

Spray and Use

By
Maldomi Femsub

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Maldomi Femsub

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

Brian took a sip of his beer, and sighed as he watched another fat old man with a cute-as-a-button, angel faced young woman on his lap, giggling at every dumb thing the geezer said, and playfully flirting with him. She couldn't have been more than 20 years old, had gold in her hair, the ocean in her eyes, and that sweet, melting, sexy smile that made every man erect a tent in their pants.

Brian knew what their deal was, of course. The pretty blonde wasn't just into old men, or anything.

It was the result of that Induce-Her device that washed the markets in the fall of 2018. Men, young and old, bought it and used it to hypnotize hot women, who would normally never give them the time of day, into their giggling and submissive sexual playmates.

Somehow, the waves that little gadget emits only works on women, a fact that spurred grand cheer from those men who still flaunted their chauvinism – Saying that it proves women had a weaker mind and willpower than men. Needless to say, feminist organizations went on the offensive against the special gun, with extreme prejudice. Well, those who weren't already lucky enough to be on the receiving end of a little hypno shot – Those had their mouths full, sort of speak.

Brian felt so fucking stupid, looking around and seeing all the skimpily clad women prancing around, fetching drinks for their “boyfriends”, and generally frolicking and showing off their lewd assets. That old man and the blonde were the final straw for him. He knew all those men brought their little sex bunnies just to strut them around, showing off their personal arm candies. It was a “fuck you” in the face of Brian, and other unfortunate men like him.

With an angry huff, he got up and walked off to exit the bar, leaving his beer bottle half full on the counter. With a final glance inside, he saw another blonde young woman speak to that same old man. She had longer hair, and more importantly, a pair of platinum glasses firmly secured around her head. She was clearly pleading for her friend to listen to reason and leave the fat old man, all the while her perky, giggly friend knelt and pressed her lips to the man's crotch, giving it warm, loving kisses.

“Pfft, I can't believe she hasn't given up yet...” Brian mumbled, and exited into the dimly lighted street.

He walked home and muttered to himself, berating himself for being so reserved, for being such a chicken.

When he first heard of the Induce-Her products, he was skeptical, like many others. And like all the rest, he quickly found it was very true, and very real.

While some of his friends enjoyed all the hypnotized pussy they could get, when the whole trend was only in its diapers, Brian took a different stance. Like a select few other men, he took on a mantle of greater moral fiber, claiming it was wrong to use the guns to mesmerize beautiful, unsuspecting hotties, even though all visible evidence showed that once affected, the women were happily doing everything of their own volition, and according to their own will..

It was merely a way to convince women to comply with your wooing, most men claimed, no different from buying them drinks at a bar, only far more compelling. Truth be told, Brian always tended to agree, and dreamed of getting the gun for himself.

Why didn't he? Well, the truth had much less to do with any non-existent moral conundrum, and much more to do with his infernal caution, or him being a damn chicken, to be blunt. He saw what the device can do, and was certain some ancient, impotent legislators will outlaw its use, and even worse, decide to enforce retroactive punishments on those who used it to get some sugar.

He was so unbelievably wrong, however. Amazingly enough, it was quickly concluded that there are no legal grounds to declare the Induce-Her illegal, since it caused no tangible physical or mental harm. It had the potential to change a woman's mentality, sure, but that could be achieved with any cup of strong vodka.

Feminist organizations fought to promote such a law, but by that time most people in the country, both men and women, either supported the use of the gun, or simply did not care. Even prominent congresswomen went against any law even regulating the selling or use of the device, which spurt a

string of ridiculous conspiracy theories among some women's rights organization, claiming that the respectable elected men used the gun on their female colleagues to align them to their horny agenda. Such crazy hogwash was quickly discredited by one of the most prominent TV journalists in the country, and the world, weeks prior to her quitting to live with her former co-host and brand new husband, as his servile housewife.

Brian was simply too late to realize he was hurting himself, his happiness, by not getting a gun and finding a delectable pair of big hooters to call his own. It was only when a survey came out, announcing that a whopping 90 percent of all men, and 80% percent of women support the continued free distribution and usage of the Induce-Her, that Brian understood it was as safe as it could ever be.

Alas, by the time he woke up to the truth, it was too late. Women who were not already immune to the effects, because another man already had them hooked, remained locked in their homes, and made it extremely hard for any man to convince them to go out for a date and a nice blowjob.

Then, those god-awful, ugly spectacles were invented, protecting any woman who wore them from the effects of the projectile device.

Those women who wore the silver, robo-like glasses felt great disdain for all men, even ones like Brian who had a track record of never coercing any hot piece into a threeway with her best friend. The glasses were even electrified, so any man who tried to forcibly remove them got zapped unconscious, if he didn't receive an unhealthy dose of pepper spray first.

It was a true shame, too, cause some of the best looking women Brian had a chance to ogle at, during his nightly outings, had those damn glasses on, meaning their gifted sexiness was put to no use, whatsoever.

He was just so mad, and sad, and alone, until a box arrived in the mail, from a friend of his. A box that promised to put a smile back on his face...

In the lengthy letter that came with the box, Brian's friend explained some things – Things that made Brian's head explode.

He always knew his buddy was some sort of scientist, working at research and development for one big corporation or another. What he had not the faintest of clues about, was the fact his friend worked for the very company that developed the Induce-Her. Apparently, the development name of the device was the “hypno gun”.

With wide eyes and dropped chin, Brian went on to read that the company that manufactures the protective glasses is actually another front of their multi billion dollar corporation. It was brilliant, really, they gave the cure for an issue they themselves created.

“Fuckin' hell, dude, you're in charge of those damn glasses?!” Brian nearly tore the page in half, until he read the next few lines, and noticed the nondescript, metallic spray canister hidden under some Styrofoam, inside the box.

Brian, I hope I don't need to tell you that everything I wrote so far should be kept a well guarded secret. Even more so than that, you need to make sure to never breathe a word of what I'm about to tell you, even to my own colleagues and co-workers, we are not supposed to share this with family members.

I don't know if you've noticed, but many of the more attractive women out there somehow managed to avoid the effects of the gun, and are now wielding our special glasses – that was by design. That

is, we made sure a certain percentage of the best looking women had been warned in advance, and knew to be cautious in those first few months of the gun's debut (The only people who got a true free reign with the gun were the Alpha testers from around five years ago.)

The canister in the box contains a special chemical, one that creates a strong reaction when combined with a certain secret ingredient all the glasses are laced with, like two sides of a coin, or two pieces of those silly heart necklaces young people wear.

It is absorbed by the skin, and seeps right into the blood stream, so any women out there you see wearing our "protective" glasses today is already soaked with one of the agents required.

All you need, if you want to enjoy those smug tarts who think they're immune to any male advancement, is lace the liquid in your canister with your DNA – A hair or some spit will do, but your sperm is the best choice (No, I am not kidding).

Once that is done, you need to spray it on her bare skin, and once the chemicals combine, she will be yours, indefinitely. I'll let you find the specifics of its effect on women, on your own.

Like I mentioned before, this is something that is usually reserved solely for high level employees of our company, and your knowledge of it must be kept a strict secret. I was just so bummed out by your latest emails, saying how you missed the train on the Entrance-Her, that I actually helped invent (jealous yet? heh).

Don't miss out on this one, man – Go out, and have some fun!

P.S: Don't forget to destroy this letter upon reading.

Brian finished reading the letter, a mixture of amazement and thrill on his face. He smiled, looked at the vial, and already felt hard enough to pop, just from thinking about what he could do with it.

“Fucking awesome!” He cheered.

As quick as he could, Brian burnt the letter and tossed the ashes down the toilet. He immediately went online to watch some porn. As blue-balled as he was, it took him precisely two minutes to nut straight into the canister. He closed it, gave it a few shakes, and looked at it with wishful eyes.

“I really hope it worked...”

With no time to waste, and the night being as young as it was, Brian took to the streets once more, to find a proper target for his first attempt with the spray bottle. It was a hot summer's night, and so the street was filled with comfortably dressed women, most of which strutted around sexily for the men who first entranced them.

For the first time, Brian easily ignored those jealousy instigating spectacles. He knew what he was looking for, and he knew none of the men around could attain what was right at his fingertips. Or at least, he certainly hoped as much.

“Bingo.” He spotted an incredibly sexy woman that perfectly fit what he was looking for.

Her hair was long and as dark as the night. She wore a blue sleeveless shirt that tightly hugged her slim, yet curvy torso. Her ample breasts looked perfect, even though her shirt offered near to no

cleavage.

Her round, juicy, and bouncy looking butt was covered by a light purple mini jeans, leaving most of her smooth, long legs exposed.

She walked around with a purse in hand, scoffing at the non-visored young women around her, one of which was shamelessly riding her man in the back of his car. Brian approached her with a smile, and clutched the canister in his front pocket.

“Hey there, babe.” He came on to her “I bet you get that a lot, but you're really hot.”

She turned to look at him, and even though Brian could not see her eyes, he could almost sense her bone shriveling derision.

“No, I will not take my glasses off. No, you will not get in my pants. And yes, you are being a creep. Now buzz off.” Her acid tongue cruelly lashed at him.

“See? This is the problem with women nowadays, you all assume us men want one thing, and one thing only.” He said, and she reacted with an angry smile, shaking her head, clearly resigned to ignore him.

“Now, me? I really only want to fuck you, I'll admit that. Like I said, you're really hot with that pink jeans on.”

“It's purple, you fool, and I'm only dressed like this because it's so god damn hot outside.”

“Yeah. Hot. I agree.” He joked, a little mockingly.

That made her turn around towards him, her hand buried in her bag.

“If you don't get away from me now, I'll mace you till your eyes melt!” She threatened him.

“Oh, no need for that.” He said, trying to look calm, and still hoping against hope his mate wasn't lying. He looked around to see nobody was paying them any undue attention, and then...

“Here, I have my own special spray, right here.”

In the blink of an eye, Brian took the spray can out of his pocket, his finger on its cap trigger, and gave it a short squeeze, hitting her on the neck.

“What the...fuck...!?” She exclaimed, and Brian took a few steps back, ready for the worst to come.

For a fraction of a second, it seemed like she was about to hit him. Then, she appeared a bit confused, looking at him, and breathing heavily through her nose, frantically sniffing the air around her.

“I...I'm...” She waddled slightly, stepping in place and looking at her body, her forehead slightly wrinkled in a frown. Quickly enough, her face returned to its perfect pristine smoothness, and she absentmindedly began touching her thighs, and her crotch.

“Mhhh...” She moaned silently.

Brian could see she was in her own little world, and walked back towards her.

“How are you feeling?” He asked.

“My...P-Pussy is melting...ahh...” The poison left her voice. She now spoke gently and sincerely, her voice wet with unexplained desire.

“Your pussy is melting?” Brian repeated with a smile smeared on his face “Well, that sounds like quite a private thing to discuss with a complete stranger.”

He touched her side gently, just to see if she'll react. She did, opening her mouth to whimper lewdly, and Brian could almost see her eyes roll back in their sockets for a second, as she arched her neck up.

“Yes, very private.” He pressed closer to her, feeling her soft warmth on his body.

“Tell me more about it.” He requested assertively, mashing his nose on her cheek, and fondling her soft, curvy body.

“O...Okay...” She said with a meek nod.

“I feel Like...Mhhh...My entire body is tingling. My nipples...My..*SNIFF*...Ohh...*SNIFF*...Ohh, mister!” She suddenly took a few deep whiffs of the air around him, and leaped forwards.

Brian wasn't ready for that, and before he knew it, she had one of her long legs wrapped around him, kissing his chest through his shirt and grinding her hips on his crotch.

“Well, it looks like you had a change of mind, huh?” Brian mocked, putting a shameless hand on her tight purple jeans, and giving her bubbly booty a fun squeeze.

“I need you...” She whispered, almost inaudibly.

“What was that? Speak up.” He wickedly hissed in her ear, and lightly slapped her butt to prod her response.

“I...I need you...Mister. I need...I need you inside of me...I need your...Ohhhh.” She kissed his neck passionately, and it made her pussy quiver.

“I need you, sir...” She finally said “I need it...Ohh...Please take me, sir.”

She needed him to touch her, to be within her, to smother her with his presence. She needed it more than she needed air to breathe.

“Oh, I don't know. You were such a bitch before.” Brian said coyly, deciding to repay her cruelty with some of his own, laughing maniacally to himself.

“Tm...Awwww...” She cried out desperately “I'm so sorry, sir...please...”

Brian chuckled.

“Well, okay.” He said “But you need to be respectable and compliant from now on, cause I can always go and fuck some other whores.”

He flicked her nose playfully.

“Hotties like you are a dime a dozen.” He told her in a demeaning manner.

“Okaaaaaay...” Ignoring his blatant disrespect, she gave a long, drawn out sigh of relief, and smiled at him with her cherry lips.

He had her so fixated on him, so intoxicated by the smallest whiff of his aroma. He had her wrapped around his little finger, and he was going to enjoy it, to his heart's content.

“Take me back to your place.” He rudely ordered.

“*Giggle*...Okay...” She cheerfully agreed, giggling like a brainless bimbo, took him by the hand, and led him to her little studio apartment.

Brian was so hard by the time they reached the lift to her apartment, that he pushed his pelvis onto her purple jeans, pinning her shapely behind to the wall of the elevator. Instead of screaming or slapping him, she helped him by lewdly wiggling her butt and pressing back at him, a lust-filled smile drawn between her flushed cheeks.

The more he touched her, the calmer she became, the more used she was to the effects of the spray. He could see she was slowly getting her cognitive skills back, looking more like a normal horny young lady, and less like a non-thinking, sexually deranged animal.

“Welcome to my humble abode, sir.” She said with a smile, locked the door behind them, and shook her ass over to her bed.

“Take off those annoying glasses.” He ordered assertively.

“*Giggle* Anything you say, sir!” She said giddily, cutely wiggling to her upper body.

Her eyes were as blue as the sky, and just as deep. They were wet, and filled with lust. The way she looked at Brian, adoringly waiting for his every word, he knew just how deep and profound his control over her was.

She was no longer a woman driven by thought or reason, she was guided by lust and arousal, and her raging libido was only interested in one thing – Him.

“Beautiful.” He said “Now let's see you take that shirt off.”

“Okay!” She said with another vapid giggle, and slowly peeled her blue, sleeveless shirt off, showing the pink bra underneath. Her breasts were big, round, and perfectly proportioned to the rest of her young physique.

She threw her shirt aside and stood before him, proudly thrusting her chest out.

“Wow! Your tits are much bigger than I thought!” Brian noted delightfully once he saw her ample, cleavage, tightly pressed by the cups of her pink bra. She didn't say anything, just stared at him like a deer in the headlights, and playfully swayed her upper body from side to side.

“Hehe, bounce them for me.” He said, casually rubbing the bulge in his pants.

She looked down at her perfectly round boobies as if she realized their purpose for the first time ever.

“Okay!” She chimed, and immediately began hopping in place, making her fun-bags dance and swivel.

“That bra is way too constricting. Take it off and keep bouncing your tits for me.”

“Okay!”

In a flash, she tore her bra clean off, and kept jumping and shaking her upper body, her big tits now free to jostle and bounce in all directions, hitting one another and jiggling vibrantly.

“Lovely.” Brian grinned, and stopped her enthusiastic bouncing by placing both hands right on her cushiony balloons. She bent her knees slightly, to serve her boobs to him better, allowed her hands lay limply at her sides, and smiled at him while he fondled and squeezed her bare hooters.

“I know this is ridiculous and childish, but...Honk honk!” He said and pinched her breasts hard with his full palm. He was eager to see her reaction to the humiliating, degrading act, and it surpassed his wildest imagination.

She simply stayed there, did not flinch or back away, the smile on her face not waning a tiny bit. She even giggled a bit, as if honking her tits painfully was really entertaining to her.

“Yeah, you're not so arrogant and prudish now, are you?” He pinched her nipple.

“Nnn...No, mister! Sorry for being such a silly bitch earlier. I need you so bad!” She said and bounced her tits, almost without noticing.

“Sorry isn't enough!” Brian said with a pretense of scorn, and took a step back “Turn around and spank that hot booty for me. Show me how much you regret your bitchiness from before!”

She shook her hips twice, and giggled.

“Okay!” She cheered, and quickly turned around.

Suggestively popping her ass towards him, she began to vigorously spank both her ass cheeks repeatedly through her tight jeans, looking back at him with an open mouthed smile.

“I'm so sorry I was such a bitch, sir! Does my booty spanking please you?” She asked, desperate to appeal to him with her womanly wiles.

“Keep slapping that booty and shut the fuck up.” Was his smug response.

“Okay!”

He kept her going for five minutes straight, walking around her to get a good look of both her tits and her juicy behind. He wanted to see if she will want to stop, at any point, but that never happened. She just kept looking at him, filled with desire, and made sweet percussion music with her bubbly butt cheeks.

Brian could only take so much before he dropped his pants and underpants off, and allowed his raging hard-on to breathe.

With a grunt, he lunged at her from behind, pressing his raw erection onto her tight jeans.

“Hrrm, yeah!” He growled and pressed his crotch onto her booty, moving his hips back and forth while she accommodated him by moving her bubbly rear in perfect circles. He spanked her ass himself, as hard as he could, and then whispered in her ear.

“Take these fucking pants off!” He told her, squeezed her titties hard, and backed away to see her do it.

She writhed her hips from side to side slowly, and hooked her thumbs in her pants, pulling them down.

“Okay!” She said, a portion of her butt-crack already visible.

“Do you want to me spank it again?” She asked as her mini jeans fell to the ground, and her thonged ass was exposed in all its perfectly round, bubbly glory.

She spanked herself a few times without even waiting for his response. Her thong was pink, like her bra, and as she bent over a bit, Brian saw the crotch area was soaked. Her pussy indeed melted away for him, wet and needy, and always ready.

Brian lunged at her again, pressing his cock on her bare ass cheeks, this time. His cock throbbed, but that was nothing compared to the gushing stream escaping her twat when she felt his raw manhood touch her.

“What a dirty little slut!” Brian said and aimed his cock between her legs. Rubbing her pussy lips from behind. He could feel just how wet the pink fabric covering her crotch was. He grabbed her tits for leverage, and fucked between her legs, her bubble-butt providing a soft landing pad for each thrust of his crotch.

“You're a dirty little slut, aren't you?” He asked rhetorically, feeling his rod being showered by her soaking honeypot.

“Ahh! Dirty shlut mishter!” She slurred out, her tongue dangling from her mouth. Suddenly feeling his cock rubbing against her thong-covered pussy lips was a thrill she needed a few seconds to recover from.

“What was that thing you said before, slut, about me and your pants?” He asked cruelly as he played her like a doll.

“That...Ohh...That you won't get into my pants, mister!” She said, raising her voice, to surpass the constant banging sounds of his crotch on her behind.

“Well, what do you know, slut! I think I'm well inside of your hot pants, now, aren't I?! Because they're on the floor wrapped around your legs! Hahaha!” He pulled on her thong's string and yanked it up, just to drive his point home.

“Y...Yes mister! I was so wrong!”

“That's right, bitch! You should choke on those fucking words!”
A smirking twinkle sparked in his eyes.

“In fact, you should choke on my cock! Right NOW!”

With massive force, he pushed her shoulders down and brought her to her knees. She turned around while on her knees, and crossed her eyes to look at his cock, erected squarely between her pupils. She sighed happily, and smiled radiantly.

“Okay!” She gave her usual, meek agreement, and dove on his cock like an Olympic swimmer.

“Mbhh Hbb Hnn Anh!” She slobbered out incoherently.

“I have no idea what you just said,” He grabbed her head and encouraged her to move faster “But just keep sucking!”

He fucked her mouth until her tongue felt numb, and even paused for a minute of titfucking. She looked up at him with steaming blue eyes while he pumped between her breasts.

Feeling his hardened shaft pierce through her lips made her soil her panties with pussy juices, beyond repair, and feeling his rod between her tits actually made her cunt overflow, bypass her thong, and drip to the floor.

“Wow, your cunt is so fucking wet!” Brian said, amazed – He has never seen a woman get so wet and aroused before.

It filled him with overflowing desire, as well.

“Take that stupid thong off, get on the bed and spread your legs for me.” He said, and still got a fun tickle from hearing her thrilled “Okay!”

And there she was, fully naked on the bed, spreading her legs wide and rubbing her labia in soaking perfect circles.

“And you said I won't be fucking you...” Brian brought up her uninformed first response to his advances, just as he began teasing her bare pussy lips with his hard cock.

“Ahhh! Me sho shtupid!” She slurred out, another sudden burst of insurmountable passion coursing through her veins as she felt his raw shaft touch her pussy so directly
“You own my pussy mister! Fuck my pussy, please!” She felt as if there's a furnace between her legs, and it nearly melted her brain.

He grabbed her tits with both hands, held them tight, and thrust into her, hard.

“Ah!” Her whole body moved from the force of the thrust, and just like that, Brian was fully inside of her, his shaft being tightly sucked by her warm, quivering, wet cunt.

“Wow, it slid in so easily!” He said, leaning on her with all his weight “Let's try again.”

He pulled up slowly, until only his tip was secured in her gushing pussy lips, and rammed into her again.

“Ahh!” She moaned, responding to every tremble of his throbbing rod.

“And your pussy lips are holding me so tightly! It's like you're trying to suck me in!”

He lowered his head to hers until their foreheads touched. She panted breathlessly, at a loss for words in her state of nirvana and bliss. He chuckled arrogantly, and growled like a wild animal, before savagely banging her, taking out months of aggravation and sexual tension on her pristine and barely used pussy lips.

Many other women her age were used to being fucked hard whenever their men pleased, since the Induce-Her was released, but this was a new experience for her. She squealed, moaned, cried and howled in ecstasy, wordlessly begging him with every fiber of her being to take any liberties he wished with her young, supple body.

Unlike the gun, which entranced and mesmerized the mind, the spray permanently changed the brain on a much more physical, chemical level.

The method didn't really matter, as the end result was the same. Whether it was the mind ruling the body, or the body numbing the mind into perfect submission, resistance was not only futile, it was rendered objectionable, and disgusting.

Obedience was comfort, and bliss.

She knew she would never be able to resist him, and she didn't care. She knew she would serve and

please him for as long as she physically could. She looked up at him with the most promiscuous smile, her legs opened as wide as they could be – All for him, all for his pleasure. He speared her pussy to his heart's content, and all she could do was squeal in delight.

She won't be able to go on without him, and if he wanted her as nothing but a sex doll, a fuck toy, an enslaved plaything, then that is what she will be for him.

“PANT PANT.. Your eyes are so fucking beautiful!” Brian looked down at her as she cemented her resolve to serve him, her sparkling light blue globes like windows to a peaceful, cloudless sky.

“And I am the only guy who'll ever get to enjoy seeing those eyes! Because you'll be wearing your stupid glasses and pretend to be the untamed little bitch you were when we met.” He hissed down at her, drunk on power.

“Ah! Ah! O-Okay, mister! Anything you say! Oh, it's so good! Ahhhh!”

“Fuck Yeah! My friends can show off their obedient girlfriends all they want. I've got full access to all the arrogant, protective-glasses wearing pussy I please! I'll let them rub it in all they wish, and know in my heart that I get all the cunts they have already given up on! Hah!”

Brian's triumphant speech fell on ears muffled and deaf from the ringing bells of continuous feminine orgasm. She was pleasantly lost in an ocean of bliss, and nothing could ever fish her out. Brian just kept on pistoning his pelvis into her, and she just kept quietly thanking him over and over again, in whispery mumbles.

“Okay, get on your fucking hands and knees, on the floor where you fucking belong!” He pulled out of her, his heart pounding and his balance off, but he still lorded over her like a mighty titan.

“Okay...” She whispered weakly, a little smile drawn on her weary face – The rough fucking managed to exhaust her quite a bit. Her pussy was comfortably numb, and as she moved to obey his not-so-subtle request, the tingling warmth that begged for his cock slowly returned.

“Fuck me mister!” She lowered her head to the floor, and wiggled her ass in circles for him.

Brian smirked, fucking her was precisely his intention. He got on his knees behind her, spanked her ass a few times, to remind her of her place, aimed his cannon into her snatch, and fired away in a pumping barrage that caused her tongue to lull out of her cock sucking mouth.

“I'm gonna cum!” He already felt some of his spunk shoot out of his hard-on, a tingly feeling of warmth and bliss. For some reason, his instinct told him to pull out, perhaps the memories of his previous girlfriends who always had him cum outside.

The random pussy before him wasn't his girlfriend, though, and he showed her just the right amount of respect by nutting all over her perfect, bent-over ass, glazing her smooth, bubbly cheeks with white cream.

“Nyaaaaaa!” She squealed, his cum absorbed in her skin and reacting with the chemicals that already seeped into her brain's stem. She shivered uncontrollably for a few seconds, fell to the floor, and spasmed like a fish out of water, a depraved and defeated look on her pretty face.

“Heh, guess that's why he wrote that using my sperm was the best choice.” Brian said, casually wiping his cock on her bare ass cheeks. The hot mess of a sex pot regained her senses quickly, and with a lascivious smile she lifted herself back up to her hands her knees, her extremities trembling.

She slowly moved her cum covered booty in circles, and hoped the man who just literally fucked her brains out was watching and enjoying himself. Her smile was sincere and primal, like that of a praised pet.

She heard him buckle up and re-zip his pants.

“Well, I had a lot of fun.” He checked his pockets, found a quarter, and derisively tossed it on her.

“Ohh...” She whimpered when it hit her clear skin, her pussy moistening from the attention he gave her.

“I'd say that's about what you're worth. Now, if you don't mind, and I know you don't: The world is filled with hot chicks with silver glasses just waiting to be my private fuck-puppets. So, I'll be taking my leave.”

“...Okay...” She sobbed, mourning his departure.

“Oh, by the way! According to my friend, your chemical dependence on me will never wane, so I'll just write your address down on my phone, and I'll show up if I ever feel like porking you again.”

Just the hint that he might come to her tiny apartment and cum all over her again made her smile. “Okay!”

Brian also found her phone, and wrote down her number in his contact list.

“Good girl. I'll attach a nice picture to your number, too. Spread those pussy lips wide.”

“Ahh! Okaaaaay!” The helplessly horny young woman let her head fall to the floor, completely unsupported, and reached back with her hands to spread her cunt open, her cheek plastered flat against the cold floor.

“That's a lovely view.” Brian stood at the doorstep and took a picture of her nice ass, hanging up in the air, glazed with his thick sexual exertions, her fingers opening her pussy wide and invitingly.

“There, every time I check your address, this is what I'll see.” He boasted “I definitely think I'll be coming in here more, hehe.”

“I'm so happy, mister...” She wiggled her pert butt and said.

“Heh, the name's Brian, by the way, but I like it when you talk to me with the proper respect.”

“Mm-hmm...” She nodded, her cheek scraping the smooth floor tiles “Yes...hmm...master...” She hissed sexily, a sheepish smile on her floored face.

“Ohh, that was even better, bitch!”

“Yes, master!” Said the cock addicted whore, happy to please the man her five senses were fixated upon.

Giving a final glance to the young, hot mess he was leaving behind, Brian smiled, and left. His fun was only beginning. He had many months of frustration to let out of his system, and an untouched pool of untamed hotties to help him with it.

The young woman who remained on the floor began to wind down, now that his scent, his presence, was distancing ever away. She blinked a few times, and realized the memory of the ordeal was quickly evaporating from her mind.

In a few moments, she will stand back up, go into the shower because of her inexplicably sticky bottom, and the only remnant of what happened will lie dormant in her brain. Whenever he comes close to her, whenever she can even slightly sense him near her in any way, the altered chemicals in her brain will remind her of what she truly was – A haplessly horny piece of ass, endlessly addicted to Brian's pleasure. A hot body, ready for him to play with, and then toss aside like an over-used toy.

He went back to the bar, and saw that hot, lithe, tall blonde who tried pleading to her friend, before. She was stomping out of the bar with tears in the corners of her majestic, green eyes, tucked under the silver glasses.

“You really should just accept the fact that your hot little friend is happy being a sex slave for that old geezer.” Brian told her.

“What?!” She snapped at him angrily, and he sighed at her.

“Well, I can get hard again. Here, I'll help you get your mind off of it, and onto some more important things, like serving me.” He took the canister out of his pocket.

“Nice try, but that infernal gun won't wo—Hey!” She exclaimed as the spray hit her.

Brian didn't wait this time. He just got close to her, fondling her nubile body while letting her get as much of his scent as she needed.

While her friend shook her pert little butt for a man over twice her age, inside the bar, Brian took her to the back alley, bent her over and banged her from behind, her glasses discarded on the floor.

“Ahh! Fuck me, master! Use me, ohhh!” She moaned, moving her hips back and forth – Brian didn't even need to thrust at all, and simply let her fuck herself on his fleshy sword, declaring her a slave for him, just like he told her to.

He finished by telling the gorgeous blonde to kneel, and giving her a nice facial, sending her to waddle back home with her pants down, and thick, sticky man-juice dripping from her lips and chin, sticking to her golden mane.

“Sh-Shank you, mashter.” She walked away, shaking her bare behind at him after he sent her off with a spank.

She used her hand to spread her butt a bit, and looked back at him with a cum-filled smile.

“I really needed a good fucking, master. I'm just so uptight. You have my phone and address, please don't hesitate to use me again, day and night, I'll always be available.”

Brian buckled back up with a grin on his face, and walked into the bar to get some beer, to compensate for the one he failed to finish earlier. Nothing, not even an old man and his eternally compliant, blonde sex doll, could ever take him down from the high he was in.

Good things come to those who wait, that was always his motto. And now, he knew just how right he was.

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Contact the author at maldomifemsub@yahoo.com.au with any questions, comments, and suggestions.