

ALICE LOCKE

PART ONE

PART TWO

PART THREE

PART FOUR

PART FIVE

ALPHA
Scent
COLLECTION

Before We Begin

This story will be told in a serialized fashion, but every chapter can be enjoyed individually. You can find all of them in my [Author Central profile page](#).

***In this bundle, you'll find books
One to Five.***

Table of Content

Part One

Jason is an **introvert on a dry spell** - nothing new for him, that's how his life had always been. One day a **mysterious courier** delivers a **curious box** to him, which sparks the **next chapter of his life**. Inside the box lies a small **bottle of cologne**, which he decides to use. **Feeling confident** he decides to take a walk, but quickly realizes that **all the women he passes are staring at him - hungrily**. Even his **young, attractive neighbor** is affected. At first she **seems fine**, but soon enough she starts **behaving like the others** and **invites Jason inside**. Inside, it's clear **she wants him** - and before he knows it, the **blonde bimbo is worshiping him with her mouth** before **taking things further ...**

Part Two

Jason still can't wrap his mind around what happened. Surely it couldn't be the **bottle of cologne**, could it? Could it truly **turn women into bimbos with no inhibitions**? He decides to take a **shower** and go back to the city, and much to his surprise, **nothing weird happens**. The following day he wears it again, and once more **people are staring hungrily at him**. A **young bimbo** working at a flower shop catches his attention. He can't help but **feel the hunger** rise too, and after **she submits to him**, Jason decides to **go all out and take her deep and hard**.

Part Three

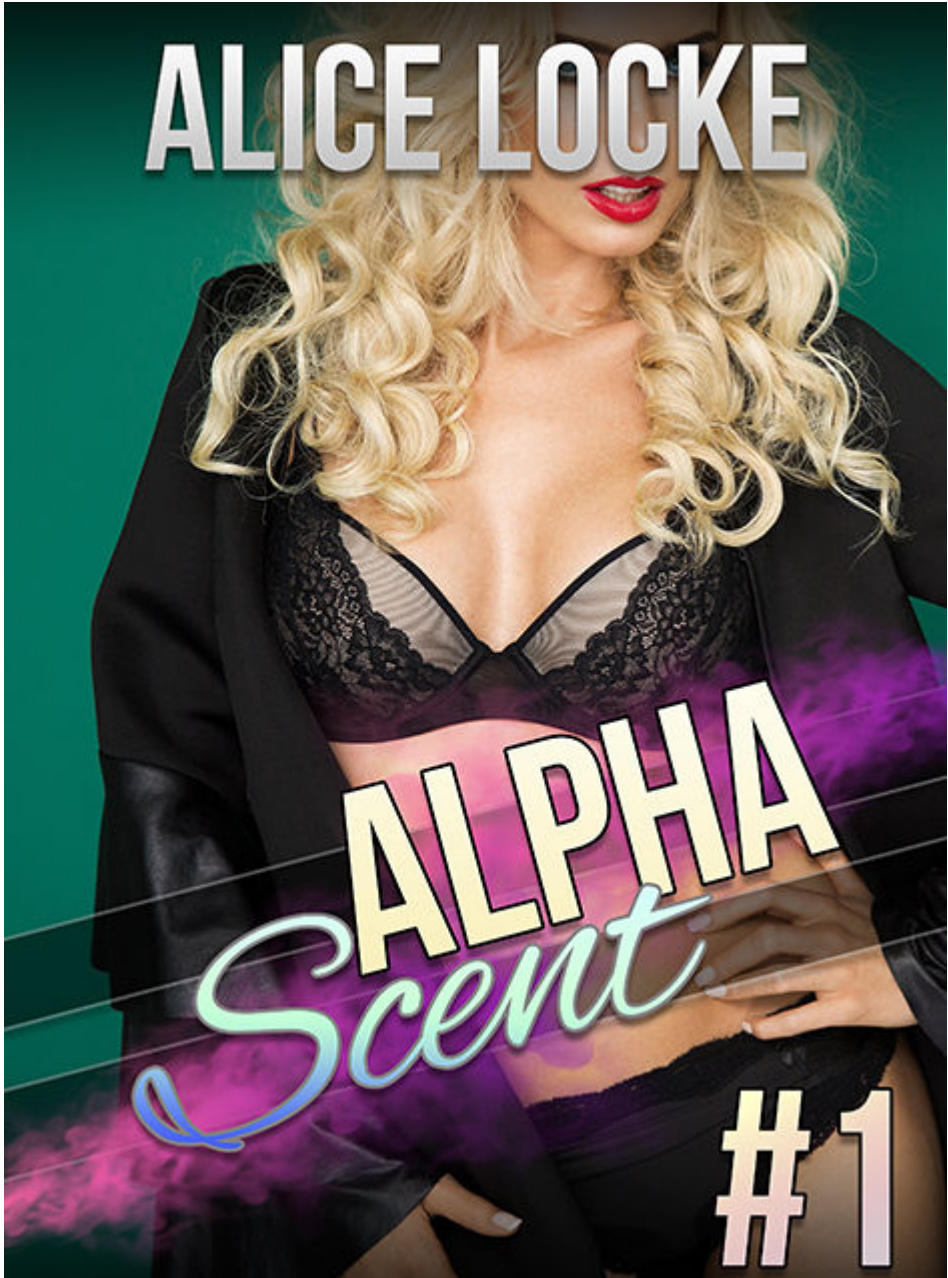
It was **clear** as day, **the cologne could turn women into bimbos**. Jason could **hardly believe** it at first, but there's **no denying it**. Alas the weekend is over. Jason **dreads going back to work**, but he knows he **can use the cologne to his advantage - to get a raise or a promotion**, or maybe **revenge on his frigid boss**. Grace Avery rules his department with an **iron fist**, but even she **can't resist** the scent - and after **submitting to him**, Jason can't help but take her **back side hard and deep, right on her desk...**

Part Four

After dominating his frigid boss, Jason walks away with a **promotion and a vacation**. The **power** of that cologne bottles has **changed his life**, but he still wonders **how long** the scent's influence **will last**. Will it be forever? Jason doesn't know, but going back home he decides to pay a visit to Kristen, his **hot bimbo neighbor**. He is surprised to see **she hasn't changed**, and before he knows it **she will kneel between his legs** to show **how much she loves her master**. Alas her **housemate** will be home soon, and when she does, Jason can't help but **take her hard and deep as Kristen watches...**

Part Five

Thanks to the cologne and its power, Jason's life turns into what **most men could only dream of** - yet old habits die hard. He decides to stop wasting time sitting in his house and go **enjoy life** instead. During a relaxing stroll through the city he comes across an **empty café** and decides to step in to order something to drink. The waitress, a **gorgeous young woman**, quickly **falls under the scent's influence** like many before her. Jason's **cream has been building up** and he desperately needs a release. The **young bimbo** will soon provide it after **he takes her hard and deep**, leaving her **breathless** and with a **sore throat**, among other things.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and red lipstick is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a black lace-trimmed top and a black blazer. The background is a solid teal color. There are stylized pink and purple smoke or mist effects at the bottom of the image. The text 'ALICE LOCKE' is at the top, 'ALPHA Scent' is in the middle, and '#1' is at the bottom right.

ALICE LOCKE

ALPHA
Scent

#1

PART ONE

Chapter One

Growing up I always tried to stay away from the spotlight.

I never enjoyed being the center of attention like all the other kids around me, and growing up, that never changed. As a result, I had been living most of my life as an introvert with a few friends - still, life was good.

I had a fulfilling job that didn't bore me to death despite the fact that it consisted of me sitting in an office all day, and the money I didn't spend on frivolous amenities I inevitably ended up saving for possible rainy days.

It was far from a dream life, but it worked just fine - at least professionally.

My love life was rather lackluster, but in hindsight I simply lacked the confidence to get myself into the game. I held myself back and sabotaged my own attempts at finding happiness, fearing they would end up hurting me. I needed a courage boost that not even alcohol could provide, yet in the end, I got far more than what I wanted or needed.

I awoke one Saturday morning to the sound of my doorbell ringing. I made my way downstairs and opened the door, finding an annoyed delivery man staring at me.

He handed me a package and hurriedly left without saying much, and before I could stammer out even one of the questions I had floating in my head, he was gone.

I closed the door and sat down on my couch, the box still in my hands. In my groggy state everything seemed to make sense, but as my brain slowly woke up, I realized things didn't quite add up.

For starters, I didn't remember ordering anything, and the man wasn't wearing any recognizable uniform.

The package itself was rather simple: just a black box with no stickers that could provide some insight on its origin, or even its contents. I shook my head, sat up and went to brew some coffee.

Curiosity got a hold of me rather quickly, however. I knew it was probably a mistake, but again, my brain was still half asleep.

I grabbed a knife and sliced the package on one of its sides, tearing the black paper away to reveal the box hidden beneath. Still no information about it.

With a sigh I opened it, and finally saw its contents: a small, transparent bottle filled to the brim with a red liquid. I examined it carefully in my hands, and removed the black cap that sat on top of it.

A pleasant fragrance filled my nostrils right after, and i finally realized the object was a simple bottle of cologne. I couldn't quite describe the scent, however. I had never smelled anything like it, and yet I loved it.

I set the bottle aside and went to drink my coffee, hoping it would finally wake me up.

About an hour later I was done with my morning routine. Shower, shave, the usual. As a side effect, I ended up completely forgetting about the bottle until I noticed the black box sitting where I last left it merely an hour before.

I certainly didn't order it, but saw it as a gift from an unknown benefactor. In the end it smelled good, so why not use it? Sure, I had a few questions I would have loved to find answers to, but in retrospect that was simply the beginning.

Chapter Two

I had been using the same cologne for years.

The new one was completely different, yet it felt as if it gave me confidence to do things I wouldn't normally dare to. Just two dashes of it, on my neck, their aroma wafting up my nostrils.

Being a man of habit, even the tiniest of changes could seem huge - the balance I created, I seldom broke. Even something as tiny as cologne was a step towards being more sociable and open, a goal I kept setting for myself yet always postpone.

In for a penny, in for a pound.

I decided to head out and see what the day would bring, thus upsetting the balance even more. Yet, I didn't seem to care.

The streets of the small city I lived in were fairly busy even in the morning, as I had expected. I wandered around, aimlessly yet walking with purpose in my steps.

Despite having done it tons of times, it all felt new and somehow strange. People seemed to... Look at me, or rather, their gazes would linger far longer than normal. I brushed it off at first, but the more I kept on walking around, the more evident it became.

I won't hide the fact that it was creeping me out - it went beyond personal paranoia, I could tell they were staring. The men, not so much - but the women... It was as if they suddenly took an interest to me. As soon as our gazes met, their expression would change instantly - surprise, at first, and then something I could hardly make out.

Being someone who rarely draws attention much less wants to be in such a position, the situation felt extremely weird.

I didn't fear for my safety, but I was sure there was something afoot - and promptly decide to head back home. I turned around and began the trek back to my house, often looking behind me to check to see if someone had been following me.

Nothing.

I couldn't explain it, but I knew what I saw. Back then it made no sense, and it still doesn't now, but at least I learned how to live with it.

It was a slow, gradual process - and most of the job wasn't even done by me.

I was just about to enter my house when I felt a familiar voice calling out to me.

"Jason?"

I turned to my left and saw my neighbor, Kristen, looking at me with a worried expression on her face. Worried as she might have been, Kristen was still gorgeous - a slender body with an admittedly vapid head, yet framed by long, golden locks. She had done work for some sort of cosmetic agency, as I recalled. Kristen could easily make heads turn without even trying.

She was already wearing her usual set of makeup that morning, despite still sporting a black nightgown. Kristen was no stranger to stunts like these, she knew her looks were her primary strength and wasn't afraid to use them.

Relieved, I began walking over to her, across my yard. A friendly face was exactly what I needed in that moment.

"Hey Kris," I sighed, scanning the streets to see if the phenomenon was still in force.

No one had followed me, which prompted me to relax - at least until I turned to face my neighbor. She had the same vacant stare as the others, but it felt different. We were sort of friends, and I sincerely doubted she would do anything out of line.

"Kris? Are you okay?" I said, approaching her.

Her piercing green eyes were locked on mine, and her mouth hung slightly open. A few seconds later I saw her blink once, twice, three and four times in rapid succession, after which she seemed to calm down.

It was barely skin deep. There was a fire behind her eyes I had never seen before. Granted, we had never been that close, but Kristen and I never went past brief chats.

Her plump, red lips curled up into a mischievous smile and she took a step backwards, leaning against the door to her house.

"Come in, Jason. You look like you've seen a ghost..." She said, her voice barely a whisper.

I sighed. That day had been extremely weird, starting from that random delivery. I didn't even give it much thought, but naturally it all clicked later on.

Taking a deep breath, I summoned all the confidence I ever had and crossed the threshold into Kristen's house. I wanted to get to the bottom of it, whatever "it" was.

Kristen walked in front of me, slowly and deliberately, and lead me to her living room. Looking around her house was more or less similar to mine, save for the furniture. I preferred a minimalist style, and Kristen was the complete opposite.

She sat on a rather large couch and motioned me to join her, which I promptly did.

"Kristen, talk to me. What's going on?"

Her eyes shone with determination and she stood up. "Nothing, Jason, just relax..." She whispered while taking a step in my direction.

I was stunned as I watched my blonde neighbor, the one I'll freely admit I wanted to fuck, kneel between my legs. I could have said something, stopped her or at least tried to pry an explanation out of her - and I did nothing.

In that moment I accepted whatever it was that was happening as some sort of dumb stroke of luck.

I didn't question it, and simply relaxed. Kristen's hands crept up my thighs to reach my sweatpants - it was a Saturday, after all - and pulled the waist band down alongside with my boxers.

My hardening cock was out, blood rushing to it.

"Always knew you were packing, Jason..." She murmured, licking her lips.

Kristen's hands were cold, but they warmed up quickly enough as my cock stiffened under her gentle touch. The nightgown she wore didn't leave much to the imagination, and from my position I could clearly see her breasts packed against a bra that could barely contain them. Her nipples hard, almost poking through the fabric, signaled I wasn't the only one about to give in to lust.

Kristen's hands began gliding on the shaft of my rock hard cock, barely grazing it just to tease me. Shivers of pleasure ran down my spine as her fingertips reached the swollen head, only to swiftly journey back down.

I groaned in delight and noticed she flashed me a smirk before taking things further. The way her fingertips barely even touched my cock was already driving me crazy - it almost felt ticklish, and I wanted more.

Kristen parted her plump lips as she dove forward, her mouth open and hovering right above my cock. Her hot breath on my flesh felt great already, and I almost lost it when I felt her suddenly take me in.

Her warm, wet mouth enveloped just the head of my cock, at first. The velvety embrace, which I hadn't felt in a long while, sent shocks of pure bliss coursing through my veins. I thanked my lucky star for that unforeseen turn of events, and promptly threw my head back and let Kristen do her job.

She flicked her tongue on my frenulum, already sending me into overdrive. The woman clearly knew how to please a man, and from the muffled giggles I could hear, she also seemed to derive fun from it.

I couldn't complain. Kristen moved one of her hands downwards to cup my ballsack and gently massage them while slowly bobbing her head on me.

The combination of her plump lips hugging my cock as they moved up and down, and the she circled the head of my cock with her tongue felt nothing short of heavenly.

I could have gotten used to that, and in retrospect I did - only on a bigger scale.

With each passing second Kristen's hungry mouth seemed to swallow more of me, and inch after inch she kept taking my cock deeper. Tried as she might, the whole thing couldn't fit down her throat without choking her.

She came back up, gasping for air as my cock slid out of her mouth covered in her saliva.

The fire in her eyes now even brighter, it was clear Kristen didn't simply want to suck my cock. She wanted more, and so did I.

Chapter Three

Kristen stood up and turned around, facing away from me.

Her nightgown dropped to the floor and revealed a pair of black lace panties, matching the bra I had seen earlier. I had never seen her ass before, at least not like that - her cheeks plump and round, they jiggled ever so slightly with every tiny movement she made.

She bent over and I watched as her hands slid under the elastic band of her underwear to pull it down in one motion.

Peeling it away revealed the glistening flesh of her pussy, pink and hairless. Her slit wet with her nectar, it connected to her panties forming thin strings that snapped as she dropped them to the floor.

Her hands then went to her bra and unclasped it, freeing her breasts.

I couldn't see them at first, and in truth, my attention was focused on her holes. I can't say I had never thought about her as I pleased myself before - Kristen was a couple years older than me, but her body was that of a model.

She turned around and offered me a full view of her round breasts, another mischievous grin on her lips.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked, looking her straight in the eyes.

Kristen chuckled, and climbed on top of the couch to straddle me. My cock rested against her navel, yet I could feel her heat on me. The dripping hole I had dreamed about fucking was just a few inches away from me, and I could hardly wait.

Kristen grabbed the shaft of my cock and raised her hips.

"I want you, Jason..." She moaned, sliding my cock across her slit.

"I want to feel this cock deep within me..." Her words dripped lust like never before, and with each sentence she uttered, Kristen seemed to get closer and closer to losing control.

She had been careful not to slide my cock in front of her hole, but eventually she couldn't resist anymore. My head and shaft were covered with a mixture of her saliva and juices as well as my precum,

making it so slippery I could have easily fucked her asshole without much effort.

Yet that day, Kristen gave me her pussy.

Kristen lined my cock against her hole and pushed downwards, slowly impaling herself on my cock.

The heat emanating from her hole was nothing compared to how she felt once I slid inside of her. She let out a long groan as she felt my cock stretch her wide - the head popped in without effort, but the rest of me took some work.

Her tightness engulfed me in its wet embrace, attacking my cock from all sides. That moment when my cock slid in was nothing short of amazing, and yet I wanted more.

Inch after inch, Kristen slowly took the entirety of my cock deep within her pussy. and stopped to regain some composure. My girth stretching her wide, I still have no idea how I didn't cum right then and there.

Her breasts were on my face and I took my chance to play with them, circling her turgid nipples with my tongue as I caressed her body with my free hands.

Kristen's breathing became labored, and goosebumps rose on her silky skin. I gave her all the time she needed to get used to my cock - after all, her breasts deserved attention as well.

Yet when she finally began moving, I froze and groaned in pure delight.

Kristen raised her hips ever so slowly, moaning as she felt my cock leave her tight hole - and promptly sat back down on it, letting out a raspy moan.

"You're so fucking big..." She groaned, raising her hips higher than before, only to lower them soon after again. Our groans soon filled the room - even if Kristen was just getting used to my cock, her pussy was the tightest I had ever fucked up until then.

Her flesh grazing my cock sent continuous waves of pleasure through me, and I wished that moment would never end.

Little by little, Kristen picked up her pace.

Her body now accustomed to my cock, I watched and felt her get more daring, aggressive even, with her movements. Having a

gorgeous blonde bimbo bounce on one's cock is a desire that most men share, and in my case it was even more special considering I had wanted to fuck Kristen ever since I met her.

And there I was, on the couch in her living room as she bounced happily on my cock, crying out in pleasure as she slammed herself on me over and over again.

Her movements were fast, erratic and strong - like a cornered animal in heat.

By the end of it, Kristen was riding my cock like an unbroken stallion.

She rose until all but the head of my cock was still inside of her and simply let herself fall, putting her entire weight on me. Her violent bounces tore screams of pure pleasure - and hints of pain, but she seemed to love it - out of her sore throat.

Her face was a mask of pure lust. Eyes rolled to the back of her head and mouth hanging open, screaming like a banshee as she impaled herself on my cock over and over again.

All I could do is match her pace, thrusting upwards to make it feel twice as hard - and as soon as I started doing that, Kristen's cries and screams doubled in intensity.

I knew the pressure was building up in both of our bodies, and it was a miracle I hadn't cum yet. Still, we both wouldn't last long.

I gave Kristen everything I had, holding onto her hips as I thrust upwards as hard as I could. Moments later she began convulsing, thrashing on me as she gyrated her hips on my crotch.

A singular, drawn out scream escaped her lips as her body quivered and quaked under a mind shattering orgasm that tore her apart.

She held onto my shoulders for dear life, waves upon waves of pleasure crashing onto her - and as for me, I had been on the edge, just trying desperately not to cum before she did.

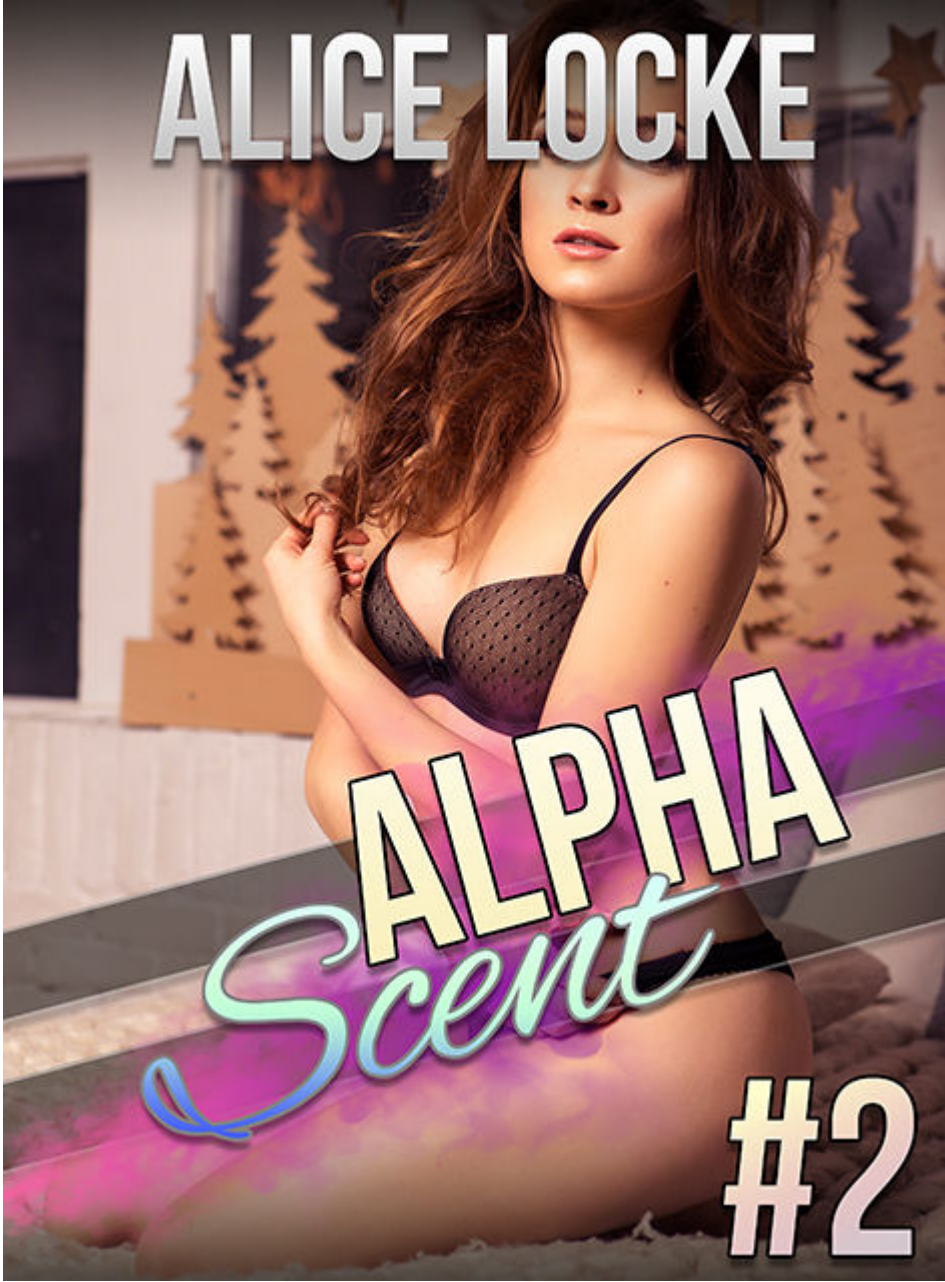
Alas feeling her pussy clench onto my cock was enough to break the seal. In a split second, my entire body flashed white hot as thick ropes of cum erupted from the tip of my rod. Our bodies somehow synchronized - her hole seemed to convulse on me after each twitch and throb, sucking the cum out of me even harder.

I had just filled her insides up, painted her pussy white with my seed just as I had wanted to do plenty of times before.

All the pent up cum I had within me shot out and sprayed Kristen's drenched pussy, and some of it soon began to drip out as my erection waned.

We sat there for a while, still connected. Beneath us, a puddle that stained her couch and would serve as a reminder of what we had done - though I will never forget it.

Kristen was the start of something as inexplicable as it was amazing. My life never lacked adventure after that.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posing in a black lace bra. She is looking slightly to the side with a soft expression. The background features a room decorated for Christmas, with a large cardboard cutout of a Christmas tree and a star on the wall. The lighting is warm and intimate.

ALICE LOCKE

ALPHA
Scent

#2

PART TWO

Chapter One

The absurdity of what happened inevitably ended up dwarfing anything else on that weekend.

Sitting alone on my couch I still couldn't quite figure out what bizarre world I had entered, and eventually stopped trying to question it altogether. Perhaps my neighbor simply wanted to let out some pressure and I just so happened to be in the right place at the right time.

There was no use crying over spilled milk - or seed - so why bother at all? It had been a great experience, one that I wouldn't forget, but I knew it wouldn't go anywhere past that.

Yet the longer I spent trying to think about other matters, to keep my mind busy, the more I kept subconsciously coming back at it.

Why did those people stare at me? Virtually nothing changed between that day and any other, save for the new cologne. I replayed the events in my mind, all the way up to my tryst with my neighbor.

Out on the streets, there was a glaring divide between those who stared at me: aside from a couple men, everyone else had been women. Fighting back the mild panic attack it gave me, I still couldn't understand what prompted such an odd response.

I didn't have anything on my person that could warrant such a reaction, I looked just as I always did and I hadn't been doing anything outrageous. The more thought I gave it, the more I realized the only difference had been the cologne I got that very same day.

A delivery out of the blue, an unmarked box, and a scented red substance that simply added more questions to the ever growing pile of enigmas.

I always considered myself to be a person of sound mind, one that put logic first - and even I was stumped. It simply didn't make sense, or rather I kept trying to apply a logical explanation to something that, as I later found out, defied logic itself.

The black box that housed the cologne bottle sat next to me on my couch. I toyed with it, still scanning for any and all information I

might have missed - and found nothing.

Springing up I directed myself towards the bathroom to take a shower and wash the scent off of me - I wanted to get to the bottom of it, even if that meant giving in to a side of reality that had always seemed impossible to reach.

I changed my clothes and set out once more, ready to find out what I could about that weird experience.

Walking along the same route I previously took, the difference was so evident it almost caused me to turn on my heels and head back home. It was just like any other ordinary day, people were far too busy minding their own business to even throw passing glances my way.

It felt weird, but at the same time, I enjoyed not having a spotlight shining on me. Regardless, it still left plenty of unanswered questions lingering about in my brain - was the cologne really what caused those women to stare, and even my neighbor to give herself up to me like that? If so, what was in it, and was I meant to receive it?

Those were only some of the queries I kept torturing myself with, knowing full well I couldn't just come up with an explanation on the spot. To this day, I still don't have a clear answer to some of them, though I stopped caring long ago.

Back home, I sat back on my couch and took the cologne bottle in my hands. Its scent was intoxicating even if the cap was still on, and deep down I could feel something stirring within me.

A hunger, the likes of which I often felt - but on a completely new level, and I wanted nothing more than to satiate it.

Chapter Two

The following day came rather abruptly.

I ended up losing track of time and went to bed late at night on Saturday, and allowed myself to be lazy and stay in bed until noon. I needed the rest, especially after that encounter with my neighbor.

Thinking back about it already sent the blood flowing to my nether regions, and yet again the hunger reared its ugly head.

I forced myself to get out of bed and follow my usual morning routine, one I perfected through the years - my brain was on autopilot for most of it, and I lost myself in my thoughts.

Coming out of the bathroom, my eyes fell on the box that housed the cologne bottle. Still sitting where I left it, daring me to use it and see what would happen.

I could almost hear its enticing words as I walked up to it and slid the bottle out of the box. The scent reminded me of something, but I couldn't quite place what it was - all I knew is that it was by far the best smelling thing I had ever felt.

I put it on just like I did the previous day, but just a little bit of it. If my suspicions were true, I wanted to extend the gift as much as I could.

After getting dressed I found myself pacing around my living room.

There was nothing that needed to be done - it was a Sunday, after all - which meant I could simply sit back and dedicate time to my hobbies. In any other circumstances I would have been fine with that, but that day I somehow wasn't.

Something deep within me wanted to get out and experience life, even if that would have been fairly out of character for me. And yet, there I was heading for the door.

It was a great day to be outside.

The sun shining brightly high up in the sky, its warm rays hitting the ground unobstructed perfectly mixed in with the light breeze that blew by, creating a perfect atmosphere. Only then I realized how

many days like that I had missed in my life, and vowed to go out more.

Looking around I hardly noticed anyone. I lived in a relatively calm area, after all, and I decided to head back to the city. If anyone was to satiate my hunger, I would surely find them there.

It didn't take long for me to notice that people were already behaving oddly. Much like the previous day, it was clear they were staring at me.

Some of the women even stopped what they were doing to focus on me, and the men were largely unfazed by it. They didn't care, though I did notice one of them was staring.

The panic began to rise within me but I swiftly suppressed it and forced myself to rise above it. I didn't want that day to be ruined by frivolous fears.

After a while, I got used to being stared at. The gaping mouths and hungry gazes that followed me became common, and I took my time to study it as best I could.

I came across a tiny flower shop embedded into a rather old looking building, which I somehow always failed to notice despite the bright colors of the products it sold.

The girl who worked there caught my attention. Much like the others she had been staring, mouth hanging slightly open as she held a potted plant in her hands. What made her seem different laid in her eyes. Piercing blue with a bright flame burning behind them, a sign of the undying hunger she felt. I wasn't alone, it seemed, and the longer I looked, the more I wanted her.

Long brown hair framed a fresh face with gentle features, the girl couldn't have been older than twenty five. Even behind the dark green apron she wore I could see she kept herself in shape, and I couldn't wait to see what she was hiding under it.

Walking to the side of the storefront, I let myself in after a brief pause. The girl - Gabrielle, her name tag read - had nothing against it.

As I approached her, the expression on her face mutated - fairly blank at first, now it showed signs of both lust and joy.

"How can I serve you, Master?" She chirped, setting the plant she was carrying down on the counter.

Up until then I had never been called such a word, yet I would be lying if I said it didn't spark a flame within me. Much like Kristen, my neighbor, the flower shop girl seemed just about ready to submit to me.

I'll admit I was stumped at first - after all, everything still felt extremely weird. Thankfully I snapped out of it, and gradually began to lose myself to my innermost desires.

Looking around, I found a door that I hoped would lead to a secluded room. I wanted to fuck Gabrielle, sure, but perhaps doing so in front of a crowd wasn't that great of an idea.

Much to my surprise, the door opened to reveal a rather empty room - a large table sat in the middle of it, but beyond that nothing else caught my attention.

I simply walked in, and heard the girl follow me not a second after.

Gabrielle shut the door behind her, and just like that, we were alone.

"Let me see what you're hiding..." I growled, and watched her as she sprang into action.

The apron was the first to go, thrown onto the floor rather unceremoniously. Like a robot programmed to obey, Gabrielle's hands were already darting to reach the waistband of her jeans, working to undo the button and zipper as fast as she could.

She took care of both and tugged at her pants, peeling them away from her olive skin after slightly bending over. The white cotton panties she wore underneath already sported a rather visible dark area right where her pussy resided, signaling she had been dripping ever since she first laid eyes on me.

The arousal coursed through her veins rather obviously, yet she wasn't alone. Seeing her bare flesh, and just thinking about how I would soon be fucking her hard and deep already sent my cock into overdrive.

Gabrielle kicked her jeans away and swiftly moved to take care of her tank top.

She wore a loose fitting black one, with a few excess straps that altogether formed a cute outfit. I didn't really care much about it, but

watching her slide it off was surely entertaining.

The white bra she wore compressed her breasts and pushed them closer to her body, almost as if she had been hiding them in shame. I took a step towards her and pushed her against the wall. She froze, looking up at me with a look of pure lust in her face - she wanted me, maybe just as much as I wanted her.

My hands trailed across her body, making her shiver under my gentle yet firm touch. I circled her shoulders and made my way down to unclasp her bra, watching her breasts spring free from their prison. Large, round and firm, I could hardly wait to play with them. Throwing her bra away, one of my hands shot downwards, my fingertips stopping right above the waistband of her panties as I grabbed one of her breasts with my other hand.

Her flesh was soft, firm and hot, and despite my vigorous squeezing, Gabrielle never objected. All she did was spread her legs further, allowing me free reign on her soaked pussy.

Chapter Three

"Master, please... I need your cock..."

Gabrielle's voice was soft as a whisper, but every word that came out of her full lips felt heavy and labored, dripping with lust and desire.

Hearing her beg was the last piece of encouragement I needed. My fingers slipped under the fabric of her panties and I violently yanked them down, making her yelp in surprise.

Coming face to face with her hole, I saw just how wet Gabrielle was - her slit was glistening with her sweet nectar, and her swollen, hairless pussy was primed and ready for me.

I grabbed her by the shoulders and turned her around, pressing her face against the wall along with the rest of her body. She was tiny compared to me, I could overpower her any day of the week yet she chose to submit her body to me - and I wouldn't let that chance to go waste.

My pants slid down my ankles after I swiftly undid my belt, and my boxers followed soon after. My cock sprung out and slapped one of her firm ass cheeks, and I could swear I heard her purr.

"What are you waiting for, Master..." She cooed, pushing her ass backwards onto me. My cock nestled between her cheeks, it almost felt as if we were two pieces of a puzzle that simply fit together.

Alas, Gabrielle was just a horny slut that needed cock, and I was there to make sure she would have trouble walking home that day.

I let her sway her hips for a few seconds, feeling her warmth on my shaft before taking a deep breath and moving away from her.

I spread her thighs, strings of her juices already streaking her flesh.

Goosebumps rose on her skin every time I inched closely to her dripping pussy, yet she knew she would soon get what she wanted. Grabbing my shaft, I slid the tip of my cock across her slit up and down, slowly enough to make her groan in protest.

"Master, I need that cock inside of me..."

I knew that already, and while hearing her begging was an aphrodisiac in and of itself, I hardly needed one. I was harder than rock, and beads of salty precum were already leaking out of the tip of my cock - I simply wanted to play with her.

Gabrielle's body trembled every time the engorged head of my cock grazed her swollen clit, and her labored breath had completely given way to a steady stream of moans.

Frustration, no doubts mixed with lust and the primal need to give herself up to a real man - to become his plaything, his whore, ready to satisfy every desire he might have.

I had nothing against that, and in fact, I encourage it even to this day.

Little by little my cock became slick with her juices. Gabrielle kept on pressing onto me every time my cock neared her hole, yet I never pushed in. Her frustrated groans would make for the sweetest moans, she would simply need to be patient.

I grabbed both of her wrists and held them together behind her back.

"Fuck me, Master, fuck your little whore..."

I grinned, and decided it was time to finally take our game to the next level. I knew she expected me to shy away from her hole, but I didn't - and as soon as the head of my cock was lined up against her entrance, I pushed in.

A throaty gasp escaped her lips as Gabrielle felt the full length of my cock slide inside of her, inch after inch. Her pussy enveloped me in a tight, wet embrace that made me grunt in pleasure - I wanted nothing more than to dominate her like she had never been before, to make her my whore and give in to the dark desires every man harbors deep down.

I maintained enough self control, at least at first.

Inch by inch I buried my cock within her drenched pussy, down to the hilt. Gabrielle's body trembled as her moans turned into a prolonged groan, my cock stretching her walls wide without giving her any respite.

Her pussy was mine to use, after all.

I took a moment to feel her unbearable heat on me, her pussy clamping down on my hard cock. I was sure Gabrielle could feel

every vein as it left a permanent mark inside of her, just so that she wouldn't forget that day.

I withdrew my cock but pushed back in right away, tearing a shrill scream out of her sore throat. I seemingly couldn't have enough of her tight hole, and the little self control I had was dangerously slipping away with each thrust.

At that point, I hardly cared.

I ramped up the pace rather quickly, only listening for any complaints Gabrielle might have had - but she had none.

Each thrust sent jolts of pure pleasure throughout her toned body, pressing her into the wall as she screamed after each hit. With every violent thrust I gave her, I wanted to fuck her even harder, to destroy her hole and make sure she would never forget me.

I looked down to see the large wet spot her leaking pussy had formed beneath us - the harder I pounded her, the more nectar she would leak out. The combination of being fucked by a large cock, belonging to a man who towered over her and that held her still against a wall, arms held together, was all Gabrielle probably dreamed of.

"Harder Master! Fuck my cunt harder, please!"

She didn't have to tell me twice. I grunted and began jackhammering her hole to the sound of her garbled cries of pure ecstasy, feeling my animalistic instincts take over.

No longer a man, I was fucking her pussy like a beast. Fast, deep and most of all, hard. With every violent thrust I gave her, shock waves of pleasure tore through her toned body and made her screams of delight turn into one prolonged, incoherent mess of words that hardly made sense.

I felt the heat rise within me, my orgasm was fast approaching and I decided to give her everything I had.

Letting go of her wrists I grabbed her by the hips and began slamming her onto me as I pounded her hole, grunting and growling as I felt the pressure balloon up.

In that moment I didn't care about her, all I wanted was to reach my nirvana - yet she still beat me if only by a few seconds.

With a liberating cry, Gabrielle's body went stiff as her eyes rolled to the back of her head. Her juices sprayed out and coated my crotch and thighs, but I was too preoccupied with my own orgasm to care.

As her pussy began clamping down on me I let go and exploded deep within her.

Thick ropes of cum began shooting out of the engorged head of my cock, coating her insides and filling her pussy up to the brim as it hungrily sucked me off for more, draining my balls of every single drop of seed I had.

Our combined orgasm shook the walls, but I hardly cared. As the pleasure subsided, I watched as Gabrielle's body still quaked and trembled under the aftershocks - her face contorted into a mask of pure pleasure. Her legs slowly gave out from under her and I eased her onto the floor, my cock sliding out of her soaked hole, chased by all the cum I had unloaded within her.

I looked down at her. A whimpering, sweating mess laying in a pool of her own juices and my thick cum.

I still wasn't too sure if the cologne was the cause of all that, but the longer I spent looking at her, the more I realized how easily I could have given into the dark side of that new found power.

Gabrielle laid there panting, trying to regain her breath - regaining composure would be harder to accomplish, but she had enough time. I left her there and made my way out of her store, and as soon as I stepped out, I still found people staring.

Seemingly no one cared about the noises coming from the store. I grinned, and went on my way back home.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest down to the thighs. She is wearing a bright pink, two-piece bikini with white lace trim. Her hands are resting on her hips. The background is a soft, out-of-focus pink and purple gradient.

ALICE LOCKE

ALPHA
Scent

#3

PART THREE

Chapter One

That weekend was undoubtedly the best I ever had.

Normally I would always dread going back to work, yet that cologne bottle and its powers gave me a secret weapon. Granted I still hated Mondays more than Garfield, but at the same time I knew I could easily take care of any and all issues I might encounter.

Most of my department was staffed by women, and my boss was also one. We weren't on the friendliest of terms, in fact hardly anybody was.

Grace Avery, career woman and professional bitch.

Sure, I might have added the second part in, but ask anybody around the office and they'd go even farther provided she wasn't listening. My interactions with her were fairly limited considering I kept to myself, and they weren't fondly remembered.

She was good at what she did, I can't fault her for that, but still. A bit of empathy and a sense of humor go a long way. Yet Grace had none of that, but what she had was her renowned "no bullshit" attitude and a great body.

Despite being fully focused on running our department with an iron fist, the woman still managed to find time to keep herself in shape despite her advancing age. She was bordering forty and curated her appearance to the fullest extent.

Beautiful and enticing, but deadly.

I sat at my desk and began working, following the same routine I had gotten used to over the years.

Thankfully I could tune out most of it, and in truth, getting money at the end of the month was my main motivator - no company loyalty or any of that fake drivel.

That day wasn't exactly like the others. Right before leaving home I snagged the cologne bottle and threw it in my bag, just in case I an occasion for me to use it presented itself.

I realized I was probably playing with fire, but in truth I hardly cared. Logic and reason were well on their way down the drain

already, considering I had a bottle of supposedly magic cologne.

Just thinking about it made me feel dumb, but the reality of it was hard to deny.

I continued working, but not before putting on some music to drown out the noises of the office.

Between the keyboards click-clacking and droning voices, the sound scape of that place could make anyone lose focus. Considering how Grace kept a watchful eye over us, getting caught daydreaming wasn't a great idea unless one wanted to be punished. I had seen it happen a few times, which further cemented my dislike for that person.

I gave it some thought and eventually ended up losing myself in my mind, while still miraculously managing to make it seem like I had been working, and not plotting weirdly unrealistic revenge plans that would never see the light of day.

And yet, I had that cologne bottle.

The same bottle that turned Kristen and Gabrielle into wanton whores, ready to satisfy my every need and desire without even so much as questioning it.

My lips curled into a grin. I can't say I never thought about my boss in a sexual way - quite the opposite, in fact - but I knew for certain nothing would ever come from that. Still, if the cologne truly worked, I could easily walk away happy and more satisfied than ever.

After all, I needed a raise.

Chapter Two

I grabbed the cologne bottle and headed for the restroom after pocketing it to avoid raising any suspicions.

I doubted people would have even had anything to say, but it was far better to be safe than to be sorry. The restroom was completely empty, just as always. Not many men in this department meant I could have free reign on it, which often came in handy. That day, however, it was just a room I used to hide myself in.

The sweet scent of the cologne wafted up to my nostrils as soon as I took the cap away, and one small spray later I was ready to go.

It's worth noting that at the time I still wasn't too sure if it would work, but the events of that day gave me an unquestionable answer.

I took a deep breath and made my way out of the restroom, my heart beat rising as all the different scenarios played together in my mind.

Closing the door behind me I walked towards the cubicles and soon began to notice the familiar signs of the cologne's powers. Almost every pair of eyes was on me, following my every move.

Three times in a row couldn't just be a fluke, the cologne had real and tangible powers and I was the lucky one who would get to use them.

I walked slowly and studied my surroundings.

As usual, the women were completely focused on me, and an eerie silence fell over the room. Not a key being hit, no background murmurs drowning other sounds out.

Grinning I made my way towards Grace's office. I could see her sitting behind her mahogany desk, her stoney penetrating gaze fixated on me as I approached her door. Reaching for the handle I couldn't help but chuckle at the situation, yet I was somewhat conflicted.

On one side, I really wanted to use the opportunity to advance my career and scratch a few itches I had, and on the other... Well, the

longer I spent thinking about it, the more I realized there was no other side to it.

After drawing the blinds and closing the door behind me, it was time to have a nice chat with my boss.

"Do you need anything, Master?" She cooed, bowing her head down.

Hearing those words almost made my orgasm right then and there. It was such an unnatural thing to witness that I barely kept it together - Grace Avery, a woman so ruthless and stoic bending the knee and submitting to me.

"Oh I do, Grace. Plenty of things, for that matter," I replied.

A shy smile flashed on her face and she stood up. "As you say, Master."

I sat on one of the armchairs that stood in front of her desk after pushing it a couple feet backwards.

"What are you waiting for, whore? Take that off," I growled, motioning for her to get rid of the black tailleur she was wearing. Grace always curated her looks, but that day would be a tad bit different.

She nodded and her hands shot behind her back, trying to reach the zipper that held her dress together. Watching her struggle was mildly entertaining, though sadly she managed to accomplish the task after a few seconds.

The zipper slid down and Grace grabbed the edge of her dress, pulling it upwards to reveal her bare flesh to me. Underneath she wore a matching set of pink lingerie, a color I sincerely wasn't expecting from her.

There she stood, in front of me - wearing nothing but her underwear and a pair of heels, looking at me as she tried to hide the arousal coursing through her veins.

I calmly unbuckled my belt.

Grace was a smart woman, and that day she proved it by understanding what she had to do before I even uttered the command. She took a step towards me and kneeled between my legs, down on the polished hardwood floors.

Her manicured hands crept up my thighs. The look in her face betrayed her excitement, and her moves showed the skills she perfected along the years - perhaps even employed them to get to where she was.

I couldn't judge her for that, but I would surely have some fun with it.

Grace had my cock out in a flash.

She let out a soft moan as she pulled it out of my boxers - I was already rock hard and waiting to finally get some sweet, sweet revenge.

I could feel her hot breath on my shaft. She held it steady in front of her and planted a soft kiss on the head of my cock, then another, slowly moving downwards. Her lips left a few drops of saliva on my shaft, but in the end it would be her job to clean it up.

She reached my ballsack and promptly raced back up, tracing the length of my shaft with the tip of her tongue until she reached the tip. I felt her lips part and she took me in slowly, inch by inch.

Her hot breath was nothing compared to the feeling of her mouth engulfing my cock in its wet embrace.

Grace began bobbing her head on my cock, her luscious lips clamping down on me and trapping my cock inside of her mouth. Her tongue circled my head, in slow, deliberate movements - it definitely wasn't her first time doing it, obviously, but I was impressed at how good she was at sucking cock.

I grinned, thinking about how many others received the same treatment from that whore - it didn't matter, however, that day Grace was mine to use however I pleased.

Her saliva leaked down my shaft and coated it, which seemed to be part of her plan. Grace began stroking me, her hands gliding smoothly across my veiny cock as she took care of my head like no one else had done before.

Knowing how to suck cock was perhaps her only redeeming quality, and I was determined to enjoy the moment for the time being.

I felt her flick the tip of her tongue on my frenulum, sending shivers of pleasure down my spine, and looking down I could tell she

had a satisfied smirk shining on her face. Pride will be her downfall, but that's not my problem anymore.

Still, as much as having my bitch of a boss suck my cock as if it was the last meal she will ever have, I needed more. I needed, and most of all wanted, to dominate her body.

Chapter Three

I placed one of my hands on the top of her head and grabbed a handful of her blonde hair.

Grace continued pleasuring me like the good whore she knew she was, but I had other plans. My cock slid out of her mouth as I pulled her away from me.

She was confused at first, even a bit saddened, but in the end she understood she wasn't the one in charge - for a change.

"Stand up, slut," I growled, and she obeyed without hesitation.

I followed her and kicked my pants to the side before grabbing her by the wrist and turning her around, making her face away from me and towards her desk. After placing my hand between her shoulder blades I pushed her down, bending her over the desk and almost knocking down her computer monitor. I didn't care even if I did, the company could easily replace it.

"Are you going to fuck me, Master?" She cooed, and I could tell she was trying to hide a smile.

"Silence," I hissed, taking a step back to admire her luscious ass.

The panties she wore framed it perfectly, and from my point I could see a wet spot already formed on the fabric. I grabbed the waistband with both hands and yanked her panties down, revealing her glistening pussy and bleached asshole.

Her slit was soaked in her nectar, and her swollen pussy looked ready for the taking. Yet, I was in the mood for something else.

Without wasting time I took a step towards her and spread her legs before grabbing my shaft. Her ass sat at just the right height, lining up my cock against it was easy.

Grace didn't object, but tensed up when she felt the head of my cock touch her puckered hole. As much as she could have tried to pretend she had never taken anything in that hole, we both knew that wasn't the case at all.

Her saliva still coated most of my head and shaft, so lubrication wouldn't be an issue.

I pushed into her, feeling her muscles put up a fair fight before giving up bit by bit.

Grace stifled a pained groan, the head of my cock sinking inside of her asshole and stretching it wide, possibly wider than ever. I rarely bragged about anything, but mother nature had been kind to me, and I could hardly wait to make my boss feel the full extent of what it gave me.

The flesh of her plump ass was firm enough when I grabbed it and spread her cheeks to the side just so I could enjoy the view even more.

Inch by inch my veiny cock pressed further into her depths without giving her even a second to breathe. Her groans became louder right after the head popped inside, but the more I pushed in, the more Grace's reaction seemed to change.

We both knew she loved taking big cocks inside of her tight asshole - maybe she just needed some time to warm up to it.

Grunting I kept on pushing, feeling her walls strangle my cock like a vise.

I threw a glance at her leather chair - it was probably as expensive as my television, but it still wouldn't make sitting comfortable after the treatment I had in store for her.

Despite everything I moved slowly, making sure Grace was accustomed to having my large rod embedded deep within her ass before taking things further. To this day I can almost recall her tightness with perfect accuracy.

The sex itself was great, sure, but the entire experience made it unforgettable. Not everyone has the chance to utterly dominate their boss and walk away with a promotion and a raise.

Yet my case was different, thanks to the cologne.

After Grace took all of me inside of her, I quickly began pulling back.

I was sure she could feel every inch of me and every vein on my shaft leaving her hole, the emptiness settling back in. Her pained groans morphed with time, and soon enough the pain she felt diminished to leave behind almost nothing but pleasure.

In honesty, I didn't care about her or how she felt - I wasn't trying to make sure she would reach an orgasm, I was simply chasing mine.

I withdrew, pulling back until most of my shaft was out of her before pushing back in. A raspy gasp echoed through the room, the first of many more. Once more I pulled back and went right back in without giving her time to get used to it.

The pace I set was slow, but the force behind my thrust kept on steadily increasing.

I pushed, hearing her cries of pleasure as my mind played back the countless events that made her the most hated woman in the company - many of which I had seen with my own eyes.

With each thrust a different scene would play and before I knew it, I found myself pounding her asshole with enough strength to make her scream like a banshee in heat.

I wanted Grace to realize she was nothing but a set of holes for me to use however and whenever I wanted, and maybe have her screams and cries of bliss echo throughout the building - just so that people knew the bitch had been tamed.

I didn't hate her, nor I wanted to hurt her - all I wanted, and needed, was to make her realize her true worth as a mindless sex toy.

I picked up my pace, watching the flesh of Grace's plump ass ripple after each vigorous hit.

Slamming my cock into her tight asshole was something I had dreamt of in a few occasion - fucking her so hard her mind melted away in a puddle of her own juices.

I delivered a hard slap to one of her ass cheeks, her moans and cries suddenly interrupted by a clear yelp of pain. Despite everything, Gracie took my cock like a seasoned whore, even coming as far as pushing her hips back towards me just to feel it better.

How she loved feeling my thick cock stretch her asshole wide, how she craved the feeling of finally being full - I just hoped she would always remember that day, and how good it felt to be nothing but a set of holes.

I knew I couldn't last long, the combination of her tightness and the exhilarating feeling of finally getting my revenge were way too much for me to handle.

I began pounding her harder and harder still, feeling the pressure rise as she screamed and begged for more. In other circumstances, I

would have taken care of my partner first, but Grace didn't deserve any orgasms.

She didn't and maybe I didn't deserve one either, but I was the one calling the shot and I knew I was standing on the edge.

I gave her everything I had, tapping into the deep well of negative emotions she had made me feel throughout the years.. The new energy boost turned me into a sex crazed beast that couldn't stop even if he wanted to.

And I didn't.

Pounding Grace's asshole as fast and hard as a jackhammer made my orgasm feel as strong as a nuclear bomb.

The expanding white hot wave of pleasure that stemmed from my cock set every fiber of my being alight as waves of pleasure crashed onto me, prolonged by the furious pounding I was still giving her asshole.

Gracie felt the rush of cum fill her asshole, but she was too busy screaming in delight to complain - and all I could think of was to keep going, to make my orgasm last as long as possible.

With each thrust my cock would throb and twitch, shooting thick spurts of hot cum deep within my boss' tight asshole - and I kept pounding her until I had nothing left to give her.

Every single drop of cum I had in my body ended up inside of Grace's battered hole, eventually leaking onto the ground and her chair.

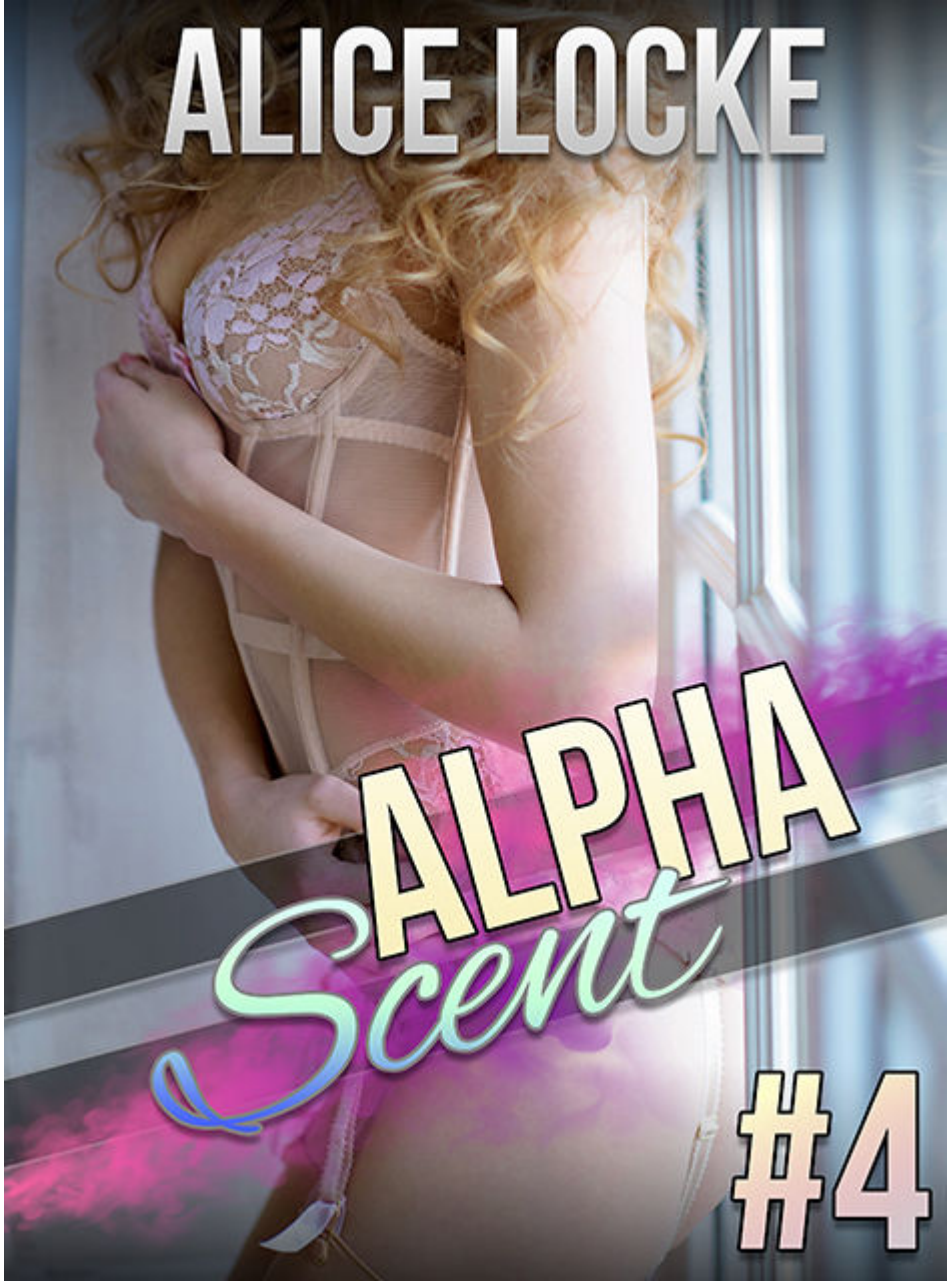
I collapsed on top of her and took a minute to regain my breath.

Grinning I stood up, pulled my cock out of her and ordered her to clean it. Grace wasn't as quick to obey as she was when I first walked in, but then again she just took the pounding of a lifetime - I didn't punish her, at least not that day.

In the span of a minute she had licked and sucked every trace of our adventure out of my cock, just like a seasoned whore would.

"Sit down, Grace. We need to talk about my career." I growled, a sly smile shining on my lips.

That bottle of cologne truly changed my life, that day.

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the back, wearing a light-colored lace bra and a matching garter belt. She is standing in front of a window with vertical blinds, and her hands are clasped behind her back. The background is slightly blurred, showing the window frame and some greenery outside.

ALICE LOCKE

ALPHA
Scent

#4

PART FOUR

Chapter One

Every action has an equal and opposite reaction, or so it seemed.

I walked out of my boss' office with a promotion, a ridiculously high raise and two weeks of paid vacation - on top of the overall feeling of euphoria that washed over me after giving her what she deserved.

Grace Avery, which most people in the company considered to be the reincarnation of some old dictator laid panting on her luxurious leather chair, my cum leaking out of her sore asshole as she happily signed the documents that would advance my career beyond any reasonable expectation.

Seeing her like that was extremely unusual, considering how much of a bitch she was - and having her submit to me was almost as good as the orgasm I had thanks to her tight asshole.

I closed the door to her office behind me and was greeted by the sight of my coworkers staring at me, their attention still focused on nothing but me.

I even caught Jim staring, but to be honest that was hardly a surprise. After making my way back to my cubicle I gathered my things and left, ready to take a well deserved vacation.

My mind was racing with possibilities and new scenarios. As weird and illogical as it was, the cologne had a tangible power that I could harness and exploit - part of me was excited, yet somewhat concerned.

I didn't want to let it corrupt me, but the temptation was extremely strong.

The drive home went by fairly quick.

Traffic wasn't so bad, considering it wasn't even lunch time yet. Regardless, I wasn't paying too much attention to the road - only the bare minimum, as my mind was still focused on what to do with the cologne.

I had complete freedom, it seemed. Up to that point it only took a whiff of it to make women turn into insatiable whores - or perhaps

all the cologne did was lower their inhibitions, thus drawing their real selves out.

Either way, it was none of my concern. I parked my car and walked towards my front door, throwing glances towards Kristen's place. She had been the first one to fall, the one that started all of this.

Curiosity slowly took over me - how long would the scent's influence last? I didn't know, but I surely wanted to find out.

The next day I woke up around noon, and I still couldn't believe what had happened.

I took a quick shower and after completing the rest of my morning routine, I found myself ready to start the day yet with nothing in particular to do.

The unexpected vacation gave me enough time to focus on my hobbies, but that would come later. First I wanted to visit my dear neighbor Kristen, just to see if anything had changed.

Last time I saw her, just a few days past, I left her to rest after pounding her so hard I feared I would break her. Yet she didn't, but hungrily took all I had to give her while begging for more.

Naturally the scent had a major role in all of that, though I wouldn't mind having her as my personal fuck doll.

I pocketed the cologne bottle and made my way out of my house, slowly walking on her front yard to knock on her door.

Chapter Two

I removed the cap and soon felt the familiar scent reach my nostrils.

She didn't make me wait long before answering the door - not even a minute after ringing her doorbell, Kristen opened the door to greet me.

"Good morning Master!" She chirped, flashing me a broad smile.

I was pleasantly surprised to see nothing had changed. While she didn't have the usual vacant stare I got accustomed to, it was clear Kristen was just a moment away from dropping everything, ready to fulfill my every wish.

I grinned as she let me in, closing the door behind her.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Master?"

"Oh I'm sure we'll find something."

It had been a lazy day for her, it seemed. Yoga pants and a simple tanktop, that's all she wore - which was unusual for her, I couldn't recall ever seeing Kristen dressed like that.

We reached her living room and sat down on her large couch. I would be lying if I said I didn't stare at her - that outfit highlighted her curves and made her plump ass stand out far more than usual.

Kristen saw the bulge in my pants as it slowly grew, and without saying a word she stood up from the couch to position herself between my legs.

"Good girl," I growled.

She giggled, biting her lips. Despite the outfit she still wore make up on, albeit not as much as she usually did. Still, Kristen looked gorgeous, and having her that close to my cock was already having an effect on me.

Her hands caressed my thighs and made their way to my crotch, trailing the outline of my cock, visible under the fabric.

"It's so big..." She whispered, her gaze locked on the bulge.

"You want it, don't you? You want your Master's hard cock just like the other day?"

"Mhh, yes please... Can I have it? Please?"

I grinned and nodded, watching Kristen's face light up with joy. Her nimble hands crawled upwards, reaching the leather belt I wore, and expertly unbuckled it without effort.

After taking care of the button and the zipper, I raised my hips and allowed her to slide my pants and boxers down ever so slightly, baring my hardening cock to her hungry gaze.

Kristen's hands wrapped around the veiny shaft of my cock. Her movements were slow and tentative at first, almost as if she was trying to mask the skills we both knew she had, perhaps out of embarrassment.

It didn't take long for her to drop the act. Her slim fingers caressed my rod as it became rock hard, a treat only she would get to enjoy. Kristen seemingly couldn't take her eyes off of it, and little by little she inched her face closer to it.

Her ragged breath felt hot on my skin.

I watched as she parted her lips and brought my cock closer to her mouth, rolling her tongue out to welcome it.

A bead of precum came out of the tip of my cock, and just as Kristen was about to wipe it away, she froze. Raising her eyes our gazes met, and the usual vapid expression she had was momentarily replaced by one of surprise.

"Master, I forgot to tell you! My housemate should be back soon!" She chirped, happily.

I drew a sigh of relief and placed a hand on the back of her head, pushing her down onto my cock.

She was surprised at first but quickly focused on the job, her mouth engulfing the head of my cock in a warm, wet embrace. I grabbed a handful of her hair and began pumping her head up and down, directing her movements as the room filled with gagging noises, and finally allowed myself to relax.

As Kristen's head bobbed on my rock hard cock, her saliva slowly dripping down to coat my shaft and her hands, I began to lose myself in my thoughts.

Getting my cock sucked every morning sounded like a great way to start the day, and I made a mental note to change my habits to allow the new addition to fit in my schedule.

I absentmindedly replayed the words she said just seconds before. Her housemate would be home soon - and perhaps that meant I could have even more fun.

I hardly remembered about the other girl - I knew she was blonde like Kristen, but that was the extent of my knowledge. I probably saw her only once or twice as she hurriedly left the house, and in honesty I was curious to see how this mystery girl would look like.

Sliding my hand in my pocket I pulled the cologne bottle out and sprayed a tiny amount of it on my chest, just in case. Kristen hardly noticed, she was far too busy sucking my cock like the good little whore she truly was.

I groaned and lifted my hand up, giving her freedom of movements. To my surprise, Kristen kept bobbing her head on my cock as if nothing had changed - in fact, she even picked up her pace.

One of her hands slid down to massage my ballsack as the other one stroked my shaft. Every semblance of embarrassment gone down the drain, Kristen's true colors were free to shine as bright as they wanted.

She was a whore, one with enough experience to know exactly how to please a man. The way she was worshiping my cock made it abundantly clear. Her tongue rubbing my frenulum, sending shivers of pleasure down my spine that were all but amplified by the rest of her motions. The soft moans she let out were the icing on a cake that would soon bring me over the edge.

Kristen didn't react to the sound of her door opening, but I turned my head towards it.

Her housemate was finally back, carrying a brown bag of groceries with her. She set it down after closing the door and turned to face me, completely unfazed by the sight of her friend gagging on my cock as if it were her last meal she would ever have.

The look on her face made it clear she could smell the scent. Mouth hanging open, empty stare that slowly focused on me as the fire behind her eyes ignited. She made her way over to us, and sat in the armchair that stood in front of the couch.

"I don't think we met before, have we?" I began, looking her straight in the eyes.

Kristen tried to say something, but I silenced her just like I had done the first time - by pushing her down onto my cock.

"My name is Diana, Master. Pleasure to meet you."

Chapter Three

Diana sat directly in front of me.

Her big brown eyes were locked on her friend's head as it bobbed on my cock, and I could tell she was far more than interested in it. The way she bit her lips made it clear, though she wouldn't have to wait long to get her turn.

Diana and Kristen could pass as sisters, though the former was a few years younger. Her wavy blonde hair reached as far as the small of her back, framing a gentle face that made her look like a porcelain doll.

Her body, while slender, was still curvy - a product of years of yoga, perhaps. I knew Kristen was no stranger to it, and perhaps she had dragged her housemate into it as well.

Regardless, their leisure activities didn't matter all that much to me.

Kristen was still busy lapping away at my cock, though she has slowed down significantly.

Her tongue circled my head with masterful skill, torturing me with an endless stream of pleasure that she knew wouldn't be enough to make me cum. I threw my head back and enjoyed the moment.

The room was filled with a variety of filthy noises: Kristen's relentless slurping and gagging, coupled with her moans and labored breaths; my groans and grunts, which always seemed to make Kristen work harder; and after a while, a new voice joined in.

I lifted my head up and dragged my gaze on Diana, grinning when I saw what she was up to.

The little slut was busy playing with herself as she watched her housemate worship my cock.

Diana had one hand down her pants and presumably panties - I could see her fingers move in circular motions under the thin fabric of her jeans. The other one wasn't idling, either - she had planted it

right above one of her perky breasts, pawing away at it to further extend her pleasure.

Hearing Diana's moans seemed to kick Kristen into overdrive - and it made me wonder if those two ever played together before I came along - they certainly did, afterwards.

My gaze met Diana's and she blushed, momentarily stopping her motions until I nodded in approval. I saw her eyes roll to the back of her head as she resumed masturbating, her fingers gliding over her swollen nub.

I couldn't see anything, given how she still had all of her clothes on, but that would soon change.

I already had Kristen, and it was time for me to sample the rest of what that house had to offer.

After placing a hand on Kristen's head, I gently pushed her away from me. Her lips had countless strings of saliva connecting it to the shaft and head of my cock, and even as she pouted in disappointment, none of them broke.

I motioned Diana to come closer to me, as Kristen climbed on top of the couch I was sitting on.

"Why are you still wearing clothes, whore?" I growled, staring at Diana while she took a step towards me.

She stopped dead in her tracks and swiftly began undressing, which made me grin. The first item to go was her red blouse, which ended up on the armchair she was sitting on.

The white bra she wore did a perfect job at keeping her round, perky breasts in place. As she scrambled to take her pants off I couldn't help but stare at how they jiggled along with the rest of her curvy body, yet my attention was swiftly captured by something else.

Diana's jeans slid to the floor and her panties soon followed.

Even from a distance, the wet spot on them was far too big to be ignored - and I wasn't the only one who appreciated the show. It was as if Kristen and Diana had swapped spots, with the former now starting to play with herself while watching the other.

I couldn't take my eyes away from Diana's shaved pussy. Her flesh pink and glistening, I felt my cock throb in anticipation. She took a step towards me and then another one, ending her journey by gracefully climbing onto the couch and straddling me.

My cock, slick with Kristen's saliva, rested against Diana's navel and I could feel her heat and wetness just below. Sliding my arms under her thighs I lifted her ever so slightly just so she could understand what I was going for.

As Diana raised her hips, my cock slid right down and grazed her swollen clit. She gave out a sharp gasp at the unexpected contact, yet the expression on her face clearly meant she wanted more.

I grabbed my shaft and directed it with my thumb, sliding the head of my cock up and down her soaked slit. Not a moment later Diana began moaning, her soft voice joining her friend's as the pleasure took both of their minds over.

I wanted to keep teasing her, but I couldn't resist. After lining my cock against her hole, I pushed upwards ever so slightly and groaned in pleasure, my cock sinking inside of her with ease.

Diana took matters into her own hands and began lowering herself on me, a drawn out groan escaping her lips as she felt my girth stretch her pussy wide.

Her sweltering heat and wetness enveloped the head of my cock first and then, inch by inch, my entire shaft. Diana never stopped moving, fully intended on impaling herself on my hard cock.

I filled her to the brim, and only then she gave herself a moment to breathe.

In honesty I needed one too, her tightness was a force to be reckoned with - I knew I wouldn't last long, especially since she seemed to know how to take a cock like a professional.

Her flustered face was contorted into a mask of pleasure with hints of pain - yet the little whore took all of my cock without objecting or even slowing down. Inch after inch, bit by bit, her pussy swallowed my rod whole.

"Ride that cock, whore," I growled and Diana swiftly obeyed.

Her pussy was amazingly tight. She raised her hips and I watched as my glistening cock came into view, her lips clinging to its sides as Diana stifled a moan. No doubts she would remember the feeling of emptiness caused by the absence of my cock long after that day.

Without hesitation, Diana forcefully impaled herself on me once more. A raspy cry was torn out of her throat as my cock stormed her

depths and split her walls, which drowned out both my grunts and Kristen's soft moans.

Diana definitely knew what she wanted, and that day, the only thing on her mind was pleasure. She raised her hips and promptly let herself fall on me, screaming in ecstasy as my cock filled her pussy up in a split second.

Her movements were slow, but the way she rode me was nothing short of brutal. Still as time went on, the whore picked up her pace and her bouncing became more measured.

No longer slamming herself on me, Diana leaned back and let her hips do all the work instead of gravity. Looking down I could see her clit rub against my crotch every time she came down, and her delightful moans filled my ears - all of my senses were engaged and working in unison to heighten my pleasure.

I felt like a god, and I had all the reasons to.

Sliding my hands under her thighs I held Diana up, breaking her rhythm for just a brief moment.

She was confused at first, but it didn't last - that look was swiftly wiped off of her flustered face the second she felt my cock leave her hole, only to reenter it right after.

She quickly matched my pace, and I watched Diana's breasts bounced ever so slightly in perfect synchronization with the rest of her body, just inches away from my face. The slapping noises joined the erotic cacophony that filled the room, pushing me to pound her hole even harder.

I picked up my pace, thrusting upwards with every ounce of strength I had.

Her cries of pleasure doubled up in frequency and volume as Diana chased her orgasm, though I wasn't too far off either.

One of her hands slid down her body, goosebumps in its wake, and landed between her legs. I grinned, watching her furiously rub her swollen clit just like before - only this time it would be orders of magnitude better.

I simply kept on fucking her, thrusting as she bounced on my cock as her breathing became more and more labored with each passing second.

"Master, I'm gonna..." She shrieked, but couldn't finish the sentence in time.

Diana suddenly went silent and froze, albeit just for a split second.

Her pussy clamped down on my cock but I kept on pounding her as she came, a shrill cry echoing throughout the room as Kristen giggled. The mind blowing orgasm swept through her body and caused Diana to thrash around, but I held her steady enough to keep fucking her as endless waves of pleasure crashed on her one after the other.

I was as relentless as I was ruthless, torturing her pussy with my thick cock to extend her pleasure as much as I could before I no longer could.

I was on the brink of a massive orgasm as well.

Kristen's mouth had been a great appetizer, but Diana's tight pussy was all a man could wish. I watched her chest rise and fall as she tried to regain her breath, groaning after each thrust I gave her.

I gave her everything I had just as I felt my body light up, the pressure rising and rising until it suddenly vanished without a trace, leaving behind only an explosion of brief - yet intense - pleasure.

I sunk my cock deep within her hungry, drenched pussy and felt it twitch and throb, releasing a torrent of cum in thick spurts. I grunted and heard Diana giggle, shaking her hips ever so slightly and sending shivers of pleasure down my spine.

Thick ropes of cum coated her insides, a reward every whore sought after. While it was my first time with Diana, it certainly didn't end up being the last.

She lifted her hips away from me, my cum rushing out of her hole after my cock slipped out - a sight I will never tire of.

We laid there for a while, breathless. Part of me still couldn't believe what had happened, but the hard facts were undeniable.

I held a power that allowed me to do pretty much anything or anyone I wanted, and my mind raced with all the possible scenarios - it still does, even to this day.



ALICE LOCKE

ALPHA
Scent

#5

PART FIVE

Chapter One

A few days passed.

I spent the vast majority of them inside my house, relaxing and dedicating myself fully to all of the hobbies I couldn't focus on due to my job. Considering it had been taken care of after my encounter with my boss, my life became lot easier.

Granted, it wasn't objectively hard by most standards, there was just a lot of room for improvement - and I never thought I would end up having to thank a magic bottle of cologne for saving me from the deathly monotony that my life used to be.

I came to terms with the fact that logic sometimes can't be applied, and that was one of such cases - there surely was an explanation somewhere, but I simply couldn't see it. For all I knew it was magic, or perhaps some high tech product not meant for the general public to use.

Sure, I could have gotten it analyzed in a laboratory, but the risk was far too great.

I held a free pass at doing pretty much whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted, with no discernible tradeoffs.

The possibilities were truly endless, I could barely wrap my mind around the degree of freedom I had been given - and yet there I was, sitting alone in my house, watching reruns of old sitcoms while waiting for something to happen.

Old habits die hard, even if I held a weapon capable of completely annihilating any counterproductive thing I had grown accustomed to.

The neighbors next door were dying for another chance to have sex with me, and they never failed to remind me every single time they saw me - and I assumed the same would happen with my boss and that one random girl in the city.

I had inadvertently built a disconnected harem. Still, why limit myself to such a small number of girls? Surely having more wouldn't hurt - variety, they say, is the spice of life.

Grinning I sat up and walked towards my bedroom to get dressed. It was just past noon, the day was still young and ripe with opportunities.

After a few minutes I was ready to go out. The last step was always the cologne, but I decided against it for the time being. As much as its power was alluring, having people mindlessly stare at me was something I still struggled to get accustomed to.

I barely even notice it now, but back then it almost took the fun out of it all - almost.

The sun was shining behind a thin layer of clouds. A warm breeze blew over the city and seemed to give people an incentive to go out more than usual, the streets were packed and brimming with life.

As for yours truly, I had been walking at a slow pace, taking in the sights of the city even though I had done so many times before. There was no rush, even if people seemed to think otherwise.

I hardly cared, in honesty. My mission was to finally start living life like I had always dreamed of, and I couldn't wait to start that new chapter with a bang - literally, even.

Most of my friends knew I had a thing for blondes, and looking back at it, it would have been evident even to a blind person. My bitch of a boss, Kristen, Diana... They all shared that trait, which perhaps further drove me into pursuing them - although technically, they begged me to fuck them before I even said anything.

There was no shame in liking blondes. They say they have more fun, and given the recent trends I couldn't disagree.

Chapter Two

I spotted her at a café I went to a couple times.

Tall, with legs that went on for days. Even her waitress uniform couldn't hide the perfectly shaped bubble butt mother nature had blessed her with, and her gorgeous face was covered in a thin layer of make up that enhanced her features - and naturally, the long blonde locks she had in a ponytail all but added to her figure.

I ordered an espresso after sitting down and she smiled before hastily making her way towards the counter. The venue was empty, which gave me time to actually look around me and take in all the quirks of the place.

From the old posters to the strange oddities that sat atop high shelves no one could reach without a ladder, that place was surely the number one venue for aspiring writers to waste their time on.

I watched her - Annie, her name tag said - prepare my coffee and I calmly took out the cologne bottle, staring at the red liquid it contained. Curiously enough, the level hadn't gone down despite my usage - I had been careful, of course, but not that much.

It added another interesting layer to the mystery, though my attention was focused elsewhere for the time being. I waited for Annie to bring back my order, applying the cologne as I watched her.

She turned around, a steaming cup in her hand, and began walking over to me.

Step after step, the expression on her face changed: at first she had been smiling, putting on a happy face for the customers, but as she approached me and the cologne reached her, Annie's face took on the same expression I had seen in many other women before.

Her mouth hung open and her eyes were fixated on me. Step by step even her gait changed - it was subtle, but it was clear she began swaying her hips as she approached me.

"Here is your espresso, Master. On the house!" She chirped, setting the cup in front of me.

"Thank you, dear."

"Is there anything else I can do for you? And I mean..., Anything..." She let it trail off, putting on her best seductive voice as she rested her hands on the table, her perky breast merely inches away from my face despite the fabric that shielded them from my gaze.

I grinned. "We can arrange something."

"Thank you Master! It get lonely in here sometimes..."

I stood up and approached the door. I could tell Annie's eyes were on me, carefully studying my moves. I reached over the "Open" sign that hung by the door and flipped it around, ensuring no one would bother us - and even if they did, the scent would make them docile enough.

A broad smile sat on Annie's face when I turned around. I have no doubts she feared I would go away, a thought that made me chuckle - I wouldn't leave until I claimed her as mine.

Annie took off her apron and threw it over the counter before heading towards a door that sat behind it.

"Follow me, Master!" She cooed, unlocking the door with a key she pulled from her pocket.

I did. The new room was clearly some sort of office, possibly belonging to whoever managed the café. It was relatively tiny, but the furniture wasn't too bad. A computer sat on a large wooden desk, an office chair standing behind it.

On the walls, the same posters that could be seen on the main venue, alongside some new ones and directly below them, a couch.

"This is my dad's office, he's usually stays here while we work." She explained.

I grinned, an idea forming at the back of my head. Without saying a word I walked past the couch and sat on the office chair.

"Lock the door and get rid of that uniform," I ordered, my voice low as a growl.

"Yes da... I mean, Master!"

Annie winked at me, a sly smile on her pretty face. She read right through me, despite everything. The situation felt somewhat evil - fucking her right in her father's office, claiming her as mine right where he usually sat - and I loved every second of it.

My cock began hardening just as Annie began to lift her shirt, exposing a black corset-like tight undershirt that clung to her body and enhanced her forms. It acted as a bra of some sorts, and at tight one at that. Her perky breasts were squeezed against her body, and I couldn't understand why some women put themselves through something like that - there was no way that arrangement was comfortable.

Regardless, it didn't last long.

With a lustful moan Annie slid the zipper that held her corset down, releasing her breasts from the prison they had been thrown in. I watched her as she took it off, her firm breasts bouncing ever so slightly.

"Keep going." I ordered, and she swiftly obeyed.

The dark pair of tight jeans she wore did a perfect job at highlighting her gorgeous ass, but I couldn't wait for her to take them off. Watching her seductively sway her hips as she toyed with the edge of her pants had my cock rising at full attention, straining against the fabric of my boxers.

I wanted to have her and claim her body for myself to enjoy whenever I felt like it - after all, Annie wasn't much else other than a sentient pair of holes to dump my cum into.

She peeled her jeans away from her body, and I watched as her flesh was bared in front of my hungry eyes. The panties she wore matched the theme of her corset, but thankfully weren't constricting her forms.

Once more she began playing with the fabric, whipping herself with the elastic band of her panties, mimicking the very same pained moans that would soon escape her mouth.

Nobody had told her not to play with fire, it seemed, and that day, fire wanted to play with her.

Chapter Three

I sprung up and took a couple steps towards her, my hand reaching for her throat.

A hint of fear flashed in her eyes before instantly being replaced by pure lust. I squeezed her throat gently but firmly, just to remind her who was in charge, and used my other hands to grab the waistband of her panties.

I yanked them down, almost ripping them apart as Annie gave a surprised yelp - perhaps she wasn't expecting me to take charge just yet.

Her mound was perfectly shaven save for a neatly trimmed landing strip. I could feel the heat radiating from her pussy, and I could hardly control myself.

Her lips glistened with her sweet nectar, which I scooped up with my index finger as I looked her straight in the eyes. I brought my finger up to her mouth, caressing her lips to spread her juices right there where she could easily taste herself - and merely an instant later her tongue darted out to collect the droplets of juice I had left there.

"You little whore..." I grunted, to which she replied not with words but, instead, actions.

Her small hand traced the outline of my cock, caressing it through the fabric of my pants and boxers. The mischievous smile on her face coupled with the goosebumps that rose on her silky skin sent a clear signal - Annie wanted my cock, and she wanted it badly.

I let her throat go and pushed her onto the desk. At first she simply sat on it, yet I kept pressing down until she understood I wanted her to lay on top of it.

Her hands rose to play with her breasts, circling her turgid nipples as I admired her figure - just a foot away from me laid everything I wanted.

Annie's pink pussy, wet and ready for me to use and abuse it. Her pristine asshole, which she was perhaps saving for a special occasion, and her mouth. Her hungry, hungry mouth.

I quickly took off my pants and circled around the desk, stopping once I stood directly in front of her face.

My cock sprung free and slapped Annie in the cheek after I took off my boxers, but she didn't care. In fact, the little whore seemed delighted. Not wasting even a second, she repositioned herself just so she could easily take me in her mouth, yet didn't do so until I spoke.

"How many times have you dreamed of doing this, huh?" I queried, grabbing my cock by its shaft.

I was looking down at her, waiting for her reply. Annie opened her mouth to speak, without realizing I never really cared about it - I merely wanted to take her by surprise.

Choking the sentence out I thrust forward, my cock sliding inside of her mouth as she tried to speak. Annie quickly gave up the task and simply focused on pleasuring me just as she was supposed to.

I groaned as I felt her mouth welcome my rod, her warmth enveloping my cock in a wet embrace that sent shivers of pure bliss down my spine.

Annie moved one of her hands upwards, reaching for my shaft, but I moved it aside. I only wanted her throat, at least for the time being. Despite my size, Annie proved to be quite good at taking cocks up her throat.

She couldn't have had that much experience given how she couldn't have been older than nineteen, perhaps she was just a natural talent. After she noticed I wouldn't allow her to use her hands she decided to have some fun too, and I watched as she slid them across her perfect body with the ritualistic fashion that only a lifetime of practice could achieve.

One of them stopped to cup one of her breasts and the other reached down, between her toned legs. She moved them in unison, circling her turgid nipples just as she rubbed her swollen clit, and her moans soon began filling the tiny office.

The muffled sounds, coupled with the show she was putting on, were quite entertaining. Alas, I wasn't just going to park my cock in her throat and leave it there.

I pulled away and thrust back in, inching deeper into her throat as she gagged on my throbbing cock. I went slowly just to allow her to get accustomed to it, but with every thrust I sunk deeper.

I looked down at her throat and watched the outline of my cock as I pushed down, which filled me with an incredible amount of lust and desire - something about seeing that bulge in her throat triggered some primal instincts within me, and I couldn't help but push harder.

My ballsack kept on pressing against her nose with each thrust I gave her and beneath us, the carpeted floor was being stained by her saliva as it dripped out of her gaping mouth.

I pulled out and Annie gasped for breath, severing the many strings of saliva that connected her mouth to my cock.

I circled back and positioned myself between her legs, spreading them farther out just so I could have more freedom of movement.

Granted, I could have waited and allowed her to regain her breath before fucking her - but there was no fun in that.

Her pussy sat at the perfect height for me.

I hardly even needed to line my cock up against her opening, all I had to do was push forward and her hole swallowed my cock without effort.

Between her saliva coating my cock and the unbearable amount of juices that leaked out of her hole, I managed to sink the entirety of my cock inside of her tight hole in one smooth thrust.

Annie froze and let out a raspy groan as she felt my cock stretch her walls - there was enough lubrication, sure, but her pussy was perhaps the tightest I have ever felt.

I groaned and pulled back, her lips clinging to the sides of my shaft and hugging my cock tight. Annie's face morphed into a mask of pure pleasure as she felt my thick cock split her apart, and it wasn't long until her raspy groans turned into blissful cries.

"Fuck me... Master..." She hesitated for a second, perhaps trying to find the right word to call me.

Watching her spread eagle on her father's desk, a rivulet of saliva leaking out of the corners of her mouth as she took my hard cock deep within her soaked hole sent me into overdrive, and her ruined makeup was just the icing on the cake.

I grabbed her hips for support and began slamming my cock into her, our bodies colliding and filling the room with our filthy noises.

My grunts, her cries of pleasure and the constant slapping and squelching that came from down below all mixed in to further fuel me.

I felt like a god, and in that moment perhaps I even was one.

I lost myself in the moment, giving into whatever primal instincts I had, despite not even realizing it.

There was no doubt Annie would have her fair share of trouble walking for some time after our encounter, yet all I cared about was my own pleasure. I pounded her like I hated every single fiber of her being and what she stood for - yet in reality Annie was just a young whore, a plaything for me to use and abuse whenever and however I wanted.

I was sure she understood her role.

When I came back to my senses I found myself pounding her battered pussy as she screamed in pleasure. Thankfully the office would muffle her noise, yet I could hear the full extent of it.

How she wanted me to fuck her harder and deeper, how she wanted to be full of her Master's cum - yet she didn't call me Master.

I couldn't have cared less, yet hearing her choice of words set off something in me that pushed me to pound that slut harder and harder still as I felt myself rush towards the finish line.

The pressure had been building up ever since I sat down at the table, and it rose and rose until my cock felt as if it had been set on fire.

It all vanished as a wave of pleasure spread through me and I grunted, releasing all of the pent up cum I had accumulated during those last few days in Annie's battered pussy.

I kept on thrusting, pushing my cum deeper into her soaked hole as more spurts erupted from the head of my cock, spraying her insides white just as she begged me to.

Rope after rope, what felt like a torrent of hot cum shot out of my hard cock and filled Annie to the brim - some even leaking out and staining the carpeted floor.

I stood still, panting, until my erection began to fade.

After pulling back and watching my cum drip out of Annie's hole, I circled back and sat on her father's chair, directly in front of her

face.

She mouthed a weak "Thank you" before closing her eyes to rest, and in truth I needed some time to regain my composure as well.

After that day I never stayed in the house for days at a time like I used to. Life was meant to be far more than that, and I had been given the means to live it to the fullest, like many men could only dream of.

Yet, it was my reality - and to this day, I thank my lucky star for it.

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