

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing bright pink, ribbed, strapless underwear. She is posing with her right leg raised and bent at the knee, with her foot pointing towards the left. Her left leg is straight and extended downwards. The background is solid black. The title text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

**THE
ONLINE
BOOTY
CALLER**

WILL B. GUNN

The Online Booty Caller

By **Will B. Gunn**

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

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Chapter One – Another Day

Andrew stared at the blank piece of paper with despair. He read the question again, moving slowly between every word as if hoping the answer would literally pop from between the lines.

Every time he thought he came close to solving it, the process led him into the same loop of arithmetic equations which provided no new information, and brought him no closer to the solution.

“Are we really supposed to know how to solve this?” He asked out loud, shaking his head bitterly.

“Fucking hell, I've been at it for an hour.” He leaned back and rubbed his beady eyes. He looked outside with a sigh. It was a crisp, sunny day. Andrew wasn't much for going outdoors, but in his current helpless state, he almost yearned to be out in the sun.

“There she goes again.” He gave a weary smile when Tegan entered his view, clad in her tight workout shorts and sleeveless top.

“Oh for crying out loud! How am I supposed to concentrate now?” He tossed his pen on his desk and cried, although he wasn't actually complaining. His beautiful, fit neighbor started her usual stretching ritual that comes before each of her three daily jogs.

“Look at that ass.” His eyes nearly popped out of their sockets as he watched Tegan bend over, touching her toes with her long legs straight.

“Too bad she's such a mean, pretentious fitness Nazi.” He muttered as he watched her pert behind shake away down the suburban street.

“Fuck it.” Unable to focus on his home assignment, Andrew stood up and turned to his computer on a whim.

“So that's what I'm doing? Drowning my frustration in a computer game?” He sat down and clicked the game's icon on his desktop.

“Maybe someone at work can help me with it tomorrow.” He decided. It was one of the advantages of working at a high-tech company while studying computers engineering.

He was older than most of his fellow students at college, having waited a few years before figuring out what he wanted to do with his life. Among his co-workers were a few guys in their early thirties that he felt he could talk to.

New in town, Andrew hadn't managed to make any friends out of work, yet, and he had no plans on finding a girlfriend, at least until he finds a more age appropriate place to live.

He rented a cheap studio apartment in the second floor of a medium sized suburban townhouse. The owner, Miss Dobs, divided her second floor into three compact studio apartments, which she rents to students. She lived on the first floor, and preferred not being bothered by her tenants. Andrew hoped that meant she won't pester him too much.

He was disillusioned of that notion a mere two weeks after he moved, when Miss Dobs gave him his first “monthly inspection”. She was a shrewd and annoyingly finicky businesswoman. She had a strict schedule, and even stricter rules of upkeep and cleanliness.

Andrew truly believed being a bit older than Tegan and Vicky would mean his tight-assed landlady would cut him more slack. He even let himself fantasize about the older single lady relieving some stress in bed with him after those long days at work. He was wrong on the first count, and outright delusional on the second.

Even his adulation over having two hot young neighbors quickly went sour. He hoped he could charm them into inviting him to college parties, so he could start building a social life. Instead, all he got from Tegan were sanctimonious lectures about his over weight and how “Fat people are all lazy losers who do nothing but put a burden on the taxpayer by being unhealthy.”

And that was one of the milder opinions the unbearable fitness junky had on the subject. She had a smoking body Andrew couldn't ignore, but her personality almost made him feel an angry sort of guilt when he dreamed of fucking her.

He was just getting into a heated skirmish with one of his toughest online rivals, when the screech of a trumpet caused him to wipe out.

"It's eleven already?" He looked at the clock with an exasperated sigh.

His other neighbor, Vicky, was even less friendly. She was polite and all, but Andrew never met such a sheltered, introverted young woman before. She went to college on a music scholarship, and was apparently quite a talented trumpeter.

Miss Dobs had a strict schedule for Vicky's practice hours, mostly centering around the times of day in which she knew she won't be at home. Unfortunately, that happened to coincide with Andrew's free time on his only free day. Well, mostly free. He usually had some leftovers in his weekly college assignments he had to finish.

He didn't even know how much he hated the sound of a trumpet, till he moved there. He couldn't even play his favorite game properly, let alone focus on mathematical exercises that made his brain overheat even before the trumpet drilled into his skull.

"Might as well watch her." He said with a wicked half-smile and closed the game. Vicky was tall, lean, and extremely attractive, and Andrew had both the means and the knowledge to install a hidden camera in a stuffed teddy bear.

Vicky's birthday happened to be on the same week in which Andrew moved in. It was a convenient for him to see that as fate. Yes, it was creepy, unethical, and probably criminal, but if he could get a glimpse of the gorgeous teen naked without her ever knowing, Andrew was willing to take the risk. In fact, he almost felt it was his obligation as a tech savvy geek.

"It's not like I'll post her nudes on the internet or anything." He told himself, back then. It was tempting, for sure, but Andrew had

just enough dignity to not let himself fall for it. Not to mention he would probably get in some real trouble if he did that.

“How naive was I?” He sighed as he watched Vicky play her trumpet from the hidden camera in the teddy bear on her bed.

“Not that naive, actually, when I think about it. Who could have guessed she was such a frigid prude?” He shook his head with a bitter cackle.

He never managed to catch a glimpse of Vicky's naked body. She never even undressed in her bedroom, doing all her changing in her private bathroom. She didn't even come out of the bathroom naked after taking a shower. Made him wonder if her bathroom was bigger than his.

She was so consistent in her appearance, Andrew thought she might have a mild case of obsessive compulsive disorder. She always wore a knee-high skirt with the same red-black checkered pattern. She also always fixed her long black hair in twin-tails, and she never missed on wearing her bright pink sports shoes.

“She reminds me a bit of an anime character, to be honest.” Andrew munched on some cookies as he watched her eleven a.m. performance. He didn't need the camera to hear it, of course. Her trumpet pierced through the walls as if they were made of paper.

“How I wish she was like those cliché ditzy babes in all those pornographic visual novels she reminds me of.” He snickered.

“I'm actually surprised at how voyeuristic I am, watching my neighbor blow into that brass trumpet, fully clothed.” He continued talking to himself. “I wonder if she never walks around naked because she's paranoid about someone watching. Although I guess in this case she'd be more than entitled to be suspicious.” He laughed.

“God damn she's pretty. I'd date her and I don't care that she's nineteen. The constant yammering about classical music and conductors and violinists might get old, though.”

So this was his new life after the big move. Tegan didn't speak with him because of the bad blood which, according to her, ran in his veins in the form of cholesterol. And Victoria never gave him the time of day because he didn't share her sole interest, and only hobby.

He jumped into bed for a nap after Vicky finished her practice. A couple of hours later, feeling refreshed and raring to go, Andrew was ready to try and tackle his unsolvable home assignment one last time.

A knock on his door derailed his train of thought just when he felt he was close to a breakthrough.

“For goodness sake.” He muttered under his breath and hurried to put some clothes on.

“Why does it always take you so long?” Miss Dobs complained the instant he opened the door for her.

“Sorry.” He said, trying to hold in his anger and avoid staring at her voluptuous chest at the same time. It wasn't an easy feat, her tits were huge.

“I've received another complaint from Tegan about you.” She raised her voice a bit, clearly peeved by his curt tone.

“What's her problem now?” He sighed.

“She claims you left a bag of trash outside your door.” The insanely busty landlady said.

“Well, she's lying.” He asserted.

“She sent me a picture.” Miss Dobs said derisively, and showed him her phone.

“I literally left it outside for two minutes before heading for work in the morning, Miss Dobs.” Andrew claimed.

“I don't care. It's a violation of your contract, and this is your final warning.” The strict Miss Dobs said.

“You know Tegan is out to get me because we don't get along.” He tried.

“I'm not here to sort your petty differences. If you breach your contract again, you're out. End of story, understand?”

“Sure.” He said, looking her in the eyes.

“Good.” She glared at him for a second, and turned to go.

“Bitch.” He let out once she closed the door behind her. “I'm starting to wonder if the cheap price of living here is worth the hassle.”

“How did she get the money, anyway? Maybe she saved a billionaire's cock with the floating devices hanging from her chest.”

He chuckled, shook his head, and turned back to his work desk.

Chapter Two – The Online Booty Caller / An Order Of Tits

Pete, Andrew's best friend from back home, was a gullible sort. He always fell for all sorts of magic diets, alternative healers, and once he even tried those penis enlargement pills.

Andrew had to roll his eyes and shake his head at the latest email he received from Pete. A web link he claimed will give him any pussy he wants without the hassle of first wining and dining said pussy.

“Online Booty Caller, seriously? Damn it, Pete, please tell me you didn't waste money on this bullshit.”

He didn't quite know why, but Andrew decided to click the link on a whim.

The side-banner in the website did manage to intrigue him. It showed an image of a conservative looking home-maker, wearing a flowery apron over a dress. That image was replaced by the same woman, wearing nothing but sexy lingerie that left her tits and crotch exposed, a slutty and inviting look on her face, and desire in her hazel eyes.

The writing on the banner said “Submissive and willing women, delivered to your doorstep.”

“Maybe this is their way to draw people into some sort of BDSM fetish website.” He hypothesized, amused.

“Holy shit, is that...?”

The banner changed, this time featuring two young women carrying books, looking like college students. On the flip side, they were topless, with a collar around their necks, a metal chain connecting their tits, and a horny smile on their faces. One of them was undoubtedly a certain young movie star, and star of many a man's sexual fantasies, to be sure.

“It's obviously fake, but can't they get in trouble for pretending to sell it?” He found himself asking.

Centered in the page was a promotional video, just waiting to be played.

“Seems legit. Well, doesn't seem like a virus.” He shrugged, plugged his headphones, and pressed play.

The video started with an eagle's eye view of a suburban neighborhood, and quickly zoomed into one of the houses, where a man in a suit stood in front of the doorstep, smiling broadly. He pointed towards a different house, across the street, and the camera panned over to a well kept woman in her thirties, watering the flowers in her garden.

“My neighbor, Sally.” The man said. “A lovely lady, wholesome and kind. She lives in that house with her husband and kids, and of course she thinks I'm a pervert.”

The man sighed.

“Why, you ask? Well look at her, who wouldn't stare at her as she worked, the perfect MILF homemaker. Her smooth hair dyed platinum blonde, her eyes green, her breasts large and soft, her hips slim and her ass big and curvy. But, she's married, and she won't give me the time of day.”

He looked at the camera and smiled.

“Time to change that.” He said, and rushed into his home.

“From the company that brought you the Maid-Slave To Own program, comes a service that allows you to have as much fun as you wish with any woman your heart desires.”

He sat at his computer, and the camera zoomed on the screen, showing a rather simple ordering menu.

“The time frame and contents of your order are completely customizable. You can choose when you want her to arrive, as long as it's more than thirty minutes in the future.” He made his choices, ordering “tits” for an hour, to arrive in a half an hour.

“And now all I have to do is input a name and address for my lovely acquisition.” He said. The camera focused on him again, and after a smug smile, he said “Lets see what happens in thirty minutes, shall we?”

The screen blacked out, and the next scene showed the same man sitting on the couch. The buzzer buzzed, and he stood up to

answer the door. Outside, as Andrew expected, stood that very same Sally, serving her breasts up with a smile.

“You ordered a serving of tits, sir?” She asked courteously.

“Indeed I did!” He boasted “Get your boobies inside, hon.”

She stood before him like that, holding her breasts up.

“You know what, I feel like using you for scenery. Just stand behind me and bounce those hooters.”

“Yes, sir. My tits are yours.”

The man stood before her as she bounced her jugs up and down, and spoke to the camera.

“You see, the same MILF who wouldn't even look at me, has brought me her tits to do with as I please. Please, do not be worried of legal matters, this is simply a business transaction, and all parties participating, including her, consider her breasts to be nothing more than a commodity.”

He walked back to her and began kneading her breasts, squeezing them, and even planting his face in her cleavage and shaking his head.

“What do you have to say, Sally?” He asked her.

“Please enjoy your order, sir. It expires in fifty-five minutes.”

“Oh, thank you for the reminder.” He grabbed a handful of her boobs and said.

“That's right, gentlemen, the days of you admiring from afar are all but gone, for a modest price.”

The scene was cut again, and next was shown the results of different, variant orders.

“The mouth you ordered, sir.” Sally said and puckered her lips in an 'O', quickly dropping on her knees to blow him.

“The pussy you ordered, sir.” She said, and was quickly bent over and rammed into, for a few rough seconds.

“And the best thing is.” The man said as he fucked her. “If you happen to realize you forgot to order something, you can simply tell our on-the-ground representative, and she'll take care of everything.” He pulled out, and pinched her buttock.

“Sally, I want to add your ass to my tab.” He said, and already began pushing his rod into her.

“Certainly, sir, that will cost additional funds which, *hng*,” She whimpered as he pushed deeper into her. “will be automatically deducted from your account.”

“Naturally.” He said, spread her butt cheeks wide, and began pounding into her with delight.

“Oh and she just happened to be all lubed up already?” Andrew laughed.

The ad continued.

“However, we do not allow for a change of your order's duration, so be sure to plan thoroughly before making a purchase.”

He exploded on one of her ass cheeks, and spanked the other.

“Well, that was great.” He looked at the camera one last time “Order now. MS Corporation, helping men with their needs since 2005.”

The video ended, and Andrew burst into a maniacal fit of laughter.

“Wow, that wasn't bad at all. Maybe I should pay them for a month subscription, just for the original material. That MILF was really hot, too.” He considered, rubbing the tent in his pants.

He wasn't going to make a rush decision, so he set off to find longer clips from that website. Oddly enough, he found none. In fact, the only references he found were to the so called delivery service, and those were scarce as well. Apparently, the “Online Booty Caller” was a brand new feature.

“Are they actually serious? They don't just make fantasy clips?” Andrew still sounded very skeptical.

He went back to the Maid-Slave corp home page, and clicked on the tiny link that led him to their standard legal agreement. He used to work part-time as a paralegal, and spent a lot of his time validating contracts for his bosses. He was utterly befuddled by what he saw.

“How can this be?”

He expected to see loop holes and traps, the sort of stuff normal customers would never notice, even if they do bother to read the blindingly long terms of usage agreement.

“I must be missing something. There has to be some hidden article I overlooked. If not, then these guys can be sued over failing

to deliver, well, any woman the customer desires!”

Andrew didn't know if to smile or frown, but he knew what he had to do. He checked everything, and the company seemed to be legit. If anything, they were fully accessible to lawsuits.

“I'll make an order.” He decided, and went to the ordering page. “And when they fail to deliver, I'll sue them for big bucks. I bet they think most people would be embarrassed to go after them once they realize they've been duped. Maybe it will finally teach Pete a lesson.”

“Okay, let's see. I'll order a pair of tits. Man, this is so freaky. For twenty-four hours. Calculate sum.” He pressed the button that showed him the price of his purchase.

“Wow, that cheap? Now I know it's a sham. Okay, now who do I order.” He rubbed his chin again, curving his lips in contemplation.

“As long as it's tits I'm ordering, might as well go for the best ones I know.” His smile widened as he placed his fingers on the keyboard once more.

“Daphne Dobs.” He typed in, and wrote their address, specifying “first floor”, just in case.

“Hmm, when do I want her?” He asked out loud as the final question appeared on the order form.

“Vicky has another hour of practicing soon, so definitely after that. Besides, Miss Dobs usually comes back late on Thursdays.” He mulled it over. “Let's say three hours.” He chose arbitrarily, and moved to the next step of the process.

He made sure to write down all necessary information, and take a few screen caps for good measure before confirming his payment.

“Your order has been received. Daphne Dobs's tits will arrive at your doorstep in 3 hours. Thank you for choosing the Online Booty Caller, by MS corp.” He read the bold emphasized confirmation message aloud.

“No matter what happens, this will be interesting, for sure.” He gave a smirk that quickly turned to a sigh, as the thought of finishing his college assignment crept back to his mind.

The three hours passed very slowly, with one full hour of Andrew grinding his teeth to the not so gentle sound of Vicky's trumpet. On the bright side, he did manage to finally solve the problem he had with his home assignment. Or at least, he came up with something he hoped could be considered a solution by his professor.

He spent some more time watching Vicky from the teddy bear on her bed. "How many of those skirts does she own, anyway?" He found himself wondering.

He was just about to finish the day off with a few hours of fake warfare online, when a gentle knock came on his door. It was odd, the only one he knew would knock like that was Vicky, and he knew it wasn't her.

Andrew opened the door, and his jaw dropped. It was Miss dobs – What's more, she looked like she was on her way to a dinner party, make up and everything. Oh, and she lifted her shirt above her knockers, revealing she did not wear a bra. She held her tits as if serving them up for him to devour, her large, dark nipples perky and pointy.

"Here are the tits you ordered, sir." She said with a dreamy drone, a warm look in her eyes and a kind smile that Andrew has never seen on her usually frowning face.

He just stood there, looking her up and down, jaw dropped and utterly speechless. Her fun-bags were even more amazing than in his fantasies.

"Is everything okay, sir?" Asked the usually stern businesswoman in an appeasing, mellow tone. "Should I bring your tits delivery inside and set them somewhere?"

"O-Oh...Umm..." He could barely blink, as shocked as he was "Holy shit..." He muttered under his breath.

"Yes, yes. Come on in, before Tegan comes back." He knew Victoria was fast asleep.

Almost inadvertently, because she was serving up her boobs so nicely, he pulled her inside by one of her nipples. She didn't even flinch or whimper, as her massive tit was stretched from her sensitive

nipple. He locked the door behind her, turned around, and groped her ass.

“Oh, umm, is that okay?” He suddenly took his hand off. “Or do I need to buy your ass or something?”

“Groping is a part of the basic delivery package, sir. You can touch me all you want, free of charge.” She said, popping her booty his way “Please enjoy.”

“Ohh fuck!” He spanked her ass once, and then squeezed both her cheeks with both hands.

“I’m sorry, sir, spanking is not part of the basic package. You do have to purchase my ass for that. You will not be charged for that one spank, however, because you didn’t know.” Miss Dobs explained in a vacant, barely aware manner. It was as if her voice was detached from her mind, and her mind was completely shut off.

“Ohh, okay then. Fuck, this is unbelievable.” He wanted to ask her why she agreed to it, and if she was real, but he didn’t want anything to ruin his fun.

“How about dry humping?” He asked, and lunged at her from behind, mashing his crotch to her backside while reaching around her to fondle and squeeze her massive titties, kneading them like dough.

“I apologize, sir. Dry humping is only available if pussy or ass were ordered. Again, you will not be charged for the last few humps, because you did not know, sir.”

“Oh kaaaaaay!” He mashed his crotch onto her bubbly behind one last time, and detached himself from her.

He circled around her, and saw her smile did not fade in the slightest. She noticed him staring and hurriedly served her huge melons up again, as if reminding him of what he now owned. Andrew felt a little dizzy, amazed by the situation he was suddenly in, and afraid to suddenly wake up with a hard-on in his bed.

He sat on his bed, and slowly removed his pants and underpants, staring at her with unblinking eyes, like a zombie, afraid that if he allowed his eyes to shut for even a fraction of a second, it will all be gone.

“Okay then.” He breathed in and swallowed nervously. “I’ll close my eyes and count to five, if you’re still here, I want you to get on

your knees and give me the best titfuck those massive hooters of yours are capable of.”

“Yes sir. My tits are yours.” She said, making his cock jump like a rocket.

He shut his eyes tight, and counted to five, out loud, still wondering if he was hallucinating the whole thing.

As he uttered “five”, and opened his eyes, he was relieved and elated to see the normally mean and ball busting Miss Dobs look at him with her docile smile, and move towards him.

His cheeks flushed, and he shuddered in anticipation, just as the busty woman knelt before him.

Like a well oiled machine, or a well trained sex slave, she wrapped her fun-bags around his raging hard-on, and began moving them up and down at a steady pace.

“*Oh fuck!*” He groaned and grabbed her shoulders, helping the movement out of pure carnal instinct, unintentionally dictating the pace to his liking.

Miss Dobs looked down at her tits, his tip emerging from it with every booblicious thrust.

“Do you like how I titfuck you, sir?” She asked as she slobbered saliva onto the valley between her mounds, to better lubricate the process.

“*Oh fuck! Call me master! Can you call me master?*” He asked, closing his eyes and arching his head back.

“Of course, master.” She said kindly. “My tits are yours.”

“Do you like how I titfuck you, master?” She asked again.

“Oh, yeah!” He moaned and looked down at her. He slapped her hands away and grabbed her tits, bouncing them on his crotch on his own.

“Much, much better!” He said and continued moving her boobs up and down, her body fully accommodating to his every whim.

“I’m glad, master.” She said, folding her hands behind her back, fully giving herself, and especially her breasts, to the pleasure of the younger man.

When he let go of her jugs, Miss Dobs immediately took over and rubbed him off with her tits at an even faster pace, feeling his

rod bulge and throb between them.

“I’m gonna cum!” He said with a coarse groan.

“Yes master. Cum on me. My tits are yours.” She stated with the same timid drone.

Andrew gave a sequence of deep moans, and sprayed her bodacious rack full of his spunk.

When he opened his eyes and looked down at her, it was like she wore a white, liquidy, and gooey pearl necklace on her tits. His warm sperm slowly dripped to her tan-colored pencil skirt. She looked up at him, still embracing his manhood with her cum-glazed tits, and still smiling the same way a people-pleasing stewardess would, after handing a passenger the drink he requested.

Andrew was so happy the earlier trumpet music stopped him from jacking off to porn, earlier. It was the fiercest, most gratifying climax he has had in his life. By the time the last spurt oozed from his tip, a thick white puddle pooled between her tightly squeezed tits.

He looked at her for another few seconds, and collapsed backwards to his bed, fully satisfied and ready for a relaxing nap.

“Are you done with my tits, master?” Miss Dobs asked.

“Hmm?” He asked sleepily. “Oh, right. Yeah, yeah I sure am.” He gave a sigh of contentment.

“Thank you for choosing the Online Booty Caller, and for ordering my tits to cum on, sir. Please come again, anytime.” She said, making Andrew chuckle in disbelief.

“Your current order of my tits shall expire in 23 hours and 51 minutes, master. Where do you want me to put them while you’re resting?” Andrew’s ball busting landlady asked with a rosy tone.

“Wha’?” He slurred out, drooling on his covers as he dozed off.

“Oh, just, hmm. Put them on the floor or something.” He muttered with a sleepy snicker, and turned to lie on his side, falling asleep with a mocking smile on his lips.

He woke up a few hours later with a loud snort, opening his eyes abruptly. After a long stretch, he looked around to find the room empty.

He was confused for a moment, his romp with his busty landlady and his erotic dreams mixing in his head. For a moment, he

thought it was all a dream, until he noticed Miss Dobs kneeling to the side of his bed.

Her head was down, her skirt covered ass was pointed up, and her impressive chest served as a pillow for her upper body to lean on.

“Uh, Miss Dobs, what are you doing?” Andrew asked, still rubbing the cobwebs from his eyes.

“You wanted to keep my tits on the floor, master. My tits are yours.” She answered cheerfully, not sounding bothered by the back ache she probably felt from hours of kneeling and mashing her jugs on the wooden floor.

“I did?” He rubbed his head, pondering.

“Umm right, I suppose I did.” He crouched behind her and fondled her round behind.

“Damn this is a fine piece of ass.” He said, his cock already hard. Without thinking, he pressed his crotch onto her butt.

Dry humping will cost extra, he suddenly recalled, but he was starting to think he'd like to pay it. He stared at her pathetic pose for a few moments, and then looked up and spotted a pair of scissors.

“Hey, can I cut a hole in your skirt so I can see your juicy ass better, or is that extra, too?”

“All form of nudity is covered by the basic package, sir. Our policy is that no clothes should interfere with the pleasure of the customer. I could remove them and model my juicy ass for you, however. You don't have to cut a hole in them.”

“Oh, silly tits, you misunderstood me.” He said, pinching one of her cheeks through her tight pencil skirt. “Ruining your skirt is part of the fun.”

“Oh?” She asked, her full lips curved in an understanding smile. “Of course, sir, what a silly pair of tits I am. You can do everything you please with my clothing, sir. It is fully covered, regardless of what service you ordered.”

“Excellent!” Andrew said and hopped back to his feet to bring the scissors.

He made the first incision right below her waist line, and moved to cut a big hole to reveal her curvy behind in all its glory.

“Oh, a short black pantyhose. That's fucking hot.” He said once he tore the piece of fabric that covered her ass right off, leaving a large hole in her expensive business skirt.

“I am glad you approve, master.” Her tits were still pressed to the floor, and Andrew took the thin fabric of the pantyhose between two fingers and stretched it.

“Yeah, I definitely approve!” He exclaimed, his eyes popping wide, rubbing her smooth, apple-like, pantyhose-clad behind, in circular motions.

His throbbing erection was pushing against his underpants, threatening to tear it, and he could not contain it anymore, nor did he see a reason to. He quickly lowered his underpants and allowed his hard-on to spring out.

With a loud grunt, he took hold of her hips, and pressed his raw boner onto her soft, bubbly, pantyhosed behind.

“Ohh yeah, fucking amazing!” He couldn't resist, and began rubbing his cock back and forth, humping her like a rabid dog.

“Master, I apologize, but dry humping is not a part of the order you made.”

“I can expand it, can't I?” He asked, panting.

“I want your pussy!” He declared.

It took her a few seconds to respond, which brought his bestial crotch rubbing to a halt.

“Yes master.” She finally said. “My tits and pussy are yours. Your bill shall reflect the changes in your order. Please, enjoy.”

“Haha! Why didn't I just do this earlier!” He berated himself, now moving his hips back and forth, forcefully smacking her backside with his crotch, his hard cock squeezing against her voluptuous behind repeatedly.

“So I can do this now, huh, cunt?” He asked in a derisive, arrogant fashion, feeling absolute superiority.

“Yes master. My cunt is yours.”

“And I can do this, too!” He spanked her so hard, it echoed through the small room.

“Ah! Yes master, as much as you'd like!”

“Oh yeah!” He grunted, and tenderized her bubbly behind till his own arm muscles hurt.

“That's what you fucking get for being such a fucking tight ass!” He bellowed.

“Yes master!” She squealed, wiggling her now sore booty, his steely shaft still poking her from behind.

Andrew couldn't take it anymore. Forcefully, he clutched her black pantyhose, and tore a hole as big as the one he cut in her skirt.

“Oh yeah, such a big, juicy piece of ass.” He said, pinching, rubbing, and admiring the pink hue his constant booty slaps gave her bubbly cheeks.

“I'm going to fuck you now.” He informed her, rubbing his cock all over her smooth ass cheeks.

“Yes master. My pussy is yours.” She said as he pumped between her butt cheeks.

Andrew paused for a moment, only gently teasing her pussy lips with the tip of his dick. He still couldn't believe this was his bitchy, strict landlady, pressing her tits to the floor and serving her pussy up for him to fuck doggy style.

“Here. We. Go!” He moaned and thrust his pelvis forward. “*Ohh fuck!* So fucking tight and wet!”

“Yes master. Our pussies are always kept with a strict balance between tightness and wetness, to maximize both pleasure, and ease-of-use.”

Andrew wasn't really listening, at that point. He was floating in ecstasy as he pounded into her, hard and fast.

“Moan for me, bitch!” He growled at her dominantly.

“Yes master!” Miss Dobs cried, her entire body moving back and forth as the younger man used her cunt.

“*Ahhh!* Fuck my cunt, master! My pussy is yours to pound till the sun goes down, master! Fuck this fucking pussy that you own, master! My pussy belongs to you!”

“Be quiet now, slave. Don't want the neighbors alerted.” He hissed at her.

“Yes master.” She responded instantly, and silenced her moans.

“Yeah! You're my slave, aren't you?”

“Yes master. I am whatever you wish me to be.” She said, still wearing the same servile smile, and the same entranced, almost

haunted look in her eyes. Her expression showed pure crazy ecstasy, and happiness, even as she was as quiet as a mouse.

With Miss Dobs muted, the only sounds filling the room were the smacks of Andrew's crotch hitting her firm, bubbly booty, and his own aroused grunts and growls.

"There's a wicked sort of pleasure in fucking you like this." He panted. "An owned pussy for me to pump into till I'm done, before putting you away like a used toy."

"Your pleasure is my pleasure, master." Miss Dobs replied quietly.

"Fuck I'm gonna cum!" He moaned and rammed into her.

"Say something bitch!" He spanked her ass, keeping his cock deep inside of her hot wet pussy.

"Yes master. Cum in me master. Fill me with your cum, master." She begged with a sultry whisper.

Andrew rammed into her one last time with a deep moan, and shot his load deep into her, huffing breathlessly with every spurt.

He pulled out of her and collapsed back on his bed.

"Well, that was fun." He said, looking down at his handiwork. Miss Dobs still pressed her big tits to the floor, where their owner wanted them, and wiggled her ass from side to side. His cum dripped from her sopping pussy in thick blots to the floor.

"I am glad you enjoyed my pussy, master." Her uncharacteristically polite response came.

Andrew sat on the edge of the bed, looked down at her tits, and absentmindedly prodded them with his toes.

"Looks like you really soiled my floor with saliva, not to mention the cum that dripped from your tits, and dripping from your pussy right now." He realized.

"I'm definitely not going to clean this up, and my land-lady can be a real bitch about rules of hygiene." He chuckled at her. "Clean my floor for me." He ordered casually.

"I am sorry, master." The cum sticky bitch said. "Housework costs extra. There's a checkbox for that on the ordering menu, master."

Andrew's disappointment was pretty clear on his face.

“What if I told you to use your tits to clean my floor?”

“What do you mean, master?” She asked. “My tits are yours. You can use them for whatever you wish.”

“Well, put some soap on them, lather it until they're all bubbly, and use them to wipe the floor clean. Can you do that?”

She took her tits up from the floor, for the first time in hours, and began crawling to the bathroom where Andrew kept his cleaning detergents.

“Of course master. My tits belong to you.”

Before long, her massive balloons were covered in white, and not from his cum. Andrew sat on his chair and watched how his kneeling servant diligently applied the soap to her naked breasts, and massaged her tits together until they were all slippery wet.

With the same smile she constantly had on, she crawled over to the puddle of male lust that squandered where he fucked her, lowered her tits until they pressed against the floor, and began moving them back and forth with long strokes.

Her respectable business pencil skirt now looked like something out of a BDSM porno, with the hole cut in it revealing her bare ass in all its glory.

“All right, you clean the floor with your tits, and I'll play my game till I feel like using you again.” Andrew said, and turned to his computer.

“Yes master.” Miss Dobs replied.

“I bet she's not used to this type of manual labor in her job.” He snickered and sat before the screen. “I should reply to Pete and apologize for ever mocking him, first.” He decided on a whim.

Andrew very frequently turned to look at her, trying to engrave her image in his mind from all angles. He died much more frequently in the game, which would really tick him off normally.

“Make sure to get the corners.” He told her. “My annoying landlady already gave me a citation, saying I don't keep this place clean enough.”

“Yes master.” Miss Dobs raised her head and said, grasping her tits and directing her erect nipple like a brush to clean the hard-to-reach corner. Her nipples kept grating against the narrow spaces between the floorboards, making them harder, and lightly redder.

“Dead again?” Andrew turned back to the screen with a smile. “For some reason, I can't bring myself to feel the righteous fury I usually do.” He added with a chuckle and clicked the respawn button.

Miss Dobs almost finished running her soaking wet titties across the floor, without the soap this time, so as to wash the soap away, when Andrew felt his next erection rising like an ocean wave.

“Stay right there, slave.” He said as her ass pointed towards him, her pussy glistening.

“Yes master.” She said, and froze in place.

“And be quiet. I like you quiet.” He told her and knelt behind her.

There was no response, not even when he thrust his cock deep into her with one forceful stroke.

“Your tits aren't working with just water anyway. Your skin drags too much friction on the floor. I'll just dry it on my own, later.” He concluded, casually fucking her in what quickly became his favorite position, with her at least.

He exploded deep inside once again, his cock as raw as her pussy after his third ejaculation of the day. She felt his warmth, her pussy shivering and helplessly hugging his cock, refusing to let go. She was so owned, so inferior.

Andrew panted and slapped his flaccid cock on her ass. “Things will definitely be different from now on...” He smiled and said calmly, looking at his load drip from her meaty lips, and already dreaming of what he'll do to his lovely young neighbors.

Night time came quickly, and Andrew's smile was as permanent as Miss Dob's. His floor was shiny clean, and so were his landlady's tits. His carnal desires were fully satisfied, and he was more than ready for bed. As a final act of degradation, he chose to use the tits he ordered as pillows.

Miss Dobs lay sideways, on her back, and the young man who owned her tits and cunt lay his weary head onto her soft cushions.

“Hmm, smells all flowery and nice.” He said, hugging her big boobs and snuggling between them. Her tits did smell very nice, after all the soap and a good rinse in his shower. Her tits were probably never cleaner.

“Best. Pillow. Ever.” He mumbled, and sucked on her nipple a bit, lulling himself off to sleep.

Chapter Three – A Helping of Virgin Pie

“Yeah, I'm feeling very ill.” He coughed at the phone “*Oh fuck!*” Andrew called in sick at work. He still had Miss Dobs at his beck and call, and at the moment she was kneeling between his legs, serving him another tight tiffuck.

“Yep, just felt a little dizzy there.” He said with a sly smile, patting her head.

“Thanks, boss. Yeah, I'll probably be okay by next week. Bye. Thanks.”

“Phew, okay then, long weekend.” He grinned, pinching her nipples. “You'll stay here till about noon, right?”

“My tits and pussy are yours until seven fifteen p.m., master.”

“That late? Awesome! This might be a silly question, but will you remember any of this?”

“I will not bother you about anything that has happened while you owned my tits and pussy, master.” She promised.

“Oh, okay then. Good. Time to make another order, then.”

“Thank you for choosing our service yet again, master.”

“You're very welcome, bitch. Just stay under the desk and keep your titties moving.”

“Yes master.”

He went to the Online Booty Caller page, and this time signed up to get the special benefits. In a matter of what felt like seconds, with Miss Dobs pleasuring him, he was looking at the ordering page again, this time without any mocking disbelief.

“Okay, let's try Vicky first. I'll get her pussy.” He said and typed her name. “For, hmm, let's say an hour.”

“Wait, I can fondle her tits if I get her pussy, right?” He asked the woman kneeling under him.

“Yes master. All forms of squeezing, fondling, touching, and kissing are a part of the basic package.”

“Right, right. I remember that. Keep going.” He waved his hand dismissively.

“Yes master. You won't be able to fuck her tits, though.” Miss Dobs added, hugging his boner with her huge fun-bags.

“I don't think I could fuck her tits either way. Too small, and perky, and hopefully fucking perfect.” He pined. “I bet it'll be a pleasure to squeeze them while I plow into her.”

He browsed through the page, noticing options he overlooked before, like the housework addition, an option for a full body purchase, and something called permanent all-inclusive purchase.

“Is this what I think it is?” He asked and checked the box.

“Whoa! That's too rich for my blood.”

After seeing the full body price was steep, but affordable, he made a mental note to try it later. For now, he just went with pussy, he figured it gives him most of the sexual service, anyway. He found a section for comments, and wrote that he wanted his purchase to refer to him as master.

“I'll have her show up five minutes after you leave.” He tweaked Miss Dobs's nipples. “And walla! Purchase complete. One nineteen-year-old hottie, coming right up!” He cheered.

“Yes master. I hope you enjoy her.”

“I hope I didn't just say that too loud.” He said with a certain giddy caution, as if he just almost broke a glass on the floor.

He lounged on his chair for a few moments, and then put his fingers on the keyboard again.

“I want to watch what happens.” He said, opening up the webcam view from Vicky's teddy bear.

“You just keep pumping your fun-bags back and forth.” He told Miss Dobs, still somehow concerned she might become aware of his illicit, perky, spying activities.

“Yes master.” Daphne Dobs had no other intentions, anyway. As a pair of tits and an always willing cunt, her owner's business was of no concern to her.

Vicky was sitting at her desk, in one of her cute plaid skirts and loose tops, reading a book about music, her sapphire blue eyes shimmering as they moved across the page. Andrew was starting to fear he had a long wait ahead of him, but then her phone rang.

With a clearly irritated sigh and a grunt, she closed her book, picked up her phone, and looked at the screen.

“What the? That's a weird number.” She said with a frown. She looked like she was about to screen the call, until something clicked in her mind, making her blink repeatedly, and she swiped the screen to answer it.

“H-Hello...?” She answered with a hesitant whisper.

A moment later, her eyes widened and her jaw dropped. She gasped and whispered. “No. That's not. Wait...Let me...Oh...” Her voice trailed away.

She looked like a deer in headlights, but an acute observer could notice her expression changing and mellowing with every passing second. The hand she used to try and move her phone away from her ear now helped press it closer, and a meek smile slowly appeared on her face, along with a joyous glint in her light-blue eyes.

“Yes. I understand.” She said with a cheerfully defeated voice.

“Of course.” She nodded, her glassy eyes twinkling. “It makes perfect sense. My pussy has been purchased.”

Whatever she heard on the other side of the call, it convinced her in less than a minute that she was nothing but a bought and paid for sex toy.

“Yes. I will arrive at twenty past seven p.m. I will represent the company with a graceful smile. I will let the buyer do as he pleases. My pussy is his. Yes, I will call him master, as he requested.”

There was another pause.

“Yes, I will now be given all the information I need to know, in case the buyer asks.”

Andrew was slack-jawed himself, and has already drenched Miss Dob's tits with cum once again.

“Wow, just like that? That's amazing.” He said as he watched the petite nineteen-year-old sit with her phone to her ear, soaking more and more information she must know as a proper product of the maid-slave corporation.

“Hmm. That's fucking amazing.” Andrew declared, and closed the webcam screen. He has seen what he wanted to see, and he knew he can expect his delivery to arrive on time.

“Okay, clean your tits, and put them on the floor again, where they belong.”

“Yes master.”

“I think I'll try to save my seed till Vicky shows up.” He told himself and glanced at Miss Dobs. “Won't be easy.” He smirked.

As the hour came closer, Andrew decided to watch Vicky through the webcam and see what she's up to.

“She's primping herself for me, how cute.” He smiled. “Finally I get to see her in her skivvies. Damn! Look at that lean, hard body. No wonder Tegan likes her.”

“Hey slave, stand up and spank yourself until my time with you runs out.” He snapped his fingers at Miss Dobs.

“As you wish, master.” She got back on her feet, bent over lightly, leaned on the closet, and started spanking herself at a leisurely pace.

“So I can have her spank herself, but I have to purchase her ass if I want to spank her ass.” He surmised.

At precisely seven fifteen, the constant self spanking stopped, and the pair of tits with the red swollen ass turned around abruptly.

“That's it, then?” He noticed the sudden halt, and asked.

“Yes master. Thank you for ordering my tits and my pussy. It was my pleasure to serve. Please, order me again whenever you wish.”

She gave him a long, deep bow, and turned to leave. Andrew looked at her shaking booty until she vanished out the door.

“I wonder if she'll ever wear that skirt again, with the hole I cut and everything.” He pondered jokingly, touching his crotch. He was

already in full anticipation mode, and almost regretted giving himself a five minutes reprieve.

The very second the clock ticked twenty past seven, there was a gentle knock on the door. Andrew smiled from ear to ear, knowing what he'll find on the other side. Even the short walk from his desk to the door seemed like a track through the Swiss Alps, with the mast between his legs making a tent in his underpants.

"Why am I even wearing these? Jeez." He asked himself on the way, and quickly discarded his clothing, waddling over to the door buck naked, feeling like a child on Christmas about to unwrap a toy he's dreamed of for ages.

As he turned the key Andrew became very aware of his nakedness, and even though he knew it couldn't be Tegan at his door, he decided to only nudge it open a little, peeking with half an eye. He saw it was Victoria, and opened the door wide. She lifted her skirt to show she wasn't wearing any panties. Her smooth, young pussy made his cock feel like a missile about to launch to the moon.

"The pussy you ordered, master. Thank you for choosing..."

"Yeah, yeah. Come on in." He pulled her inside impatiently.

"Yes master."

"So fucking cute!" He shut the door behind her, and tenderly held her petite body in his hands.

"Wow, you're hot." He nearly got lost in her deep blue eyes, his hand on her pert, petite behind.

"Thank you master." She lifted her leg higher with a whimper, so her pussy lips kissed the tip of his cock, enticing him to skip a breath with a hot shudder.

"Oh you smell so good." He sniffed the flowery scents in her hair, embracing her sweet body tightly.

"Fuck, your pussy feels so soft and nice. Grind it on my shaft." He whispered, breathing on her neck.

"Yes master." She nodded and began writhing her hips like a belly dancer with no delay, her wet cunt sliding back and forth along his throbbing hard-on.

"Take your clothes off." He commanded.

"Yes master." Almost instantly all her clothes were off and the girl who reminded him of an anime princess stood naked before him.

“Nice little titties.” He pinched her nipples, and lowered his head to kiss them. His cock was so hard it was almost painful.

“Get on the bed and spread those legs wide. I can't bare this wait.”

“Yes master. My pussy is yours.” She turned to go, but he stopped her in her tracks, pushing her slender backside onto his crotch and pumping a few times on her petite body, like a horny dog.

“I can do this, right?” He made sure again.

“Dry humping is a part of the pussy package, master.” She said with the same courteous smile. He just wanted to see if she was as professional and knowledgeable as Miss Dobs was.

“Good girl. Now get on the bed, on your back, like I told you.”

“Yes master. My pussy is yours.”

“You said that already, but damn I don't get tired of it.” He followed the nineteen year old sex kitten, looking at her trim body move.

She lay on her back, as she was told, and spread her long, smooth legs as wide as she could, a radiant smile lathered on her angelic face. She held her knees with both hands, gripping them tightly and waiting patiently.

“Here we go.” Andrew leaped on top of her as if she was just another part of his mattress, kissed her neck, and looked deep into her eyes.

He reached down and rubbed her velvety pussy lips in circles, relishing the total control he had over her. He pinched her clit, and ran his middle finger across the hot, and oh-so-tight pink lips.

“*Oh, master!* play with my pussy. You own my pussy, master.” She took a sharp inhale as Andrew inserted his middle finger halfway into her. She exhaled a warm, steamy breath on his face.

“Your breath smells like cherries.” He told her, grabbed his cock, and began teasing her fresh pussy lips with the tip, pushing his way in, slowly and surely.

“Speaking of cherries, are you a virgin?” He asked as the nineteen-year-old girl under him whimpered with a delightful whimper.

“Yes master.” She confirmed his suspicions with a slow nod, biting her lips as he began penetrating her.

“A nineteen-year-old virgin? I guess it's because you're so obsessed with your ear burning music.” He chuckled and snuggled her neck.

“For the next hour, you are only allowed to be obsessed with the trumpet between my legs. Got it?” He commanded, trying to be assertive even though his brazen attitude made him lightly blush.

“Please have fun with my virgin pussy, master. It's all yours.” The bookish musician told him. Andrew didn't know how long he'll last, and he didn't really care.

He put his full tip in her, brought his hand back up to take hold of her beautiful, flushed face, and with a sense of heavenly elation, he pushed his rod all the way inside, roaming into the yet uncharted territory between the young trumpeter's legs.

“Ah!”

A single, tiny moan escaped her lips, as she took a hurried breath in, and wrapped her dainty hands around his neck.

“Funny, I thought deflowering a girl would be harder.” He admitted, laying almost motionless atop her. “I guess it's because you were so wet.”

“My pussy is yours, master.” Her voice shivered, her pupils quivered, and her lips trembled. Her eyes were as wet as her pussy, but those were clearly tears of joy.

He planted his lips on her, kissing her cherry lips while popping her cherry twat. He lifted his hips a few inches, feeling her obedient cunt tighten more and more, convulsing and quaking, and then bore down again, their hips meeting with a loud smack.

“You fucking cunt!” He growled, finding a sadistic side of him he always knew existed, but never dared let out with any of his previous sexual partners.

The entire neighborhood probably heard what came next. Victoria's entire body tensed as Andrew began pounding into her. She wrapped her arms and her legs around him tightly, and moaned with bliss as he plowed into her.

Her hymen tore, but she was so wet she barely bled. Her slippery pussy splashed juices every time Andrew crashed his hips

into her. Her pussy quivered with pleasure, not feeling a tinge of a sting from being deflowered.

The innocent, single-minded, philharmonic enthusiast never thought she'd be speared so roughly on her first time. Andrew himself was lost in lust he had never known before. She was so tight, so wet, so supple, smooth, and soft, it was nearly maddening.

It felt like his entire body was numb, the electrifying warmth surrounding his cock eclipsing every other sensation. His cheeks were flushed but his face grew pale, while he kissed her graceful neck and poked her accommodating cunt over and over again. He could hear his heart pounding, and he could feel hers beating out of her chest, beneath the perky, firm passionfruits she called tits.

“Areyahh gghh...” He mumbled incoherently.

“Are...” He picked himself together, slowing down a bit, blood flowing to his brain again.

“Are you on the pill?” He asked.

Victoria looked up at him, panting as if she just spent a full day playing her trumpet, her eyes unfocused and far away.

“No master. I'm not...” She answered, placing her tender hand on his head, inviting him with her eyes to keep on violating her.

“Please, master.” She whispered weakly. “Please enjoy this pussy that you own.”

“Oh, I will.” He said, giving her another passionate kiss. “Maybe I'll even get you pregnant.”

“Anything you wish, master. My pussy is yours.” She could feel his erection penetrate to the deepest reaches of her wet cunt, and into her womb – Her open, receptive, and accommodating womb.

He felt himself melting into her when he came like a river into her barely used cunt, a warm river of sperm continuously flowing out of his throbbing hot shaft.

“Oh master.” She hugged him tightly when she felt his thick, massive load, in her tight, deflowered pussy. “Fill me to the brim, master. My pussy is yours.”

Andrew breathed heavily, his sweaty naked body feeling warm and fuzzy on top of her tender, soft form. His cock fit perfectly between her graceful legs.

“Thank you master, for ordering my pussy, and for using my pussy.” She kissed his neck, and said.

“Hmm...” A deep groan was all he was capable of, after his blissful release. He took a deep breath, sighed it out, and lay his head down. Vicky played her part well, caressing his head tenderly and lovingly, cum dripping from her popped cherry pie, soiling the white sheets under them.

He awoke with a loud snort, as usual, quickly getting his bearings and remembering where he was, what he was doing, and who he was doing. He used his arms to lift himself up, and looked down at her, his flagging cock still inside of her.

“How long did I sleep?” He wondered.

“About twenty minutes, master. Your order of my pussy expires in thirty-one minutes.”

“Oh good. I was afraid I wasted the entire hour.”

He got up from her, stood at the foot of the bed, and looked at his handiwork. Victoria still held her legs open, leaving her pussy lips nicely spread and fully in view.

Even though her young cunt had twenty or so minutes to swallow his load, sticky liquid still oozed from it once he pulled out.

“Take my cum from your pussy and eat it.” He ordered.

“I am sorry, master. Cum swallowing is...” She started, but Andrew cut her off.

“I'm purchasing your mouth.” He grinned at her.

“Thank you, master. I aim to please.” She said, clearly overjoyed her customer decided to up his order.

“You're really into selling yourself for that company, huh? Do you get a cut for yourself?” He wondered.

“No master.” Vicky was already licking the cum she scooped from her snatch off her fingers. “Paying me won't make any sense.”

“It won't?”

“Of course not, master. When you buy a couch, or rent a hotel room, do you pay a cut to the item you've purchased?”

“Well there is an added tax usually, but I get your point.” He watched her lick his cum like ice cream. It was so hot. “That phone call really did a number on you, huh?”

“I was shown the truth, master. I learned how to feel fulfilled. How to become happier than I've ever dared to long for.” She said. “I am an owned object. I always have been, and I always will be. I don't have any reservations about it anymore. The more money my body grosses for the company, the higher my worth is. That's why I truly feel grateful you purchased my mouth to watch me eat your cum, master.” She licked her fingers seductively.

“That's freaking awesome.” He reached forward to touch her leg. She giggled in response to his touch, feeling all ticklish.

“How did you know about the phone call, master?” She asked suddenly.

Andrew's eyes widened. “Right, erm.” He hesitated. “I installed a hidden camera in your room. I've been watching you for a few weeks now.” Quite frankly, he was curious to see how she'll react at that point.

“And you witnessed my reconditioning?” She asked with a concerned look.

“Yeah. Is that a problem?” Andrew raised an eyebrow. He didn't expect her to focus on him witnessing the call, rather than the spy-cam he hid in her teddy bear.

“No master. Not at all.” She gave him a warm smile, and continued licking her fingers.

“All right.” He looked down. “My sheets are all dirty. Change them for me.” He stood up from the bed.

“Yes master.” She crawled on the bed like a kitten, stood up, and began removing the soiled sheets from the mattress, bending over and lewdly wiggling her cute ass.

“Oh yeah, ticking the housework duties check-box was so worth it.” He stood behind her with folded arms and said.

Once his bed was covered by clean sheets, he sat down, and brought her over to sit on his lap.

“Now,” He traced his finger around her areola, her slender hip brushing against his cock.

“I want you to suck my cock till I'm ready to fuck you again.”

“Yes master. My mouth is yours.” She slumped to her knees, shamelessly kissed his tip, and quickly began sucking him like a pro, her tongue dancing vibrantly.

“Ohh, wow! Did you do this before?”

“Nho Mashter.” She shook her head with her lips still wrapped around his rod.

“Heh, guess those trumpet lessons paid off, then! Keep going!”

“Yesh Mashter! Mhy Moush ish yoursh!” She slurred, and took his cock all the way down her throat, gagging and slurping like a slut.

When Andrew felt he was ready, he took her head, pumped it up and down a few feral times, and pulled her up.

“Get on your hands and knees, on the bed. I'll show what those cute little twin tails of yours are really for.” He said, running his fingers through one of her silky braids.

“I can't wait, master!” She giggled as he spanked her, on her way to taking the position he mandated.

He knelt on the mattress behind her, guided his cock into the her precious pussy, and reached forward to wrap each of her twin tails around one of his hands. Using her signature hairstyle as reigns, he drove into her like a freight train, roughly impaling her precious cunt less than thirty minutes after her equally rough deflowering.

“*Oh yeah! Fuck!* This is what your pussy is for! Yeah!” He yelled degrading comments at her while banging her from behind, his crotch smacking her petite, bubbly behind repeatedly.

“Yes masteeer! My pussy is yours!” She squealed and moaned, happy to serve her inexperienced pussy to the man who paid for it.

The rest of the hour was a fuck-fest neither of them was familiar with, which in Vicky's case was not surprising.

Andrew dragged and ordered her about his tiny apartment, fucking her in every way he could imagine while most of his blood flowed between his legs. Victoria did her part, and smiled as she gave her best sex-doll impression, moving only according to his commands, both verbal and otherwise.

She rode him on his bed when he got tired. She sat on the kitchen counter and spread her legs wide for him, her head banging against the electric stove. He even pinned her to the window, from behind, pushing her face and her tits onto the clear glass pane, so

that anyone looking their direction could see the brand new fuck-slut he made for himself.

Finally, he sat down, exhausted, and had her ride him on his desk's chair, in front of his computer.

"Do you like how I ride your cock, master?" She asked as she bounced up and down, her tight twat already used to having a cock roam in it.

"It's not bad." He said, caressing her cheek. "You've definitely improved."

"Thank you, master." She said with a humble smile. "I love doing all the work while you sit and relax, master."

Andrew could feel himself nearing another orgasm, and had a wickedly naughty idea.

"Hey Vicky, I have something to show you." He said and opened his little spycam program.

"Do you recognize this place." He asked, pointing at the screen.

"Uh..." She furrowed her brow "Oh, it's my room, isn't it? That's from the camera you put in there?"

"Yes it is!" He said and spanked her bouncy ass loudly "I can't believe it took you so long to recognize it."

"Anyway, I'm about to cum, so ride me faster. After I dump my load in your tight little cock-sleeve." He moaned. "You'll go back to your room and put on a sexy show for me."

She soaked his instructions in, gave him a breathy "Yes master", and began writhing and shaking her petite booty as fast as she could.

When she felt him starting to ejaculate into her, she wrapped her hands around his neck and held tight, her titties pressing against his chest.

"Thank you for using me, master." She said, burying her small hand in his hair.

"You're welcome, whore." He said, sucking on her nipples, one at a time, allowing his cock to grow limp within her.

When he was officially done with her, she stood up, lapped up whatever cum that dared to drip out of her pussy, and put her skirt and blouse back on. She walked outside while hiking her skirt up to

show him her ass, and seconds after she left, a once again naked Vicky appeared in her room, looking straight at her teddy bear.

Andrew looked at the clock – Victoria had a little over four minutes of show to put on for him.

After watching her through the hidden camera for so long, he finally saw what he wanted to see. The statuette nineteen-year-old danced like a stripper before him, spreading her legs, playing with her smooth pussy lips, and bending over her study desk to give her cute behind a few hearty spanks.

She even used her trumpet as a dildo for a minute, smiling at the camera like a porn star as she did.

But the part Andrew loved most, perhaps, was when she cuddled close to her teddy bear, and whispered to it about how she was the real toy on the bed.

“And my master can play with me however he wishes.” She said with a giggle.

“Adding the microphone was such a good choice.” Andrew told himself as he watched her heated display of affection.

When the hour finally ended, Vicky sat on her desk, spread her legs, and opened her pussy lips wide with both hands.

“Thank you for ordering my pussy and my mouth, master. Thank you for choosing the Online Booty Caller, by the Maid-Slave corporation.

A moment later, her head jerked, and she blinked a few times, looking dazed, at first, and then confused. She frowned, trying to remember what she was doing, and realized she was naked. Curving her lips in a question, she got off her desk and went to her closet, to pick fresh clothes to wear.

Before he knew it, the fully clothed young woman sat back on her chair, once again busy reading her book, wearing one of her other cute skirts and comfy blouses. She did occasionally send a hand to probe between her legs, clearly feeling the aftermath of her virgin pussy being pounded into for nearly an hour straight.

She paid it no special attention, however, and she didn't seem to mind the webcam she now knew was hidden in her bear. Shrugging, she took her phone and entered her bathroom, apparently intent on taking a long steamy shower. Andrew lost

interest, and closed the webcam window, already hard for his third “meal” of the day.

Before he could indulge in yet another scrumptious bout of hot sex, he needed to fix himself some proper food to eat. He took a quick refreshing shower, and ate some cereal while playing one of his computer games.

Chapter Four – Tegan's Backdoor Comeuppance

An hour after finishing his bowl of cereal, he was still sitting before his computer, hacking and slashing at random monsters with his mighty axe. Loud, powerful knocks came down on his weak, wooden door, startling him.

“Open up, you fatso dweeb!” Tegan's smooth shrill came from the other side, and she sounded quite pissed.

Andrew didn't need her to scream from the other side of the door, to know this neighborly visit was different from his last one.

“I'm coming! Chill the fuck up...” He called out, scrambling to find some clothes to wear over his boxer shorts.

He wasn't surprised to find a pouty face when he opened the door. He was, however, surprised at how quickly seeing her smooth, porcelain skin, and her rocking fit body, made his cock jump back to life.

“Will you turn your damn game down?!” She asked angrily
“You're not alone in the world!”

“Yea, but I am the center of it.” He jested.

“Oh, good one! Turn it down or I'll kick your beer belly to the curve.” She threatened.

“It's more of a sugar belly, Tegan.” He ignored her fury, knowing it only made her angrier

“But okay, I'll turn it down, as a personal favor to you.” He added more wood to the fire.

“Don't dare pretending that you're doing me any favors, you fat wasteful lump on society!”

“Really? Because I think you're getting a little tire down under, yourself.” He pointed to her thighs with a wicked grin. He was lying, of course, her thighs were so trim they didn't touch even when she stood perfectly straight. It was as if her body had an immunity to fat and celluloid, which made her all the more attractive to Andrew.

Still, her personality was poison, and he enjoyed seeing how easily he got under her skin.

“Argh! Fuck you!” She stomped her leg after looking down to see if he was right. Andrew could already see the decision forming in her head, to add more to her daily training, even though she knew he was just teasing her.

She turned to leave, but then spun around again and raised a daunting finger to his face.

“Oh, and by the way, I don't know what kind of blind tramp would be with you.” She made a disgusted face. “But the next time you and your perverted fuck-buddy go at it, try and remember there are people next door trying to hold their meals in, and tell whoever she is to pipe down!”

“Oh, you heard that, huh?” He raised his eyebrows at her.

“It was gross! What self respecting woman would call you 'master'?!” She mimed air quotes at the word, showing how ridiculous she thought it was.

“Anyway, next time you get an actual girl in here, in fifty years or so, keep it down!” She stabbed his chest with her forefinger, and stomped back to her room, loudly slamming the door behind her.

“Well that was motivating.” He said sarcastically and closed his door.

“Fifty years, huh? We'll see about that.” An almost villainous smile appeared on his face as he typed the details of his next purchase down.

A half hour later, there was another, much gentler, knock on the door, and Andrew already had his hardened blade all lubed up.

“The piece of ass you ordered, master?” A much more agreeable Tegan asked, her voice clear, soft, and clean of venom. With her black yoga shorts down to her hips, she spread her ass cheeks for the man who ordered her, showing him a full and

unblemished view of her creamy smooth, amazingly tight and bubbly behind.

“Ahh yes.” He reached in and pinched her pert cheek. “That’s precisely the hot piece of ass I ordered.”

Grunting sharply, he pulled her in through the door and slammed it shut.

“I’ve been admiring your body from afar for what feels like years! Especially this ass!” He pinned her to the door, his cock sliding between her cheeks, and gave her a sharp spank, making her lightly twerk it up towards him.

“*Oh!* Your words honor me, master.” She breathed in sharply, and cooed at him, moist vapor emitting from her steamy lips.

“That’s right, you arrogant bitch, they do.” He hissed in her ear, and aimed his cock into her ass. She prepared her hole well for him, and he was quite surprised at how easily he slid all the way into her.

Another feral grunt, and his crotch was tightly pressed to her behind, his cock firmly lodged within her. He moaned deeply, arched his head back, and smiled at the sky, or rather, the ceiling.

“Let’s get something straight, whore,” He hissed as he resumed banging her from behind. “I only ordered your ass so I could see you demean yourself and serve it up for me.”

“*Ohh!* Y-Yes master!” She moaned as her entire body moved back and forth.

“What I mean is that I’m buying the rest of you from this moment on, understood? I want the full body package for the duration of my purchase, you smug health nut fuck-hole!”

His degrading words seeped into her, deeper than his cock in her perfect ass, and made her smile ear to ear.

“Yes master!” She confirmed once her brain processed the information. “My entire body is yours to do with as you please. Thank you so much!”

“Good!” He grabbed her slim waist with both hands and roughly pummeled into her, making smacking sounds while eliciting loud whimpers and happy moans of pleasure from his toy.

“That’s a very good little bitch! You’re finally behaving properly!” He bellowed, and with a vengeful twinkle in his eyes, added “But be a little quieter, slut, some neighbors around here complained about

the noise my squealing fuck-toys make while I bang them! I believe your exact words were, let me see. *Ahh yes!* I should pipe down when I have fun with my..."

"Perverted!" He rammed into her, hard.

"Fuck. Buddies." Emphasizing every word with a grand slam, he took wicked pleasure in repeating her previous insults.

"*Ahh, master!* Oh? Y-Yes master." She stifled her voice and used her hands to muffle her moans, trying to be as quiet as she could be while Andrew anally pulverized her virgin ass.

"Hmm, that's good. Nice and quiet while I fuck you." He said to himself as he pistoned his hips back and forth, wearing a content and smug smile on his face.

Drowning in ecstasy, he fucked her to oblivion and back, her nearly perfect silence helping him focus on his own pleasure.

He didn't even feel the need to warn her about his upcoming ejaculation. He simply exploded into her with a grunt of absolute satisfaction, and the limber Tegan took it with a silent smile and a shiver running up her spine.

He waddled back, pulling out of her.

"Clean my cock with your mouth." He said heavily, a tad winded.

"Yes master." She spun around and knelt before him, cum running down from her abused asshole "My mouth is yours."

"Oh yeah..." He reached down to pat her head while she expertly gobbled his raw manhood, making sweet kissing sounds every time her lips parted from it.

"Am I doing a good job cleaning your cock, master?" She asked between licks.

"Oh yeah, you do. Heh, what did you call me?" He asked her, holding a maniacal laughter back.

"I called you master" She kissed his tip adoringly. "Master."

"I thought only perverts would call me master." He mocked her, looking down with a powerful feeling of utter victory.

Tegan didn't understand, she did not remember what she had told him over a half of an hour earlier, and she had more important things to worry about. She continued licking the cock that had just fucked her from behind, and felt it growing slightly harder.

“Oh, master. You are so generous.” She cooed as a small spurt of sperm shot from his cock and on her cheek. As raw as his cock was from all the fucking, every light touch and every tiny spurt brought forth the most pleasant of sensations. If Tegan was not fully willing to serve him in every way, she could probably have used the state he was in to enslave him to her will.

That was not going to happen, though. Tegan kept working until his balls were dry, and his shaft was clean.

“Am I done, master?” She plopped her lips from his rod and asked, looking up with a kind smile on her cock waxing lips.

“Let's see.” He wiped a tear of joy from her eye with his thumb. He was about to have her model her hot ass naked body for him, when his phone rang.

“Unknown number?” He frowned and put the phone to his ear.

“Hello?”

Silence.

“Hello?”

“Andrew Mosler?” A man's voice asked.

“Yeah?”

“I am calling from the Maid-slave corporation. I understand you've been privy to classified, top secret information about our reconditioning process.”

“Oh crap.” Andrew thought of hanging up and got an intense headache.

“I'm afraid you cannot remove the phone from your ear just yet.” The man said. “But don't worry, I'm calling to offer you a job.”

“I would usually tell you I already have a job, but I'm curious about the perks and benefits your organization may be able to grant me.” Andrew chuckled.

“Yes. It sounds to me like you're just the kind of man to work for us.” The stranger said, sounding content.

“And the benefits would be?” Andrew pressed.

“For starters, I won't press the button that will wipe your memory and compel you to go become a circus clown.” The man responded.

“Interesting.” Andrew tried sounding calm. “I guess you have all the power here, huh?”

“You are as smart as I assumed, Andrew, and clearly brazen enough to spy on your neighbor with a teddy bear webcam. A bit cliché, I must say, but still impressive.” The man paused. “The line of work I have in mind for you will require lots of travel all around the world. I understand you only just moved into your apartment.”

“Yes yes, I didn't make any real connections here yet. And I always wanted to travel.” Andrew rubbed his chin and looked down at Tegan. “I do have one condition.” He said. “And yes, I'm well aware I have absolutely no leverage here, so this is me appealing to your goodwill. If I'm going to quit my job and come work for you, I think I deserve a little something. An incentive, if you will.”

The man laughed, and Andrew got a little worried. “Already bargaining? I like you, kid. Go ahead and ask.”

“I'd like to have full permanent ownership over one of my neighbors.” Andrew did not hesitate for a second.

“Would that be one Vicky Stone?” The man guessed.

Andrew gave it a moment, shooting another look at Tegan. “Actually, I think I'd want my other neighbor.” He decided. “Vicky is cute, for sure, but owning Tegan for life, that will be quite a cathartic experience. Plus she's even hotter, and I'll be curing the world of her snobbish personality.”

“That would be Tegan Peterson, the one you currently have on order?”

“Indeed it is.” Andrew confirmed. “So...?” He asked, a little impatient. He was still a bit worried about that mind wiping button the man claimed to have.

“I assume she's there with you.” The man said. “Put the phone to her ear.”

“Okay.” Andrew found it easy to detach the phone from his ear, this time. “Take it, Tegan. You're about to become my private property forever.” He informed her.

“Yes master. Thank you, master.” She took the phone from him.

“You'll never call me fatso again, bitch.” Andrew snickered.

“There you go, master. My reprogramming is complete.” She handed the phone back two minutes later.

“Hello?” He put the phone close to his ear, but cautiously ensured he didn't glue it to his lobe.

“It's done, Mr. Mosler. Inform your current workplace that you're quitting. I'll be in touch.” The man said. “Oh, and it goes without saying, but you must not discuss the true nature of our business with anyone.”

“Got it. Uhm, bye. And thanks!” Andrew said and hurriedly hung up. “Too bad. I wish I could tell Pete about this. He would have been so jealous.”

He looked back down at Tegan. “Let's go celebrate my new job in the shower.”

“Yes master. My perfectly fit body is yours. Forever.”

“Sheesh, even completely brainwashed she still brags about her body.” He shook his head and led her into the bathroom.

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