

# Object Oriented

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## SMASHWORDS EDITION

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### Sexual content statement

This book contains depictions of sexual situations. All sexual participants in this book are aged eighteen or older.

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"What do you mean she never made it to detention? I saw her leave the house." Rachel used her shoulder to hold the phone to her ear, as she washed the breakfast dishes.

She was on the phone with her daughter's high-school principle.

"Well, Thea never made it here, and may I remind you, Ms. Walsh, tardiness and missing class is the reason your daughter got detention in the first place. This is adding insult to injury." He berated.

"I'm sorry, principle Poe, but I don't know where she went. It's like she thinks turning eighteen gave her permission to do whatever she wants." Rachel dried off her hands and walked to the front door.

"Technically, she can. And it appears she decided she doesn't want to graduate." The principle sneered.

"No, please! I'll find her and get her to do double detention. She's a good girl, I promise."

"I hope for Thea's sake that you're right, Ms. Walsh." He said, and hung up.

"Jerk." Rachel muttered.

"When I find you, Thea, you're going to be sorry you didn't go straight to detention." Rachel left out the front door and locked it behind her. She figured she'd start by retracing her daughter's steps on the way to school, and if she couldn't find her on the way, she'll check the local mall.

"How did she turn out to be such a brat. I never skipped school a day in my life. Must be her loser father's DNA..." Rachel mumbled to herself as she walked down the winding road.

She knew of a small, secret trail that Thea liked to take to school, through the meadow, and figured she ought check it.

"I mean seriously, maybe if she took her head out of the clouds, she could..." Rachel stopped abruptly, staring forward with wide, shocked eyes.

She spotted Thea near a solitary park bench. Her teen daughter held her skirt up with her dainty hands, exposing her pink panties. Her white shirt was rolled up above her chest, showing her small, perky tits.

“Oh my god! *Thea!*” Rachel screamed, and rushed forward.

Behind Thea stood a middle aged man. He licked her neck and ran his hands all over her, squeezing and fondling her nubile body. He shamelessly dry-humped the glassy-eyed teen, and all Thea did was stare forward blankly, never blinking an eye.

“Get off of her, you creep!” Rachel got the man's attention, and with an annoyed huff, he lifted his eyes to look at her.

“Thea, what did he do to you?! Did he brainwash you?” Rachel asked desperately, a few feet from her destination, ready to pounce on the sleazy molester.

“Hmm, you have nice tits.” The man seemed undeterred, and simply watched Rachel's impressive rack jostle as she jogged his way. The busty MILF didn't wear a bra under her plain dress.

“I was brainwashed to serve. I am my master's sex object. I live for his pleasure.” Thea whispered weakly, feeling her master's hard-on poke her cute, bubbly ass.

“Let go of my daughter!” Rachel demanded and swung at him, but her hand stopped in mid-air.

“Why? She's my toy now, and I've only just begun playing with her. You should help me, cunt.” He told Rachel with a sharp, curt voice, “especially seeing as you have the two things this young plaything lacks. Big tits, and cock pleasing experience.”

He reached around Thea and grabbed her perky teen tits with both hands.

“Although I do like these small, firm apples just as much as I like big, heavy melons.” He said.

Rachel looked in his eyes, and lowered her hand to her side. She could feel her will literally drain away, as if a single strong glance from that man broke her spirit, and made her resistance leak away through the cracks, until none was left.

Rachel looked at the man, who was now her master. The man who has always been her master. The man who will forever be her master. The man she belonged to. The man who owned her.

She looked at the eighteen-year-old girl he was fondling and dry-humping, and all she saw was an object. A perfect plaything for him to use, to sate his sexual needs. A young, flawless sex toy, that she gave birth to eighteen years ago.

She stood quietly next to him, letting him enjoy Thea's young, limber body in the serene silence of the meadow. She had no right to interrupt his fun, until he turned his attention to her.

Luckily for the big-breasted MILF, that moment came sooner, rather than later.

“Show me those huge tits, cunt.” He demanded.

“Yes master.” Rachel replied instantly, staring forward blankly. She lowered the straps of her dress, and revealed her breasts to the cool, morning breeze.

“*Hrrm!* Nice.” Her master growled and reached for a grab, forcefully squeezing her heavy boobs, with no regard to her discomfort. It was a tad painful, but Rachel's body was his object now, and so she did not move a muscle. She did not complain, and she did not resist.

“Who should I knock up first, huh? You or your sweet daughter?” He asked, kissing the nape of Thea's neck, still playfully pressing his crotch on her petite body.

Rachel didn't even need a moment to consider her answer.

“Objects don't make decisions, master. It is your right to impregnate us, as you please.” She responded with a slow, drone-like monotone.

“Hehe, your daughter is certainly more alluring. I'll use your mouth to prepare my cock for her tight pussy. Kneel.” He pointed to the ground, slapping his cock on Thea's pink panties.

“Yes master.” Rachel said and dropped to her knees instantly. Her knees hit the ground hard, and got a little scraped, but it didn't matter.

“There we go.” The man left Thea and towered over Rachel, his rock hard cock poking her between the eyes.

Rachel adjusted herself, and took his shaft between her lips.

“*Ugghh! Ulph! Mph!*” She took him all the way in, almost immediately, gagging and choking and treating her mouth like a loose cunt.

Her master grabbed her head and pumped his pelvis into her a few times, wetting his cock in her mouth. Rachel kept her hands to her sides while he roughly fucked her face, occasionally pulling out, only to derisively dick-slap her face.

“*Ohh yeah!* Come here honey, let me grope you while your mom preps my pecker.” He let go of Rachel's head and opened his arms for Thea. Rachel continued spearing her head on his cock at the same rapid pace, giving him the sloppiest blowjob of her life.

“Yes master.” The enslaved teen obediently walked over to his arms. He ripped her shirt and skirt right off, leaving her with nothing but her silky pink panties on.

“*Mphh! Mphh! Mphh!*”

Her mom made obscene slurping sounds while sucking his cock, and Thea stood like a doll, getting her nearly naked body fondled and groped. He squeezed her ass, fondled her perky breasts, and even brushed his fingers on her pink pussy lips, through her panties.

Rachel could feel the veins of his cock pop on her tongue, and that was when he decided to pull out of her hips and push her away with a degrading kick.

“Go sit on the bench, whore.” He ordered her.

“Yes master.” Rachel took his abuse, and obeyed, crawling over to the bench.

“Take off your panties and come to me, little cunt.” He whispered in Thea's ear.

“Yes master.” Thea nodded mindlessly.

The man sat next to Rachel, massaging her tits while Thea slid her panties down to the ground. A few seconds later, the stunning eighteen-year-old stood before him.

“Good girl. Now straddle me, put my cock in your pussy, and start hopping up and down.”

“Yes master.” Thea stepped forward, and did as she was told.

She took his raging hard-on in her dainty fingers, spread her legs above his cock, and after teasing her lips with it a few times, she secured the tip in her pussy, and eased down.

Her hymen tore.

The cherry-popped teen placed her hands on her master's shoulders, and began bouncing up and down like clockwork.

“*Ohh yeahh!*” He moaned happily, placing his hands on her ass and guiding her hips to grind back and forth, along with the constant vertical, up and down movement.

“Does it hurt?” He asked sadistically.

“Yes master. It stings.” Thea answered, her voice still solid.

“Well that's what happens to a virgin pussy if you don't wet it enough. I couldn't care less, though. Ride me faster.” He ordered mercilessly.

“Yes master. As you wish.” Thea said, and methodically increased the pace of her bouncing. Her pussy felt hot and tingly numb, but the petite teen continued serving, relentlessly.

“Hey, big tits. Go down there and tell me what you see. *Hrrm!*” He commanded Rachel.

“Yes master.”

The busty MILF knelt between her master's legs, right behind Thea's bouncing ass, and began to narrate the lewd view before her.

“Your cock is going in and out of her smooth pussy. Her pink lips are glazed with a layer of blood. Some of it trickled down to your balls.”

“*Ohh yeah!*” He nibbled on Thea's small, pink nipples, “keep going!” He demanded.

“Yes master. Your cock is throbbing in her tight cunt. Her cum-receptacle pussy is tightening around you, sucking you in, ready to take your load.”

"*Aaah! Mmm! Hrrm!*" He growled and grunted, grabbing Thea's ass and bouncing her on his own.

"Your cock is pulsating and trembling. Your muscles are tensing wildly..." Rachel continued watching her daughter's deflowering, and narrating it for the man who owned her.

"Shut up, cunt! Lick my balls! Squeeze my cum into your daughter's tight twat!" He suddenly demanded.

"Yes master. As you wish." Rachel said, and dove down to lavish his cock with kisses and licks.

"*Ahh! Hrrm! Ohh!* I'm cumming! *Ohh fuck!*" He announced, and erupted into Thea's virgin hole, painting the inner walls of her pussy white, and shooting his jizz straight to her womb. Every hot spurt sent euphoric pleasure throughout his body. It was a truly blissful climax.

"*Ohh fuck! Hmm.*" He sighed contently, looked at the pretty young thing mounted atop him for a second, and then tossed her off of him.

"Sit next to me." He told Thea, and stood up from the bench. Rachel knelt at the foot of the bench, awaiting her next command.

"Spread your legs." He ordered the deflowered teen.

"Yes master." Thea said, and opened her legs for him, showing her young twat. Blood and cum oozed from it, like a river of lava.

"Use your tongue to push as much of my cum back in there." He nudged Rachel's head, and ordered.

"Yes master." Rachel said, and without any hesitation, buried her face in her daughter's pussy, and used her tongue to guide her master's sperm back into Thea's overflowing, cherry-popped cunt. Rachel was just an object, interacting with another object, and providing her master with a nice show.

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Back in the home that now belonged to their master, like everything else that used to be theirs, Rachel finally used her tits for the reason they existed.

While her master watched porn on the big screen TV (after having Rachel order the adult package), Rachel squeezed her massive mammaries around his cock, and bounced them up and down on his crotch.

For lack of dildos, Thea used a washed cucumber from the fridge to fuck herself doggy-style. She bent over at the hips, pointing her ass to her master, and pumped the cucumber in and out of her tight pussy.

Next to her, on the TV, scenes played out with teens her age, getting their brains fucked out of them. Of course, plaything that she was, she didn't even have a brain to get fucked out of her, not anymore at least.

The phone rang, and their master commanded Thea to check who it was.

"It's my school." She said.

"It's probably the headmaster. He was angry that Thea missed this morning's detention." Rachel said, panting out of breath, and continued her devoted titfuck.

"Who's Thea?" Their master raised an eyebrow, "Oh right! Your name." He pointed to the tight teen he recently deflowered.

"Break the phone on the wall. I don't need silly distractions."

"Yes master." Thea heard and obeyed. She went in another room, and shattered the phone to smithereens, before returning to her place as a naked, dildo-fucking ornament for her master.

From that point until the evening time, there was not a single second in which their master's cock was not tended to, in some fashion, by the submissive duo of sex objects. Even when he was flaccid, their master found a way to enjoy their service.

While Rachel made lunch, Thea entertained her master on the couch. She lay on her side next to him, with her leg in the air, as he pumped away into her pussy. While he ate dinner, both mother and daughter orally worshiped his cock together, allowing for Rachel to educate her daughter in the proper arts of fellatio.

In Rachel's bed, before going to sleep, Thea rode his cock again. He had his hands on her hips, and guided them to gyrate in perfect circles. It didn't hurt Thea anymore. In fact, her pussy was getting quite wet.

"Your cheeks are flushed, toy. I don't want you to receive any pleasure. Focus on my pleasure." He scolded the young sex object.

"Yes master. Sorry master." Thea said, and as if by magic, she stopped feeling any arousal. Her master didn't just control her mind. His words ruled her brain to its most basic physical functions. Her very senses were under his complete control.

"Yeah, *Ahn!* Keep riding. *Hrrm!* You are just a fuck-toy. The only person who should get any pleasure, *Hmm!*, from this tight pussy of yours, is me! *Hnn!*" Her master told her.

"Yes master. My pussy is for your pleasure alone." Thea parroted, and hastened her movements.

"*Ohh yeah!*"

Rachel came out of the shower, squeaky clean and ready to be soiled by her master once more.

"My ass is properly lubed up and ready to be rammed into, master." She stood before him and said, barely acknowledging her cock-riding daughter.

"Great. Lubricate her asshole, too." He told the busty MILF, and pointed at Thea, "I decided I want to take all her virginities today."

"Yes master." Rachel crawled onto the bed.

The man who owned them slid from under Thea, and knelt behind Rachel. Thea pointed her ass to her mother, and her mother, in turn, pointed her lubricated anal entry for her master to plow into.

Thea pressed her face onto the mattress, her eyes wide and glazed. Rachel spread the teen's pert ass-cheeks, and slid her tongue between them, wetting Thea's ass.

Rachel didn't even flinch when her master penetrated her ass from behind, and started pumping into her, to his heart's content.

When Thea's ass was good and ready, their master spanked Rachel's ass away, and ordered her off the bed.

He nailed Thea's ass to the mattress, kissing her neck as he anally banged her last bastion of pure innocence away.

"Does my ass please you, master?" Was all Thea said throughout the painful ordeal. Her master's response was a feral grunt, and an even rougher ass-fucking.

Second prior to his ejaculation, he pulled out of her ass, and stuck his cum-hose back in her pussy, filling her cunt up with another load.

"Hmm, that's a good little knocked up sex-toy." He whispered in her ear, knowing she was already pregnant with his seed.

He remained sprawled on top of her, using her petite body like a mattress, and fell asleep.

Thea lay below him, her eyes wide open, her breathing slow and measured. Cum slowly drained from her well-fucked pussy, and the young sex object felt her purpose fulfilled.

Having never been told to crawl back into bed, Rachel remained on the floor. She spent that night like a dog, on the floor of the house she used to own. A man she knew only as master took her bed, and slept on it with his new, favorite love-doll, who used to be her daughter.

If she wasn't nothing but a worthless sex object now, Rachel would probably be upset. If not for her, then for her sweet, if slightly bratty daughter.

Instead, the busty MILF said a final farewell to a life she barely even remembered anymore, closed her eyes, and fell to a dreamless slumber.

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