

 The Magic Tablet

# The Complete Series



Nadia Nightside  
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Ruling His Hot Students

Ruling His Own Strip Club

Ruling His Immortal Enemy

Ruling His

# The Magic Tablet: The Complete Series

## The Magic Tablet

Nadia Nightside

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THE MAGIC TABLET: THE COMPLETE SERIES

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Or Older.**

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# The Magic Tablet: The Complete Series

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Two gorgeous young women were on their knees before him, worshiping his cock with every atom in their bodies.

Not just licking, not just sucking, not just kissing and adoring and slurping, though they did all these things with great alacrity.

No, they were worshipers, because he was their sex god.

His body was layered with muscle. Hundreds of pounds of dense tissue, all of it chiseled to create the image of masculine perfection. His member was easily over ten inches in length as thick as a bottle.

They would serve him for the rest of their lives. Their beautiful, busty bodies were utterly addicted to his cum. Each beauty needed to be bred by him, used by him, manhandled totally by him—whatever he thought was necessary would be their pleasure to enact.

Their obedience was absolute. Never again would a single thought enter their head of ever disobeying him.

And their bodies had been enhanced as well. Thanks to him, their breasts were larger, their hair longer, their skin shinier and healthier, their every feature more beautiful and pronounced. They would make

grown men weep with their unmatched gorgeousness, and yet, these two beauties were utterly helpless before the man they now served.

They obeyed him. They pleased him. They worshiped him.

But it hadn't always been this way. Before he had found the Tablet, he was nothing to these women. But that was before...

\* \* \* \* \*

“Are you *sure* I can't skip class tomorrow, Mr. Lawton? I mean, I've been pretty good about coming so far, and my girlfriend and I, we've got plans...”

Jacob sighed, looking at his teaching assistant, Phoebe, with no small amount of pleasure taking hold of his crotch. One look of her, all by itself, was enough to get him excited these days. She had been dressing more and more flirty as the semester had gone on.

His office was small and filled with textbooks and spare scraps of paper, all of which together was practically wallpaper from being plastered to the surfaces by the humidity. There was no air-conditioning in the office and it was always stifling hot in the Southwestern heat.

Today, the stunning blond temptress Phoebe wore a pair of fetching skintight leather pants. The heat did not seem to effect her. Pretty girls like her were often beyond pesky realities like temperature. A thin black cord wrapped around her waist and slid from her tailbone to her crotch, imitating a thong on the outside of the sexy pants.

Her tank top was loose and white, showing off her substantial 36B cleavage. The toned lines of her midriff were easily visible. The only thing “teacherly” about her was her tight dark suit jacket, but with the rest of her outfit, it was more parody than professional. Having her in his classes was hard enough, but ever since she had gotten the position as his teaching assistant, his fantasies had been on overdrive.

“Phoebe...” Jacob shook his head. “You've missed four classes out of the past ten. If you were a student in those classes, I'd have had to fail you by now.” This wasn't even mentioning that she was starting to miss a lot in the classes where she *was* a student. “When you're here, you're great. You engage the students, and you help them with their work, and you bring up good questions that they forget to ask.”

Or were too intimidated to ask. Jacob's standard disposition was the male version of “resting bitch face.” He loved helping students, loved making sure they were learning.

But he *looked* a bit scary and intimidating. A forgotten life of athletics when he was younger had left him with a penchant for working out, and so his build was stocky and built solid with plenty of muscle. His hair was thinning on top, in a slightly-less-than-graceful way, and his face was more frowny than grinny. He tried to look after his diet, but he was no saint—and so over the healthy layers of his muscle was another layer of stubborn fat.

All in all, he looked more like a scowling police sergeant than a compassionate teacher.

His wife, Vivian, always found this reaction to him strange, as she loved him for his sense of humor more than anything else. But when he was at work, he was working, and there wasn't much room for humor in grading.

“Right,” said Phoebe. “But like...you know, it's my girlfriend? I can't just say no, can I?”

“Everybody can say no, Phoebe. Even you.”

He wondered briefly—intoxicatingly—how far she would go to get her way. The thought of her trying harder to seduce him, to offer sexual favors for his favors, was never far from his mind when she spoke to him. She was a true American blond beauty, and that was something very difficult to get out of his head.

And another thought crossed his head at the same time—the idea of her being unable to say “no” to him. Of him enforcing his will on her body, no matter how perverted or depraved, with her unable to turn down a single request.

That psychological hold Phoebe held over his crotch got a little more firm, and his cock pushed forward in his pants. He was glad he sat behind his desk where she could not see this physical reaction to her lovely presence.

She huffed, crossing her arms, clearly unhappy. “*Fine*,” she said. “But if Gwen is mad, I’m going to have her yell at *you*, okay? I don’t want to deal with it.”

“I’ll tell her what I told you, then.”

That was a mistake, he thought instantly.

Now, he was allowing Phoebe to pass the buck—to put the blame on him instead of herself for her actions. Not a great precedent to be setting, and certainly not after all the other bad precedents he had set with her. Besides that, he certainly didn’t want to deal with Gwen’s temper. She was bad enough when she was upset about some niggling issue in class.

But, before he was able to correct himself, there was a commotion from outside his small office.

Curious, he stepped outside to look, waving a hand for Phoebe to hold on. Sometimes there were fights, and he’d have to call security. Bloomingdale Heights was a small college, but it catered to a more urban populace, and sometimes the students hadn’t had the privilege of an upbringing where problems were solved without yelling and escalation.

But there were no students outside. Instead, he saw the strangest thing. A gorgeous young blond woman, dressed all in white, sheer robes, ran down the hall at top speed, her face set with crazed determination. She had brilliantly green eyes and smooth pale skin like porcelain.

Upon seeing Jacob peek out the door, she rushed to him and pressed something small and warm into his palm.

“You’re a good man. Stay that way.” Her voice was urgent, desperate.

He did not say anything in return, simply standing in stunned silence as she kissed his cheek and then ran off down the hall and—in a blinding flash of light—vanished entirely.

Barely did he have the time to wonder at that when a group of six young, perfectly chiseled young men ran down the hall in perfect time with one another. All bare, heavy feet slapping the tiles in time. They wore tight, restrictive loincloths around their crotches and nothing else.

The beauty had placed a stone in his hand. Jacob barely had time to look at it, but as these men ran by, he impulsively stuck it in his pocket.

The men ran by him without a second thought, single-minded in their mission. When they came across the spot where the beauty had vanished, the one in front stopped, holding up a hand and sniffing. He chattered something in some unintelligible tongue, and then the men were off—running down the hallway and out of the complex.

Jacob stood there in wonderment for several moments, not quite sure what he had seen. Phoebe walked out from the office, staring intently at her phone.

“You’ve done it now for sure,” she said, texting away. “Gwen’s totally pissed. She’s promising to come yell at you. She *really* wanted to play mini-golf tonight.”

He shook his head. “Did you see that?”

Phoebe waved her phone, irritated. “See what?”

“Those men...and that woman. She gave me...this stone...”

But as he held out the stone, it was no longer a stone at all—but instead a tablet. It looked like one of the iTablets sold at all those trendy Citrus stores, the kind that Jacob couldn’t afford on his meager associate professor salary.

“Stone? What are you talking about, Mr. Lawton?” She rolled her eyes at his helpless “old age problems.” “That’s a tablet. When did you get that? It’s sweet.”

She reached out for it, and the screen glowed, reacting to her attempt, her presence. Jacob saw an image of Phoebe pop up on the screen in full, erotically painstaking detail—in her current outfit, her current pose—reaching slightly, pouting.

He moved the tablet away, not sure if she ought to see that. Instantly the screen went dark. The words “iMagic” rolled across its surface.

“I need you to go, Phoebe,” he said, staring at the screen with great interest. “Go...take care of class. Now.”

“Without you?”

“You’re capable,” he said. “Take care of it.”

She huffed, but complied.

It was very nice, he reflected, ordering her around and having her obey.

\* \* \* \* \*

With Phoebe gone, Jacob was alone—he hoped—for the rest of the afternoon.

The iMagic program opened with a swipe across the screen. He was the subject of it now, could see a model of himself sitting intently over something—though the tablet itself was not in his hands on the little program.

“Okay...” he said.

This was weird. Did it have a camera? Several cameras? Some kind of...area detection tool? The tablet was rather plain. Though he saw the lens for a camera-like device at the top, it did not appear to be enough to take the kind of video that what was depicted on the screen required.

There were vital stats above his head and little pencil symbols next to them, as if ripe for editing at his discretion. How did it know his weight was two hundred pounds? How did it know his height was 5'10" and a half? Why would it know his birthday already? He hadn't even *given* it any information.

Cookies? Malware?

Pressing one editing symbol at random, he toyed with his height.

An array of sliders appeared, his body caught in between a cross symbol. He dragged a marker from where he was—average height, bulky—to the top left—tall, muscular. Going all the way to the other side, he could make himself short and blob-like.

He shifted back over to the top and left—tall and muscular once more. The morphing system was out of this world.

He tried to go back to the previous screen, and then the tablet delivered a prompt:

*Save changes?*

The little pop-up flashed a pleasant green color, expectant, as if cooing—go on, try it out. What could it hurt? His finger hovered over the “yes” button, tongue running over his lips.

There was a knock at the door. Startled, he tossed the tablet to one side, pushing it under the desk. It made him feel silly—what was there to hide? It was just some tablet. But then, there was that woman...the stone...

The door rustled, locked.

“Dear? It’s your wife.”

“Yes,” said Jacob, a bit annoyed. He could see her outline beyond the shadowy glass of the door. “I know it’s you, Vivian. What’s up?”

He didn’t quite answer the door. His arousal was hard to deny, especially when it was tenting in his pants. There was something about that tablet, something about the promise of it, the strangeness...

Magic was, of course, nonsense. But it was...well, it *seemed* like something authentic. A really authentic reality simulator, somehow taking in messages from the environment.

But how to explain the stone? The disappearing woman? The mostly nude thugs?

Sleight-of-hand?

Illusions?

Methamphetamines?

“We were supposed to have lunch, remember?” said Vivian. “Will you open the door?”

“Shit, yeah,” he said, smacking his head. “Sorry. Come on in.”

He opened the door. Vivian was there, wearing jeans and a form-fitting blouse. Vivian was a teacher as well—an adjunct instead of a professor, which basically meant that she was paid less and that she had no guarantee of a job from semester to semester.

She worked at several different college campuses around the city and her schedule was always changing. It was hard for the young married couple to find time to be together.

More time had passed than he realized. He must have drifted as he looked at the tablet. Phoebe would have been done with her first class by now, and it was an hour long. She still had one more in the day, later in the afternoon.

“Did you forget?” Vivian asked, smiling knowingly. “It’s okay,” she said. “I brought sandwiches.”

She produced two plain turkey sandwiches from her bag, one with mustard and one with mayo. They kissed, and he took the mustard.

Jacob loved his wife. He did.

He also loved turkey sandwiches. And yet, at the end of the day...it was just a turkey sandwich. And after going back-and-forth all day with a beauty like Phoebe, dressed so goddamn hot in those leather pants and that barely-there tank top...it was like feasting on filet mignon and then eating, well...a turkey sandwich.

Vivian was “cute.” She had bright dark eyes, and medium-ish hair that was never quite right, and a good sense of style for what fit her body. She didn’t work out enough—neither of them did—and wasn’t quite on top of her diet—neither of them were—but she tried. They both tried a lot and failed a lot, but they did it together. It was a good pairing.

After the morning’s events, though, Jacob was more turned on than he was anything else, and he was more than willing to forgive any stupidly-perceived faults of his in Vivian's appearance.

“Hey,” he said, putting the sandwich down. He grabbed her, nuzzling her close. “What do you say we forget about lunch?”

“Forget about lunch?” she said, voice pleasant and warm. She loved being touched by him, loved being nuzzled and held. “What do you—oh.”

His hand fell to her crotch and squeezed. He wanted her—wanted his wife. Maybe he’d think about Phoebe a little bit while he fucked her, but so what? The important thing was that his cock went inside *her*. She wouldn’t complain, and more importantly, she wouldn't know.

“I...I mean...” she giggled. “Sure, sounds great.”

“I’m not joking, Vivian. I’m horny as hell.”

His hardness, stiff and insistent, pressed against her hip.

“Oh, my,” she said. “You really aren’t. I mean...” she shrugged. “I mean...” she coughed. “I can’t really, right now. I’d have to fix my make-up after, and I have to go right to class, and...if I suck you off, same thing. I could like, talk dirty to you while you jerk it?”

“What if I promise not to muss your make-up?”

“You always do that, and then you muss it anyway. You’re hopeless.”

“I just...goddamn.”

That came out harsher than he wanted. He was cold now, his boner quickly being forgotten in his frustration. They hadn’t fucked in a while. Usually they relied on “feeling it.” Scheduling sex felt unromantic, even if all the studies said it was more effective. But “feeling it” hadn’t happened in too long, and now that he had...the moment had passed.

“I’m sorry,” said Vivian.

She looked embarrassed now. She was always embarrassed.

In his marriage with her, he’d found a lot of women often were for all kinds of nebulous, abstract reasons—the shape of their necks when they laughed, the speed of their apologies, the *frequency* of their apologies, the delay between their understanding and their laughter at a joke, the list was endless. Vivian just wasn’t as great at hiding it as most others were.

This revelation had stunned him; he’d never seen a reason for a woman to feel embarrassed. If anything, he wanted to apologize more after realizing this.

It didn't help that embarrassment followed Vivian around like a pet dog always ready to run off the leash. This embarrass-dog was joined, of course, by a depression-cat and an anxiety-llama. All three floated in and out of Vivian's mental state—genetics had not done her many favors in that regard, despite her razor sharp intelligence and wide, spectral abilities for analysis.

She'd done wonders in the years since he'd known her to rein these issues in and put them to work for her; therapy and medication worked. But still, they peaked out from time to time, and Jacob frequently worried he'd say the wrong thing and set her emotions against herself.

"It's fine," he said, teeth gritted.

He didn't want to yell at her. She was his partner. There was no reason to be mad, even though he was.

He just wanted to fuck the shit out of something, that was all. His balls felt as blue as the ocean floor.

"I just can't...turn it on like that," she said. "We've talked about this. I need some build-up, you know. I need..."

"I can lick you, if you want. Damn. I'll do that right now."

She squirmed again, her hands wrapping tighter around her waist. "You know it's not that simple. I need like, a good thirty minute cuddle before sexing is possible."

He sighed. He *did* know that. It was one reason their sex life had become so difficult. Sitting still for that long was difficult for him. There were always a thousand projects to attend to around the house.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was just...I really wanted to, you know?"

"We can try tonight?"

He nodded. "Sure," he said.

But already he knew that he'd probably jerk off in the bathroom later—his need was too great to ignore. And that would mean he wouldn't have enough to run on until at least nine, and by that point, they'd be close to going to bed, and too tired to really try, or care enough to try.

So they both nodded, insincerely, and promised to try that night though they knew they wouldn't. And they sat down and ate their sandwiches and talked about their latest crop of students.

Jacob did not mention the tablet, though it weighed on his mind, pulling down every thought, tugging at every response he gave to his wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two minutes after Vivian left, Jacob looked at the tablet again. The position of the screen had not changed.

*Save changes?*

The screen prompt still blinked that pleasant green.

Green for go. Green for go right-the-fuck-ahead, my man.

"What the hell," he said. "It's just a game anyway."

He clicked the yes.

Moments later, his clothes began to rip and tear. He did not wear them tight—knowing that dressing in larger sizes helped to disguise how out-of-shape he had become over the years. He stood up, stumbling

wildly and crashing through a chair, snapping it half from his extra weight. He was close to three hundred pounds now, and all of it solid muscle.

“Christ,” he said, eyes wild. “Jesus...Jesus Christ...”

His body had just...just *changed* just like that. This...this tablet was...

Well, shit. It was magic, wasn't it? What else explained it? From the turning from a stone into the tablet, from the changes, from the disappearance of that blond beauty...it all led to magic.

He gulped. Jacob was a naturally skeptical man, but he wasn't an idiot. This wasn't the sort of evidence someone just ignored. There was no explanation, metaphysical, quantum, or otherwise, that explained this.

And there was something else, too.

His cock was as hard as a rock.

This excited him. Changing like this. The power that this promised.

He sat down, trying to focus. Clearly there was something going on, here.

Somehow he had managed to be caught up in *Events*, capitalized and italicized, real fucking *Happenings*, and that was no joke. Those six bruisers did not look like they wanted to track down that woman for tea. What had she said to him?

“You're a good man. Stay that way.”

That was going to be damned hard to do. What else could this tablet do?

Very quickly he began to explore. First thing—he made himself smaller. It wouldn't do to walk around like a giant, even if it made him feel powerful as fuck. Instead he was now a clean, easy two hundred-twenty pounds—and only two inches taller than he had been before, now six foot one. Twenty pounds heavier than he was before the tablet, but all of it muscle now.

Strong thighs, strong torso, strong *everything*. The bulk was comparable to what he used to have, though, so with clothes on, it looked only like he had been enjoying a few weeks of healthy eating.

There was a spare hoodie in his office and he slipped it on over his ripped shirt, putting his tattered jacket into his bag. His pants were still split around the waist, but he improvised a belt from long piece of cord from the windows and kept them together.

He stood over the tablet, watching the little blinking buttons on the screen, the floating words, the insanely detailed simulation of his body.

Distantly it occurred to him that it was possible now for him to stop. He could walk away, and that would be that—no more tablet, no more changes.

Maybe he could get rid of the tablet—clearly, it was at the center of some kind of struggle, and Jacob didn't think he wanted to be dragged into it. But at the same time...

At the same time, it had been so *easy* to change himself. No dieting, no working out, just a few clicks of the buttons and he had a body now that would make him the envy of anyone at the gym. Thick biceps, hardcore dense abs and pecs, thick deltoids, a rippling back that was layered with heavy cords of muscle tissue.

And his cock was so painfully hard. His hard ran up and down the bulge in his pants, fantasies striking him.

There was, no doubt, a whole lot about what Phoebe wore that morning running through his mind. Maybe if he'd fucked Vivian, this would be different. Maybe if he'd jerked off already, he could think clearer. But his cock was in control now—and his cock, like any other, was scintillated by *power*.

When he fucked Vivian, it was the power of it that got him off—the ability to change how she felt, how she breathed, how she moved, simply by fucking her harder. It was the power to assert himself over her and let her know that despite all their outward equality, he was the one who really mattered. His cum, his getting off, was what their sexual relationship was built on—just like it *should* be.

Those kinds of dirty, sexist thoughts only really surfaced when he was getting off. He indulged them because they made him hot, they made the sex hotter.

But maybe they spoke to a truer part of himself that was just now being revealed—having that kind of power was intoxicating, and now he held something in his hands—the tablet *was* in his hands again—that could give him depths of power he'd never even thought of before.

“Couldn't hurt to just...explore a little...” he said, tapping and swiping away.

First things first, he fixed his hairline. No more recession, the dark locks of it thicker and more effortlessly suave than ever. A few adjustments here and there to his complexion, clearing away acne marks, an appendectomy scar, a birthmark around his hip that had always made him feel weirdly embarrassed.

A part of him had said he would stop there—but of course, he couldn't. There were so many options available—so many options beyond physical appearance to alter: job skills, trade skills, physical abilities, endurances, sexual skills, libido, chemical make-up...

Was there a limit here?

He was desperate to find out.

All manner of physical, mental, and emotional aspects could be altered at his will. There were sliders and input tabs for everything. The user-interface was intuitive and friendly, every option clearly marked. Anything that a body was capable of doing or knowing, he could alter.

There was a slider, for example, for financial know-how—sub-divided into accounting, market research, market analysis, banking, mortgages, financial theory, and so on.

But he couldn't—and he certainly did check—change the amount of money in his bank account.

Even so, push a few of those sliders forward...and he suddenly had a very good notion of how to increase his portfolio by three-hundred fold in a matter of months once he had some money to invest.

It didn't stop with the mental understandings or the external physical appearances. Jacob could alter the *internal* physicality of his body as well—which only made sense, as he'd certainly altered his skeleton already when he grew taller.

He'd had a pain in his neck for years—a squashed disc from too many years of bad posture. In moments, it was gone. Or rather, it was *improved*, fully restored to its original state and reinforced so that it would need immense amounts of trauma to ever be injured again.

All those hours of physical therapy that never worked, all that yoga, all those little guaranteed-to-work pillows, and massage balls to work out the kinks in strained muscles, and so on and on...unneeded now.

He didn't stop there. There were sliders for his...well, his *everything*.

Flexibility? Why not place himself at the level of an Olympic gymnast? Only noticeable if he suddenly burst into a aerobic routine, but it sounded fun. He could wrap his heavily muscled calf around his totally pain-free neck, now.

Agility? Sure. He could use the strength in his legs to hold himself in the top corner of the small office, essentially hugging the ceiling like some kind of damned ninja. He did this for about two minutes, in awe of the power in his limbs, before rushing back to tablet, cock pushing against the table through his pants.

Illnesses? Immune. Just like that.

Fuck off, disease.

No sickness, for as long as he decided. The cold he'd been nursing for nearly a month evaporated into thin air. The latent arthritis building up in his hands from years of grading papers disappeared like a bad odor in the wilderness.

And speaking of writing, why not increase his typing speed? Or just his level of ability? His amount of creativity and drive? Sliders there. He played with them for a while, the way he used to cheat at video games. For a moment, he considered only making himself *slightly* better than he was...after all, it was no fun in games to just beat everything effortlessly. But then...

Then, his cock felt so fucking *hard* at the thought of giving himself more...*more*...

Somewhere in the process he freed his cock from its restraints inside his pants. He stroked his bare dick furiously as he toyed with each setting, altering himself to his liking. Adding on to his abilities and knowledge.

He became proficient in mechanics, in electronics, in aeronautics—and all in less than two minutes, and only because he had a passing interest in them. So *much* made sense to him now, and he looked at the world with brand new admiration for all the massive complexities it took to make everything run so smoothly.

And then there was his cock itself. He could alter that too. Larger, of course—and why not? He'd always been satisfied with his cock's size, but there was something...intense...about altering it now. Making it thicker—like a flashlight—and longer, eight inches. Nine. Ten. His precum became a heavy, thick addictive intoxicant, raising the dopamine levels of women who were in range of his musk—which he altered as well, to make women more attracted to him.

Everything about his body, his chemistry, turned on the animal instincts of *every* sort of woman—flooding their thoughts with notions of breeding with him, mating with him, needing to fuck him furiously—or at the very least, to fantasize about it later.

In a big crowd, he'd draw a lot of appreciative looks, even from happily-in-love married women. In a small enclosed space, like this office for instance, he'd need about five minutes before the girl's wet cunt overtook all of her senses and she was begging to be filled with his baby-making sperm.

Vivian didn't want a baby, not for a while. She was too scared about their finances, about how it would change her. Her mother and all her aunts had suffered from postpartum depression, and Vivian—suffering her own bouts with anxiety and depression—already had a prophecy in her mind about the horrible post-pregnancy phase she would go through.

She would put it off as long as possible.

Another woman might not. Another, younger, more fertile woman. A prettier woman.

His cock surged forward, a hot stream of precum spurting out and spilling on his seat.

It touched him only then, after altering his cock and his scent like that, what this was all about.

Phoebe.

He wanted to fuck Phoebe.

He wanted to *fuck* Phoebe; he wanted to fuck her *life*, wanted to fuck her entire *being* until she was so fucking warped around the idea of his cock that the notion of her being a lesbian was as foreign to her as Arabic was to him.

Hold on, he could fix that.

Ah, there. Seven languages added to his repertoire—Arabic, French, German, Hindi, Mandarin Chinese, Russian, and Spanish. He could now hold a reasonable conversation with most of the known world.

Power flowed through him like a sieve. He felt like he was sitting on a lightning bolt. He wished there were some way he could simply *summon* Phoebe to him. She was in the middle of her second class, though, and it would look strange if he butted in...

Besides, there were other women in the classroom, and he wanted to have a test case before he tried out this new scent—and everything else on top of it—on an entire room full of young women. What if they all started stripping spontaneously? The thought made his very hard cock jump, but it was also dangerous.

*This* was dangerous—all this power. Certainly, whoever was coming after that beauty would be coming after him if he made himself obvious enough.

Spinning on the tablet was Phoebe. He hadn't made the tablet do that. It had simply...intuited. She appeared to be sitting in a chair, looking bored. Probably having the class write a journal.

Jacob frowned. The class had started forty minutes ago, and she was supposed to only do journals in the beginning. Probably she was mucking the job on purpose to spit him. Typical teenager.

Actually...no, she was twenty-two. He had forgotten. Her appearance and attitude was so youthful. She *was* a grad student, after all; couldn't be a teaching assistant at Bloomingdale Heights without a degree.

But...the thought of her being eighteen, *physically* eighteen, made his cock spurt a hot stream of liquid hot precum down his massive shaft. Could he...?

After already having spent nearly an hour with the tablet, he found the slider easily.

No way. No *fucking* way.

With ease, he slid her age down to eighteen. A set of sub-sliders appeared—*alter appearance to match age? Alter intelligence?*

He chose no. She was sexy enough as is—dead goddamn sexy, actually. He just wanted to fuck an eighteen year old.

Now he just needed to get her into the office.

It didn't take him long to figure it out. So intuitive, this iMagic program. At the bottom of the screen was a little smiley icon with a bubble next to its head. He tapped it.

*Command?*

Oh, yes. Cum slid down his cock, making a puddle on the floor. It was thick and he wasn't stopping—he could cum as long and as hard as he liked now.

Riding this orgasmic wave, he delivered the message:

*Phoebe will end class. She will promise a quiz on Chapter 10 next week. She will then enter Professor Lawton's office, believing she forgot her sweater there.*

And then he waited.

\* \* \* \* \*

Celeste sat upon her throne—a vast pile of marvelously soft furs layered on top of a golden chair in the large court room of her personal palace.

Beneath her, splayed out and forced down on the elegant marble tiles by two large male slaves, was her beautiful older stepsister, Anastasia. They had been together for so long—and their parents gone and buried for so many hundreds of years—that Celeste often thought of her more always as simply her sister.

Blond, beautiful, and always with a holier-than-thou attitude, Anastasia had ever been a pain in Celeste's side. But it was only as of late that this annoyance had become a full-on threat...and Celeste dealt with threats harshly.

“You've disappointed me, sister,” said Celeste. “I thought you would be harder to catch.”

Anastasia stared up at her with hate. The two large slaves holding her stared up at Celeste with open devotion in their eyes. They had both started to cum, slowly, from gazing upon and hearing their Mistress at the same time.

For a time, she had worked with eunuchs. But they always died sooner—so little *vitality*. Celeste needed slaves with some *gusto*. So now she simply had full-fledged studs working for her—studs that of course never touched her body.

Males could never touch Celeste. She didn't allow such depravity.

“Forgive me if I don't care about your disappointments, *sister*.” Anastasia's voice was laced with poison. “Surely this ludicrous estate is big enough to house a little let-down.”

It was an enormous estate, built into the wall of a marvelous cliff with a vista of the nearby ocean. Should she want to, Celeste could look out one side of her house and see the surrounding mountainside and all its majesty—self-assured in the fact that her own physical majesty was that much more impressive. Or she could step out onto her terrace and enjoy the ocean, knowing that for all its vastness, all its depths, all the life teeming there, it still failed to approach the vastness, the depth, and the vivacity of her own beauty.

Celeste was vain indeed, and every part of her life was set up to justify this vanity in the most impressive way. All that was really needed was a mirror, though; however vain she was, her beauty could melt men and women both down to butter.

Her estate was staffed by an intricately arranged staff of slaves, all there because of their undying love for their Mistress. The highest in the hierarchy were allowed to frequently attend to Celeste—the ladies she used as pleasure slaves to attend her cunt with well-educated licks and kisses in the evenings. The lowest were those who barely ever caught glimpses of the Mistress—groundskeepers and gardeners outside of the palace entirely, kept out of sight and mind. And yet still, they treasured each moment they saw her and

would never, ever orgasm to the thought of another. Their yearly payments were access to selfies she had taken with a camera years before, always in the same outfit.

The palace was kept secret from the public; only a few high-ranking government and military officials even knew about it, and most were wise enough to stay away. Those that became curious had a tendency to disappear—either earning the wrath of the immortal beauty or earning her favor. The one would result in a slow death, and the other would result in a lifetime of arduous servitude and then a slow death.

Celeste expected the full attention and devotion of her slaves, and regularly worked them until they died midday from over-exertion.

It was simpler, after all, to take care of so many devotees when, regarding the bulk of them, you barely fed them and did not allow them to sleep. And who should want to sleep when a living Goddess might need their assistance at any moment?

Her favored attendees were given such allowances—ample food, regular sleep, fine clothes, and so on—but every tier beneath this high precipice was delivered less and less.

The court room doubled, when she wanted it to, as her bedroom, her court room, her torture chamber, and her executioner's block. She was a woman—if she was that at all—with a great many talents and a great many desires. Almost all of these desires had been impeded at some point or another, and those found guilty of delaying her pleasure were always dealt with *harshly*.

Celeste smiled. It was a joyless, cruel thing, but it made her the no less beautiful for it. Her face was angelic. Her eyes a deep, sparkling violet. Her hair was long and thick and dark, a mass of darkness that stretched down past her hips. Her breasts were enormous and buoyant.

She dressed in a slender silk gown held up with a thin golden cord around her neck, soft fabric barely containing the inestimably luscious swell of her tits. The cloth parted in an x-pattern, revealing the tenderly toned expanse of her tanned torso, before draping down over her glistening wet cunt and down across her magnificently structured ass.

Bright, priceless gems decorated her neck, her ears, her wrists and ankles. Gloves, elbow-length and silk, attended her arms. If she touched her slaves without them, they were usually useless for the whole day from cumming too much. Pleasure was hers to give out as she wished.

Everything about her spoke of sex, of fertility, of luscious beauty too precious to ever be claimed. This was the Promise given to her.

Most individuals she could simply enslave with a few favored smiles or winks. She was, after all, the Most Beautiful Female Alive. This was her Promise, and like every magical Promise delivered in the world, it was also her Curse—it had warped her already rather warped sense of perception about what she deserved in life.

She was no longer the somewhat vain, if completely oblivious young woman she had been some five hundred years ago when she had first summoned the magical djinns who had delivered the Promise and the Curse to her.

No, she had five hundred years of political maneuvering, heartless assassinations, cruel interrogations, planned coups, and all manner of interference had hardened her soul down to a shining diamond core—hard, shining, flawless, and unforgiving.

Her Promise was her beauty. Her Curse, if you want to call it that, was her vanity. She wouldn't *allow* anyone to be as gorgeous as her. She was to be immortal, constantly hounding out the beautiful and ensuring that Celeste, and Celeste alone, was the bearer of the title most beautiful.

Not that she would scar or maim or kill these women—oh no. Beauty to a being like what Celeste had become was like fuel in an engine.

She could absorb beauty, pull from great sources of it and make it her own. She could humble a young starlet in less than a day, sucking away years of her future grace. In this way, a gorgeous 18 year-old might look haggard by twenty-five, when before Celeste interfered she would have been beautiful until at least sixty.

It was a slow, sucking form of torture that Celeste enjoyed, knowing that these other would-be beauties prizes themselves so much on their appearance only to have it fade and fade...and she fingered her cunt nightly, thinking of how much *more* she deserved the Beauty than they.

The only person she loved was herself; the only thing she loved truly was her beauty.

The djinns called this a Curse...but Celeste called it her Calling.

She was infinitely beautiful. An arrangement of mirrors surrounded her throne even at that moment, with her sister prostrated beneath her, so that she could see her gorgeous reflection at every angle. Her hair was dark, thick, and shining. She looked like a magnificent dark goddess, born from fire and smoke and engineered purely to make cocks hard and cunts wet. There was no escaping her beauty. She was like the sun, and all other descriptions and actions revolved entirely around her.

To say that she was in love with herself was an understatement. She *adored* herself, and had not been able to find an error in any of her doings or appearances in more than five centuries. Her every movement, every sound, every shift gave her sensational glee.

Constantly she rode on that hot, spectacular edge of lust—that initial moment of falling in love that could last for months with a new partner, all those longing looks and flashes of quick heart rate—and for her, it had lasted for half a millennium.

She turned from her reflection—with some regret—and raised a perfect eyebrow at Anastasia.

“Where is it, Sister? Where is the Djinn Stone?”

“I'll never tell you.”

“Of course you will, sister. This crusade of yours to stop me has only gone on for as long as I've allowed.” Celeste held out a hand, and instantly her attendant female slaves—lovely creatures with brilliantly red hair—moved to assist her. Their cunts pulsed with helpless orgasm at the gloved touch of their goddess.

The male slaves, naturally, only looked on with helpless longing as these female attendants were blessed enough to touch Celeste.

She strutted down from the high steps of her throne on impossibly tall, crystal heels. They made her legs and ass look even more magnificent than before. Celeste smiled, strutting slowly down from her throne. Even her pure, angelic sister's eyes widened with desire as she witnessed the glory of Celeste's approach. Every muscle perfectly toned. Every inch of skin bronze and tight.

“That I have you here now proves that I could have captured you at any time, I should think,” said Celeste.

“Big talk for a vain bitch.”

Celeste smirked. She held her sister’s face for a moment and slapped her.

“I *am* a vain bitch,” said Celeste, staring longingly at her nearby reflection. “But an insult is all about *tone*, isn’t it? For instance, I could tell you what a *wonderful* job you’ve been doing *researching* all those *artifacts* to rob me of my power.” Her sarcasm oozed through every syllable. “Except I’ve been following your research. And I know what you’ve found—I knew what you were looking for probably before you did.”

When Celeste had wished for her beauty, Anastasia had been there too. She had wished to make the world a better place—such a kind-hearted girl. And so she had been Promised with immortal youth, to always be able to help. And she, too, had her own Curse—that she would be barren and partnerless...forever. Her eternal work would be done alone.

And so, in her isolation, Anastasia had decided that Celeste’s efforts to gain power and glory for herself had gone too far.

“We’re in the same boat, Anastasia. I’m surprised at your stubbornness. I found the Djinn Stone nearly as soon as you did. We wouldn’t have found it at all without spying on each other. I deserve it as much as you.”

Anastasia shook her head. “I don’t want to use it. It’s too...too powerful. Too much. I want to destroy it...after I take away your Promise. And your Curse. I would give you peace, sister.”

“Peace?” Celeste scoffed. “I’ll know peace when the whole world kneels before me. When...”

*When no one can ever hold me in their power ever again*, she almost said. But she stopped herself. Her sister had a way of making her emotions run high.

“I *want* that Power, sister mine.” Celeste stroked Anastasia’s face, enjoying the hot shuddering pleasure on the blond’s face at her touch. “Where is it?”

“I...won’t say.” She straightened, perhaps only inadvertently showing off more of her cleavage in her thin white sheet gown.

Celeste’s smile was indulgent, then. She had rather been hoping Anastasia would see it that way. It was always more *fun* to watch as someone’s will broke into pieces before her very eyes. Especially a strong, *hard* will like Anastasia’s, tested and refined for so many hundreds of years.

Most people gave in right away.

“We’ll see about that.” She snapped her fingers. A retinue of five pleasure slaves—all female, all beautiful, decorated with jewels, high heels, and lacy lingerie—rushed to attention, breasts bouncing a-ready. “Make her talk, ladies.”

The beauties smiled with religious fervor, licking their lips and approaching Anastasia slow, like cats circling a platter of milk.

“It doesn’t matter how much pain you give me,” Anastasia insisted. “I won’t talk.”

“Pain?”

She leaned in and kissed her sister hard and deep, moaning lusciously as their tongues melded. It would be nothing to make her sister’s hot, beautiful body thrill with orgasm with little more than a careful flick of her tongue...but instead, Celeste held off, letting Anastasia instead stew in her pent-up desires.

“You’re my sister, darling,” she dropped her voice to a luscious, loving coo. “I would never dream of hurting you in such a way. I want you to feel *good*. I want you to feel so good, in fact, that you’ll do anything I say...just like all of my wonderful servants here.”

“Slaves, you mean.”

But her sneer was more insincere this time. She had tasted Celeste now.

“Don’t speak so poorly of them,” said Celeste. “You’ll be among their number soon enough. And then we shall be a family again. I should have done this ages ago, but it was more amusing to watch you meddle. Now, though, you’ve gone too far.”

She slipped back up on her throne, crossing her long legs as she did. Below her, a male bodyguard passed out from orgasm. Two others dragged him away; if he did not recover within the day, he would be disposed of and his body incinerated.

The immortal beauty only had use for the strong in her service.

Celeste slid one glove off her hand, allowing her skin to touch skin—the only being in the universe, as far as she knew, worthy of touching Celeste was...Celeste. She cradled her elegant breasts, twisting the nipple to send a hot shiver of pleasure down her spine. The show was just beginning.

The five slaves held Anastasia down on the tile, spreading her limbs out wide. The luscious beings cradled her legs and arms between their thick, heavy breasts, kissing and cooing over each inch of skin. Then, one slave in the middle began to lick Anastasia’s cunt. Slowly at first, and then with more surety—soft kisses followed by eager, long licks apply just the right amount of pressure.

When her slaves obeyed, they did so with great enthusiasm. There was no greater pleasure for them than to obey an order from their Mistress. And so, while their experience was not as mindblowingly perfect as it was when they were honored with pleasing their Mistress directly, they still were blissful as they took turns licking Anastasia to madness.

It was not long before Anastasia began to cum. She tried to hide it—coughing and shaking through her moans of pleasure—but for Celeste, the signs were unmistakable. Her body twisted and shook, her mouth making a perfect round shape of eager surprise.

The slaves did not let up though, even though she begged them to stop. She did not mean it; there was no way she *could* mean for them to stop. Nothing that felt that good would ever be unwanted; Anastasia spoke from some last pale vestiges of propriety, rapidly being eroded by one lick after another.

And so, as the slaves licked and licked at her sister’s cunt, encouraging her to cum, and cum, and cum again...Celeste fingered her hot immortal cunt, flicking at her cunt, watching her sister’s mind and will melt into nothingness.

Needless to say, she kept her masturbating self within eyesight of Anastasia—and that singularly erotic sight did more to warp her sister’s mind than a thousand slaves licking her could have done.

And soon...soon she would know where the Djinn Stone had hid itself from her, and then her power would be absolute.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Where the fuck is she?*

Gwen had been thinking this exact thought—and very little else—for the past twenty minutes as she waited for her girlfriend to come out to the parking lot.

Her anger was unreasonable. She knew this. It often was. Gwen had a temper, as her therapist was fond of telling her, and it wasn't fair to the rest of the world to take this temper out on them. After all, whatever she was angry about was probably just some fear or unresolved issue with herself.

Perhaps even Phoebe's lateness was tied to Gwen's own deep-rooted fear of abandonment, brought upon by her mother's absence in her life at a very young age.

And if Gwen were able to sit and concentrate very hard, to clear her mind and accept the stark reality of her heated emotions, it's probable this was what she would realize and even come to accept, coming closer still to full acceptance of her emotional state than she was than the last time she had to deal with this sort of issue. It would be real, significant progress.

But none of that mattered at this particular moment, because Phoebe was fucking *late* and Gwen was fucking *pissed* and wasn't it *just like* that blond *bimbo* to just *totally forget* that she was supposed to *be somewhere* with her fucking *girlfriend*?

"Not like *I* matter, I guess," Gwen ranted to her empty, sweltering hot car. "Can't skip one *lousy* class to hang out with me, and now you can't even show up on time so I can take you *home*, I mean what the *fuck*, Phoebe. Not like I had *things* to do today. Not like I wanted to fucking make us some *dinner*, for fuck's sake."

Phoebe, of course, said nothing, because she was not there. Gwen was well-used to building up arguments against no one at all present; she tried to do so to organize her thoughts so that when she actually *met* the person in question, her offense would be sudden, exacting, and indefensible.

Her method was blitzkrieg. It often left Phoebe in tears and then Gwen felt awful, and had to cycle through a series of suddenly-carefully-constructed apologies, which were always heartfelt and sincere.

Then came the make-up sex.

It was a massively hot day and Gwen did not have the car running so she could feel the air conditioning. She didn't exactly make a lot of money from her job as a Customer Service Representative at the Camping Equipment Expo, and every little bit had to be saved. She could only afford to take a few classes at a time, and it was just her rotten luck that one of them had to be with Phoebe's boss.

Sweat ran down her brow, soaking the neckline of her tight gray shirt. Her nipples were showing; yelling actually got her blood up, making her rather sexually excited. Usually, most of her fights with Phoebe ended with three hours of lovemaking.

It wasn't exactly a terrific system for showing passion, but it was *passion*, and that was something new for Phoebe, who had grown up in such a stuck-up W.A.S.P.ish household that showing any sort of preference was tantamount to blasphemy.

Twenty one minutes now. That was too long—too long by half, when twenty minutes was barely acceptable. Was this real math, or was this just her emotional algebra? It didn't matter—Gwen was *mad*.

She roared out from the car, snatching up her purse and slamming the door shut. Her legs were long and she wore tight blue jeans, her hair short and dark and streaked with red dye. She had the sort of skinny build of a girl who stayed up way too late, ate way too little, and subsisted on too much caffeine and

nicotine. Phoebe had mostly convinced her to give up the smokes, but *goddamn* if this sort of thing didn't make Gwen want to go back to her old ways.

Sometimes a good storming was needed. And so Gwen stormed through the campus, hounding down her girlfriend with all the knowledge she had at her disposal. The place to start would be with that dickhead professor of hers, Jacob Lawton, to see if he had seen Phoebe.

And maybe, *maybe* she'd give *him* a piece of her mind too.

After all, wasn't all this shit his fault? If he had just let Phoebe *go*, if he had taught his *own* class like he was fucking *supposed* to, then Phoebe wouldn't have been late, now would she?

What an asshole. She *would* give him a piece of her mind, and she'd make *damn* sure he'd think twice before crossing her again.

His office was small and at the end of the hallway in the shabby liberal arts building. The whole campus was shabby, really, but the liberal arts building was in disrepair. It was more like anti-repair. She could have sworn she had seen a few handymen there earlier in the week just tearing out electrical wiring from the wall without bothering to replace it or cover up the hole.

As she approached Lawton's office, something felt wrong. *Intensely* wrong, the kind of wrong that made her reach into her purse and wrap her hands around the little can of pepper spray she had waiting.

It was a sort of sixth sense she had; a sensitivity to danger, the kind of thing that had saved her skin more than once living in the city. She trusted this sense, and her guard was up.

Inside the door to Lawton's office, she heard screams. Immediately, she flung the door open—and saw the love of her life getting plowed thoroughly by a powerfully muscular young man.

The screams were screams of pleasure. Phoebe was having the fuck of her life.

They didn't seem to notice Gwen, and she didn't utter a word. She was speechless at this erotic display. Phoebe's blond, supple body was entire naked, sweaty, clinging to the man as if her life depended on it.

"Yes, baby!" she moaned. "Oh fuck, yes, Jacob! Give it to me! Your dick is so big! Your dick is so fucking *right*, oh my god! I'm gonna cum, Jacob, oh fuck! Oh fuck, I'm gonna—gonna, oh...oh fuck!"

Gwen watched, her cunt suddenly and inescapably dripping wet, as Jacob—and when had *he* become so muscular and youthful?—drove her girlfriend to a mind-melting orgasm.

Jealously flooded Gwen; she had never seen Phoebe cum like that, with her mouth twitching in silent ecstasy, too much pleasure flowing through her body to even form words.

And even then he was not done with her. He bent her over on the table—twisting her lithe body effortlessly—and shoved himself into her from behind.

"Fucking...fucking make you *mine*," he grunted. "Make you what I fucking *want*."

From the table, he grabbed a tablet, tapping and sliding.

The door shut slowly behind Gwen on its own. She didn't notice. Her mind, her entire being, was too transfixed with what was happening before her. She knew she should be mad—and she *was*—but she was also fucking *turned on*. Gwen watched, her cunt dripping, fingers tugging at her shirt around her neck and reaching in to grab her nipples.

“Fuck,” she said, very softly, watching Jacob’s back muscles as he drove his huge cock into Phoebe. “Fuck...cock...big...”

Her mind felt slow and soggy. Thick. Swampish. Thoughts arrived slow and stayed for a long time, and every last notion centered around the immensity of Jacob’s cock, how virile he must be, how *good* Phoebe must feel with it pumping in and out of her like that.

She felt high, but more than that, like she was somehow *witnessing* herself in the way she felt when she had in the past tripped on mushrooms.

Drool formed on her lips, forming a slow trail down her chin and melding into the beads of sweat on her neck and chest. He was fucking her so goddamn *hard*.

She watched, with dumb amazement, as Jacob worked on the tablet set on Phoebe’s back and Phoebe began to change.

It was small aspects at first—her skin became more tanned, her hair more golden blond. The roots had always been darker than the rest of her hair, but no longer—they were gorgeous bright blond now. And then her hair became *longer, thicker*, streaming out from her skull like a waterfall of silk.

And then her *tits* started growing. They ballooned out at first—becoming wider than her back and as big around as the seats of a chair—pumping underneath her body like inner-tubes. Jacob laughed for a minute at that and then made a few more swipes, and Phoebe’s tits became smaller though still massive—easily an E cup—but sensationally gravity-defying. Muscles, strong and intricately sexy, developed on her delightfully hot back to help support the load.

That was too much for Gwen. She loved tits—she loved *Phoebe’s* tits, and now to think that there were *more* of them...

She dropped to her knees. Somehow, her pants had fallen down to her ankles; fortunate, though, for this made it all the easier for her fingers to bury themselves in her cunt.

“Shit!” she cried out, her body pulsing with ecstasy. “Shit, *fuck*. That’s so fucking...so fucking *hot*...”

A part of her knew it was wrong. A part of her knew, indeed, that this was all fucking *insane*. That this was *dangerous* and she had to get out of here as soon as possible.

But all of this was buried—deeply so—beneath an avalanche of arousal for something that she had never even *felt* before. It perhaps would have been one thing to be as crazy attracted to Phoebe as she felt right now—with Phoebe still becoming every more gorgeous beneath Jacob, with her legs longer, her body leaner, her waist tinier, hips wider.

But to feel all this want, this desire, this *need* for *Cock*, capital C motherfucking COCK for the first time in her life, Gwen’s more rational side had no chance.

If she was still a lesbian, it was only because she couldn’t imagine fucking any other man alive...only Jacob. And oh, fuck, did she want to fuck him.

Finally, the two rutting mates seemed to notice her. Jacob turned with a smile, pulling himself out of Phoebe. Hot streams of precum shot to the floor, like a trail of gasoline leading to a fire. Some landed on Gwen's bare thighs, and she scooped it up with a sort of wonder, marveling at its thickness, its consistency as it slid between her fingers.

“Lick it down,” said Jacob.

And she had to, she *had* to obey. He was the *bearer* of this fucking nectar and she *had* to do what he said. Truth was, she would have done it even if he hadn't told her to.

The second the thick substance entered her mouth, a deep, pleased moan escaped her. This was everything. This was *everything* she had ever wanted. It was like if all the pleasure receptors dedicated wine and chocolate doubled in number and participated in a mass orgy.

“Phoebe,” said Jacob. “Take a drag off my cock and kiss your lover.”

The blond beauty's eyes glowed with anticipation. “Yes, Sir,” she moaned, dropping to her knees and taking his cock in slow and easy. It was incredible to Gwen, how *much* of his cock there was—and how easily Phoebe took it down her throat. A thick, pulsing bulge was visible inside her throat, and then she pulled out, her lips and face slathered with his essence.

Then Phoebe turned to her lover, eyes smoldering. Those glorious, newly huge tits, wet with sweat and every inch of her toned to perfection. Soft, baited breaths exiting her angelic, cum-slathered mouth. Long strands of the thick goo crossing in tendrils across her open lips.

“Kiss me, my love,” Phoebe moaned, taking Gwen in her arms. “Kiss me forever.”

There was no resistance possible. Gwen melted into Phoebe, her huge breasts, her perfected body, her silken soft hair. They kissed for what felt like days, but must have only been minutes. Each new second of rubbing their lips and tongues against each other meant more and more of Jacob's intoxicating cum slipped down Gwen's throat. The taste was amazing. Her cunt boiled over and as much as she adored kissing her love, she needed to be *filled* by that fucking bimbo-breeding godstick he called a cock.

“Just a few changes here,” said Jacob, tinkering with his tablet. “You never liked me very much, did you, Gwen?”

He was commanding her attention now, and she had to give him her respect. It was so important for a pretty girl like her to respect a Man like Jacob.

“I...I don't...” she gulped. She *thought* she liked him—liked him a *lot*, actually, always had. But if he was *saying* she didn't, she didn't want to disrespect him somehow...

“It doesn't matter. You're in love with me now, aren't you? Both of you.”

Gwen stole a glance at Phoebe, and the two of them blushed. She recalled with clarity now the conspiracy she and Phoebe had made, getting Phoebe the job as his TA so that they could have time alone with him like this. Their love was girlish, adoring, and absolutely real. He was like a rock star times one million—they'd do anything to be alone with him like this.

“Yes, Sir,” said Gwen, breathy, staring with adoration up at him. “Totally in love.”

“And you love your new body, Gwen, don't you?”

Truth be told, she had barely noticed it. But at his words, she looked down at herself and saw the changes he had made—the bigger, fuller breasts. The tight musculature of her body where she had been simple skin-and-bones before. The thick, full dark brown hair that cascaded in sexy, voluminous beach girl waves down the middle of her back—red streak in tact. She and Phoebe looked more like sisters than lovers.

“Yes, Sir. I *love* it.”

She had to love everything he told her to love. He was a Man and she was just his silly fuckdoll and that was that.

“Good girls. Why don’t you come suck my cock together?”

They groaned, both obviously waiting for this. Gwen rushed forward first, taking her first taste of cock with relish, sliding her mouth over his massively thick shaft with an ease that would have been absolutely impossible just two minutes ago, before Jacob had noticed her and began to alter her mind and body with the tablet. Before, she might have broken her jaw, and certainly choked to death, trying to wrap her luscious lips around his huge cock. Now she took to it like a duck to water, sliding up and over, tongue lashing with loving licks all around the sides as she slurped and stroked him.

“God, fuck her mouth, Master,” Phoebe moaned. “Please fuck Gwen’s mouth? Please? Oh fuck, do it...fucking teach her a lesson. Teach her to *obey* you, Master...”

*Master*, thought Gwen. Oh fuck, yes. That was the *perfect* name for Jacob. He was her *Master*, and he was *fucking her mouth*.

She slipped off the cock only long enough for Phoebe to join her as they ran their mouths and tongues over his cock in unison. Passionately, they melded lips at the head of his shaft, making out with aching need with his perfect meat in between their conjoined mouths. Phoebe’s fingers slipped into Gwen’s cunt, and Gwen’s into Phoebe’s, and the two of them fingered each other with increasing gusto as they traded turns up and down their new Master’s titanic rod.

Jacob shoved Gwen into the corner of the office and powered his cock down her throat. If she wasn’t so absolutely willing for him to do it, it would have looked violent, scary. As it was, she moaned with bliss as he manhandled her and began to fuck her throat in earnest—fuck her entire mouth like it was a cunt he needed to teach a lesson.

And Gwen was so ready to learn his lessons.

“Fuck her, Master, yes!” Phoebe moaned. “Fuck your little fuckdoll. Fuck her face, please? Fuck her *harder*. Fuck her until she can’t fucking breath, baby, *please*, Master?”

“You fucking bitch,” he grunted. “You always...shooting me those dirty looks. Who’s fucking dirty now, Gwen? You’re my dirty little whore.”

She *was*. What dirty looks he meant, she had no idea. Maybe all those dirty “please come fuck me Daddy” looks she and Phoebe practiced with each other to give him whenever they saw him—their number one Hunk, their super-god-only-man.

Phoebe, meanwhile, was going mad with desire at his side, bopping at his hips with her fists, pounding her feet up and down on the floor.

“God, Master, cum down her throat? Oh fuck please? Oh fuck *please*?”

Something in him must have felt the desire to comply, because that’s exactly what he did. Jacob emptied himself inside Gwen, dumping heavy loads of white hot cum down her belly, painting her throat, spraying into her mouth, and finally covering her face and body.

There wasn’t a part of her that didn’t feel totally soaked in his huge load of hot sticky seed. She’d never felt so erotic, so sexy in all her life. She felt like a work of art.

She had to take it in for a moment, try to regain her bearings. It was so very hard when swallowing and sliding the cum all over herself was so easy, so fun, so delicious.

Then, still fingering herself, Phoebe knelt forward and happily began to lick her semi-conscious lover clean.

And all the while Jacob was watching—tinkering—swiping—tapping away at the tablet, perfecting his new slaves.

\* \* \* \* \*

He arranged the girls on the couch, ordering them to make out while he put his thoughts in order. During the drive home, with the two girls safely making out in the back seat, he'd had a sort of moment of clarity:

There would have to be a reckoning with Vivian.

She was many things, and not all of them were favorable; but she was still his wife, and he loved her dearly.

Their relationship had a sort of open door policy when it came to sexual relationships that neither of them much took advantage of. Both were homebodies; going out with some brand new partner was just a lot of damned work, to be honest, and both preferred the company of their spouse.

So, he wasn't overly concerned that Vivian might be upset he was cheating on her. According to their rules, he actually hadn't.

But he was upset that she'd think he'd overdone it. By, well, a whole hell of a lot. He'd transformed two perfectly innocent young women—*lesbians*—into his cockloving fuckslaves just because he'd wanted to get off.

It was hard to explain what had come over him. He'd undone most of the changes to himself at this point—especially those concerning his scent and all the other various addicting qualities of his presence. Phoebe and Gwen remembered that they had fucked him—and remembered that it had been *great*—but they also were more in love with each other than they had ever been. They were also obedient to him, but not absolutely so.

He just wanted to make sure that he could have them stay in one place if he wanted to make changes to them. Definitely, no more sex.

Yes, sure. That's why he brought them home to meet his wife.

The template that he had built—he called it the “Master build”—was saved on the tablet. Probably that was proof enough that he wasn't totally serious about giving it all up.

He was in the bathroom washing his face when he heard Vivian walk in. She walked past him with a soft “hi, dear,” rushing to set down her bags and slip off her shoes. She carried a lot with her through the day.

Then she saw the two girls on the couch. They had been changed back...mostly. He hadn't been able to undo his changes to Gwen's hair—she looked so fucking *good* with long hair, that red streak intact. And while their breasts were still larger than they had been, they weren't quite as big as he had made them before.

And yet, still, he had their old templates saved too.

And yet, still, also—he persisted in the delusion that he didn't want to fuck them again.

“I wanted to be good,” he said. “But I don't think I'm very good at it.”

Vivian jumped at the sound of his voice, a disbelieving smile on her face. “What...what’s going on, dear?”

There was no simple way to explain it. He took her by the hand and sat her down in the next room, their dining room that doubled as a small library, overflowing with all of their books.

He went through it all, step-by-step. The woman in white. The men rushing after her. The stone that became a tablet. The tablet that let him do...anything. The wild rampaging sex with the two beauties one room over.

She asked him to show it to her, and he did. When she tried to swipe a setting this way or that, though, the screen did not respond.

“It only works with me,” he said. “Found that out already with Phoebe.”

Vivian nodded, staring thoughtfully at it. It wasn’t her best angle. Her chin and jawline could stand to be more defined; her eyes just slightly too far apart. A small, barely noticeable zit had appeared on her cheek, covered with make-up.

There was so much he could change about her. So much he could do. The thought was making his cock strain. He had trouble thinking about anything else.

“Well,” she said, running a hand up and down his thickly-muscled arm. “I see you certainly didn’t mind making some changes to yourself.”

“There was more than just this,” he said. “It felt...intoxicating. It felt *right*, Vivian. And I don’t know if I can stop myself from doing it again.”

“Do you want me to tell you to stop?”

“No,” he said instantly. “Yes. I don’t know. I don’t know...what I want.”

But his cock did. It wanted to fuck, and soon. It wanted to fuck Vivian so thoroughly that she’d be begging him to make her prettier for him.

To be the kind of wifefuckslave he *deserved* for having so much power.

“All that matters to me is that you’re happy,” she said carefully.

“Thanks,” he said. “But I mean...is that happiness? Changing...like that?”

“How did it feel?”

“It felt...amazing. But how do...I mean, what do you *think* about it? What do you feel?”

She was hard to make open up. Always so concerned she’d be hurting someone’s feelings. “You can have these girls, I can see that. Easily. But it’s...scary, Jacob.”

“I know. I shouldn’t have done that. I just...I got so turned on. I can probably turn them right back to how they were...”

“We both know you’ll just change them back again.”

“No, I won’t. I mean, you say the word, and I can just—”

“*Don’t*—” Vivian took a moment, shaking her head and bending over. She sat back up again. “No. Okay? I’m not *stupid*, and neither are you. Right? You have something that makes you a fucking sex god to the women around you, you’ve already fucked the minds out of two beautiful—fucking *gorgeous*—young

women, and you're just going to *give it up*? Jacob...please. Don't buy into that idiocy. You're better than that."

He looked down, blushing a bit.

"Hell..." said Vivian. "Even if I *did* say for you not to do it, I mean, that's just lunacy. Because if you really wanted, you could just...you know, fucking change *my* mind, couldn't you? Just *tell* me to want this. Tell me to forget this whole conversation, or just manufacture it and place it in my head, or...anything really. It's...you know. I mean, fuck, honey, even *I* find that kind of power hot."

They sat in silence for a moment. Jacob tinkered with the tablet, turning it on and off, on and off.

"So you want me to...what? Destroy it somehow?"

"No. Not that. I just want...I don't want to be left behind."

She stood up, walking to the edge of the room where she could see Phoebe and Gwen still passionately making love to each other's faces. Their kissing session has escalated to include lots and lots of tit-grabbing.

"What are you saying?" Jacob asked.

"I don't want you to fuck these women and not still want to fuck me, Jacob. They're cute, and young, and hot...and I know that, like, I'm terrible about wanting to have sex, but I still really, *really* love it. And I love it with you. So I don't want...I don't want you out of my life."

She couldn't be serious, though Jacob. Was she serious?

"Are you suggesting what I think you are?"

"What do you think I'm suggesting?"

"I mean...to make you...to change you. Like I changed them. To...I mean, if I decide to stay with my new form, then I should also...change you." He licked his lips. "Breed you, even."

"Do you want that?" Her voice was soft.

It was time to be brutally honest. "Yes. I do."

She shrugged. "Then go ahead. If that makes you happy. I just can't bear the thought of losing you, that's all." She put her hand on his thigh. "I can see which way the wind is blowing. You're my husband. I know you. You already decided this." She slipped down to her knees, tugging at his zipper. "I'm bad at having sex. Initiating. Feeling good about myself, feeling sexy enough to fuck. We both know that...but you could change that, couldn't you? Could you change it right now?"

"Fuck," muttered Jacob.

He loved his wife.

The tablet was not far away. In seconds, he had Vivian brought up on the screen. He immediately navigated to her emotional stats.

Levels of anxiety? From close to 80% down to 10% in a heartbeat.

Depressive tendencies? Totally removed.

Desire for sex? Increased past her normal 25% and up past 80% (any more than that and she'd never leave his cock alone enough for him to fuck other women).

“Mmmm...” Vivian moaned, eyes closing. She stretched her arms upward and leaned in to his body, giggling softly. “God, I feel...*great*...”

He gestured for her to continue to unzip his cock, and she obeyed immediately. Her hands were soft and sure, taking him out with a bit of wonder. She'd never had complaints about his size—and she certainly wouldn't now that it was even thicker and longer than before.

“Girls, come in here,” he called.

Phoebe and Gwen obediently came over. There was nothing stopping him, nothing at all, now that he had the explicit permission of Vivian. His wife's mouth gently slipped over the head of his cock and she sucked diligently.

Every flaw he had ever pointed out, everything that had ever made him wish he had a prettier wife, he changed.

Sexual desire was first up—escalated to 80%, but only for him. Other men were dropped into negative levels. Desire for women went up from 40% to 70%.

But that wasn't enough. Oh, no.

As he arranged for more changes, he ordered Gwen and Phoebe to get naked—they didn't need their clothes on anymore. He made a very quick alteration to their profiles, upping their obedience and their sexual attraction to him.

Their obeying echoes were tinged with heavy, lick-lipping lust as they dropped completely nude to their knees.

Then he worked on Vivian. Her babyfat evaporated in seconds. The line of her chin and jaw became clean, regal, and elegant. The muddy hazel color of her eyes became bright and cheery, while her lips were enhanced to be more full, more plush and ready for kissing.

Her body became toned and long, her torso tiny and tight while her legs stretched longer. Long legs, big tits, thick long hair, tiny waist, wide hips—this is what his women would *all* have from now on. He had a type, and there was no reason not to indulge himself.

Vivian moaned at the changes. There was an option to make each alteration fill her body with pleasure—and so, loving his wife, of course he turned that option on. And so her body was already brimming with orgasmic bliss as her lips curled around his thick cock, sucking harder and harder, her every portion transforming purely for his pleasure. She looked like a model, and this model belonged to him.

He needed to fuck her. For the first time in longer than he could remember, he needed not only just to *fuck*, but to fuck in particular *his wife*. Not just to use her as a receptacle or an aid while he filled his thoughts with other women—no. He wanted to fuck the shit out of his girl.

“Get on your back,” he ordered.

Right away, she obeyed. “Yes, Sir.”

she licked her lips, her face brimming with confidence. He liked this new her. Even so, she had to learn the ropes.

He slapped her cheek—lightly, only barely enough to leave a red mark.

“You call me Master, slave.”

Her smile only widened. “Of course, Master. Anything you say, Master.”

He ripped the clothes off her body. Gwen and Phoebe gathered in close to him. Phoebe pushed her enormous tits against his arm, cooing appreciatively as he lowered his cock down to Vivian's wet, pulsing cunt.

Gwen, meanwhile, slid her bare cunt over Vivian's mouth, encouraging her to lick her pussy while their Master watched.

“He'll like it...” said Gwen. “He'll fuck you harder...”

It was all Vivian had to hear before sliding her head forward with relish, licking at the hot honeypot of the young temptress.

Entering Vivian was like an entirely new experience. They had fucked thousands of times in their period of marriage, but this was something entirely new. There was a whole new feeling to fucking his wife, his *gorgeous* wife, unqualified in any of his estimations of her. No turning away to imagine something or someone else to get harder. All he had to look at was her beautified face licking out Gwen, her transformed body squirming and writhing, all of it totally belonging to him.

“Fuck her, Master.” Phoebe's fingers were well up in her cunt, her entire body shaking with desire. “God, you're fucking her so good, Master...you're so fucking *good* to her...”

They fucked like this for several minutes—Vivian eating out Gwen, Phoebe cooing and moaning and fingering her cunt as she urged her Master to fuck his wife harder. Vivian slid Gwen to one side, though, biting one lip with desire.

“Now, you.” Vivian urged him. “Show me what you *really* look like, husband. Show me your *true* self.”

He knew what she meant. The tablet was near, and in moments, he had the “Master template” activated. The changes were so quick as to be almost instantaneous—one moment, he was a well-muscled version of his former self.

The next moment—he was a tall, muscle-bound, incredibly hung uber-god. His cock *grew* inside of Vivian, to the point where he had to alter her profile too so that her body could take his enhanced length. And all the while, his addictive, mind-altering precum and scent filled the air, fucking their minds with his forceful obedience even more.

“O-oh,” Vivian moaned, looking. “Oohhh, shit. Oh *god*. Oh, *god!*”

Her face was wide, eyes totally open. For a moment he thought he was hurting her.

“You have to fucking put a baby in my body, holy fuck! Oh my fuck, Master, please!”

The volume of her voice reached near-hysterical levels. He could feel her orgasms thrashing around his pumping cock like lightning bolts smashing against water, with his cock the one ship bold enough to navigate the seas.

He needed to cum inside her. He needed to cum inside his *wife*.

“Yes!” Vivian moaned. “Put a baby in me, darling! Please do it! Please fucking breed me!”

“Do it, Master.” Phoebe pressed her huge tits against his arm, urging him on. “Put a baby in her, Sir, please? Fuck her, Master. We need to see you fuck her!”

“Yes, Master.” Gwen positioned herself over Vivian again, sliding her slippery wet cunt on top of his wife’s face to lick. “Do it, please. Fucking *dump* your cum in her fertile belly, please?”

Beneath him, Vivian bucked and gasped, her mouth automatically reaching up for Gwen's sweet cunt. Her new musculature made her much more active beneath him—but his favorite position was still pinning her down, fucking her helpless body as hard as he could.

Emptying into her was paradise. His mind felt lost as he came inside her, orgasming for what must have been straight minutes. All the while his cock pumped, his balls thrumming and throbbing, pouring more and more sticky seed into her fertile hot body.

Gwen and Phoebe began to kiss one another around his cock. He slid out from Vivian, guiding his cock up to their mouths and allowing them the privilege to clean him.

Vivian's body was filled. But Jacob had stamina for days. And so, as he watched his wife’s mind shutting on and off, her thoughts eviscerated by the pleasure of his cum filling her womb, he pulled Gwen close and began to start again.

“You ready for your turn to get pregnant, girl?”

Nothing would stop him now.

# # #

## Ruling His Own Strip Club

The name of the establishment was *The Cabin*, and it was the best strip club in Bloomingdale Heights.

Jacob approached it with an easy, sure confidence. In his hand was his new tablet, humming with energy.

Not so long ago, the trip to a strip club would have left him with a great deal of trepidation. He enjoyed them, like any red-blooded male, but there was also a lot of uncertainty. *The Cabin* was in a bad part of town—would he be mugged? Would his car be broken into?

Once he got inside, would he look like some loser just being there by himself? Once he found a dancer he liked, would he be easily able to speak with her, or would he stumble over his words and seem like a fool? Would he come off as a creep, or worse, as some hapless sexless loser who didn't know what it was to talk up close to a beautiful woman?

And all of those times had been in the dead of night on the weekend, when a person was *supposed* to go to a strip club. This was in the middle of a day on a Tuesday. There was no way he was supposed to be here now—in fact, he was *supposed* to be at work, teaching a class.

Soon, he would quit that job. It was unnecessary for him now and far too public. He did not want to have to be out in front of people anymore. And if he taught a class, the temptation to alter the bodies of so many fine young females of the student body would be too great a temptation.

No, better this place, and for a litany of reasons. He had considered them carefully.

There was the ease of money, for one. He owed quite a lot in student loan debt. Soon, that debt would be obliterated, and he'd be able to start saving for his future in the most efficient ways possible. The tablet had let him know, after all, how to “solve” the stock market—all he needed was a little capital to get it done.

Then there was the matter of his unstoppable hard-on. He wanted it serviced, and he wanted it serviced by the sexiest women around. The ones who lived, breathed, and thought sex—the ones whose job it was to turn men on all the time.

The thought of loyalty his wife Vivian was something of a forgotten absolute, now. They had always had an open marriage—now, the marriage would simply be *very* open. If she couldn't be absolutely everything he wanted, then he deserved to find all the women who did, simple as that.

Vivian, naturally, agreed. The tablet made sure of that.

And besides all of those reasons—there was the matter of whoever it was who had been chasing the woman who gave him the tablet. Money—and lots of it, and very quickly—would come in handy against someone like that.

Who *that* was remained a mystery, but he was not so stupid as to believe that he would remain outside their reach forever. Whoever it was wanted the tablet, and he needed to keep it.

Because now that he'd had his taste of power, he'd be damned if he gave it up.

Inside the club, music thumped. There was no smoking in these sorts of establishments anymore, but it still *felt* smoky. Black lights and lasers streamed through the air, pulsing in time with the trendy pop beats pounding through the speakers.

There was a glass booth with a young black woman inside. Stickers plastered the glass, advertising happy hours and dancers on tour from New York and Honolulu. She looked bored, reading a fashion magazine.

“Twenty dollars is the cover,” she said, not looking up.

“You’ll let me get by without that, won’t you?”

Now she looked annoyed—still not looking at him—but before her head moved up, she inhaled slightly. That was all it took. His new scent, his pheromones, worked rather quickly.

If his scent hadn’t fucked up her head, the rest of him would have. He was tall, heavily built with thick, hard muscles, and had a disarmingly handsome bearded face. He wore a tight suit jacket and slacks. His button-up shirt was unbuttoned at the top end, revealing perfectly formed marble-hard pectorals that were the stuff of smutty romance novel covers.

“S-sure,” she said, flitting with her hair. It was curly and bouncy. It was cute that she thought she was hot enough to really fuck him—hotter than the three cock-slobbering slaves he already had at home. Maybe she would be after a little modification, but he doubted it. “I mean, I can’t...you just...” she gulped. A little bit of drool began to form at her lips. She breathed harder and harder—another effect of his scent, which only made her take in more of it, turning her brain to hotter and hotter mush.

“And bottle service, yes? Tell your girls I’m the biggest tipper you’ve ever met.”

A bouncer approached from inside the club, apparently overhearing some of their conversation. He was wide and bald, his countenance like that of a grizzled war dog.

“Is this asshole trying not to pay, Sugar?”

“He’s, um...” Sugar stumbled, smiling apologetically at Jacob for the interruption. “He’s fucking *h-hot*.”

Jacob smiled at her, and she giggled, coming close to fainting. Girls like her—working the front desk, working as waitresses—didn’t dress in the skimpy outfits of the strippers. She wore tight blue jean shorts and a black tee. But he could tell she wished she was dressed hotter for him just then.

“Hey pal,” said the bouncer. “You gotta pay, or else—”

Jacob turned his full attention to the man, glowering. It took about five seconds of this before the bouncer turned his head down, his eyes to one corner, and shuffled out of the way. Like a child hoping to avoid an angry older brother.

“S-sorry,” said the bouncer. Jacob didn’t know it, but the man had served three tours in Afghanistan. Now, in front of Jacob’s undeniable presence, he was more terrified than he’d been under the fire of machine guns. “I didn’t...I mean...I can just...”

The bouncer’s cock and balls had shriveled up, trying to hide up inside his body—like he was sitting on a glacier, and one that was supremely angry with him. Jacob smiled. If he wanted to now, he could disassemble even this sort of fighter with ease. He’d made himself a very dangerous person over the last couple of days of experimentation and thought, trying to foresee all possible ways in which his newfound power might get him into trouble.

But it was better, he knew, to not have to fight in the first place.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said. “Just send a few girls my way. In fact...” he took a look past the curtain into the club, scoping out the place. “Kick everyone else out. Turn off that obnoxious music. Bring me the owner, and call all the other girls in. Every dancer and every waitress you have. You got that?”

The bodyguard nodded, fear in his eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

If Daniela knew one thing, it was that she deserved better in this life.

Look at her. Just fucking *look* at her.

Statuesque blonde. Twenty years-old. The kind of body that had, after six months of dancing at *The Cabin*, had already paid her way through her first two years of college with funds for the other two put away in a bank, and enough for grad school probably ready by the end of the year.

High cheekbones. Sensationally angelic face. Pout-perfect lips, bright blue eyes, and long blond hair that always behaved no matter how rough she slept. The kind of body other girls dreamed of. Heck, the kind of body even professional athletes dreamed of. Resistant to injury, capable of constant improvement, toned and muscular and always ready for another rep.

Daniela worked for it nonstop, naturally—first as a gymnast from ages 6 to 18, and then in the gym, and then in the club.

Her friends often told her—the shallow friends, the kind who were around her because they thought she would be an Olympic prospect and wanted to stay close to that kind of glory—that they were surprised she hadn’t found some rich man to bankroll her life by now. But that wasn’t Daniela’s style.

She wouldn’t be in debt to anyone. She would be in charge of her life, *forever*, and nothing would change that. If she hadn’t busted her knee at 17, she probably *would* have gone to the Olympics, but that dream was dead now—and she danced at *The Cabin*, instead.

Why she was being asked to be there for some “emergency staff meeting” in the middle of a goddamn Tuesday was beyond her. She was a weekend dancer—good enough to start touring in a few weeks, where she could go to Vegas and maybe Los Angeles and make some absolutely phenomenal money—and even showing up to *The Cabin* in the middle of the week felt beneath her, no matter how emergent the meeting decided itself to be.

She was the best *The Cabin* had to offer, and you didn’t slap the best in the face by pulling her in during the middle of the week.

But—whatever. She was a team player. She thought of herself as a leader in the dressing room, and the best leaders led by example.

When drove up into the parking lot, she was surprised to see all the bouncers there on their way out of the club already and heading towards their cars. She stopped Myron, one of the bigger guys and one whom she had developed a friendly relationship with over the past few months. It behooved the dancers and the bouncers to get along; they relied on each other. A good bouncer made sure that dancers got paid; good dancers made sure that bouncers got a cut of their tips.

“What’s the deal?” she asked, stepping out of her car. “Where are you guys going?”

She wore skintight denim jeans, ripped around her thighs and ass, and a pink crop top. Her body, lithe and toned, looked phenomenal. Her competitive spirit had made her hope she would at least get a *few* appreciative looks from the gathered bouncers, but they all shuffled soullessly to their cars.

Myron spoke like a scolded child. It seemed strange on a man of his size. “Nothing. We’re just fired. No job. It’s no big deal. We’ll find something else.”

“Fired?” she said, surprised. “Vinny fired you?”

“Yeah.”

“*All* of you?”

“Yeah. I mean he didn’t. The new guy did. New owner.”

“There’s a new owner? Vinny sold the club? What are you talking about?”

But he wouldn’t say anymore. He looked close to tears, but the reason for this seemed harsher than just needing a job. It seemed like his very *existence* had been called into question, and he had been found wanting.

Unsettled, Daniela still moved forward into the club. She would get to the bottom of this. If some new owner thought he could just fire the bouncers she’d been building up the loyalty of for months, he had another thing coming.

Inside the club, there was no music. The lights were up, and the black lights were off. Daniela found what appeared to be almost the entire staff of dancers in front of a beautiful brunette holding a clipboard. She wore a sharp, tight silver pencil skirt with a thin, sheer silk blouse. Her breasts were immense and, for some reason, struck Daniela as being absolutely full of milk. Wire-rimmed glasses attended her nose and eyes.

She looked like a hot librarian. Like a hot, porn-star librarian.

The dancers in front of her were on their knees, faces rapt with attention. There was a smell in the air that Daniela couldn’t quite define. It was pleasant, though, and aromatic. It overpowered the normal smell of beer and body oil. Deeper than those. More powerful, more penetrating. Her brain followed the smell, unable to stop itself, letting the pleasant sensations seep deep into her core.

“Now, girls,” said the woman. “Your new owner has some very strict specifications when it comes to interacting with customers from now on. First of all, you’re not to touch—Oh.” The woman smiled, seeing Daniela enter. “You must be Daniela. All the girls here said that *you* were the best. My name is Vivian.”

She held out a hand for Daniela to take. Daniela was actually rather surprised that the other dancers had said she was the best—it was true, naturally, and Daniela knew it—but strippers were usually a rather catty bunch. Often they refused even to admit that one girl looked better in a different color than they did, and so on. It was a herculean effort sometimes to just get the girls to admit that the sky was blue—agreeing would be weakness, and weakness meant that you were complying to lower pay and worse placement in the week.

Daniela took Vivian’s hand, and a pulse of calming, benign warmth spread through her. Questions about what had happened—where was Vinny, why were the bouncers fired, and so on—left her quite suddenly. Vivian’s blouse was mostly unbuttoned, her cleavage shiny and delicious, and Daniela felt her eyes filling with the sight. It became very important—*very* important—to impress this woman right away.

This woman, she knew instantly and intimately, held access to the *Cock*. And even without knowing whose cock, even without ever having a cock inside of her in her entire life (it was a lonely life, constantly

prepping and training for gymnastic meets), Daniela knew that was incredibly important.

“He’ll want to meet you straightaway,” said Vivian. A hush of jealous whispers went through the crowd of gathered dancers. Daniela felt a rush of pride, though she could not place its origin. “Gwen, escort her, please?” Vivian leaned in close to Daniela. “Gwen is your new owner’s head of security.”

A woman approached from the back from her post at the front of the VIP entrance. She was dressed in tight leather from head to toe—skintight boots with blood red bottoms snapped over a tight black catsuit, the zipper in the front of which was only halfway up her ample breasts.

She looked like a post-apocalyptic badass—though, with her thick tits and gorgeous face, the kind that would fuck you to death. Her sneer seemed permanent. A long trail of bright red went through her dark brown hair.

“Come with me,” said Gwen.

Her tone brooked no argument. Daniela got the sense from looking at her, as she had from looking at quite a few bouncers, that this was a woman who knew how to protect herself and enforce her will when needed. She moved with a cool, calm grace reserved for fighters of the highest caliber. Her ass in those tight leather pants was molded perfectly, high and glorious.

Daniela followed her into the VIP suite where she had been hundreds of times before. This new owner—and why was Vivian calling him *her* new owner instead of *the* new owner?—was stationed in the penthouse VIP suite. It was a round glass-enclosed box, the sort of glass that looked out but not in. Guys loved to get blown while watching other strippers do their thing out on stage.

Daniela had always been willing to fuck in the VIP suite, or blow, or whatever. The most she had done was a handjob, though. It was the most that the men who had come through could afford. She normally charged five grand for a handjob. It was ten for a blowjob, and twenty for everything else.

This was light years beyond what the other girls charged, but Daniela knew time with her was worth it. She’d seen those other girls work, and she judged herself better, that was all. She an eye for this sort of thing.

Inside the penthouse suite were a few girls Daniela knew already, and one that she didn’t.

The one she didn’t know was dressed all in bright, fluffy pink lingerie, wearing bright tall heels with puffy balls on top. The other two were Jasmine and Ariel, two beautiful Asian women who often dressed up as princesses.

The mouths of all three emanated moans of pleasure as they attended the most impossibly perfect man Daniela had ever seen.

Her body reacted immediately. Hands began tearing at her clothes; she was wearing far too much, dressed far too modestly, to be in the presence of such a lord, a king, a god. The scent in the air outside magnified a thousandfold in this enclosed space, and everything about the world suddenly made sense.

She dropped to her knees on the thick, round circular bed, mouth open in awe. Her pussy dripping wet, body heating up with small erotic beads of sweat dripping down her brow. In seconds, her clothes were ripped off, and all of her felt nothing but primal, unstoppable *need* to fuck this man.

He would be the first one in her virgin body. As far as Daniela was concerned, he would be the *only* man. Once you were with the best, you didn’t traffic elsewhere.

“Shit,” he said, looking her up and down.

He swatted the three girls on his cock away, the way you knocked away over-excited dogs upon returning home. Ariel tried to keep sucking him, and Jasmine slapped her and knocked her away—clearly annoyed by her fellow pet’s lack of obedience.

The man gifted Jasmine with a smile—encouraging a sudden overflow of bliss on the young Asian's face—and then turned to the approaching blonde.

“You must be Daniela.”

*He knows my fucking name!* Daniela’s excitement overflowed. She nodded eagerly, every affirmative catching in her throat.

“You’re more gorgeous than they said you would be,” he said, moving toward her across the bed.

In seconds he had her scooped into his arms, his massive cock sliding up against her torso. Cum and pre-cum mixed together and slid down her tanned, tight ab muscles. Heavy streams of it slid across the outside of her pussy, and she felt her orgasm approaching quickly.

“Gorgeous,” she said, nodding, knowing it was true. *He* had said it. “For you.”

There was no pretext, no useless asking for consent. She wanted this more than anything in her life. His limitless strength pushed her up and then rammed her down onto his cock. Crying out from the sudden entry, she was surprised at the total lack of pain she felt—wasn't it supposed to hurt? Wasn't it supposed to be bittersweet?

It wasn't. It was beautiful. It was sensational. She suddenly and violently wasn't a virgin anymore, and it was the most amazing feeling she'd ever had in her life. Orgasm—hot and sudden—swept through her body as his cock rode on her g-spot, delivering her wave after wave of dirty pleasure.

He powered her into the wall, entering her suddenly and brutally. If she hadn't been so fucking dripping wet, she might have screamed from pain. His cock was enormous, pushing inside of her, bigger than any she had ever seen. Longer, thicker, and soaked already from slave-saliva and precum. As it was, though, she screamed anyway—from pleasure.

“Fucking *mine*,” he growled in her ear. “Fucking mine. Look at you. Look at how—h-how fucking *hot* you are, *fuck!*”

For the past several months, Daniela’s entire world had revolved around the hierarchy at the strip club. Her standing there had been as precious to her as her standing in life, and she knew that unless she was treasured there as a top act, then her efforts in bettering herself would be meaningless.

And that was unacceptable.

Fucking Vinny, though, had been out of the question—and so other acts always took a little bit of precedence over her: the girls who were willing to sleep with the boss to get the top bills. Daniela was the most beautiful and the most talented, clearly *a* star, but she wasn't *the* star.

And now, even as Jacob’s mindblowing cock gave her the fuck of her life, she had enough of a mind to be aware that *this* was the man who would catapult her to the position she deserved in life.

“So hot,” he grunted again. “Barely have to...have to do *anything* to you, fucking...shit...”

His fingers slid up and down her immaculate body. He could wrap his thick hands around her from waist to ass—that's how tiny she was compared to him. his cock somehow becoming even harder inside of

her as he drove into her over and over. Every new touch of his skin on hers sent lightning bolts of bliss through her body.

He was Power Incarnate. There was no other way to describe it. How she felt was artificial, unnatural, forced—and clearly what he had done to all the other women, the *bouncers*, that was something insane. Magic or something.

And yet even though she knew it was some kind of artificial, it felt real. It felt perfect. It felt *destined*.

And so as he made her cum—for the tenth time in as many minutes—her eyes gazed at him with absolute and adoring love.

“Please, baby,” she moaned. “Please, baby, baby *darling*, please oh fuck, please be my first, please fucking cum inside me.” Her lips, wet with need and plump with aching desire, pushed against his ear. “Please force my virgin body like you fucking *deserve*, Jacob, oh fucking *please!*”

The sight of her perfect face unleashing this kind of complete adoration, this complete submission, was enough for him to lose all the control that he had built up. She was simply too beautiful to not cum inside of her when she was begging him to do exactly that. Groaning, spasming, he emptied inside of her. Hot seed splashed against her womb, filling her entirely. Thick gushes of it dripped out from her entrance and down onto the bed, where Jasmine and Ariel quickly licked it up with patient, adoring tongues.

Her cunt milked his spurting cock, hoping to take every last spurt of his lifegiving cum inside of her.

It was appropriate, she thought with great satisfaction, as she took in his last spurts of his still-hard cock. She would milk him for everything he could give her—and he could give her everything.

\* \* \* \* \*

Very quickly, within less than a month, *The Cabin* became the most popular strip club in the city.

It was, in fact, one of the most popular establishments in the city period, and only suffered in attendance because most of its patrons could barely afford to visit once, let alone multiple times. But that was fine with Jacob.

The set-up was similar to the previous owner’s method. All guests paid a fee to enter. If they wanted attention from a dancer, that was another fee. If they wanted *private* attention, that was an even higher fee—and so on and on.

But there were differences.

First, the security was now entirely staffed by women. Tall, lovely, amazonian women who were inexplicably well-versed in all manner of hand-to-hand combat, crowd control, and other various forms of violent acts. Each was trained so well that they could have competed on a global scale, shaming any masters of the martial arts they now possessed—and at fractions of the age of those masters and still knowing easily ten times as much, as the mastery of these women extended far beyond one simple discipline.

They were led by Gwen, chosen by Jacob mostly because he thought the red streak in her hair made her look a little tough. Then, with the help of his tablet, he made her look *extremely* tough...and then he’d given her the lifetimes of knowledge to back it up in less than two minutes of tinkering with her profile on his tablet.

As a lark, he’d dumbed down Phoebe and made her Gwen’s personal maid. Her IQ was barely enough to put her own clothes on in the morning. Her tits were so massive that she couldn’t go out anywhere without looking like a total bimbo fuckslut. Gwen took care of her with great attention, deeply in love with

her. And Phoebe, too, was deeply in love with her. They were happy. It's just that Phoebe probably wouldn't be able to write her name for a while, let alone the recipe for ice.

He justified it by saying that he could change her back at any time...when he felt like it. He hadn't yet, though. Altering her mind so much, fucking up her way of being, only got his cock harder. Some women just needed a little bit of humiliation in their life.

It was a tight rope he walked...and it excited him to walk it. Besides—he could increase his ability for balance whenever he liked, so he could walk on tight ropes all day long.

The security girls normally dressed in tight leathers, walking around the club and looking like some cross between bondage dominatrices and motorcycle babes. They were important, because they were the ones who ensured that the regular dancers were no longer touched.

No one touched Jacob's women now except for him. Those who tried learned how to apologize with a broken arm.

Vivian was no longer a teacher. She was, instead, now Jacob's madam.

From his wife, he received regular reports on who was working well, who was earning, who was feeling flickers of emotions besides pure bliss at serving him. His control was not entirely absolute—he had done that with Phoebe, and it shrunk her mind down to the size of a pea.

A little free will went a long way—none of the girls there believed *he* had made them love him. Rather, they thought they had chosen this life, despite all evidence to the contrary. When a girl was in good need of a fuck, Vivian would bring her to Jacob's office and guide her down to her knees, whispering in the lucky gal's ear what sort of position or outfit turned him on that day. That one fuck would keep her happy for days, a brilliant pink cloud of lust massaging her brain, and just as the cloud began to dissipate, Vivian would be there to lead her back into Jacob's office.

The dancers had been individually perfected down to their smallest detail. None had a single flaw—their skin was blemish-free, their bodies without sickness or injuries, their minds pliant and obedient to Jacob's will, their hair long and thick, their eyes bright, lips shiny, asses taut, breasts enhanced to the point where a 36C cup was considered "small." They were encouraged—explicitly and implicitly—to think of themselves as the elite of the female population.

The security girls were beneath them in the new hierarchy, and beneath the security, the waitresses.

Only Jacob deserved to touch the dancers, then, being the elite of the male population. So, the security girls had to ensure that the dancers were never touched by another man. To attempt so was heresy in their new religion, circling around the pleasure of Jacob's cock.

For a man to actually touch a dancer was blasphemy, and for a security girl to allow it to happen was tantamount to an unforgivable sin, ensuring a quick excommunication from the presence of their one and only God.

The power of the tablet had, perhaps, against his original wishes, gone to his head a little bit.

He didn't give a fuck.

An obvious question develops in the mind of the astute observer. With the guests never touching the dancers, how was any money made?

Pheromones were powerful chemicals, and Jacob had used the tablet to enhance his understanding of them and how they could be made to work to his advantage. The dancers now emitted strong, pleasant scents

—much like his. When any male besides himself came into contact with these scents, their arousal would take over the entirety of their motor centers, dictating every action. The men would be turned on enough by the simple appearance of the sixteen tirelessly flawless dancers Jacob had in his employ working every day and night.

Add their new scents into the mix, and the men watching were helpless to do anything but watch the dances and drool, handing out more and more money all the while.

Drink prices were increased one hundred percent, and then two hundred percent. No one complained so long as they got to stare at Jacob's beautiful girls. The patrons were drunk on lust from the second they stepped into the establishment.

Even so, Jacob had no real desire to leave anyone destitute. The idea was to shear the sheep, not to skin them.

He found out, through tinkering with the tablet, that he could actually set a command for locations as well as people. Anyone entering through the front doorway would only spend as much as he could reasonably afford—once they were tapped out, the second their last dollar was spent—they would cum in their pants. His security girls, on the spot with their attentions, then would toss him out.

His first night open, the club pulled in fifty thousand dollars. His latest night, six weeks in, cleared them past two hundred grand. He'd had to install ten new ATMs in the past two weeks. He was rapidly approaching millionaire status, and perhaps would have been approaching more rapidly if it didn't turn him on so much to lavish Daniela with cash and attention.

At his urging with the tablet, she had abandoned all false notions of modesty and niceness toward the other girls. She was the best, and she knew it, and she acted like it. Her name was at the tip-top of the marquis outside the club.

She used to dance under the stage name of Starla. That was done with. He liked Daniela better, and didn't see that she had any reason to be ashamed enough to hide her identity. And, it wasn't as though she had to protect herself from any of the men coming in to the club anymore.

He wanted her identity and her character in the club—a haughty, queen-like figure who knew what a terrific asset she was to their production—to be inseparable.

The other girls abandoned stage names as well. He did let them pick, though—either stage name or real name. But after they chose, he entered it in the tablet and made it permanent. Now there were girls who always thought they had been called Scarlett, or Sugar, or Destiny, or Lexxa.

Daniela, though, was still simply Daniela—a regal, elegant name for a woman who would have been a queen anywhere she went. He showered her with gifts—expensive furs, diamond necklaces, ruby earrings. He didn't have to give her a damn thing for her to fuck him or for her to be happy; it just made his cock *hard* to see her positioned on a pedestal so much higher than any of the other girls. They were all paid a tenth of what she was.

Vivian wasn't paid at all. He told her she ought to be happy just to be the wife of a man like him, and Vivian readily agreed. She adored him so much.

At night, after the club closed, Daniela stroked his cock while he counted the cash they took in and divided it into large stacks for himself and the other girls. She cooed and giggled, encouraging him to strip hundreds and hundreds of dollars off from the pay of other girls and put it in her pile, making it ever bigger.

No one complained. *No one*. They knew the consequences for themselves would be dire if they did. Instead they prayed that some day they, too, could be Master's favorite like Daniela was.

A pipe dream.

Indeed, the only exception to his power and his private life that he made was that Daniela did not know about the tablet. Only Vivian, alone among his slaves, knew what the tablet could do.

This was for the best. Lately, his thoughts on Daniela had become very twisted indeed. He couldn't be around her without being hard, and he couldn't be around her and the tablet without altering her just a little.

Making her a *little* more bitchy. A *little* more entitled. A *little* bit more totally in absolutely-endless-submissive-adoring-love with him and only ever him. A *little* bit more disdainful of the other women.

These were small changes, but taken on a curve over time, the results were massive.

He'd caught her yesterday threatening to murder Jasmine for spilling her toe nail polish within three feet of Daniela. Her hand on been on Jasmine's throat—she was *strong* now, and had to be to withstand Jacob's constant attentions with his enormous strength—her hand on Jasmine's throat and lifting her up off the ground. Perfect sapphire blue eyes full of fury and violence.

Jacob was certain that if he hadn't stepped in, Daniela might have killed her.

That certainty had made him so excited that he'd had to fuck Daniela then and there. Halfway through the act, he remembered to tell her to let go of Jasmine's throat.

Jasmine, coughing and heaving, thanked Daniela for correcting her. If she hadn't done it automatically, Jacob would have ordered her to. His queen needed to be shown the proper respect.

During Daniela's act in the show, he'd taking to fucking Vivian stupid. His wife was pregnant and was already beginning to show. Her tits leaked heavy milk—as did Phoebe's, Gwen's, and a few of the other girls he'd taken as regulars besides Daniela.

None of the guests seemed to mind that they witnessed pregnant dancers. Some of them seemed to love it. Daniela wasn't pregnant yet like the other regulars, but it was only a matter of time. He could give her a dozen children in two pregnancies and she would look as eminently flawless as she always had—before, during, and after.

God, he was really falling for her. He watched her dance—stripping off long furs on the stage, tight elbow-length gloves on her hands and arms, diamonds glittering madly around her ears and neck.

He stood behind his desk in the VIP lounge above the stage. Staring out of the one-way mirrored glass, fucking Vivian. Fucking her harder than he had ever fucked anyone.

But watching Daniela. Wanting Daniela. Needing Daniela.

And she danced only for him. Staring up at him all the while. Her love total. Her every expression, every movement designed purely to turn him on. He'd uploaded her mind with knowledge of every sort of dance in the world—she could walk on to a stage in New York for the strangest avant-garde show on earth, and she'd fit right in and shame the other dancers that had been practicing for months. (This was, of course, more knowledge than he delivered to the other dancers—though they were still supremely skilled.)

And yet all of that skill, all of that ability, was invested purely into making his cock hard in new ways every night. Surrounded by a crowd of hundreds, she danced solely for her Master.

He made Vivian join in on his twisted thoughts as he drilled into her, watching Daniela move for him.

“I want you to fuck her!” his wife would cry, at his command. Obeying him made her pussy sopping wet as he pistoned into her body. “Fuck Daniela, please! Oh god. Think of her! Look at her! She’s so fucking hot! So fucking *right* for you, oh my god, my god, my HusbandGod, please! Please fuck her soon! Own her! Daddy, oh Daddy, my DaddyGod, please!”

His brutal fucking of Vivian bordered on abuse, and certainly would have left bruises had he not reinforced her body for his vicious fucking. He slapped her ass, bounced her head into the one-way glass, squeezed the thick portions of her hips and tits with hands that could crush stones.

Cumming, he would spray all over Vivian, leaving her exhausted, drooling, delirious from pleasure. His cum bathed her completely, leaving her close to drowning in the stuff, all over her face and hair and tits. She would need a good four hours of sleep before being herself again—tantamount to close to twenty-four hours for a normal person.

Jacob knew—and was more certain every day—that this was the sort of treatment he deserved.



Celeste, attended by seven of her loveliest servants, slowly entered her court room.

Upon her heavenly body, she wore a sheer white gown. It had a long, twenty foot train, webbed with priceless blue diamonds. Four honored slaves were allowed to carry it and be close to her. Their cunts pulsed with the constant orgasm of their Mistress's proximity.

Anastasia had been pleased now for weeks. Her will was strong—very strong indeed. But she had broken last night. Celeste allowed her to continue to be given pleasure for this long, if only to enjoy the fact of her sister worshipping her new Mistress.

All around Anastasia's cell were still images of Celeste. Projection screens floated gifs and video clips of her into every surface of the enclosed area, so that there was not a single surface Anastasia could look at, while pleasure flooded her system, that did not contain her younger sister's perfection.

"M-mistress..." Anastasia breathed.

The admission of Celeste's superiority to Anastasia sent a tingle of pleasure down her spine. It was so *nice* to be recognized for what she truly was.

"That's right, slave. I am here to allow you to serve me as you should. Is that what you desire?"

Anastasia's face was covered in sweat. Even so, she was lovely, a rose in dew. Celeste would have no issues allowing her to share her bed night after night. An immortal plaything might be very interesting indeed.

"Yes, Mistress. P-please, Mistress. I want to serve you so badly. I wish only to obey. I need only to make you happy."

"You need tell me only one thing to make me happy, Anastasia." Celeste bent over at the waist, posture perfect, and stroked her orgasming sister's face. "Where is the Djinn Stone, my slave?"

"Bloomington University," she said instantly. "I don't know the name of the man. I promise you. He was average height. Bearded. Stocky. I expect that will have changed now, but it's impossible to say. He had a good soul, but...clouded. I hoped he would protect the Power from you. I was wrong to think this, Mistress. I am so sorry."

"Shush," said Celeste. She nodded at her servants, who had heard the entire exchange. They knew their duty immediately.

Whoever she had given the Djinn Stone to would be tracked down. The Stone would be retrieved, and its new owner would find his hold on the Stone—and his life—to be only temporary.

"Wonderful," said Celeste. She turned to her remaining servants. "Toss her into the hole."

"T-the hole? What is that? Mistress? You said...you said I would serve..."

"Yes, slave mine. And so you shall. But you have insulted me. And pestered me. And plagued me. And know that you have annoyed me, that you have raised my ire. And only when you are released from the hole shall you be forgiven. I think perhaps ten years shall do it."

Anastasia began to wail. Celeste smiled, of course not allowing her sister to see that delightful sight, and turned away. It pleased her to know with certainty that Anastasia cried not because she would be stuck in the cold, dark, wet hole for years, starving and on the edge of madness.

No, she cried because she had displeased her Mistress, whom she loved more than anything in this world.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the middle of the day on a Sunday morning. Most strip clubs had some downtime this part of the week—either people recovering from the heavy drinking of the weekend or paying tribute to their religious affiliation of choice. Jacob’s club was no exception, though the place was still thoroughly crowded. There simply wasn’t a line running through the parking lot like there was during the nights.

His chosen coterie of sixteen dancers were tireless, working every day for him. They had three hours of sleep each—two more than they actually needed from day to day—with the exception, naturally, of Daniela, who’d had six, after he had fucked her several times, powering her body into the wall of his office.

Her getting double of everything the other dancers had, *everything*, never stopped making his cock hard.

Jacob himself didn't sleep much at all anymore. He didn't need it. Occasionally he would take brief naps after virulent fuck sessions, re-awaking more charged for duty than ever.

Vivian was in his office with him, dressed in what had become her normal accouterments. A sheer silk blouse, a tiny pencil skirt (this one was peach), tall matching heels, and a diamond choker around her neck.

He did like to spoil her a little. She was his wife, after all.

“Katelyn and Sierra are both making about the same amount, close to seven grand a day,” said Vivian. “I think if we moved them apart, though, that they could be making more. As it is, they look so much like twins that customers have difficulty telling them apart.”

Jacob had wanted a pair of sisters in his employ. They weren’t *really* sisters, not in any sort of familial sense, but over time, he’d made them forget that. Soon, he supposed, there might be a day when they woke up and didn’t know which one was Katelyn and which was Sierra.

“Put them on different auxiliary stages,” he said. “But keep them dancing together. They’re a great opener for Daniela.”

Speak of the succubus, and she shall appear. Daniela strutted confidently through the door. Naturally, she looked fantastic. A long, sweeping blue skirt covered her legs, a long slit revealing the entirety of one expertly toned and tanned thigh. Tall jewel-covered heels with blood-red bottoms adorned her feet.

On her torso was just a flimsy push-up bra, sparkling with sapphires. He gave it to her just the night before. Each breath she took meant that the fabric had to struggle to keep her breasts constrained. Her delicious tits were so firmly pressed together that a heart-rending line of cleavage had developed, sure to shatter any man who saw her.

Any man, of course, besides her alpha, Jacob.

“I’d like to talk to you, Master,” said Daniela, bright blue eyes laser-focused on him.

“Good morning, love,” he said. “Vivian and I are in the middle of a meeting. You can wait, if you like, on your knees...”

The implication was obvious as he gestured beneath his desk. Maybe he’d give a little treat to Vivian, let her think he was looking at her while Daniela sucked him off. Though of course, his thoughts wouldn’t actually stray from the phenomenal blond as she worked away at his rod.

“Good,” said Daniela, raising a sneering eyebrow at Vivian. “I’m glad she’s here. She ought to hear this.”

Daniela’s strut was something from pure erotic fantasy. Hips swaying, one foot in front of the other, every last movement designed to make cocks hard. Her abs were impossibly beautiful, perfectly formed. Jacob knew because he had altered them himself.

She put a hand on Vivian’s shoulder and pointed at the ground. “Bow before your God, bitch.”

Vivian, to her credit, did not obey right away. Instead she looked shocked at the request, and at Daniela’s vehemence. Her eyes, bright and dark, looked questioningly at her husband.

He shrugged slightly, and indicated that she should obey. As she knelt, Jacob knew that in her obedience, she would feel the soft thrill of a light orgasm coursing through her muscles.

It was an erotic sight, seeing Daniela above his kneeling wife like that. Hot enough that Vivian was kneeling with her forehead touching the ground, her tight, bubbly ass resting on her tall tall heels. But to have Daniela above her, tossing her yard-length golden hair back with satisfaction at her victory...that was something else.

“That’s right.” Daniela shuddered, visibly pleased by the action of acquiescence. “You see that? That’s not the kind of wife you deserve, Master. Someone bowing and scraping simply because her betters commanded her to. Your wife shouldn’t *have* any betters.”

Jacob felt something stirring deep within him, dark and desirous. “What’s this about, Daniela? Why are you here?”

“You know why I’m here,” she said, strutting around his desk and crawling up onto his lap.

He was much taller than her, even in her heels. He outweighed her by more than a hundred pounds, and all of that bulk was pure muscle. She was feather-light in his hands.

“You’ve always known exactly why I was here. You chose me, and I chose you. You *know* what I want.”

Lately, as he emptied himself into Daniela, she’d taken to whispering naughty, dark things to him.

*Make me your wife. Make me your property. Take my dowry of beauty. Crush Vivian’s dreams and make them mine.*

He had thought, mostly, that it was just to get him off a little more, to encourage more spurts of his white hot cum to power into her fertile pussy.

But she had thought more, evidently. And why wouldn’t she? If it was hot enough to make him cum, it was hot enough to make a reality. Wasn’t that how all this worked? Wasn’t this entire club a living reality based on his fantasies?

“You deserve better than her as a wife, Master.” She put her hand on his, taking it up to her chest, between her preciously hot tits. He could feel her heart beat thumping. She was *nervous*, this beauty goddess, staring at him with loving azure eyes. “Jacob.”

He allowed her to call him that—the only one aside from Vivian who he allowed the honor. Other girls talked constantly about who he might allow next, who was working up the ranks and who was earning his favor. In truth, he had no plans to let another call him by his name, but it was fun to make the girls compete.

No one competed like Daniela, though.

“You know that you do,” she continued. “That’s why you have me. That’s why you’re letting me in here now. That’s why you’re letting me say all these things. Aren’t you?”

His cock pushed hard up at her body through his pants. Smiling, she shifted and unzipped him, taking his considerable mass into her delicate, soft hand. In seconds, precum streamed down his shaft and her hand stroked expertly up and down.

“You could stop me at any time, after all. You’re *so* strong. *So powerful*. But you don’t *want* to, do you? You want *me* to be your wife, don’t you Jacob?”

She kissed him, deeply, passionately, love exuding from her every action. He could hear Vivian’s terrified breaths from beyond the hot space of their kiss.

It’s okay, he thought inanely. I can just...change Vivian...make her fine with this...make her *want* this...

Daniela leaned back, shaking her considerable mass of hair out, soft locks dripping down her back. She raised one eyebrow, stroking him still, her face positively on fire with need.

“Say it, won’t you? Tell me I’m the wife you deserve. Tell me you don’t want her as yours anymore. Tell me I’m *better*, please, Master? Please, Jacob?”

Before he could respond—before he could jump off that edge with her—an enormous boom sounded off from downstairs.

Screams sounded—and an alarm went off, screaming through the club walls. Daniela, in her sudden confusion, only stroked Jacob harder. Needing in her panic to feel the most secure, most steady rock of her life that there had ever been.

“Wh-what’s happening, Master?” she asked. “What is it?”

He set Daniela to one side and walked to the window overlooking the club. Men had arrived—those same sorts of half-naked men he had seen more than a month before when he’d been given the tablet.

“It’s an attack,” he said, thinking brilliantly fast. “Vivian, gather the girls and take them to the vehicles out back. We’ve discussed this. Do it. Now.”

“Yes...Husband.”

She hesitated only for a moment, letting that word strike at him, and ran down to the dressing room. Moving fast, even in tall tall heels like what she had on, was not an issue for her. Her agility was well beyond that of most women.

“Darling?” Daniela said, sliding her body up against Jacob’s. Her hips pushed against his, and he could feel the wet heat of her cunt. It made his cock spurt hot precum all across the window. “I’m scared, darling. What do you mean, an attack?”

“You have nothing to worry about,” he said, hoping he meant it. It seemed to calm her though. “Come with me.”

Already the fighting had started. The attackers had not come through the front door. Instead, they had blown a hole through the side of the building, to the left of the main stage. Gwen and the other security girls lined up in front of them and—after a short moment of measuring—both sides closed.

The fight was brutal. None of them were armed saved for the skills in their minds and how cruel they chose to be. He watched Gwen rip a stripper pole out from its moorings and use it like a poleaxe, driving the jagged edge into the heads and throats of the male attackers to cut them down.

Smoke filled the club. If he went downstairs, he risked leading Daniela through the melee and having her possibly hurt. Not something he could do. Instead, he rushed at the wall and powered through the bricks. The mortar was loose, the masonry shoddy. Something he had been meaning to fix before too long. Now he was glad he hadn't.

In thirty seconds, he'd broken out a man-sized hole in the wall. His suit was ruined, but his skin was unbroken. Jacob was fairly certain that, in a fair fight, he could have taken the entirety of those attackers on by himself. There was enough knowledge in his head of fighting to shame even the most ancient fighting champion.

But, he knew also that whoever sent them would have to have been quite stupid not to expect him to know how to defend himself, especially given the seemingly limitless powers of the tablet.

Scooping Daniela up in his arms, he hopped down to the parking lot below. It was a ten foot drop, but he felt no pain. The other dancers, led by Vivian, were obediently filing into the black SUVs waiting for them. There was no panic, no screams.

His girls followed his instructions to the letter, and recent insurgencies aside, Vivian still carried the voice of the Master when she commanded his girls.

In moments, all the dancers were safe in the vehicles. They had to sit on top of each other; there was not enough room, quite, for all of them together. Of course, Daniela sat in front in her own seat. He drove one SUV, and Vivian the other. He honked the horn three times, sounding the retreat for Gwen.

His gaze drifted to Daniela, looking stunning just sitting, waiting patiently for him to drive off. Thinking for a moment, a mischievous glint sparkled in her eyes. She leaned over and unzipped his pants.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“My wifely duty,” she said, sighing happily and taking his cockhead between her heavenly lips.

As they waited, then, Daniela began to blow him in her inimitably expert style. The other eight girls piled into the SUV sighed with lustful longing, watching her work on the object of their adoration and worship.

If the security weren't out here in thirty seconds, he'd leave them behind. Maybe they'd be taken. Maybe they'd be killed.

He looked down at Daniela, blissing out as she slurped up and down on his cock.

*Better them than her.*

*Better all of them than a single hair on her head.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Jacob's plan was elegant in its simplicity. Vivian adored him for it.

For that, and for everything else about his everything. She capital-L *Loved* her Husband, capital-H.

Her tiny, beautiful body was full of new babies for him—triplets, probably—and she was so lucky that he had chosen her to be pregnant among all his available slaves.

They drove up to the largest, most expensive house in the city, and Jacob forced open the front door. It was easy with how strong he was.

The married couple there was eating an early dinner. They had a cook and a maid on hand to attend to them, both female. Both rather unworthy of living up to her husband's exacting specifications for quality slaves.

He had his dancers spread out throughout the immense house, searching out any other guests or servants (there were none) and blocking the exits. Only two of his security girls had made it out from the strip club—Gwen, thankfully (Master did have such a soft spot for her), and Melody, a tall dark-skinned middle-eastern girl who would have crushed any beauty contest she entered. Unfortunately for her, that kind of abject desirability only put her in the lower tiers of the beauties available to serve Master's desires.

If Jacob had decided to book some getaway plan in advance—put a hotel on retainer, make a safe house, have passports and tickets ready—this would have all left a record. And why would he need to book anything in advance when wherever he wanted to go, he could go?

Better to make it spontaneous. Much harder to track.

Very soon, Jacob, Vivian, and Daniela were in the luxurious dining room. The table was ten feet long, a gloriously carved walnut. A diamond-sprinkled chandelier hung overhead. Great pieces of artwork clung to the walls, impressionist mostly, though one was a Rococo of some cherubs playing in a spring. With them were the cook and the maid—both already kneeling to Master's glory—and the millionaire owner of the house and his wife.

Ah, the millionaire's wife. She was more plastic than person, but she was the sort who really made it work for her. She was young—probably only twenty-five or so—and so the implants and surgeries hadn't had time yet to be caught up with by gravity so that their allure wore off. She looked like a porn star in her prime. Her hair was a deep orange-red and Vivian knew, from the instant she saw him, that her Husband would fuck her stupid.

He didn't have a redhead yet that he was truly satisfied with. Vivian had taken notice; this was her Wifely duty. Aurora and Chelsea, the two redhead dancers he now owned, both only received his cock about once a week each. Compare that to someone like Lexxa, who was on his cock practically every other night.

Or Daniela, who was never *off* his cock. Oh, Daniela...Vivian had so many feelings about her.

"Wh-what is the meaning of this?" the millionaire asked, blubbering. He was overweight and mustachioed.

"The meaning of this is that your home is mine now." Jacob walked up to his wife, who trembled in desire at his nearness. She flashed him an urgent, happy smile. The millionaire was more than twice her age.

"Y-you stay away from her," said the old man. "That is my wife! That is my—"

"You don't have a 'my' anything anymore," said Jacob. "And if you talk again, you'll regret it."

Daniela clapped with ardent glee, eyes lighting up at the threat of violence from her Master.

He stroked the face of the wife. She whispered her name so softly that Vivian barely caught it—Stephanie. Then he spoke in her ear, his hands sliding against her cunt. She nodded and ground her hips

against his fingers, clearly orgasming as he delivered sweet nothings into her ear. Daniela pressed against his side the whole time, encouraging him forward. Her hand stroked his bulge expertly.

“Co-come now,” said the millionaire. “That’s really...that’s quite enough. That’s too much. That is my *wife* and you...you shall have to—erk!—”

In a flash, Jacob’s hand was around the old man’s throat. He slammed him against the wall, knocking the wind from him, probably bruising his entire backside.

“Yes!” Daniela cried, quickly rushing to her lover’s side to cheer him on. “Do it, darling! Oh Master, make him *pay!*”

Stephanie, the wife, merely watched, still fingering herself silly from being touched the most perfect man she had ever witnessed. The brutalizing of her husband barely registered, and if it did, it simply turned her on like it had Daniela. The rules were different for her now that she had seen Jacob.

“I warned you,” said Jacob, twisting the millionaire in his grip. “Now you’ll have to face the consequences.”

He was going to kill him. Going to slaughter him, right there. Vivian had to do something. This was...this was insanity!

“No!” said Vivian.

Everyone and everything stopped, stunned. One of his *slaves* had spoken out against him. Even Vivian was surprised. But she had to keep going now.

“Please, baby...”

Vivian approached from one side, looking terrified. Her enormous, buoyant breasts bounced softly as she stepped closer. She wrapped her hands around her thick baby bump, unconsciously making her tits seem even larger.

“Don’t...don’t do this. Please? You’re...you’re so angry, and it’s not *like* you, and...you shouldn’t kill him. You shouldn’t. It’s wrong. And once you do that...there’s no going back, don’t you see? You can’t be a murderer. Not you. Not my husband.”

Daniela cocked her hip to one side, haughty and gorgeous as ever. Vivian realized slowly that she had made a critical error. Daniela guided Jacob away from the wall and the millionaire, who fell to the ground, gasping and choking but otherwise motionless. But as she led him away, she focused him now on Vivian—and Jacob's face was full of anger.

“I would never try to tell *my* husband what to do,” Daniela whispered audibly, squeezing Jacob's thick bicep. “Especially not one so strong. Not when he has given me *everything*. Not now, in his time of such great need...”

Jacob pulled out his tablet. Swiping, tapping. “I see I’ve been lax with you, Vivian,” he said. “Too lax. I let certain...emotions cloud my judgment when it came to you.”

“No,” Vivian shook her head. “Master, please...”

Sparkling interest lit up in Daniela’s bright eyes at the sight of the tablet. “Is *that* how you’ve been doing it? How clever. My Master is *so* smart.”

Jacob, enjoying Daniela’s admiring gaze, allowed her to view the tablet for herself.

“Allow me to take care of her for you, yes?” Daniela purred. “Let me show you the way *I* shall deal with dissent to your rule.”

After everything Vivian had given him, everything she had volunteered for, everything she had been so open to...this was her reward?

It seemed unfair.

But then, even Vivian knew, that unfairness was why it was so fucking *hot*.

Daniela was unfair. Genetically. Societally. Empirically. That’s why she turned him on so much—to know that he owned that kind of cold-hearted ice bitch, warm only ever for him.

Daniela was *better*...and he deserved better.

It didn’t matter that Daniela wouldn’t have looked twice at him two months ago. It didn’t matter that Vivian had loved who he was.

He wasn’t that person anymore. And Daniela loved *everything* about the new Jacob. The Improved Jacob. She was the lioness who could run with him in the jungle. Vivian was a scared rabbit, hoping her cat costume would scare away any predators.

It was unfair, yes...but it made even her cunt hot at knowing it was happening.

She never should have spoken out against her Master. It was not her place.

The way it had to work was that Jacob had to touch the tablet. But that didn’t mean that Daniela couldn’t guide his fingers around. She used one hand for that, and the other to stroke her God’s cock as he altered his wife beyond recognition.

His fingers guided by Daniela as she continued to stroke him with such earnest need. Sliding Vivian’s intelligence down, down, down. She used to be a professor. It drained out from her like water from a bowl. She could feel herself becoming dumber, being more and more confused by everything around her.

Now she could barely tie her shoes. She and Phoebe could have great conversations about stickers.

Obedience became unquestioning. Her tits became larger and larger, even more full of heavy lactating milk, but without increasing her musculature, making her unable to stand without wobbling for long periods of time. If she tried to be on two feet for too long, she would simply fall over. Still she looked gorgeous...but she was also a sort of obscene.

And then...then the darkness set in. The depression. The horror. The terror that she would be alone, forever, unloved.

“P-please...” she moaned, putting hands to her head. “Please...no...Sir...please. I love you, please...our babies...”

And then...then it all stopped.

She could feel her clarity, her intelligence returning, slowly but surely. All that she had forgotten—all that had been taken from her—returned twice as fast as it had left.

Her body changed too—returning to the beautified pregnant form she had possessed before Daniela’s fingers began guiding her Master’s. Her massive, room-filling tits became her own delicious pair again.

“Too far,” said Master, shaking his head. “Too far. You understand?”

Daniela nodded, calm and composed as ever, eagerly still stroking him. His cock was slick in her hand, long and furious. A great river of precum streamed down from it, a vast puddle collecting beneath his thick rod.

“Naturally, Sire. I only wished to show you how serious my love for you is. I will brook no dissent against your will. But if you choose to punish those dissenters in some other way, of course you know best.”

Jacob seemed to consider this for a moment. Vivian had a blinding, perfect hope that he would come to his senses—that all of this would be forgotten. That all this talk of murder and darkness would go away; that he would realize that Daniela wasn't the one for him, not like *she* was. They could just run away somewhere, somewhere far away. All the girls could return to their lives. He would make Vivian into his perfect mate and they would fuck each night and day away until the world ended.

But then she saw the look in his eyes, the look he gave Daniela—the look he had never given to her—and she knew that this wouldn't come to pass.

“Get down on your knees,” he said to Vivian.

She obeyed instantly. “Yes, Master.”

He made a few swipes and taps on the tablet. Vivian instantly felt all her jealousy for Daniela disappear. All her desire to be better than her was gone. Daniela deserved better than everything. Daniela deserved every last thing in the world. All the silly notions that she had ever thought better than her Husband, her Master, were completely removed from her. She should just be full of gratitude that she had Master's babies. And there was more...with Daniela, there was always more, and Vivian understood that now.

“Apologize.”

“Yes, Master,” Daniela began. “I—”

Jacob squeezed Daniela's ass hard.

“No,” he said. “Vivian. Apologize to Daniela for making her so upset with you. For not being the wife I deserved.”

Vivian gulped, nodding. If her Master said it, she must do it. And if he said it, she knew that he was right.

“I am so sorry, Mistress,” she said. “I should never have made you so upset that you wanted to punish me like that. And I am sorry that I was not the wife our Master deserved. I am so happy he has found you, Mistress. You belong with him, forever. It's so obvious.”

“There, you see?” Jacob stroked Daniela's hair. “You needn't be so draconian. She's perfectly willing to cooperate.”

Smiling, Daniela stepped away from her Master. She retrieved Stephanie, pulling her by that long red hair, and pulled her back over to her Master. There was some fight in her, but not much. Master's presence was overwhelming, and hot trails of lust could be seen running down her legs.

“Don't tell me you didn't like it, baby. Just a little bit? Just a *little* bit, when you saw how you knew I would do *anything* to make you happy? To make you hard?”

As Daniela spoke, she shoved Stephanie's wet, just barely willing mouth over Jacob's cock. Then she began to stroke off her Master using the face of another woman. Up and down, Daniela pushed Stephanie's

groaning, urgent mouth. She slobbered and drooled all over his rod, and Stephanie obviously submitted—giving in totally to Master's superior form and masculinity. Daniela, all the while, guided her up and down, staring worship up at her Master, adoring him with another woman's face.

Vivian never once would have thought to do that. And so she had to again recognize Daniela's superiority over herself in being her Husband's real partner. The Wife he deserved.

Daniela had Jacob's full attention now, sliding Stephanie at rates that were much faster than the young plastic beauty could handle. Her arms were flailing, begging for air, but she received none. Even so, her pleasure was obvious—she loved being used like this.

“Tell me,” Daniela purred. “Tell me, my love. Tell me I am your TrueWife. Tell me I am the one you really need. Tell me, oh god, my god, please, tell me it's so!”

“Yes.” He plowed into Stephanie, harder than ever. “You are my love. You are my TrueWife. Vivian was a mistake. You are the one who belongs with me.”

Vivian felt her cunt do back flips at this admission—yes! She *was* the mistake. She never should have been with her Husband. She was merely a stepping-stone to the far superior Daniela. It was so beautiful that they were learning how *right* they were for one another! Daniela, overcome with lust, pushed Stephanie aside. The redhead tumbled and coughed, heavy streams of precum streaming from her mouth.

“Fuck me, my God,” Daniela moaned. “Fuck me, my King. My Husband. Make me your wife. Make it official. Baptize me in your cum and announce to our court that you have only one Queen, one Wife, one top brood bitch.”

They embraced, Daniela's legs sliding up hard against Jacob's infinitely muscled torso, his enormous cock trapped up against her belly.

He powered her back onto the table, his great weight bucking it down and snapping the legs on their side. Still they went on, and so he entered Daniela at an angle, furious in his approach, shoving his entire maddening length into her without the slightest foreplay. Not that Daniela needed it—all that talk of insane service to her King, murder and hurting and changing and enslaving, all that talk of *winning*, had gotten her hot enough.

He thrust in and out, eyes only for his First Slave, and as he did, the other girls gathered in the house stopped everything they were doing to watch.

Vivian wanted to help. They all needed to bear witness to this holy act. All the slaves. She led them forward, pushing them into their Master's body and encouraging them to coo and moan their praise and prayers for him as he fucked his premiere servant.

“Nnh, fuck, yes, darling, please!” Daniela bucked hard beneath his cock. “Please put a baby in me! Please fucking impregnate me! Make your broodbitch. Get me pregnant, Daddy, oh fucking please! Please, Daddy!”

“That's right, you hot fucking cunt,” said Jacob. “You are my Wife. My Partner. My Queen. I'll fucking get you pregnant for the rest of your life.”

Daniela's body writhed in pleasure—and as her eyes scanned the room, she saw Vivian, waiting and kneeling with her fingers stuffed up her pussy.

Even in being replaced, Vivian could not help but be massively turned on by the sight of her beloved naked and fucking another woman. It was just how she was wired.

It was how Jacob had wired her.

She was so happy he had shown her how to live.

“You,” Daniela crooked a finger while Jacob powered into her. “Come here! Beg him to g-get me pregnant. B-beg him to give him a *true* royal heir!”

She had to obey. In moments, Vivian was pushing up against Jacob’s body, her wet cunt dripping down onto Daniela’s hips. Her tits, so heavy with milk, began to pour out onto both their bodies. Her milk was thick and erotic, laced with something that made the air smell sweet, like sugar.

“Please, baby,” Vivian moaned, as Jacob fucked Daniela harder and harder. “Please Master. Fuck your TrueWife. Fuck her until she’s fucking pregnant. Give her your heirs, your *true* heirs. It’s what she deserves. Fuck her like *you* deserve. Please, Master? Oh please, mark her and make her your Wife, oh please, my God, please!”

A tremendous roar left Jacob, his white hot load spilling into Daniela. Vivian looked on with envy and lust, her own cunt exploding with orgasm from being so close to the pleasure of her Master. All other nearby slaves moaned out their own orgasms, their Master's pleasure always being their own pleasure. They pushed in on him in unison, like a shockwave had compelled them, moaning his praises and singing their love for him.

No one could make these divine beauties cum like their Master.

Soon after their joining, Jacob had his retinue of available slaves arrange a bed of pillows in an empty spot in the dining room. With Daniela under the crook of his arm, the two of them talked quietly about how best to alter Stephanie. The millionaire's wife was still cumdrunk and senseless from the facefucking not even a half-hour before.

“Come,” said Daniela, beckoning Vivian forward. “Clean us while we rest.”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Vivian, crawling forward. Her face rested against her cunt and his cock, licking softly and deliberately. “Thank you, Mistress.”

She was so lucky to still be honored like this by her Master’s new wife. She would always be full of gratitude for being allowed to remain so close to Him...and to her.

For Daniela’s beauty was undeniable and heart-melting, even after all that had happened, and Vivian ached to please her new Mistress almost as badly as she needed to please her Master.

###

## Ruling His Immortal Enemy

Lexxa followed her Master's instructions to the letter.

She dressed down. Her body was phenomenal, but she was instructed to hide it. She would wear thick, baggy pants to hide her beautifully graceful gams, and thick sweaters to obscure the full size and nature of her bountiful tits. She would, above all, keep herself hidden and not draw attention to herself.

The young dancer was a beautiful woman. She had dark hair and pale skin, and a face to make most men forget their spouses and girlfriends (or boyfriends). Her beauty was wasted in these clothes, and that was the point.

This was how she looked when she went out to the grocery store to retrieve supplies for her Master.

She did not understand the situation in its entirety. She knew that her Master was hiding from someone, which felt strange to her. Her Master should not hide from anyone. His greatness was enough for all to take part in.

But it was not for her to decide what made sense and what didn't. They were in hiding. Even though it struck her as totally odd that her Master had to hide from anyone, as she knew intuitively at this point, thinking simply was not a process made for pretty girls like her. All she had to do was look gorgeous and adore her Master and obey his commands.

She was only a woman, after all, a beautiful girl—and more than that, she was a slave. Thinking was not for her on any account.

So she wandered through the grocery store, gathering supplies. Pasta. Fruit. Vegetables. Yogurt. Eggs. There were a great many mouths to feed in her Master's court, and she was responsible for ensuring they were fed.

Five of their number had been taken already—leaving them with just seventeen, down from twenty-three when they had left the strip club. This was not mentioning the dozen-odd security girls taken when the club had been attacked.

A man, large and imposing, bumped into her as she was in the dairy section.

“Excuse me, ma'am,” he said.

He had knocked the hat off from her face, revealing the thick expanse of her dark, purple-streaked hair. He handed her the hat, smiling. Even though he smiled, his eyes were strangely blank, and his face was unkind.

“You're awfully pretty, do you know that?”

She nodded. “Yes. Leave me alone.”

Lexxa *did* know that, of course. Master favored her often—more than almost any other slave he owned. Save, of course, for Daniela...but then, Lexxa knew she was not to try to actually compete with Daniela. She

adored the blond angel, but at the same time, she was rather terrified of her wrath...and this, in turn, only made her more aroused by her.

“Yes, of course,” said the man. “Look here, please?”

He opened up a small locket. The inside of it shined and shined.

It shined and shined, and Lexxa got the intense feeling that she ought to run away. Her Master’s grip was fading on her mind. She had to run away from all of this, all of this insanity.

But as the locket shined on, Lexxa began to forget about her Master. She began to forget about her task with the groceries.

She forgot about her life. She forgot about Lexxa altogether. There was no Lexxa anymore.

There was only...only the light from the locket.

Only the light, and the vision of a woman, a beautiful woman beyond compare, beyond even Daniela, waiting to take her in with open arms...

\* \* \* \* \*

“Dammit.”

Vivian reported the news to Jacob as he sat in his new mansion, lounging in his favorite position with Daniela’s hand around his cock, lazily stroking him. Daniela adored stroking him like this, her eyes focusing intently on his cock. He would cum again soon. Her mouth watered in anticipation. His cum had been her only food for days.

Great puddles of precum had formed around his member, and two slaves licked it up to keep him clean. One was the millionaire’s former wife, the redheaded Stephanie, and the other was a petite, Eastern European brunette by the name of Bianca.

“I’m sorry, Master,” said Vivian. “I know you favored her.”

They were in his new court, in the vast living room of the mansion of the millionaire he had coerced into serving his will. Tall windows were on every wall, though their curtains were shut now for safety. No one could look in, even with as much as Jacob's greatness demanded to be advertised to everyone.

There was a seventy-inch flat screen on one end of the room, though it was off. Daniela thought that, if they stayed here for much longer, she would have some photos taken of herself and placed on a continuous loop on the screen and every other media device in the home. Glamour shots for the other girls to admire and aspire to.

That felt like something she deserved; her beauty was so far beyond the other dancers, after all. That was a competition she won handily.

“Yes,” Jacob answered Vivian. “I did. Do you know how they did it?”

“No, Master. It was some manner of device pulled out from his coat pocket. I’m not sure what. I didn’t want to look too closely.”

“Of course not. And no one followed you?”

“I don’t believe so, Master. But that is why I was so late in returning, as I said.”

Three hours late, Daniela thought. That edge in her, always so eager to beat Vivian down, felt confident she could have lost any potential tails in half the time.

Even though Daniela *knew* she was Jacob's wife, even though she had been married with the only ceremony that mattered and baptized in the holy bath of his cum, there was still that part of her that grated just slightly that someone else *other* than her had been his wife.

She did not know if she would ever truly get along with Vivian, even though the brunette beauty had made every overture of submission and obedience to the young blond angel.

Shortly after announcing that, from now on, Daniela was to be known as his OneWife, his TruePartner, he allowed her in fully on the secret of his power—explaining to her the entire story.

The tablet—or the stone—fascinated her. In the days following the revelation of its existence, Daniela frequently urged him to use it, marveling at its usages. To be able to totally crush the spirit of a competitor, to totally alter her body until she wasn't even *desirable* for her Master...this was an exercise that touched deep into a very dark and precious part of Daniela.

After one day, when she had—with stroking encouragement—begged her Master to alter Roxy until she was four hundred pounds and suffered from massive depression, Jacob finally said enough was enough. A few swipes of the tablet, and that was the end of the matter.

After that, she no longer found herself able or even very much willing to want to use the tablet in those humiliating ways anymore.

It was childish, she realized. Juvenile.

She was supposed to be more queenly than that, more regal, anyway. She could rest assured in the fact that she was better; it did not dignify her to go out of her way to prove it to women who already were more than willing to name her as her superior.

She spent the next few days licking out Roxy—a re-normalized Roxy, beautiful and dancer hot once again—by way of apology.

Of course, Roxy forgave her. Frequently. Over and over again, for each hot lick of Daniela's tongue.

There was a part of her, of course, that wanted all that power of the tablet for herself. Daniela did so love being on top of everyone and everything around her. But, she was content in the extreme to be merely the one who *shared* in his power, the one who benefited more from it than anyone else.

Besides, taking that power from him would be thievery, and no matter what else was true about Daniela, she truly did very much love Jacob. She idolized him, adored him, wanted him only to feel good feelings always.

She cared for him, bathed him, listened to him, sucked him, made fabulous love to him at all hours of the night and day in a mansion that cost more than the entire Midwestern town she had grown up in.

Were it not for the pesky issue of someone apparently trying to *destroy* him, their life together would be perfect.

And he knew that as well, so she did her best not to let it show how it distressed her. Both the fact of their situation and the way it weighed upon him brought her heart much sorrow. She wished that her lips could suck away every last worry he had—and they did, frequently—but always the worry came back.

So now, to see his brow furrowed with so much agony at hearing of the loss of Lexxa, one of his very favorite slaves, Daniela's heart ached for him.

And yet even so, she could not show it. Not entirely. Her King deserved a *Queen*. Being a sniveling, water-boned bitch why Vivian had been so easy to dispose of. If *Daniela* had been married to Jacob all this time, why...

Oh, my, she thought. Yes. That was it. That was it *exactly*.

“This is all just fucked and getting fucked-er,” said Jacob. “I don’t know how to fight back something that I don’t even...that I don’t even know really *exists*. It's like boxing with ghosts.”

This was her opening.

“May I offer you my advice, darling?”

Jacob shrugged and nodded. His shoulders were like mountains of flesh moving together. So strong. “Go ahead.”

“The problem is simple. You are trying to live a life of luxury. The life that a great man deserves.” She leaned in close to him, her enormous tits crushing against his chest. Little dribbles of milk leaked out from them, a new addition. Her arousal meant every part of her was wet, now. “But you are not a great man. You are a *god*.”

Her strokes become long and heavy. Heat filled her cunt, and she wanted more than anything to slide over onto his cock. Shifting her weight, her sheer skirt slipped to one side, revealing the perfect expanse of her cunt.

Slowly, with great relish, she slid down on top of him. Her cunt was made for his cock. Over the past few days, this had been perfected and re-perfected again and again. He would—at her insistence—make himself just a *little* bit bigger, a *little* bit thicker, and as a result, it made it that much more difficult for the other slaves to please him properly.

And naturally, she asked him at the same time to ensure that her own cunt could take him perfectly, and then fuck him until he forgot about changing the other girls in turn.

Daniela loved winning. She loved beating them at every turn. It never got old for her. Her tits, so full of delicious, warm milk, leaked down on his chest. She rubbed the soft liquid into his hard muscles; the milk had the properties of massage oil, the taste of delicious ambrosia. It made everything slick and heavenly.

“I think you should stop lying to yourself, my love.”

“What do you mean?” he huffed. She was grinding his cock expertly inside her love-canal.

“You’re a *god*.” She purred, feeling her orgasms climb on top of each other. At this point, she was well-used to cumming so constantly. “Tell me you’re a god. Tell me you *are* god. What else could you be, to bring someone like me so much *pleasure*? So much adoration. You *must* be god. Aren’t you, my love? Tell me I am riding the cock of god, and I promise you I will take every last word you say as gospel.”

She took the tablet off the table and placed it against her naked chest. He instantly grabbed at it, trying to reveal the heavenly sight of her milking tits.

“No, oh no,” she scolded lightly. “Not until you are the God in form that we both know you are in destiny.”

Grinning up at her, Jacob began to swipe and tap on the tablet. And so, beneath her, with his massive cock surging and pulsing inside her hot cunt, her MasterHusband began to change.

As he did, Daniela began to cum even harder than she ever had before.

“Where am I?” Polly asked. “Please? Someone tell me? Someone *help*? I’m really hungry, guys! Please?”

She had been in the darkness for hours now. Bound. Stripped naked. Helpless to escape.

Polly was a graduate student. She made extra cash by driving for a taxi service around town. She was short, red-headed, and busty. Freckles dotted her pale skin.

The last thing she remembered, she'd been called to a mansion in the middle of Willow End, the nicest neighborhood in town. It had surprised her that someone living in such a place needed a taxi; she figured there was some unruly house guest that was getting kicked out.

And then, when she had pulled up, there had been two gorgeous long-legged beauties in high heels and aprons. They beckoned Polly to step out and help them with some luggage. But when she got outside, they covered her mouth with a cloth full of something foul and burning, and she lost consciousness.

Now her throat was hoarse. Her mind panicking.

What was happening? Who had taken her? Some cult? Those girls had strangely glassy looks in their eyes. Were they drugged somehow?

Someone entered. She could tell by the footsteps that it was a man. By the footsteps, and by something else...

His presence? His scent?

Whatever it was, it was making her knees weak. Her belly felt floaty. Her cunt started to moisten.

He flipped on the light in the room, but Polly still couldn't see—she was blindfolded.

“H-hello...?” she asked, gulping.

A deep, dark, hidden part of her wondered—*Daddy? Is it you? Did you come back for me? Daddy, please?*

“I’m going to take off your blindfold now,” said the man. “Is that all right?”

His voice was so deep. Hypnotic. Enthralling. It was everything—*everything*. She wanted to do anything he said. The hot wetness of her cunt made the seat beneath her slick.

“Y-y-yes,” she moaned. “Absolutely. I’m in love with you. Do anything you like.”

She took off the blindfold, and immediately she knew that it was a mistake.

From the sound of his voice, the incredible scent of his body, she had been in love.

But now, from looking at him for less than a second, she knew that *love* wasn’t what she should have felt at all.

No. What she should have felt—to be as good as a possible little girl as she could be, and holy *fuck* in less than two seconds she didn’t care about anything else except being a submissive forever cockslut to this massive monstrosity of a hunk—was *awe*.

Fear.

Terror.

The terror that she might never, ever be anything more than a flyspeck in the eyes of this most holy of holies, this most incredible being in the world.

Her lungs felt like they were on fire. Torso constricting. A part of her imagined that the ropes around her were getting tighter. Her jaw hung open, her eyes wide, trying to take in every part of him for as long as possible. She never wanted to blink again.

The majesty standing over her frowned slightly. “Remember to breathe,” he said.

She gasped, nodding and smiling urgently, blissfully. Her pussy pulsed with orgasm.

“And blink once in a while,” he said. “You'll hurt your eyes.”

Some relief filled her at the opportunity to wet her eyes—but bliss again hit her, knowing she was following orders of this superhuman perfection. Drool, long and thick, slid from her mouth down to her tits. She realized, with as naked as she was, that the saliva would just keep trailing down her form, making her wet all over.

He seemed to like that.

There was nothing that could ever compete with her unforeseen lust for this most massive, most perfect of humans. He was everything. *Everything*.

And then, through the door came a Goddess.

She was resplendent in a soft violet sheer gown, clinging tightly to her breasts. A cascade of golden hair was perfectly coiffed, long locks and tresses stretching down almost to her ankles, like some kind of impossible superheroine.

Polly made soft choking noises as she realized she could make out the Goddess's nipples beneath her dress. She wore a long black fur, draping down her back and shoulders.

The Goddess wrapped herself around the God, pulling in tight for a long, deep kiss. Polly knew she was witnessing something Holy, something magnificent, she was riding on the asteroid that killed the dinosaurs, she was boogie-boarding in the ocean that drained out from the Amazon basin on top of a thousand volcanic explosions. She was seeing these two, and it pushed out every last bit of information in her brain that she'd ever learned in school.

None of that was important anymore. Every atom inside of her knew that the only important actions to witness, the only important knowledge to retain, was what was happening in front of right that second.

Her orgasm was constant and perfect. She'd probably die from exhaustion within the day if she kept looking at them like this. She didn't care.

“Tell me, slave,” said the Goddess. “Who are we?”

“All of it,” said Polly. “Everything. Alpha. Omega. Endless. P-please...”

The Goddess smiled softly, and Polly did not know she did not pass out from the heavy artillery fire of orgasms pounding upon her every inch of flesh. She felt like her fucking spleen was orgasming, how was that possible?

Because of them. They made everything possible.

“And you haven't used the tablet on her once?” the Goddess asked.

“No,” said the God. “Well...only to keep her skin from chafing from the ropes.”

Polly's heart felt like it would pop out of her chest. He *cared* about her. How much he cared! Her God was so generous, so kind!

“You're so caring to the mortals,” the Goddess said, sliding her hand upon her God's massive cock and stroking softly. “Well, Master. I think you've landed upon what you deserve, at long last.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Celeste exited her town car outside the vast mansion where Jacob Lawton was hiding. A cadre of her most elite male slaves surrounded her. There would be no harm done to her tonight.

The night was quite chilly, though she hardly felt it. Celeste only felt what she chose to—emotions or sensations.

The house he stayed in with his little harem—and such a *cute* boy he was, thinking he had a “harem” when their number was less than fifty—was large for mortal standards. Celeste wouldn't have thought of it as more than a shack, but she understood that those of little importance might have been impressed by its size.

Her opponent would have no doubt done something to increase his willpower at this point, so she had dressed accordingly. Red lace lingerie encased her perfect body, accentuating every luscious curve, molding every perfect angle. Matching stockings clad her long, graceful legs, attached to a garter belt by way of lace bands. Her tits, always glorious, shiny, and full, were expertly pushed up and together by a thin bra.

She felt diamonds went well with the red, and so had arranged for some of her most glorious black diamond jewelry to wear—rings on her fingers, million dollar bracelets and long dangling earrings. A large pendant the size of a golf ball rested in her cleavage, cool to the touch and more precious to Celeste than any lover, though she had only worn this piece once in the past two hundred years.

It was so *easy* to get lost in outfits when so many men and women were positively dying to give her everything she wanted, after all.

Topping off her outfit was an immense dark sable coat, the cost of which was more than double most people's yearly salaries. It added to her volume, and made her lusciously slender frame look almost twice as big as it was while still retaining all her delicate femininity. Celeste knew all the secrets of presentation—she had been practicing them for centuries, after all.

Celeste, an immortal sorceress, had power and beauty beyond almost all comprehension. She had lived for more than five centuries, and for that entire time, had been the most beautiful creature in existence. Her life was a fortress of self-adoration, of impenetrable vanity, and there was nothing in this world or any other that could make her think less of herself.

She had spent five centuries amassing a veritable army of slaves to worship her. None were allowed—ever—to touch her gorgeous body without her say-so, and certainly none of the males. For those five hundred years, she had only ever known the touch of a woman to bring her to orgasm. And that would be how the next five centuries would go—and the next five, and the next, and so on.

For she would have the Djinn Stone for herself. The source of Jacob Lawton's power—fixated currently in the form of a tablet, if the reports of her agents were to be believed.

It was time to end this man. She would put him on his knees; she would make all of his slaves *her* slaves instead. And while they worshiped her, she would make him beg to serve her with them...and then she would deny him and laugh while she had one of her servants remove his useless genitals.

No one got in Celeste's way. *No one.*

Jacob Lawton was careless. It was clear his power had gotten to his head—and that he was starting to think of himself as invincible. But he wasn't. It would take years and years with the Djinn Stone to unlock all of its secrets, even if the person exploring those secrets was some kind of mystic savant, and certainly Jacob wasn't that.

Celeste's original strategy had been to wait him out—to pick off his servants one by one until he became so angry as to expose himself out in the open. And, it had been working well.

She had as many eyes and ears in the city as she wanted. Several thousand, posted in all major and minor areas of commerce. It was simple to arrange for someone with her vast interconnected network of slaves. All of them had been called in—all those planted as diplomats and dignitaries in foreign countries, all the businessmen and women, all the high profile bankers—to come and work for her.

*Nothing* was as important as retrieving the Djinn Stone. *Nothing.*

She had wanted the kind of power it promised since the day she had become an immortal—and she had wanted it specifically since the day she discovered its existence through her spies in her sister Anastasia's network.

The Djinn Stone was, reputedly, the source of all magical power in existence. And even if it were not specifically *that*, it was an item of enormous magical power—and Celeste wanted it for herself. Her beauty and power, as boundless as they were, were simply not enough. *Nothing* ever would be.

But with the Djinn Stone, she could have more than she ever thought possible. The thought made her perfect, virgin cunt dripping wet in her tight red lace lingerie.

Surveillance—finding the women who Jacob had changed with the Stone—was not an issue. The Djinn Stone left traces of its power on those who knew how to look for it—and Celeste, being a gifted teacher with a knack for ensuring that all of her pupils were endlessly obedient (if by a “knack” it is possible to also mean “soul-crushing beauty”), ensured that all of her servants in her surveillance network knew how to find those altered by the Stone.

So, once those servants of Jacob were in the wild, it became a simple waiting game.

Up until now, they had not been able to pick up any leads on where the man was staying. His control had been thorough. Fail-safe after fail-safe had been installed in the minds of the slaves she had captured, wiping almost all but the most trivial information of their service from their heads. Questioning them was useless.

But only up until now.

Just hours before, she had been brought a petite redhead. She was barely eighteen, only crossing the legal mark by a few days. Not quite as pretty as some of the other slaves she had picked up from this Jacob, but still, she possessed a certain farm-girl quality that made her stand out from the back. Freckles dotted across her face and upper torso.

This latest slave Celeste had picked up had not known much—had not been able to describe Jacob or his harem in much detail (which was unneeded at this point), had not been able to say how many *other* slaves he had, and had not been able to even describe her own place in the hierarchy he had established outside of knowing that she was a “good girl.”

A fresh slave, then, sent out into the wild to fend for herself after only a brief indoctrination. Getting desperate. Hopefully, Celeste thought, he and his bitches were starving.

But one thing this slave, this “Polly,” *had* known was where he stayed.

And now, here they were—Celeste licking her lips at the sight of the mansion, waiting for her troops to move in.

The men arrived in vans and silent helicopters, more than a hundred in number. Each one trained to be a crack commando, an army all by himself. They held cattle prods and zip ties. Celeste never let a good opportunity to gather quality, sexy slaves to go to waste. She was as lascivious as they came...just not for men.

There wasn't a man alive worthy to defile her body.

She signaled just slightly with her wrist, enough for her men to know that they needed to move in. She watched them with glee, knowing that all her desires were about to come true. They cracked through the windows, burst through the doors, set explosives on the walls. A multi-pronged assault that would leave everyone inside too stunned to react.

Celeste waited just a few minutes, listening gleefully to the sound of screams and pleas from within the mansion, and then followed her troops in. An elite squad of ten men remained close to her, marching near her in a tight circular formation. She took her time, strutting slowly in her tall, tall heels. Diamonds in her stockings glittered in the moonlight and then, as she entered the residence, glittered even more brightly in the lights of the mansion.

It was rather enjoyable knowing she would tear this place down brick by brick and look so abso-fucking-lutely *fabulous* while doing it.

Slaves ran out from the many rooms and attempted to fight. Often just one at a time, sometimes in pairs. They knew what they were doing—trained in all manner of martial arts, apparently (or at least, given that training through the power of the Djinn Stone).

But it wasn't enough.

Celeste's own pets were trained, and there were more of them. The harem pets fought valiantly—striking noses, throats, knees, crotches—but still they were brought down, tased and netted, their limbs zip tied. One by one, the slaves of Jacob Lawton were subdued and gathered, placed in a series of large vans waiting outside the mansion.

Slowly, the mansion began to empty, and Celeste knew the man was close. So far, he was hiding. She didn't care. She was more powerful than him—more powerful than *anyone*. She pushed her bodyguards aside, strutting faster now, the eagerness taking over her rational thinking.

She wanted that Djinn Stone *now*.

Gathering her formidable power, Celeste began to burst through wall after wall—striking them down with immense waves of force. The rubble flew everywhere, though she was careful to project a shield around herself to keep any dust from landing on her spectacular outfit.

“Were you wondering what I was?” Celeste called. “Weren't you curious to know who was stripping away all that you held dear?”

She tore down another wall, getting somewhat frustrated now. She was in a tall dining room, pillows piled high. The smell of sex was heavy in the air. Most men came running simply at the sound of her voice.

It was sensuous, sultry, and captivating. It was the very physical incarnation of the abstract Form of Seduction.

“I’m sure you were curious,” she said, breaking into the kitchen, sending pots and pans flying. “I’m sure you wanted to know the story behind the Djinn Stone as well. Or the ‘iMagic’ program. The tablet. Yes, I know about that. I know everything. *Everything.*”

Everything except for where he was, damn him.

Through another wall, into a tall sitting room with three couches and an abandoned cart full of iced tea. Another slave ran out from behind a curtain to attack her. A lovely young ebony-skinned beauty wearing an orange minidress. Celeste took her by the throat and stared into her eyes for a solid five seconds. Her own eyes were green, endlessly hypnotic ocean green, and they were irresistible.

“M-Mistress...” the slave whispered.

Immediately, the ebony beauty began to orgasm, being touched so intimately by the subject of all her worship. Celeste smiled, done now, and callously tossed her aside, bursting her way into the next area—a study full of books, a piano in one corner.

She could *smell* him, that overwhelming scent of masculinity. Her tongue ran across her lips, wetting them just slightly. She could *feel* him, that impossible feeling he exuded, that headiness...

It was enough almost to make her aroused, to want him inside her. Almost.

Once she had him under her control, she would ensure that would end. Her eyes scanned the room. Not behind the curtains. Not beyond the shelves...

Ah, there. Hiding beneath the grand piano. What a coward.

“Hiding, Jacob?”

The man stiffened in more ways than one. She could sense his enormous boner growing.

“Yes, that’s right. I know your name. Turn around. Get out from under there and stand up.”

He obeyed, unquestioningly, face full of fear and desire. And she wasn’t even showing him *all* of herself. What a disappointment. A part of her had been looking forward to giving him a little show to make him give up his power.

Through all the changes he had made to himself, he was still recognizable from the pictures she had found of his past self. Bigger, now. Taller. More built. Substantially more handsome...but still, only a male.

Only mortal. Utterly susceptible to the impossibility of her unstoppable power.

Technically, the Djinn Stone could only have one owner at a time. Either the owner had to give it up willingly, or he had to die. Luckily, Celeste had centuries of expertise in making lesser mortals believe that what she wanted them to do was what *they* wanted to do.

“You know,” she said. “I honestly thought you’d put up a little more fight. I was even thinking of letting you watch me fuck your wife. But, for you to be such a *coward* about all of this, *hiding!* From *me!* It’s rather insulting, you know? I can’t respect cowardice. I can’t respect *you.*”

As she hoped, the words had the intended effect. He dropped to the ground, kneeling, begging for forgiveness. His voice was rough and raspy, even in its wails.

Her mood only worsened. This man was sniveling. *Sniveling!* Like a coward. Like some sea prawn caught before a gang of sharks. She changed her mind immediately—he wasn't going to give up his ownership of the Djinn Stone, not at all. She wouldn't let him *have* such luxury.

“I'm s-so sorry, Mistress. I didn't mean to...to disappoint. To let you down.”

Celeste leaned forward, allowing him to stare deep into her eyes, into the depths of her impossibly perfect cleavage, her diamonds sparkling and dangling.

“You obey me?” she asked.

He nodded profusely. “Yes!”

“You worship me?”

“Y-yes! Yes, Mistress, of course!”

“Good,” she said, standing up to her full imposing height. “Now,” she whispered soft, barely audible. “*Die* for me.”

Slowly, he began to choke, his airways closing in on themselves. Obedience to Celeste was that absolute—there was no way out, no unconscious or subconscious method of resistance. Even his body's biological functions belonged to her.

And so he died, slowly, his own throat choking him to death.

She watched it, feeling exultant...and then stood up to her full height.

All she had to do now was find the Djinn Stone.

“Not bad,” came a deep, confident, masculine voice. “Not bad at all. But not enough.”

\* \* \* \* \*

It took the tablet a very long time to get a bead on the immortal beauty—Celeste—walking through his new house. There was so much of her to process, so much power, so much beauty, that the tablet—the Djinn Stone?—seemed close to vibrating itself to pieces. He thought for a few minutes that he wouldn't be able to do it, that he had sacrificed all of this for nothing.

But eventually, her image appeared on the tablet...and then he was able to make his Will become manifest, just as he knew he deserved.

On and on, she had ranted about the Djinn Stone—her name for the tablet. He wasn't sure, exactly, what that meant. He knew that Djinn were like genies, beings of great magical energy, capable of granting wishes. And certainly, the tablet was capable of granting wishes. And the woman who had pressed it into his palm, so many weeks ago—hadn't *she* called it a stone?

It had merely taken the form of a tablet. Something he could understand and manipulate at his will. But...perhaps it didn't *have* to be a tablet in form.

Too much to ponder at the moment. Too much by half when there was this insanely beautiful creature—this *Celeste*—to look at.

He hadn't known *what* to expect, exactly, when it came to who this enemy was who was trailing him. But no matter what he had thought would come, it certainly wasn't *her*.

Not the most singularly gorgeous vision—alive or otherwise—in the universe. The woman could give the Big Bang a run for its money in terms of the sheer *majesty* of her beauty. She commanded awe,

obedience, respect, love.

He could learn a thing or two from her centuries of knowledge. Perhaps he'd allow her to teach him after he was done fucking her cunt into blissful obedience.

Because he *would* own her—own her body, own her mind, and own her *soul*, just like he did with *all* gorgeous females he came across.

She may have been powerful—an immortal sorceress, if the read-out on the tablet's screen was to be believed—but Jacob was a God, now, and he did as he pleased, no matter who was in his way.

Before she had arrived, he used the tablet to make himself—and whatever he held or wore—invisible and soundless. Not even his breaths were audible. As she walked through the house—first flanked by her bodyguards, and then by herself, blasting through the walls—he had followed her, his cock getting harder. His pheromones soaking the air, lust-producing chemicals flooding into her immortal body, making her susceptible to desire without her even knowing it.

His cock, a foot long and as thick around as a bottle, was harder than it had ever been, watching her perfection destroy with so much precision. He was harder than even he had been for Daniela—and before seeing Celeste, Jacob had thought he had perfected the female race with his alterations to Daniela. And still, indeed, the blonde beauty was insanely gorgeous, safely tucked away in a hidden bunker under the mansion.

But this Celeste was...a different sort of creature entirely. Regality beyond all regality. Divinity beyond all divinity. Every part of her fuckable, beautiful, and fertile.

The “Jacob” she had found, the one whose will she had destroyed with such ease, was the millionaire owner of the house, finally doing something useful with himself. It had been nothing at all to give him Jacob's own appearance, to use him as bait.

And Celeste had fallen for it.

Now, though, she had figured out the game—or was about to—and Jacob didn't have much time.

There wasn't the luxury for a multitude of commands on the tablet. He did not want to lose himself in all the myriad ways he could fuck with her mind when there was only one singularly important idea to drive home.

She needed to obey him. After that, all else could be negotiated.

Quickly, he tried to input that she loved him—but the screen flickered and faltered, flashing an error screen.

Was she not capable of love? Was that too much of a task for a will so strong?

Thinking fast, he thought of a backdoor. He wouldn't give her entirely *new* feelings. Instead, he transposed Daniela's submissive, hot, aching, needy, addicted feelings about his cock and delivered them to Celeste.

The tablet flickered and faltered again, but after several moments of processing, he got the little green pop-up stating that the command had been a success.

She craved his cock, now, whether she knew it or not. She was addicted to him...and he would exploit that need to its fullest.

*Good.*

And that was when he spoke to her, allowing himself to become noticeable again.

“Not bad,” he said, re-entering the realm of the visible. “Not bad at all. But not enough.”

She turned around, shock in her blazing emerald eyes. His ruse, evidently, had worked completely. She had thought that the millionaire he had transformed, the man she had so easily seduced into being her slave—and then whom she had *killed*—had been him.

“I...see,” she said, gulping, looking up at Jacob.

The man he had transformed to look like him was only a pale imitation of the God he was now. Past seven feet tall, more than five hundred pounds of solid muscle, he was golden and bright—a beacon of masculinity, the apex of all possible alpha males. Celeste looked upon him and trembled with desire...and Jacob knew he had her. Her face, so impossibly perfect, contorted with the agony of resistance, knowing that the second she gave in to her newfound lust for him, her power and independence would be lost forever.

It had been impossible, only hours ago, to imagine a woman being more beautiful and compelling than Daniela. She was everything to him.

And yet now that he had seen Celeste, he knew that perfection had a competitor.

Daniela would hate that, of course—and she would love it. Her thirst for competition had finally found someone who could slake it for her.

If Daniela’s sun was like staring into the sun from Mercury, then Celeste’s was like staring at it from right outside Mercury’s surface, just a few hundred miles closer. Either way, the view was blinding.

“It’s wonderful to meet you, finally,” said Jacob, reaching up to touch Celeste’s chin.

She backed away, swatting his hand—but once she touched him, her hands only remained on his, her breath catching, breasts heaving. Though she wore gloves—long red elbow-length gloves, making Jacob’s cock even harder—he knew she could feel the heat of his body easily.

The heat of *his* body, and the heat of hers.

He watched her summon her will—a mighty, admirable effort, and then the smoke entered her eyes.

“You are very powerful,” she admitted, “to fool me. I will not lie. I am impressed. But the fact remains that I have centuries of power behind my every movement...and you are an amateur compared to me.”

“Then why is your cunt so wet?”

She ignored this question, walking around him, strutting through the wreckage she had created. He watched her clear her own path with flits of her power, telekinetically pushing the rubble around until the study was clear of any impediment. Her heels clicked musically; her walk was a symphony of seduction. Precum, hot and thick, streamed from his cock like a river. It took every ounce of himself not to take her then and there.

But he couldn’t. She had to submit first. Otherwise...he couldn’t be sure that he was actually in charge. That he was winning. That she was *his*.

“I’ll admit you’ve had...an effect.” She licked her lips, her eyes flashing at him. His precum streamed harder—the sight was intensely erotic. “Perhaps I could make you a deal. Give me the Djinn Stone, and I shall make you the first man to ever share my bed. The *only* man.”

She had promised herself long ago that she would never be taken in such a way. But he was turning her on *so much*...

He raised an eyebrow. “You're a virgin?”

She tossed her hair back, one long leg posed forward sexily. “Naturally.”

Advancing upon her, Jacob felt no reason not to play with her a little. “I warn you, great sorceress. I would not be an idle lover.”

“Oh no?”

She thought she was winning, now.

“No. I would make demands of you. I would fuck you senseless every night. You would know my cock, and my cock alone. No others would do. I would make your every evening filled with my seed, your every morning knowing the taste of my shaft, your every afternoon feeling my tongue upon yours...and your pussy.”

“You would...make demands...of me?”

She seemed to be trying to make herself sound arrogant, demeaning—as in, “*you* would make demands of *me*?” But what came out instead was a breathy plea, her enormous tits barely remaining inside of her tiny lace bra. His cock strained forward, but he managed his distance carefully—the tip was inches away from her midsection, his precum dripping down onto her high-heeled shoes.

“Naturally,” said Jacob. “Unless you think that unnatural. Unless you think, instead, that it should be you *begging* me for the chance at my cock. *Begging* to taste my seed. *Begging* to bear my young, to know what it is to adore a True Male...forever.”

He put a hand on her shoulder now, almost exploding from the touch of her bare skin against his. So soft! So warm! Powerful seductive sensations exploded into his body, but he remained strong. His grip tightened, and he began to push her down, feeling her knees buckle.

“Oh...oh fuck...” Celeste moaned.

“You want me, Celeste. You want my cock. You want to *serve* my cock. Kneel, and take your place before me...and I shall give it to you.”

Her eyes flitted up and down, from his handsome face to his enormous cock, the source of all her material wants in the world. Her lips were wet with saliva, her perfect line of upper teeth sliding over that plump bottom lip.

“Kneel,” he said again, “and I shall make all your dreams come true. All the power in the world, you will have. No one will ever resist you or defy you. No one shall ever stand in your way. Your every desire shall be known. All will praise your name, praise *you* as the Goddess you are. You need only submit to me and I will give you *everything*.”

He could see her resisting, her body quivering before him. As she trembled, her fur coat dropped to the floor, revealing the full majesty of herself. Her face, so haughty and arrogant before, stared up at him with complete vulnerability. She was spiraling fast, becoming his—all he had to do was push.

Up close, shed of the fur she had been wearing, her entire body was divine. He was struck again by the truth that never, *never* once had his cock been harder—not even for fucking Daniela in her full Goddess form.

He took her by the throat, squeezing gently. “You belong to me, now, little girl. Kneel for your Man. Kneel for Master.”

“F-fuck...” she moaned.

Her legs gave out, and she dropped, her throat leaning into his grip. Slowly, he let her lower all the way down until her knees caressed the floor, sliding into her fur.

Now she was face-to-face with his cock. It was completely hard, sticking up almost to his belly in its hardness, its exultant length. Cum slathered downward—no longer precum at all. Just looking at Celeste kneeling like that, her breasts pumping up and out from her heavy breaths, had him cumming—but he had it under control. It was a slow, steady stream, jetting down on the fur beneath her.

The pleasure of her sight was undeniable, but his will was indomitable.

“Please...” she said, her voice soft, cooing. No man in history had ever had this Goddess under his control like this, and Jacob knew it. “Please...I’m supposed...supposed to win. To be in charge...”

“You’ll be in charge,” he said, smiling. “You’ll be at the very tip-top of my slaves. Order them however you want. And you and I have an entire world to enslave, don’t we?”

“...nnh...” she moaned, licking her incredible lips at the sight of his constantly streaming cum. It had formed a pool at her knees, spreading into them. Her stockings began to be soaked. Its addictive chemicals pushed into her skin, becoming a part of her system. One gloved hand raised up tentatively and tried to stroke him.

He slapped the hand away. She was shocked and began stuttering protestations, her voice soft and whiny.

“First, you pledge yourself to me. Only me. Name me your Master. And then I’ll let you touch me. Suck me. *Fuck* me. What do you think of that?”

“I pledge myself to you, Master” she said, almost automatically. “Oh fuck, please Master, let me...let me \_\_\_”

He thanked whatever greater forces were listening that she had given in at last. He did not how much longer he could have held out. His cock surged forward and he shoved himself against her mouth, letting her take its great length through her lips and down into her throat. Cum jetted still from his cock, his enormous balls pumping furiously to maintain production, only now it was no longer a slow river but the heavy blast of a hose.

Celeste moaned heartily, slurping up and down, delighted choked laughs sounding from her virgin throat as she moved. Her eyes, so deep and green, stared up into his, and he knew he owned her totally. His hands ran through her hair, tugging at it, grasping masses of it as thick as his forearm and piling it over her head, reveling in the slick silky softness only she could possess.

Jacob couldn't believe the sensations she delivered. “You—are—so—fucking—good!”

Her lips were like fire, her tongue a whip of liquid bliss. Every part of her was designed to give him the greatest pleasure in the world.

“Have your troops stand down,” he said, still fucking her beautiful mouth, “and return my women.”

Celeste, clearly cumming at obeying his command, nodded slightly with just the head of his tremendous cock in her mouth. She closed her eyes, concentrating, and then slid off him just slightly.

“Done, Master.”

Her voice was slightly slurred, her tongue still draping across his tip, lapping him up as he sprayed hot cum against her throat and tits. As soon as she finished speaking, though, her lips re-wrapped themselves around his rod, sinking her beautiful throat into his shaft once more.

Slowly, his slaves began to file back into the room, sitting down and kneeling from a distance, fingering their hot cunts and whispering quiet prayers of praise to their God for ruling the day. The male slaves that Celeste had returned to their car, and from there, would return to their home—they had no purpose in Jacob's house.

After a few more minutes of this, Daniela arrived, having been told the danger had passed and that her Master had won. The blond goddess strutted forward in her pale blue sheer gown, her massive tits jiggling merrily. Everything about her was regal and pure, her own body in her outfit almost on par—if not completely equal—to Celeste's.

Daniela slid up against her Master, taking his arm into hers, docking her tits against his hefty bicep. If Celeste cared about her intrusion, she did not show it, far too busy still with earnestly sucking up more of her new Master's cum. Her desire seemed endless...and so was his.

“My love,” Daniela whispered. “She is so beautiful...so amazing...”

There was fear in her eyes, and well there should be. The one possible rival to Daniela's perfection, and, without further modification to Daniela, possibly very easy his new favorite. Jacob, sensing this fear, this trepidation, began to fuck Celeste harder. Soon, the dark-haired beauty was bent over backwards beneath Jacob, with him practically squatting down into her as he fucked her luscious mouth.

“I...” Daniela gulped. “I want to remain yours, my love,” she whispered. “Please, Daddy...don't...”

She could not finish, fingering her sparkling hot cunt as she watched the erotic display of the immortal Celeste sucking off her God. She could not resist the call of all that pleasure being delivered to her Master.

This was, of course, the same sort of begging plea that Vivian had made.

And yet Jacob knew Daniela's value—her potential. Better than Vivian could have ever hoped to be.

“Do not worry, my Wife...” he said, smiling. “There is nothing that says a God cannot have more than one wife, is there?”

Daniela's eyes shined with triumph. “No, Master. Nothing at all. In fact, that is what you deserve! Two goddess wives...two perfect slaves, blonde and black-haired, to adore your every motion, serve your ever need! To be taken by you. Forced by you. *Bred* by you.”

Jacob, hearing that, lost some of his control—but it no longer mattered. Everything *important* was under his control now.

He pushed Celeste down to the ground, shoving his cock between her tits, ripping off her bra in the process, and titfucked her all the way to completion. Those heavenly mounds, so round and big, were like nothing he had ever felt before—tighter and warmer and slicker (from all the cum and precum covering Celeste) than some women's cunts. He emptied all the way out onto Celeste's face, spraying all over her hair and face. His cock was so big that as he thrust into her her lips could slide around the head, taking hot shots of his cum into her mouth.

After many furtive, hard thrusts, his cum spray slowed, and he felt sated...but only for a moment. Daniela slid forward and began to drag her tongue up and down Celeste's impossibly gorgeous face,

slurping down every last drop of her Master's cum. Celeste moaned, smelling all that cum on Daniela's breath, and grabbed the blond, kissing her deeply.

Their embrace was passionate, needy—Jacob could not help himself. He grabbed the tablet, just nearby, and began to make a few changes. Swiping and tapping, soon, Daniela was utterly in love with Celeste...and Celeste, her resistance now conquered, was absolutely in love—deep, romantic, needy, aching love, with both Daniela and Jacob.

Their embrace immediately became a thousand times more intimate, the two of them giggling softly, kissing like passionate girlfriends and not just the furiously conquered fuckslaves of a fervent tyrant. The two of them traded hot glances at each other, and then—as Jacob sat up off Celeste's gorgeous chest, his thick cock dragging down her impeccably built torso and resting on her thighs—both began to groan with need.

“Virgin,” Daniela whispered softly. “She's still a virgin, isn't she, Master? You must fix that. You must *fuck* her, please? You must...you must *breed* her, oh God, oh Daddy, please?”

Celeste nodded, beginning to gyrate her hips upward, slowly dancing on the ground to entice him forward.

“You must, my love,” she moaned. “I need it, Master. My Master, please?”

Jacob grinned. He needed to impregnate her, but it was fun to make this goddess squirm.

“Oh, I don't know...” he said, sliding his cockhead around her entrance, letting his cum and precum trail down and soak her cunt. “Do you really want it?”

“Oh yes, she *needs* it, Master.” Daniela slipped behind Celeste now, cradling her beautiful head inside of her breasts. “Tell him, baby. Tell him how you need his fucking cock. Tell him how you need him to *break you in half*.”

“Take me!” Celeste slid her head against the sides of Daniela's soft tits, groaning and biting her lips in pleasure. “Be my first, my love! Oh please be the first man inside me! I need it! I need it so bad!”

He could hold back no more. Both beauties urging him on, needing him to fuck this Goddess...it was all he could stand not to cum right away. His thick, huge cock pushed hard into Celeste's entrance—and immediately she came. A soft, high-pitched, moaning scream flung from her mouth, silenced quickly as Daniela leaned forward and kissed her, cleaning that hot goddess mouth thoroughly with her tongue.

Thrusting, pumping, breaking through all virginal resistance, Jacob fucked Celeste with limitless energy. There was no taking it easy, no easing himself in—he fucked her furiously and fast and right away, his hips pistoning forward and his cock shoving deep into her tight canal as she squeezed and came again and again around him.

“Tell me, please, Daddy!” Celeste cried. “Tell me I'm yours! Tell me I'm yours forever, please! I was so wrong to deny you! So wrong to think I could win! You'll *always* win! You are my superior, my Master! I need you, I *love* you, please!”

Around them, the other slaves were fingering themselves even harder than they had before, their faces contorting with rapture—this holiest of holies transpiring before them. In the future, these few dozen would always be regarded with the utmost respect and reverence for witnessing the single most perfect act in creation—their God transcending, his apotheosis complete.

“You're mine,” Jacob huffed, feeling his orgasm approach yet again—one bigger than all the rest. The one that would impregnate her and mark as his total breeding bitch property. “Mine forever.”

“Yes!”

“I'll *always* win. I am your superior. You *belong* to me! Forever.”

“Forever,” Celeste promised him. “Forever!”

Gasping, grunting, Jacob exploded inside of her, his cum emptying out in a heavy, heady stream that quickly was too much for her body to contain. It leaked out from around the sides, dripping down to her asshole and making the fur beneath them utterly soaked in fluids.

Celeste and Daniela came at the same time—Celeste obviously cumming nonstop from the second Jacob had entered her, and Daniela cumming from the shock wave of pleasure exploding from the two divine beings that she was underneath.

Slowly, Jacob exited his goddess, feeling the pairs of hands from Daniela and Celeste as they stroked him still, admiring his hardness, worshiping his masculinity.

“I love you,” he said to Celeste. “I love you both.”

“We love *you*, Master,” they said in perfect unison, “for all time.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Six months after taking Celeste, Jacob and his harem of wives and servants lived in a vast tower on the West Coast. It was well outside the bounds of any city, and yet all the same the population grew every day.

He sat on a massive throne on the top floor with Daniela and Celeste under each arm. Their hands, small and delicate and utterly worshipful, ran up and down his massive slick cock. Their preciously hot breasts were pressed together at the base of his shaft while they made love to the only cock either beauty had ever known.

Down below, the room was full of his servants, on their knees and praying. Vivian led a prayer service dedicated to him.

“The One Cock is all we should ever know.” She fingered her tight cunt as she spoke, as did all those participating in the service. “There is no Will but His Will, no Desire but the Desire to Obey, to Please and to Worship. The Master simply *is*, and we *are* as but a response to Him, existing purely to earn His Favor and adore Him...forever.”

Vivian had become his High Priestess, an appropriate position for someone who had earned his favor so handily.

Her utility never ran out—but if it should, there would be dire consequences, as well she knew. She would do anything for him, anything at all, and always was quick with suggestions as to how to make his reign all the more complete.

Worshippers flocked to him. This happened even with all the major media outlets denying his existence—denying his existence, of course, at his command. He had bought them out shortly after taking control of Celeste's finances. The world spun now on an access he controlled. Every one of the media outlet's CEO—gorgeous women all, some of whom had never even held a position in media before six months ago, who had been strippers or models or celebrity starlets—were utterly obedient to him and absolutely worshiped by their subordinates.

On social media all around the world, he had his servants spread the word—if you were a beautiful woman and wanted to live a life of endless, easy luxury, then make your way to the Holy Tower.

Money was never an issue. Celeste’s network of dignitaries and diplomats opened up an entire new line of revenue and control for him. His slaves, already so beautiful, were sent out into the world to work as elite-class call girls of the highest order for the world's richest individuals.

The difference was, of course, that they never had to fuck a single soul. Just like in his club, their clients paid for the privilege of merely being in the presence of these women. To request special favors—the wearing of sexy outfits or the utterance of a complimentary phrase—these men drained their savings and sold their stocks and property...which all funneled straight back to the Holy Tower.

And these women, so absolutely unattainable by every man they saw—rich and powerful men who made decisions that shaped the way the world worked—who treated their clients with a mediocre acceptance bordering on complete disdain, were absolutely obsessed with their Master Jacob.

If these girls were lucky, they were called in once a month to receive a re-up on their allotment of cum. In the meanwhile, they created shrines in their penthouse condos and sucked on artificial phalluses crafted to the exact measurements of his Holy Cock to keep themselves sated.

Celeste and Daniela were formally made his wives. Of course he had to make a few changes in the state legislature, allowing polygamy to be legal.

Polygamy—and not bigamy—as Jacob could not be for sure that he would stop at just two. There might not have been any others on the level of Daniela or Celeste, but the world was vast, and filled with dark magics. He intended to conquer them all.

While Celeste and Anastasia both had once been firmly under the influence of their Djinn Curses and Promises, Jacob now held the Djinn Stone, and it was he who commanded the magical powers influencing their lives. Celeste still was an incredible capable sorceress, as was her sister Anastasia, and both were training Daniela to be as capable as they.

What was the point, after all, of having immensely powerful women positively drooling to do your bidding if you didn't make them as powerful as possible?

Vivian ended her sermon with a worshipful sigh and a long, thrilling cum, moaning out her God's true name again and again while those gathered before her looked on with heated jealousy, cumming themselves.

As she calmed and dropped to her knees, all the praying slaves came together and knelt—more than three hundred of them— and looked up at their God. They all spoke in unison—including Celeste and Daniela.

“Thank you for making us yours, Mighty King. Please, tell us how we may serve?”

Jacob smiled. He had a whole world to conquer—and there were plenty of ways he deserved to be served.

# # #

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\* \* \* \* \*

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# What's next?

What other thoroughly hot stories about studly hunks dominating sexy, submissive babes has Nadia Nightside written? Wonderfully enough, there are lots and lots! Here's a few:

## [Bimbo Gaze](#)

Ethan Prince gets the surprise of a lifetime when he finds out his gaze can turn gorgeous women into even more gorgeous, utterly fertile, fuckhappy bimbo slaves! Can he stay a good man with such a power? Probably not...

## [Bust Gun: The Locker Room](#)

Roderick is your everyday loser until he finds the Bust Gun. Now, he can transform the hottest women around into his personal bimbo pets...

## [New Sexcretary](#)

Francisca is a gorgeous young aspiring model who comes to work for the NewLife Agency. But she quickly finds out that her new boss wants more than her labor...he wants her body, her mind, and her soul to worship him in every erotic way.

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Read more at [Nadia Nightside's site](#).



## About the Author

For Nadia Nightside, life is all about sex, and sex is all about power and control. She spends all her time dreaming up hot new ways to delight readers with stories including these themes--whether they include science-fiction, fantasy, paranormal, or more realistic aspects. If it involves hot, steamy submission, or one dominant personality asserting just exactly how dominant he or she is, Nadia loves it, and she wants to write about it. She LOVES hearing from fans and hopes all day long that someone will send her an email so they can chat about what naughty notions she can include in her stories.

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