanna. It was so hot how all three of them got to suck and kiss and lick Master's big cock all at once. His dick was enormous, too big really for just one slave—they all knew this to be true. So SlaveValerie would suck on the head while SlaveMonica and SlaveJoanna would slide their tongues up and down his shaft. Or they would switch, and SlaveMonica would try valiantly to deep throat him while SlaveJoanna and SlaveValerie licked and kissed his thick balls.

It was some time past six in the evening on Saturday. He was dozing in the coach's office now, all the other enslaved beauties serving as a big, finger-fucking, big-titted pillow and mattress for his chosen three sluts. Somehow, his cock was still responding to their efforts. He was so powerful like that. SlaveValerie adored that about him.

Together, they adored their Master. He was so good and strong and wonderful. They would do anything at all for the rest of their lives if it involved pleasing him.

SlaveValerie loved Master Daniel. She always had. There was no other truth for her, no other thought. He was her beginning and ending. His will was her will. Obedience to him was purest pleasure.

She loved being his slave. She loved that she had been born to be his slave. She loved that all other girls were born to be his worshipful slaves, and those that hadn't realized this yet were either not worthy of him or just not educated enough.

Suddenly, the phone rang. Master stirred, sitting up on an elbow.

"You're the coach," he nudged SlaveJoanna along with his knee. "Answer it."

Obediently, she nodded crawled over to answer the phone.

"Act for society," he instructed, right before she answered. Joanna nodded.

"Coach Fellows's office. This is Coach Fellows. Who's calling?"

Her voice, bright and cheery, did not match the blank, lusty stare of her face. That was really, really hot as far as Valerie was concerned. There was a quick back-and-forth, and then SlaveJoanna put her hand over the receiver and turned to Master.

"It's the state cheerleading competition. The stadium that was going to host it is undergoing emergency maintenance. They want to hold it here. What is your will, Master?"

“Oh yes, Master,” urged SlaveValerie. “Do it, please. We can take all of them, Master. We can get every last one, just like you *deserve*.”

He grinned, tugging at SlaveValerie’s thick golden hair. “Oh yes,” he said. “I would like that very much.”

Mesmerizing His Bride

"You're what?"

"I feel...trapped. Helpless," said Paige. "The marriage is in what, two weeks? I feel like I can't get away."

Paige watched the beautiful blond Daniela sip at her soda through the long neon-colored twisty straw that the Corner Diner was famous for. Her plush lips couched the plastic tube perfectly. As they sat on the neon orange pleather seats, young twenty year-old Paige, dark-haired and quite beautiful herself, considered her friend.

Would Daniela offer good advice? She loved Daniela—she was fun at parties, was a fierce protector of her friends, and had just the best fashion sense, always in designer clothes and cool, hip jewelry. They had gone to high school together, both graduating at the top of their class a year and a half ago, and each had decided to take a couple of years off and just enjoy life before stressing about education or some dumb career.

For Paige, taking a year off had caused some dissent within her family, but eventually they accepted the decision. They accepted it more once she accepted the marriage proposal of Charles Race, first son of one of the wealthiest families in town.

For Daniela, it had been easy. Daniela's whole family was just filthy rich, the richest in the state, and Daniela was not shy about sharing that fact or sharing her wealth with the people she had decided to care about. But she could be...wrathful, at times, and Paige was always trying to avoid stepping into the direction of that part of her.

"I mean, it's marriage, Paige. Not getting away is sort of the point."

"I *know* that, it's just..."

Paige didn't know how much information to trust Daniela with. In the past, Daniela had come to Paige with juicy gossip about their other friends—Lydia had a pregnancy taken care of when they were all in high school still, or Jamie was dating the guy from across town with two daughters, and so on.

Part of Daniela's penchant for flair and snobbery had to have come from the fact that she was so gorgeous, and flaunted it at every opportunity.

Today, for instance, she wore a gorgeous plain light blue silk blouse, unbuttoned just enough to show off her big, plump tits that were as voluptuous and perfectly shaped as the rest of her. Her tiny gray pencil blue skirt only further accentuated her hourglass frame, which was entirely highlighted by her thick, golden-spun hair that draped all the way down her back in luxurious waves and curls.

Most women were intimidated by Daniela's beauty. Paige, although intimidated by Daniela more often than not, had no reason to feel unequal in that department. That was probably why she had ended up chosen as one of Daniela's confidants—the beautiful blonde was distrustful of plain and ugly people, always believing them to be too jealous of her to tell the truth. Often, she was right.

Paige was a tall bronzed beauty with long, elegant limbs and an inheritance of Brazilian and Eastern European bone structure that landed her with a uniquely gorgeous face and tight, sexy curves. Her breasts, beautiful 36 D cups, were looked on with enormous envy by most women and with unrestrained lust by most men. And so, Paige was not intimidated by Daniela's beauty because Paige knew, very obviously, that the two of them were on their own level, largely above everyone else.

And though she would never admit it (unlike Daniela), she rather enjoyed being at that higher level and the privileges it granted her. Marrying a rich husband like Charles Banks, her fiance, was just one of the many privileges of being a gorgeous young woman. She tried to be humble, though, she really did.

Paige was still trying to put her thoughts together for an answer. Around her, the crowd in the diner bustled, and she noticed men stealing glances at her.

"I'm sorry, dear, hold on just one moment." She held up a finger, catching the waitress's attention.

The waitress was a perky young blonde, perhaps two years older than the two of them. She arrived with a smile.

"Excuse me, but what the fuck is this?" asked Daniela, holding up her mostly-full plastic cup of soda.

The waitress seemed taken aback. "So...soda?"

"It's *diet*. I asked for *regular*. Are you so simple that you can't distinguish between completely different logos and words on your little machine back there?"

“I...um...I apologize, miss, and...”

“Oh, I get it.” Daniela smiled. “This is an intervention on your part. You drink diet, because you’re a cow, and you think every other woman in the world must also. Look at my fucking body. Is it not *clear* how much better I am than you? Do I *look* like I need *diet* soda? Is that what you’re telling me?”

As she stumbled for an answer, Daniela grabbed the waitress by the elastic band of her skirt and poured her drink inside. The waitress let out a shocked little yelp. Her panties were soaked entirely with the sugary syrup water. The dark liquid ran down her thighs, bleeding into her socks and shoes.

Paige knew that in other towns, probably someone would call the cops on Daniela. At the very least, she would be told to leave the Corner Diner. Instead, everyone kept eating and drinking, doing their best to look as if they weren’t paying any attention, and the waitress kept her head down, tears starting to brim in her eyes.

“Fix it,” said Daniela. “Now.”

Daniela turned back to Paige. “Sorry. Good help is just so very hard to find, isn’t it? I’ll need to find out her name and make sure Father knows to discipline her family later.”

And that was why no one dared stand up to Daniela. Her wrath was legendary in the town, and either through the town’s factory or one of many side businesses, her father owned almost every source of income the town had. He doted on her endlessly, and she milked him for it, and his own moral standing was firmly in the gray. Punishing some waitress’s family for a wrong drink order was rather on the low end of the scale of what Paige had been witness to in the past.

Daniela’s wrath was, incidentally, why Paige was turning to her for advice. Paige had friends who would be more compassionate, probably, and more understanding, but Daniela would catch wind of Paige going to them first, and this was something that Daniela, as Paige’s self-proclaimed BFF, would be highly offended by.

Depending on the nature of Daniela’s advice, the gorgeous blond might also end up offended by Paige going to ask someone else for advice *after* being consulted first. It was a tricky prospect all around.

Tricky prospects like that were why Paige kept so much to herself. No one knew she was still a virgin, for instance, except for Daniela. What

Daniela thought was that Paige was saving herself for marriage. The truth of it was a little more complicated—that Paige was saving herself to by ravaged by just the right man.

And she just didn't feel Charles was that man, as much as she adored so many things about him.

Paige struggled to not say something about the overkill that Daniela had performed on the waitress.

"Good help is hard to find, you're right. It's a shame she forced you to do that."

"Isn't it?" Daniela nodded, examining her perfectly manicured nails. "Now, what is it that's troubling you, dear? You're feeling trapped, you said?"

"Yes. It's just...I do so love Charles, but lately I just can't get around the fact of just..." she sighed. "He is so very affectionate, and so very sweet, and he consults me on every single little decision that he makes. 'Should I wear this tie with these shoes? This shirt with these socks?'" As if on cue, her phone buzzed. She picked it up and showed it to Daniela. "He's left me thirty text messages since I've sat down here. And I've *talked* to him about this, Daniela. I have! But he doesn't seem to get it. That he's a free, independent man who can do what he wants. I don't like being treated like some rich hobnobbery bitch who wants to control every aspect of his life. You know? I sometimes feel that I'm marrying him only because he said..."

Daniela seemed clearly annoyed. "He said what?"

"That he...that he'd die without me. He was very dramatic. Melodramatic, really."

Truth be told, the way Charles acted toward her was about as exact the opposite as she wanted a man in her life to behave as possible. Paige had no interest in being consulted for every last decision.

Decisions were difficult for her—there were so many variables to think about, so many people she didn't want to offend or annoy. Society was such a delicate tapestry, woven from eight billion decisions all at once, and sometimes when she thought about adding to that tapestry it just made her mind spin.

She wanted a man to decide everything for her. She wanted the risk and the trouble of indecision to leave her. If someone could just tell her what to do all the time...if she could just leave her will behind, lock it in a box and

entrust to some big-cocked hunk who would fuck her thoughts away and never let her have a moment of panic ever again...

She had dreams of domestication. Incredibly hot, naughty dreams that she didn't feel she could share with anyone. They were in her head, all the time, so vibrant and alive that even right there in front of Daniela, as her friend was talking, Paige could see them clearly.

...Master was arriving home from work, and Paige was ready for him, kneeling in the thick shag carpet of the entry way, her wet mouth open.

When her MasterHusband arrived home, he enjoyed a good throatfucking of his best girl. And Paige always wanted to make sure he had what he wanted.

Her elbow-length silk gloves covered her fingers as they dug into the thick material of the carpet. A black garter, lined with white frills, connected to hot lacy stockings decorated with little patterns of roses and stars. Her corset bra only just kept her massive, shiny tits in line, but each time she giggled or shifted her hair—which was a lot—they threatened to pop out of their constraints.

Her hair was enormously long, gathering on the ground all around her in a thick, dark mound. It looked like she was kneeling inside a shiny pool of shadow. Each and every lock was thick, fluffy, and impossibly soft. Sometimes, if she was very lucky, her Husband would cum in her hair but not tell her where, and Paige would be allowed to spend an hour or two searching through the thick strands so she could lick out the thick, hot goo.

For someone that was inside most all of the time, her skin was gloriously tan and shiny, contrasting sharply with the bright, light, Easter greens of her eyes. Paige liked being inside, though. She loved being a kept girl, a slavewife.

She had given up all that stupid college and career stuff. How could that possibly be important when she had a man at home to take care of and adore?

Master had built this whole house with his two hands within a week after they had married, and Paige loved every spotless inch of it. It was so right, she thought—him building things, and her taking care of them all day to make sure they looked good. This was how man and slavewife were supposed to be.

Finally, he opened the door. His hulking, massive frame barely fit inside —even since the day he had built the house, just weeks ago, his muscles had

grown. He was gigantic. Paige, kneeling, only barely came up to his thigh, and she was not a short woman.

She didn't mind the size difference at all. Just looking at the massive flexing of his muscles, the way they rippled and pooled with every little movement, the way they stacked and planked on top of each other, was enough to drive her into orgasm. She knew, because the other day, just for fun, he had instructed her to do it.

Paige always did what her MasterHusband said.

After closing the door, he didn't say a word. He just dropped his pants strode over to his slavewife, roughly shoving his thick, hard cock straight down her hot wet throat.

He didn't like hunching over so much, so he slid one hand up underneath the big handles of her tits, and lifted her up off the ground like she was a toy. Which, of course, she was. Holding her like this, he forcefully fucked her mouth, choking her on his fuckmeat.

Paige did nothing to interfere. In a way, it was almost low-effort for her —like her Master was just masturbating himself and using Paige as his hand. She was fine with that. A good wifetoy was used however her Husband needed. She just moaned happily as he fucked her mouth like it was a cunt, and stared up worshipfully at the face of her living God. Her decorated hands ran up and down his shirt, which was dirty and layered in sweat from the day's work.

His balls tensed up, the twin grapefruits slapping into her cock-filled throat. He dropped down to the ground and sprayed into her body. His cum shot directly into her tummy, quickly filling her with pints of her daily meal. Just as quickly, the thick, white load overfilled her body, and he pulled out to spray her down with his cum.

The startlingly hot cum rushed over her body, plastering her face and tits with its gooey perfection. She came helplessly, constantly, as his cum piled on top of her face and skin. Paige held herself close to her Husband's cock, licking and sucking up any excess that she could possibly gobble down. Cum had puddled up over the thick blanket of her hair. She would have such a delicious time cleaning it later with her tongue. And then maybe she could beg him to get her pregnant...

Daniela was frowning at her.

“I don’t believe you,” she said coolly. “You come here, asking for advice, and then you zone out when I offer it to you? Do you think you’re

too good for my advice? Do you think what I say *doesn't matter*?"

Oh, no. Oh god, no.

"Oh, Daniela! I'm so sorry. I was just lost in my head space. I apologize, really I do. That was very unkind, and—"

Daniela threw up her hands. "Charles is a saint for putting up with a bitch like you. He wants you. He takes care of you. He does everything for you. And you're mad because he wants your opinion on what he wears? You can't even listen to *me*, no wonder you have trouble listening to him!"

"It's *not* just what he wears. That was an example. If you would listen..."

"Oh, I've listened enough, and you didn't listen at all. I don't have *time* for ungrateful bitches who don't know an incredible man when they see one. A wonderful, perfect man who any other woman would *kill* to be with. You disgust me, Paige. And you ought to stay with Charles. Because right now, my affection for him and knowing how he feels about you is the only thing keeping you safe."

Daniela got up, grabbed her purse, and strutted off toward the exit. On the way, she flipped over the tray of soda that their waitress had fetched. The liters of liquid flew all over the poor girl. No one helped or seemed to care when the waitress broke down on the floor, cleaning up the mess.

Paige put her gorgeous face in her hands. That had escalated rather...quickly.

JOEY SLID THE WATCH across the picnic blanket toward Daniela. He was staring at her tits, her neck, the tilt of her chin, but of course he was. She was fantastic, and they both knew it. Today, wearing her tiny black jean shorts and one-size-too-small t-shirt, most men she crossed had to stop whatever they were doing to watch her. The curves of her ass were plastered by the fabric of the jeans, and the shirt clung happily to her amazing bosom.

She enjoyed a man's gaze on her. It let her know she was in control of him. Men couldn't help but do what she said when they were looking at her obvious divinity.

"So what's so special about this watch?"

"I'm sorry?" said Daniela.

They were in a park, deep in the middle of a grassy field. It was a sunny day, though there were smatterings of clouds in the sky. On the other side of it, some overweight teenagers were playing touch football and laughing a lot. Birds sang in the distance. She was sitting down with Joey on a blanket that she brought. She hoped that any observer would think they were just having a nice picnic.

Joey was beneath her. His looks were average, his family status firmly stuck in the middle class. He was maybe one hundred fifty pounds, and well-shaped, but he was a bit too rough around the edges for her. Something about his disheveled brown hair put her off, the overly intelligent gleam in his dark eyes. He was wearing jeans and a button-up short-sleeve shirt, in an outfit that probably only cost him a hundred dollars.

So obviously, on a regular day, she would never have any sort of picnic with Joey. But today, just a week before the wedding, was not a normal day.

"You had me buy it with like three million of your dollars, in cash. Do you have any idea how much cash that is? It's so damn much, Daniela. It weighs like three hundred pounds. So what's going on with it? The guy's house—the guy you had me buy it from? It was full of women who had no idea what to make of me. It was like they had never seen a man other than the guy who lived there. They were all dressed in lingerie and fetish outfits, lots of them were like, cheerleaders or something. They kept chanting his name. So what's the deal with the watch?"

"Oh wow, Joey. I didn't know it was so much trouble. You must have been really great to move through all those problems and get it for me."

Her voice was soft, low, soothing. She knew just how to speak to appease a man. She knew her voice, on top of the rest of her incredibly-made body, was icing on the cake of her perfection. Many beautiful women had a grating voice, or a whining one. Daniela's was always at the perfect level, always open, always like soft little licks to the pleasure center of a man's brain. Soft. Happy. Centered.

Daniela did not like Joey that much. He was a self-professed "nice guy." He probably didn't understand why he never got girls.

What this meant to Daniela was that he was the kind of guy that she could manipulate easily. He was one of five men who had an unending crush on her since high school.

Well, at least one of five that she acknowledge. Her house had a separate mailbox for her, often stuffed full of packages and letters from

admirers around the state. She kept those particular five on the rope by sending them emails, or following a blog post, or dropping a little monthly text. So far she had wrecked seven potential relationships, three of which had belonged to Joey. He really, really wanted to prove himself to her.

"No, it was fine," he said, puffing up his chest a bit. "I just wanted to know what you plan to do with it. I mean, it's important, whatever it is. I wanted to know how I could help."

Of course he did.

"Really?" She made her eyes light up in surprise. "That would be *so* helpful."

Her hands, soft and tender, slid over on top of his.

"You see, when I heard about this watch, I didn't know if I should believe or not. But what you just described, with all those women? I think it's proof enough."

"Proof of what?"

"Proof that it's going to change everything for the better. It can make people believe things, Joey. Any old thing."

He slid back from the watch, eyes widening. "It does what?"

"It hypnotizes people. Mesmerizes them. Entrances them. Say something to them while they're under, and they believe that. You can even make connect physical stuff to commands. Like you could say 'sweat' and they would sweat.

He snapped his fingers. "That explains all those women."

"I would say it does. It only works on one person at a time, though, and you can only ever turn it on once. So he must have...used one girl to hypnotize another."

Joey's brow had begun to sweat. "That's...that's um..."

He gulped, obviously holding in what he really thought. Daniela knew Joey was probably turned on by it. Whatever. Anything to keep him focused on his cock.

"I don't want to do anything so drastic as him. So you see, it's for the greater good that it's out of that man's hands, right?"

"Yeah, sure," he nodded enthusiastically. "You're really swell for doing that. Maybe...maybe we should call someone?"

"Who would believe us?"

He shrugged. "Good point."

She picked up the watch, stroking it a bit. “Anyway, I wanted to use it for myself. I have a friend who is really in dire need of a...shift in priorities.”

His eyes went wide, watching her fingers, and then her breasts again. “I don’t understand.”

“Do you know Paige?”

“Paige? Your friend Paige? Gorgeous and about to get married to the second-richest-guy-in-town Paige?”

“That’s the one.”

“Never heard of her.” He smiled, obviously pleased with himself.

She fought the urge to roll her eyes. “Well, if you *had* heard of her, then you would be interested to know that it’s not all sunshine and roses with her. She’s been feeling...nervous, lately, about the wedding. And she truly believes that she and Charles aren’t a good match.”

“And you want to use this watch to...to change her mind? To make her in love with Charles?”

She shook her head. “Oh, no! Joey, that would be truly evil. Changing someone’s mind like that. No, she feels stuck, like she can’t get out. So I want to help her. I want her to be convinced that she can leave whenever she wants. That’s what would make her happy, after all.”

“Oh.”

She saw him starting to think again. Couldn’t have that. As if it were the most natural thing in the world, she put her arms up and stretched them upward, putting her breasts on display. Her tight shirt slid up her torso, exposing her exquisitely muscled abs. Then she put her arms back down, letting out a cute little yawn.

Joey had been staring the whole time, of course. He shook his head, still trying to think.

“I don’t know that I understand. What do you get out of this? Why do you care so much?”

“I care about my friend very dearly, Joey. She means the world to me.”

“You care about her so much that you want her to leave Charles at the altar?”

Daniela imagined that for a moment. Paige, in her gorgeous dress, hearing Charles saying all those words of love. And then she slaps him, perhaps even spitting on his shoes, and runs away...

...Daniela, right there, is able to comfort him and let him know it will be all okay. And after a few months, start dropping hints about much hotter *she* would look in the very same wedding dress that Paige had picked out...

Her cheeks had started to get flushed. There was a hot, severe wetness building in her pussy, and she had unconsciously began to bite her bottom lip. She wanted Charles so very much. It was maddening to think she couldn't have him.

Daniela got *everything* she wanted. Charles would not be an exception. He would *not*. Daniela refused to allow it.

"You okay there, Daniela?"

She snapped back to reality, smiling. "Yes." She shook her head for a moment. "Yes. Just thinking."

"You want to know what I think?"

Not really.

"Of course, Joey."

His face had become rather severe. "I think you're in love with Charles. I think most people in this town know that. It's not a very well-kept secret, and I'm not sure how Paige doesn't know. I think you want him for yourself."

Hmm. She would have to step up her game a little bit. If he caught on to too much, too soon, he'd figure out without too much trouble that she needed him as a fall guy in case anything went wrong.

Her plan was simple. Since the watch worked by mesmerizing one person at a time, after she had entranced Paige, she would have Paige entrance Joey. That would work beautifully, just like everything else in Daniela's life.

She would have Joey would take the blame for screwing up the marriage, confessing eagerly, and order Paige to disappear forever, and none of the attention for any of the going-ons would be on Daniela.

She was rather impressed with her intelligence. It seemed a lifetime of plotting and gossiping had prepared her well for being conniving. She slid close to Joey, letting him feel her thick, golden hair against his shoulders. Her face was inches from his.

She made her voice husky and urgent. "You can think whatever you like, Joey. But here are some facts. After this is done, Paige will be single. You might even leave a little implication in her mind there about...who to

be attracted to, hmm? And I'll be single too, still. And I'll be very, very grateful to you."

She could see him trying to resist her. And because she could see him trying, he knew that her methods were working. She slid even closer to him, her thighs moving against his. One of her sandals moved over his foot.

"Please do this for me, Joey?"

"Do...do what?"

"Help me. The day of the wedding. I need you there for support. Reading Paige's instructions. It has to be someone I can trust. I can *trust* you, can't I?"

It also had to be someone she could control. And she knew she could control him. For whatever reason, she felt wrong about being the one to rearrange Paige's head. But she had no problems with Joey doing it for her.

"Daniela...Daniela, I..."

She stroked a finger across his chest. "When my friend is happy and free, then I'll finally feel free to follow my own heart, do you understand? I need this...so that you and I can be together."

"W-what? You just said...said for me to be with Paige..."

She put a hand on his crotch, her breasts sliding up on his arm. She let out a soft gasp of mock surprise when she felt his bulge. In truth, as a virgin, she had no idea what a good or bad bulge was.

"You're *such* a man, Joey. Everyone in town knows it. I've known it. I'm intimidated by you...I want you to have more than just one girl. Paige isn't enough. I'm not enough. But together...together we could be enough for a man like you."

She leaned in and kissed him then, hot and wet. He was good at it. That surprised her. His tongue slipped into her mouth and danced with hers. His hands went up her back and dug hard into her lithe, strong muscles there, and then tugged at her gorgeous wealth of hair.

That was enough. She did not like rough stuff. All those words, all that playing on his ego, she knew she was having exactly the effect she wanted.

"You'll help me, won't you Joey? You'll help me make this dream come true?"

"Yes, Daniela," he said, staring at her with awe. "I'll do anything you want."

JOEY, STANDING ON THE drive of the enormous, luxurious Race mansion and trying to look inconspicuous as he waited for Daniela to arrive, tried to keep focused. It was a beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky, and the temperature was cool. A slight breeze ruffled through the nearby trees.

The marriage was to take place in the middle of the Race's expansive mansion grounds in a little over an hour. It was a beautiful estate, full of acres of green grass and beautiful flower gardens. The marriage itself was in a little area fenced in with bushes of white roses. He could see it easily from the mile-long driveway. The only way he had gotten past the guard at the gate was with Daniela's invitation in hand, announcing himself as her plus one.

He wore a plain blue suit, fitting tight over his slim frame. Joey had never been truly happy with his body—he always planned to add a little more muscle to his frame—but even he had to admit he looked good in a suit.

For the past week, Joey's mind had been thoroughly focused on Daniela, Paige, the watch, and the promises made to him. Paige and Daniela kneeling before him, adoring his cock...both women completely in love with him...

To think that Daniela had wanted that, with him, this whole time! It was unreal! He felt so incredibly lucky to be a part of it.

She had been ignoring his phone calls thus far, but that was all right. She was just preparing. It was a big step they were going to take together. The only contact she had given him was to email him a script she had prepared for what to tell Paige when she was being mesmerized.

It was pretty straightforward stuff. "You don't need Charles. You can leave him." At the very, very end, there was stuff about Joey being rather attractive.

He had the script in his coat pocket now, ready to pull out whenever he needed it. Of course, he had memorized it, hoping to impress Daniela should she ask about it.

He looked Paige up on the internet, just to remind himself of what she looked like. He hadn't seen her since high school, where she was firmly positioned in one of the exclusive Queen Bee spots, running crowd control on who was popular and who was welcome at social events and so on. Her methods were gentler than Daniela's, perhaps, but were methods all the

same. If anything, Paige had only become more gorgeous, easily as gorgeous as Daniela, and completely heartbreakingly distracting.

Joey, ever since hearing of what the watch could do, had been unable to stop himself from wanting to try it out in ways that he knew were completely immoral. His cock didn't care. All he could think of was owning Daniela, owning Paige, having his own perfect girls doting on him at all times. Shifting on the concrete of the drive, his mind drifted to a daydream he had held ever since seeing Paige's picture...

...Paige held herself close to her MasterHusband Joey's cock, licking and sucking up any excess that she could possibly gobble down. Cum had puddled up over the thick blanket of her hair. He knew Paige would have a delicious time cleaning it later with her tongue.

Her hands ran up his massive body as he stood in the entryway, breathing and grunting, petting his slavewife's head. Grizzled, hot sweat covered his body.

"May I wash you, Sir?" she asked sweetly. "Your shower fuckslut is already prepared for you."

He nodded, grunting. When he was around her, he spoke mostly in grunts. Words didn't really need to be wasted on obedient fucksluts like Paige.

She didn't mind. He ordered her not to, long ago. He felt that speaking so infrequently made it all the more special when he did decide to call out her name during their intense fucking sessions. She, of course, agreed.

Taking his thick, rough hand, his wifeslave Paige led him into the bathroom and stripped off his shirt. Just like always, she moaned appreciatively. She loved his body. Its thick collection of muscles, stacked on each other like bricks.

A hot moan sounded off from inside the shower when Paige opened its door. Inside was Daniela, on her knees in her brand new cheerleader lingerie—complete with stockings, pleated skirt, tiny bra top, and six-inch heels. She sat in the corner, her hands behind her back.

She was blindfolded, too—a request of Daniela's. She loved being fucked by her Master without seeing him. She said that, since Paige was Master's first slavewife and therefore so much better than her, only Paige should really be allowed to look at their Master when he came.

Joey didn't really agree—he knew that if he wanted, he should have dozens of girls watching him as he came—but he liked Daniela's initiative.

Bending over at the waist, giving Joey a wonderful view of her tight, perfect ass, Paige turned on the water, making it nice and warm. Joey watched appreciatively as she she stayed out of the water's aim. He knew she didn't want to ruin the nice hot cumbath she had only just received in the entry. Later, Daniela would lick her clean.

Joey stepped into the shower, and Paige gathered up the loofah and soap and started lathering his body.

He could sense her moist cunt squirming happily as she washed her man's thick back muscles. Grunting, he pushed Daniela backward into the corner, sliding his slick, hard-again cock into her face. He fucked Daniela's face into the corner, pushing out hot little moany squeaks from the gorgeous teen.

Before long, he came once again, bathing Daniela much as he had bathed Paige just moments ago at the front of the house.

After finishing soaping him down from head to toe, Paige stepped around her Master in the large shower and undid Daniela's blindfold, so the two of them could each step out of the shower first. They dried each other off with hand towels happily, so they wouldn't be making a mess all over.

That would be rather rude of them, to leave puddles of water all over for their Master to have to deal with. The hot lusty messes their brains turned into when Master was nearby were the only acceptable puddles in the house. He would never get them pregnant if they couldn't keep the house clean...

Joey's mind broke from the hot reverie when he saw Daniela strutting toward him. He may have been imagining a wet dream, but she was a *walking* wet dream.

If Joey didn't know any better, he would have sworn that this was Daniela's wedding day. Her dress was ornate and gorgeous, surely rivaling whatever Paige had on.

Daniela, simply, looked divine. The neckline of her pure white gown dipped low, hugging her plentiful bosom, her golden hair sliding down in loving curls to highlight the obvious plump half-globes of perfection that she boasted. A long golden silk ribbon wrapped around her body, matching the elegant tresses of her mane of golden hair. The dress was inlaid with what looked to be diamonds, sparkling in the sunlight around her cleavage

and arms, which were covered in long white velvet gloves that stretched up past her elbows.

Joey thought it was considered distasteful to show a lot of leg at a wedding, but still, Daniela had fantastic legs and from her dress it looked like she wanted to show them off. Apparently, she had compromised by having a sexy, sheer, white lace bottom to her dress—completely revealing her bombshell legs, but still opaque enough to not be showing off directly.

He also thought bridesmaids were not supposed to wear white, along with the bride. But Daniela was hardly *any* bridesmaid. She was the Maid of Honor, and more than that, she was the star of the show.

God, she was just the star of anything ever that she happened to be in. Watching her strut toward him, her gait so effortless and sexy in her high heels, Joey was convinced he would do anything for her. Anything to feel her kiss him again.

He was thoroughly convinced he was in love. He had jerked off countless times since that kiss just a week before, each time dreaming of tasting her tongue again, feeling her sweet hot thighs against his body again.

"I'm glad you got here when I did," Daniela said to Joey, slipping a gloved hand over his. The feeling was bliss. "I'm not sure how I was going to explain waiting outside, looking like this, risking this dress to the elements."

"I thought most Maids of Honor got ready with the bride?"

"I felt it better she didn't see me until the time to do the deed," said Daniela. "Besides. I had my own special preparation to do."

She certainly did. Joey couldn't look at those gloves on her hands without thinking about her soft, velvet hands stroking his cock, her sultry soft voice begging him to cum all over her face. Then she would keep stroking him, encouraging him, begging him to do it again...

Later. After today. When he had proved his loyalty to her. When he showed her how much he cared. Then she and he and Paige would be together, just like Daniela said. He loved her for offering such an amazing grouping.

He leaned in, trying to seal their greeting with a hug. She smiled and stepped back.

"Not here, darling," she warned. "Too many can see."

He nodded. "You're right. Sorry."

Relief crossed her beautiful face. Relief that their ruse would not be broken, he was sure.

Men and women were bustling all around. A catering service, all the members wearing dark button-up shirts with red bow-ties, were busy preparing tables and situating floral arrangements on the plethora of tables.

"It would have been such a nice wedding," Daniela said. "It's almost too bad."

Something caught her eye across the grounds. He looked with her, but only saw Charles.

"Almost..." Her voice had gotten wistful.

Jealousy attacked Joey's thoughts—he tried to hold it off. Surely she didn't want Charles. That was just some rumor. She had told him her intentions, had promised him!

If he couldn't trust Daniela, who could he trust?

She took his hand, the velvet of her gloves so soft and amazing, and he looked back into those deep blue, perfect eyes. All angry thoughts evaporated entirely.

"Meet me in Paige's dressing room in five minutes," she told him. "Exactly five minutes. Got it?"

"Yes," he said. "Of course. I'll be there."

He watched her walk off, strutting in her five-inch heels. Her ass had a naturally sexy sway that he could have watched for hours. She knew she was gorgeous. Somehow, that made her even hotter. That she knew exactly how hot she was, that she understood everything that she did to the people around her, being so incredibly beautiful and superior.

Nobody questioned him or his purpose as he made his way through the grounds, following Daniela at a distance. Without any way of knowing where Paige was, the only real way to get there was to follow his love. This just made sense. He wasn't trying to be surreptitious—or at least, not anymore than his motive required.

So then, he felt really strange hiding behind a nearby bush when Daniela ran into Charles. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but she was obviously flirting with him. Charles's eyes were clearly eating up Daniela's dress, so sensationally sexy, especially with the living goddess who was inside of it.

Jealousy attacked Joey again. He tried to fend it off. She had called him *darling*. That *meant* something, didn't it?

But there she was, flirting with Charles, the same way she had with Joey. Was it all a feint? Was she trying to distract Charles, trying to manipulate him somehow? Or had she been trying to manipulate Joey?

Something about all of this struck Joey as completely, totally wrong. He wanted to believe Daniela. He really, really did. She was so gorgeous, and his heart just thumped at the thought of waking up next to her body every day...and waking up to Paige on top of that, oh wow! What a dream!

But...suspicion ran around his mind like a dark cloud. He knew what everyone else in town said about her. How she was a royal bitch. How she would cut someone's throat as soon as look at them. She had ended relationships of Joey's in the past, but that was only because those girls were wrong for him, weren't they? He believed that.

And Daniela had told him to believe it.

No, he thought, watching her smiling angelically as Charles walked off. No, he wouldn't believe such terrible things about her. She was an angel. A goddess. She wasn't worthy of such negative thoughts.

Daniela approached a small guest house on the far side of the grounds. There were plenty of bushes he could use as cover, and so he was actually quite close when Paige stepped outside, fanning her lovely face with her hands. Her dark hair had been done up in a gorgeous arrangement, one thick shiny braid looping back around the long locks waterfalling down her luscious back.

A procession of women—her mother and cousins, he guessed—walked out with her.

"I'll see you soon, ladies. But let's take half an hour, okay?"

They all nodded graciously. Joey scrambled to stay hidden in the bushes as they walked right past. It was exhilarating, like he was the star of some spy movie. He peeked his head up, getting a closer look at Paige as she focused on the approaching Daniela.

Oh, god. Paige was *gorgeous*. It was hard to think about anything else, let alone Daniela, in front of her. Her skin was bronze, her lips perfectly shaped for kissing, sucking, loving, adoring. Her cheekbones were so defined and soft, her face the very definition of beauty. Her hair, so long and dark, was thick and lustrous, possibly even longer than Daniela's.

The dress she wore was sensational in its simplicity, cut dramatically low to show off her braless tits—they hardly needed a bra to be firm and bouncy—and completely backless, held up by tiny golden chains criss-

crossing around her neck. The expensive white cloth clung to her hips and slid sexily all the way down her legs, moving over itself in sexy folds before landing in a hot puddle on the ground.

Daniela stepped in front of her, putting the two in direct competition in Joey's mind.

Fuck, who was hotter? How could you even make a decision like that? It was like choosing between the sunrise and the sunset.

Paige seemed rather upset that Daniela was there.

"What do *you* want?"

"I'd really like to have some alone time with you, Paige. Please?" Daniela was using her soft voice, the one that Joey could feel himself going to pieces just from overhearing.

"I don't know how inclined I am to do that, Daniela."

"I understand that. And I just—"

"The only *reason* you're even still here is because Charles insisted on it. Do you know how embarrassed that makes me?"

"I do. I understand. I apologize. And I'd love to give you an even longer apology in private." She held open her hand toward the guest house. "Please?"

Her words seemed to surprise Paige. "A-all right. All right, then. Come on. My hair and make-up are mostly done already. I think we'll have some time."

They stepped inside. Joey followed, moving around to a nearby window, well out of view from the rest of the grounds. He could hardly have anyone seeing that he was spying, after all. He knew that probably, per Daniela's orders, he should go ahead and enter, but he was rather curious as to what she was going to say.

The room they were in was like a small living room, with a light blue couch and matching loveseat, a cherry wood coffee table, and an extensive array of fruit paintings on the walls. He watched Paige shut the door. Daniela was across from her in the small room, smiling haughtily, her crossed arms pushing up her terrific breasts.

"Actually, I didn't want to apologize to you at all," Daniela said smugly. "I wanted to tell you you've been a conniving, contrary, evil bitch who doesn't deserve Charles. I hope some day you die alone. In a cave. And as a matter of fact, *I'm* going to make *all* that happen." Daniela laughed.

Paige's rage was instant. Her cheeks flushed, her mouth opened wide. "You—you bitch! What are you even saying? Do you really think...I mean...Daniela! What's wrong with you? You won't get away with something like that, Daniela! I don't care how rich you are!"

Daniela laughed again. Joey wished it didn't turn him on so much, seeing her act so evil and calculating, but it really did.

"Of *course* I'm going to get away with it, sweetie. I'm going to make sure you're never seen in this town again, and I've got some mope lined up outside ready to die for me just because I kissed him a little. He's going to take the blame for all of this. And then Charles will come to me, needing comfort, needing a woman's touch, and I'll make sure he's with someone who truly deserves him."

And there it was. A cold, firm hand wrapped around Joey's heart. He began to understand what he needed to do.

Paige scoffed. "Have you been drinking? Are you high? Good lord, Daniela. What do you think will make me do any of that? If you think, for even a *second*, that I'll let you—"

But she didn't get to finish her imminent tirade. Daniela had the watch out already. There was distinct, strong thrumming sound that reverberated in the room. Paige went completely still, and then her arms went limp around her side.

Joey, seeing this as a good of a time as any to make his entrance, slipped around the house and stepped inside.

"Took you long enough," said Daniela.

"Took long enough," Paige echoed dumbly. She wavered as she stood.

"I guess we should keep our voices down," whispered Joey.

Daniela nodded. "Just hurry," she said softly. "We only have twenty-nine minutes or so."

"Right."

He looked at Daniela, all that sweltering hotness wrapped around such an evil core. He felt used, betrayed. Then he looked at Paige, and felt his cock swelling. Quickly, he walked to the windows and made sure he closed the curtains. Couldn't have anyone repeating his little espionage. Then he turned to Daniela, struggling not to just stare at how openly gorgeous she was. Her gloved hands rested on her luscious hips, waiting for him to start. The haughty look on her face...he wanted to kiss her, adore her...but also to hold her down, make her beg to say his name.

“Here, give me the watch,” he said.

“What?”

“Doesn’t it only work if someone’s holding the watch?”

“I...I don’t know. Why would it work like that?”

“Why would it entrance someone at all? Just give it here. Just in case.”

She placed it in his hands. Clearly, she thought he was too dumb to figure out what power it held. Joey felt like his heart was going to explode. Everything was working his way, now.

“Paige, can you hear me?”

She smiled dreamily. “Yesss.”

“I’m Joey, Paige.”

“Jo-ey...”

Her voice so ghostly, so distant...with such a strong tinge of admiration.

“Did you want to marry Charles, Paige?”

“No...”

“Why not?”

Daniela hissed in his ear. “This is useless. We *know* why not. She’s unhappy! Start the script!”

Oh, the script. He had completely forgotten about it.

Paige was answering the question obediently. “He wasn’t enough *man* for me. He did not *tell* me how to be. Did not *fuck* me like I need. Always asking. Always begging.”

From over his shoulder, he heard Daniela scoff. The bulge in Joey’s pants got proportionately thicker. He stroked Paige’s gorgeous face then. She slid into it, her eyes still empty. This was all so hot and strange. Her breaths were shuddery and heavy.

“Have you wanted...” he took a breath, deciding not to care that Daniela was right there, “Have you wanted a Master, Paige? Someone to own everything little thing about you?”

A hot, sexy moan rose up in Paige, pouring out from the blankness of her face. “*Yes*.”

Fuck, fuck, fuck, oh fuck.

Joey heard Daniela stamping her feet behind him. He could imagine her thoughts: hurry up, loser! Time’s wasting!

He smiled. She would be sated soon enough.

“You don’t care about Charles,” said Joey, very low, not trusting his voice to stay steady.

Paige nodded. “I don’t care about Charles.”

“You don’t want to marry Charles.”

“I don’t *want* to marry Charles.”

“Charles isn’t good enough for you.”

“Charles isn’t *good* enough for me.”

“You want a real man.”

Paige smiled indulgently. “I want a *real* man.”

“I’m a real man.”

“*You’re* a real man.” Her eyes shined brilliantly, filled with submissive vacancy.

“You want to belong to me.”

From the corner of his eye, he saw Daniela stiffen.

“*Want* to belong to you.”

“You’ve always wanted to be my servant. My loveslave.”

“I’ve *always* wanted to be your servant. Your *loveslave*.”

She was practically drooling over the words. Every syllable was doted upon and sent out of her mouth with a bow on it. Her nipples were stiff inside of her dress, pushing up the slender fabric. This bride was his. She *wanted* to be his.

He wondered if her own subconscious desires were going out of their way to reinforce everything he said. To forge unbreakable ironclad will on top of the impossible-to-deny orders that the watch allowed. God, that was *so hot*. She *wanted* it. She *wanted* him to take her, to remold her mind the way he wanted.

Joey almost forgot Daniela was there until she tugged at his sleeve.

“Hey,” Daniela whispered furiously, her blue eyes wild. “What are you doing? I said she could find you attractive. Not that she was going to be your slave! You’re fucking crazy!”

He shrugged, turning to her with a smile. He fingered the watch in his hand.

“I thought you would be less lonely that way.”

“Less lonely? What the hell are you talking about?”

“You’re a smart girl,” he said, turning on the watch. There was a series of low, hard thrumming sounds. “You’ll figure it out.”

Her gorgeous face stayed outraged for just a second before her face slackened, and a serene, blank smile arrived.

IN THE SMALL GUEST house, Paige's brain came back online slowly, as if unwilling to leave the happy, empty place that her Master had led her to. She was *sooo* grateful to him for taking away that pesky will of hers. She had never, ever wanted it in the first place. Beautiful, wonderful girls like her didn't need wills. They just needed a Master who would do all that thinking and deciding for them.

She knew that was true because he told her so, but also of course because she had always, *always* wanted it to be so.

She was kissing Daniela's neck, adoring the sweet, tender flesh there. Daniela was so very beautiful. She had the face of an angel. Paige loved Daniela, everything about her. Her violent temper, her hot flashes of jealousy, her supreme vanity. Master found all of this so deliciously hot about Daniela...it was simply never to be directed toward him, that was all. Only others outside of their perfect circle of servitude and obedience.

"You love Paige," said Master.

"I *love* Paige," Daniela purred.

"You relish her totally. She is your closest friend. You love to adore her body."

"I relish her totally. She is my closest friend. I *love* to adore her body"

Oh, wow! That was so great! Paige felt Daniela was *her* closest friend, too! Wasn't that such a wonderful coincidence? It was so great they would be getting along so well just for Master!

"Paige, finger Daniela."

"*Yes*, Master."

Paige slid her hand up inside of her best friend's beautiful dress. She felt her cunt explode with hot, sweet orgasm the second her fingers reached Daniela's pussy, just from obeying His will.

Fuck, her Master was so fucking *good* to her to make her obey like that.

"Paige, finger Daniela and tell her how she needs to obey, serve, and pleasure me."

Her fingers sticky from Daniela's sopping wet pussy, Paige began to obey, her middle two fingers sliding in and out of Daniela's hot entrance.

"Service is pleasure. Pleasure is Obedience. Obedience is Joy. Joy is Service. Service is Pleasure..."

As she spoke softly into Daniela's ear, Master continued to rewire Daniela's brain, with Daniela responding obediently to everything he said. She would be happily obedient to Master, joyful and orgasmic in his presence. She and Paige would always get along, and would do everything they could to make Him happy, together. And Daniela would happily donate all of her money to whatever causes Master decided, and would even go so far as to seduce other men just to get *more* money for Him.

He unzipped his pants, his completely stiff cock throbbing outward. Paige came at the sight, another hot orgasm flooding through her body's senses.

"Paige, continue to indoctrinate Daniela."

"*Yes*, Master," she moaned, cumming again, holding Daniela so tight. Her breaths came hard and heavy, spilling against Daniela's blank, blissful face. Daniela's big, beautiful tits pressed hard against her arms, their skin so warm with joys of service.

"Obedience is Joy. Joy is Service. Service is pleasure. Pleasure is Obedience. Obedience is Joy..."

With Daniela still thoroughly mesmerized, Master shoved his cock into her mouth. Her blank eyes stared up at him, absorbing everything, her mind wiring completely to his needs. She sucked dutifully, if robotically, mechanically kissing and adoring his cock while he fucked her mouth harder and harder.

Paige continued whispering, continued fingering Daniela's pussy. "*Service* is pleasure. *Pleasure* is Obedience. *Obedience* is Joy. *Joy* is Service. Service is *pleasure*..."

Master was going to cum soon. Paige saw him tensing, his hips bucking faster.

"So fucking hot. So fucking right. This is what I deserve. Yeah, yeah," he tugged Daniela's gorgeous golden hair.

"What he deserves," Paige moaned into Daniela's ear.

Daniela moaned vacantly. It seemed her mind was just starting to come back online, just as Paige's had. And the very first sensation she had, the birth of her new rewired mind, was to be completely surrounded by bliss and pleasure, held so tight and sweet by the incredible beauty who was her SisterSlave and filled with the cock of the Man she worshiped and loved as a Master.

Master's facefucking increased in intensity tenfold as he saw the blankness fade from Daniela's eyes.

"Take my fucking cock, you slaveslut. Fucking *take it*."

Daniela whimpered happily, and Master shot his load inside her. Paige could only look on with open, happy envy as Master favored Daniela with his seed. It seemed like he had been saving up for the amazing blonde, driving her lovely, once-haughty face against his hips again and again.

One hand slid over to Paige's hair, and Paige could not hold back her own orgasm any longer, feeling her Master's pleasure conduit through her. She knew Daniela was cumming too, could feel her pussy vibrating and pulsing around her swift fingers, her entire torso trembling with uncontrolled bliss.

Finally, Master disengaged from Daniela's face, taking in deep breaths. He pushed the heads of his two slaves together.

"Clean her off," he commanded.

Paige obeyed, another hot, sweet orgasm kissing the heels of her most recent one, and frenched Daniela passionately, slipping her tongue deep into the perfect blonde's mouth, licking up every bit of her Master's cum that she could find. It was so fucking delicious, so incredibly good! She loved her Master's cum, she loved Daniela, and she loved her Master.

Then Master dipped his cock and balls down between their mouths, still slathered with plenty of his cum and Daniela's saliva. They licked eagerly, so happy to clean for him.

He seemed to be considering.

"Daniela here thought she was the hottest thing around...but then I caught wind of you," he stroked Paige's hair. "And I felt like you really outclassed her, you know? And then I was back to Daniela, thinking she was the classic beauty, all blond and big-titted...but then you're so fucking tight and muscled and slender and tall...man. I was really having a tough time deciding who I wanted more."

"That sounds so difficult, Master," said Paige softly, in between licks.

She was so saddened by the thought of her Master having difficulty with anything. He carried such a burden, doing all the thinking and working for such beautiful girls. It was all she could do to lick his balls and need to obey him with her sisterslave Daniela.

"So very hard," said Daniela, listening intently as she slurped on the side of his semi-hard shaft.

“It was. So I’m very glad it’s worked out this way, you see? You are both my completely mesmerized fuckslaves, now and forever.”

“I am your completely mesmerized fuckslave, now and forever,” they moaned in tandem, staring up at him with worshipful eyes and happy smiles.

He was their god. That much, beyond anything else, was quite clear. Master was just a hot little pet name that he allowed them to use. They were so very lucky that their god had allowed them to call him something so personal.

“That’s better,” said Master.

“Better,” echoed Daniela and Paige. “So much better. We *love* being your slaves, Master.”

Paige truly did. She could imagine, her pussy tingling, Daniela hating it. Perhaps somewhere in her mind, some willful part of her still existed, rallying against the unbreakable cage she was placed inside.

But perhaps not. Paige had no idea how thorough the mesmerizing process was. She just knew that every part of her loved it. All that really mattered was that Daniela, on the outside, was smiling, happy, blissful, and her Master’s completely arrogant, vain, haughty fuckslave.

“It’s time for us to go, girls,” he said. “Daniela, give me your wallet. I need to get us a ride.”

Daniela happily handed him her tiny designer purse. It was one of probably hundreds that Daniela possessed. He took out a billfold that had close to probably five thousand dollars inside.

“What is mine is always yours, Master,” Daniela enthused, glad to give up her “property.”

“Meet me at the drive, together, in about five minutes. Make sure you’re presentable. I want you both looking perfect.”

“*Yes*, Master,” they cooed together. “*Of course*, Master.”

They watched him walked out, each holding the other, trying to hold back the need to crawl and follow him wherever he went. But after a quick moment of lusting after his perfection, they turned to each other and began grooming. They had to be *presentable*. They had to look *perfect*. He *wanted* them to.

It was a rather easy job on Paige’s part, attending to Daniela. Even with just receiving the most forceful facefucking that Paige could possibly imagine, Daniela still looked gorgeous, barely a hair out of place. Paige did

her best to smooth everything down, clearing up any smears and reapplying make-up where needed. Daniela, smiling blankly, did the same for her.

"You're so beautiful," said Daniela, her voice full of admiration. "You must make Master so happy."

"Oh, thank you! I was just going to say the same for you!"

Daniela smiled back. There was not even a hint that there had ever been any hostility between the two. It was so much fun, being slaves for Master.

There was an insistent knocking at the door, someone saying Paige's name over and over again. Paige ignored it entirely, of course, until Daniela was ready.

"He should love you," she said happily to Daniela.

"He should love *you*," said Daniela. "It's so much *fun* being the kind of gorgeous babe he prefers. It makes us *so much better* than the others. He'll get us pregnant in no time."

Paige's cunt squirmed joyfully at that idea. Their chins held high, Paige and Daniela walked out, hand-in-hand. Paige's mother was right there, hands on her hips, all gussied up for her daughter's big day.

"The groom is all ready, dear! It's time to get things started!"

Paige smiled. "Oh, no. The marriage is off," she announced happily. "I'm going to leave now."

"Of course you are, dear." Paige and her mother were known to have little sarcastic games from time to time. "When will you be back? You really don't have much time. Maybe five minutes if you must."

"Absolutely never!" she giggled. "I'll never be back!"

Her mother looked a little puzzled. Paige didn't care, walking right past her with Daniela's arm hooked in hers. Within a minute, the two had made it across the grounds and were standing at the drive, waiting for their Master. Guests had started arriving in droves—all the high society from town—and the two ignored them completely.

All attempts at conversation from the guests were totally rebuffed with blissful, smiling silence. Nobody really deserved any conversation with them besides their Master.

Finally, a limo crested round the bend. She recognized it as the one that had been reserved to take away herself and Charles after the wedding. Little cans tumbled after it, attached to strings tied to the bumper.

Just then, Charles arrived, touching her shoulder. He was tall, with gelled blond hair, his light-colored tuxedo not quite working for him.

Paige sneered down at his touch, and Daniela hissed audibly.

"Uh, Paige? Babe? What...what are you doing?"

The limo stopped in front of Paige. The door opened up—she could see her darling Master's leg right inside. Beat-heavy music thumped out from it. Daniela, apparently lost in lust and completely forgetting about Charles, bent over at the waist and entered the limo ass first. Paige heard a hot, hard, spanking sound on Daniela's perfect ass.

Out from the corner of her eye, Paige could see Daniela's legs intertwining with her Master's.

Paige groaned with lustful need. She pushed Charles away. She despised him. His stupid gelled hair, his idiotic eyes, his sad little lips. Everything about him was cause for disgust and sneering.

"I'm leaving you forever," she said haughtily, tossing her hair back. "You're just not a *real* man, are you? I think we both know that. At least, I always have. Have a nice life."

She slid inside the limo, leaving the completely crushed Charles with an evil little wink.

Paige *had* learned some fun things from Daniela.

Master slapped her on the ass as she entered too, and Paige let out a helpless little giggle. The interior of the limo was luxurious—leather and chrome everywhere—and incredibly spacious. Master was almost completely spread out with Daniela on top of him, and they did not even cover half the room the vehicle offered.

She watched the lady driver up front rolling up the partition, counting the thick stack of bills in her hands. She was a pretty young thing. Paige wondered idly if Master would like it if such a skilled, pretty driver were to become their officially enslaved chauffeur.

Daniela interrupted her thoughts, sliding onto Paige like a happy puppy, licking her neck and kissing her fiercely.

"We did it!" she said exultantly. "We *have* him and we're *his* forever! Oh, Paige, my darling perfect Paige babe, I love you so very much and I'm so utterly *happy!*"

Paige, kissing and wrapping her long, perfect legs around the waist of her busty, amazing friend, could only return the sentiment. Then, Master coughed.

"Time to pleasure Master, girls," he said, crooking his fingers at them.

Daniela was a bit quicker on the draw, and slid over immediately across the backseat. Paige couldn't hide the disappointment on her face as she watched Daniela open up his pants, once again taking privileged first access to his cock.

Master seemed to notice her initial sadness, though.

"That's right, you didn't get to feel me inside of you yet, have you? Come here, babe."

He pushed Daniela aside, who landed with a happy little giggle, apparently drunk on glee. She slid down to the floor of the limo and crawled up around his feet, removing his pants entirely, and then enveloped one of his strong legs between her tits, kissing his knee.

Master took Paige's perfect chin and guided her forward, kissing her hotly. She came, her throat pulsing as all her moans entered into his mouth. He was so very fucking perfect to her. She loved him. She *loved* him. She was *his* bride.

Pushing up her dress, he slid her on top of his bare cock, her legs bent on either side of his hips. Her entrance was completely wet and totally ready after the dozens of orgasms she had already had.

Him being inside of her was better than anything she had ever experienced in the entire world. It hurt, rough, for just a moment, and then was pure, unrestrained pleasure. She *knew* he was perfect for her. She knew it in her *bones*.

She was so glad she had waited until marriage to lose her virginity. He ripped her dress down, exposing her bronze, lovely tits. He pawed them roughly, hard, knowing she belonged to him. It felt amazing.

Then he took handfuls of her hair, still pushing up inside of her body so perfectly, and tugged her face down toward his.

"I'm your real husband," he grunted in her ear. "You only want to fuck me. Me and me alone, forever."

"You're my *real* husband!" she cried. "I want to fuck you! I want to only fuck you! You and you alone forever!"

She moved up and down on his cock, her child-ready hips somehow knowing just exactly how to pleasure his cock. Daniela slid up to one side and kissed him fiercely, possessively, and she and Paige exchanged a hot look.

He fucking deserves this, the look said. *He deserves us. We have to be perfect for him, forever*.

Paige completely agreed, of course.

He kissed Paige deeply once more. “You’ll enslave other hot babes just for me.”

Oh, fuck yes! Anything he wanted! His cock filled her so incredibly well. The sweet motions of his shaft just got better and better. His orgasm was going to arrive soon. She could feel it. She could sense it, like a preternatural radar sweeping through her bones. His thrusts inside her pussy became harder, more frequent, and he picked her up and slammed her slim body down on his thick rod even harder.

“More babes, just for you! So many slavewives!”

Paige was orgasming wildly, just imagining so many hot women on their knees for him, just being fucked by her mastergod.

“So many slavewives!” Daniela cried, orgasming with Paige.

With a long, loud shuddering grunt, Master came, his sweet, enormous load erupted inside of the fertile Paige, filling her up. The thick, perfect warmth spread through her entire body, sending shock waves of hot blissful orgasms skipping across her entire existence. There was nothing else important, nothing else truly real, outside of her Master’s hot, throbbing, life-giving, goo-spurting cock buried inside of her.

God, was she pregnant already? It felt like it. If she wasn't yet, she'd have to keep fucking until she was.

“Thank you, Master,” she moaned loudly, holding herself close.

Daniela, her body wrapped so tight against both of them, had cum with them as well, burying her face in between Paige’s tits and her Master’s chin.

“*Thank* you, Master,” she moaned.

She and Paige began to match each other’s rhythm and cadence.

“Thank you, Master. You are so amazing,” they said together. “You are perfect. We are yours, forever.”

“Good wives,” he said, stroking Daniela’s hair and kissing Paige deeply. “Good little slavewives.”

“Husband,” the new slaves said together happily. “Master Husband. Our Master Husband...”

The honeymoon was just beginning.

NADIA NIGHTSIDE HAS a Patreon! ***Access exclusive bonus stories, polls, and show your support so I can keep writing the sexy stories you***

want!

Your opinion influences other readers and matters quite a bit to me! PLEASE leave a review on Amazon and let others know what you thought. I want to write what you love! And don't forget to subscribe to the Nadia Nightside Erotica Newsletter!

WANT TO GET IN TOUCH? Me too!

You can see what's happening with me on Twitter @nadianightside...

...and enjoy some of my favorite dirty pictures and NSFW .gifs via Tumblr!

What's next?

What other thoroughly hot stories about studly hunks dominating sexy, submissive babes has Nadia Nightside written? Wonderfully enough, there are lots and lots! Here's a few:

Virtual Meeting - Office Hierarchy

He returns from vacation to find his office trimmed down to just three mega-hot babes who are desperate to serve him in every erotic way and make him the babies he deserves! What's going on? Does he really even care?

Cult of Lust – Queen Bee

The cult's morality takes a turn for the worse (so, for them, a turn for the *better*) when the Master takes an interest in his most conceited, self-absorbed, thrillingly gorgeous slave yet.

Virtual Meeting – Taboo Ownership

A lonely girl puts on a special VR helmet to meet virtually with her online boyfriend, but it gets dark, demented, and erotic when he reveals all he wants is to control her to get to her sister.

Cult of Lust – Hot For Teacher

Her new student shouldn't be saying all that stuff about her body—but why doesn't she care, and why does she want him to replace her deadbeat husband? She better suck his cock to find out...

Virtual Meeting – Owning His Hot Date

A special VR headset promises to find the "perfect" partner—of course, this means it finds the nearest available girl and subjugates her will and transforms her unwilling mind and body into that of a model fuckpet.

Bimbo Wife – Happy Harem

Eliana has never been happier than she is as a willfully mindfucked slave of her MasterHusband, so when his status is threatened and his ownership of her might be revoked, she does what any good slavewife does—gather more slaves for him until the problem solves itself.

Demon's Offer – Corrupting the Innocent

An immortal sex demon gains an immortal succubus for a bride. How does she celebrate their joining? By gathering more succubus slaves for him, of course!

Bimbo Wife – Happy Servant

The gorgeous Eliana loves her new submissive, erotic life in service to her husband, but she's kidnapped by his latest slave-acquisition. It's up to her to take advantage of her Master's programming to bring herself and her sexy kidnapper back to their knees where they belong...

Demon's Offer – Corrupting the MILF

When this sex demon tires of corrupting good girls, he goes after the worst one he can find—and gets more than he bargains for!

Get GREAT deals and save money on stories with these bundles:

Homewrecking Dreams – A Bundle

TWENTY brilliant stories of the most forbidden of kinks—aching to break up a marriage for a hot young thing who happily seduces men away from the wives who disappoint them.

Raw Dreams

TWENTY thrilling tales of hot babes serving the baddest of boys—gangs of men, hard criminals, evil masterminds, sexy soldiers and more.

Office Dreams

TWENTY hot tales of sexy scandalous affairs at the office featuring hung hunks and hot, fertile babes!

Bimbo Dreams

This collection of TWENTY erotic stories features some of Nadia Nightside's latest and greatest bimbo erotica tales!

Demon's Offer – The Bundle

Follow the sensational, over-the-top adventures of an incubus as he slowly gathers his own personal succubus harem from the baddest, hottest girls around.

Taboo Dreams

TWENTY tales of erotic, pseudo-incestual delights between hot and bothered babes and the men they've known their whole lives!

GANG DREAMS

Fulfill all of your naughtiest gang bang alpha male fantasies with the TWENTY stories from this raunchy bundle featuring marble-carved badasses who won't take no for an answer, no matter the cost!

Forbidden Dreams

Not sure where to start with Nadia Nightside's expansive catalogue? This is the bundle for you—a sampler platter of all her greatest hits!

Overflowing Dreams

TWENTY stories of lactation and the depraved, hot couplings who can't get enough of milk-leaking tits from knocked-up beauties!

Just 18 Dreams

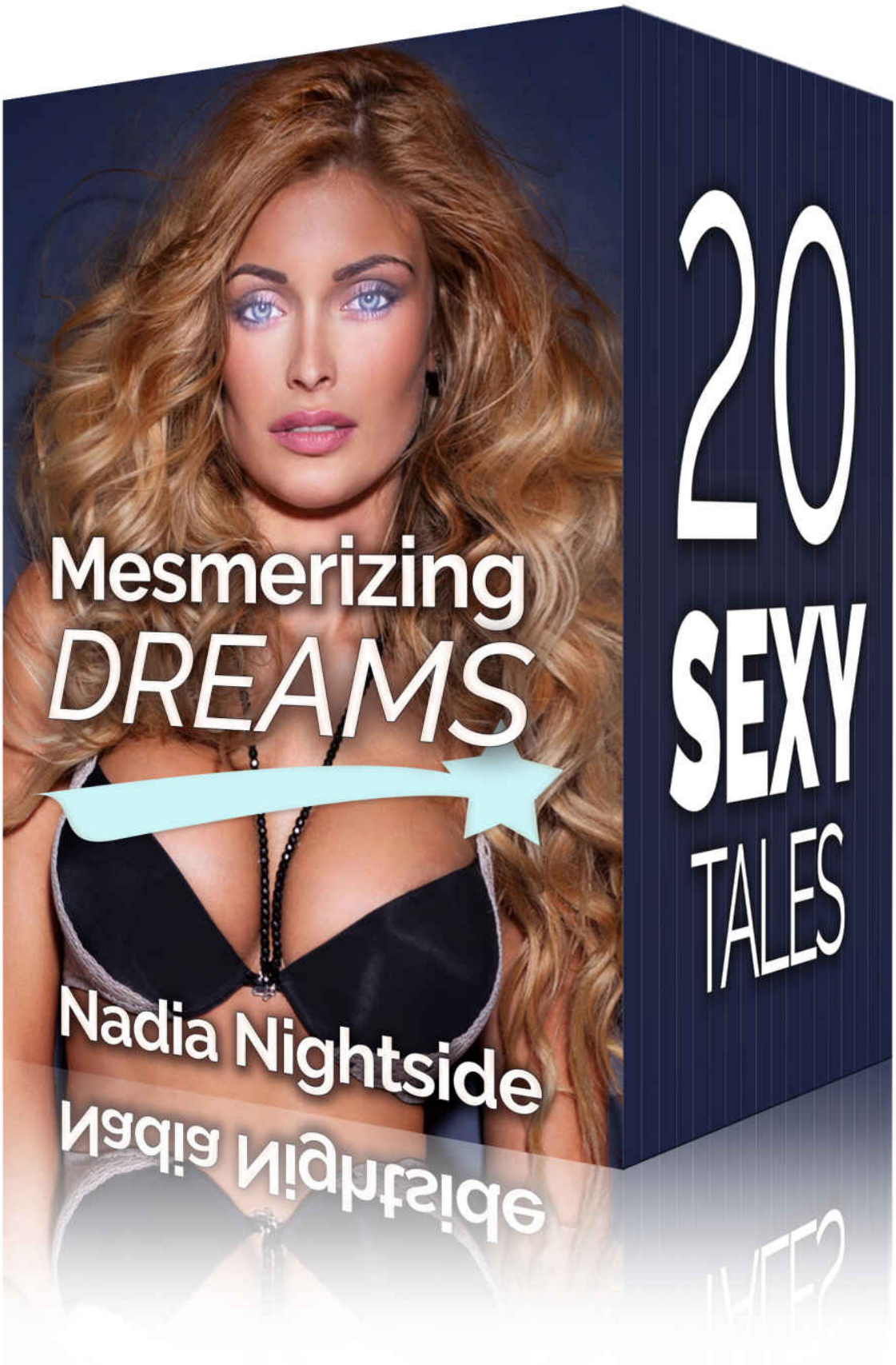
EIGHTEEN beautifully bodacious tales of barely legal beauties begging for the hard, unstoppable cocks of the alpha males in their lives!

Fertile Dreams

TWENTY amazing stories of brilliantly busty, fertile babes who dream of nothing but serving their man in all the ways he deserves...whether they like it or not!

SUBSCRIBE TO THE NADIA Nightside New Release Newsletter for a private link to THREE completely free stories—including one NOVELLA-LENGTH erotic tale—available ONLY for subscribers! Not only that, but you'll also receive exclusive access to regular special offers and discounts! It's free and you get hot, free tales!

Hope to hear from you soon!


Mesmerizing
DREAMS
Nadia Nightside
20
SEXY
TALES