

True Simon 1

By
Maldomi Femsub

SMASHWORDS EDITION

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Maldomi Femsub

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Sexual content statement

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

“Put my cock between those big tits of yours, slave.” Simon said with authority, sitting at his desk and looking down at the naked woman kneeling under it.

“I obey my lord and master.” She said with a meek, gentle voice, looking up at him with

shimmering amber eyes. She had a curvy, athletic figure. Her ass was big and bubbly, and her big boobs were puffy and soft, almost as if they were made to be wrapped around a cock. Her hair was black and short, but Simon already ordered her to grow it longer.

With a passionate sigh, she guided Simon's cock between her tits, and squeezed them firmly around it.

Simon opened one of his desk drawers, and took out a squeeze bottle containing some sort of body lotion. He looked down at his happily obedient slave, popped the lid open, and squeezed a generous amount on her tits.

"I've been wanting to try this for quite a while." He said "Your tits showed up just on time."

"My tits are yours, my lord and master." She whispered in a breathy voice.

"Start working them, then." He commanded.

She nodded warmly, smiling up at him, and began to slowly run her fun-bags up and down his flagpole, wanting only to provide her lord and master the maximum pleasure her body possibly could.

"It's lube, as I suppose you could have guessed, if you had anything in your mind other than unending obedience to me." He droned on, looking back and forth from her bountiful cleavage, and the squeezable bottle in his hand.

"The great thing about this one, though, is that it should also act as an aphrodisiac. It's meant to increase the sensitivity of erogenous zones. Of course, it's made for men, so I don't know if it will affect your heavy boobies."

"Anything that increases your pleasure, my lord and master, increases my own self worth." The talking pair of titties said submissively, tightened her jugs further, and slowly increased the pace of her pumping..

"And yet, you're still worth next to nothing." He told her with a half smile, and pinched one of her meaty nipples.

"Yes, my lord and master. Thank you for using this worthless slave." She took his demeaning, degrading words as though they were a compliment.

"Ohh fuck! I'm starting to feel it! Ahhhhh..." He breathed slow and low moans and sighs, as the substance rubbed on the tits that engulfed his junk tingled warmly, and made his entire body feel numb.

It was almost too much to bear.

"Ohhhh, suck my cock, now!" Done with her tits, his cock nicely lubed up with special aphrodisiac, Simon wildly pushed her head down "Fucking suck it!" He grunted

"Yeth my lordh an' mashter!" Her mouth already full, she slurred the words of subservience embedded into her psyche, and allowed him to roam in her throat as though it was a loose pussy. Her tongue worked overtime as she gobbled, choked, gagged, and slurped, treating the fierce and extreme face fuck from her lord and master like a god given gift.

After a few moments of intense face fucking, Simon calmed down, and instructed his new sex slave to keep worshipping his cock in a slow and calm fashion.

"It was so silly of you to come here trying to, how did you phrase it? 'Expose my illegal activities'?"

Hehe, laws are so weak and meaningless, aren't they?"

She took his cock deep in her mouth, and then quickly popped it out, to respond.

"As you say, my lord and master." she said, her soft lips pressed on his rod's underside "The laws of normal men and women are so insignificant compared to your authority." She raised his shaft and gave his balls a loving kiss.

"I was so stupid to run my mouth and flap my gums at you, instead of running my lips back and forth on your wonderful hard-on." After another kiss on his tip, she took a deep breath.

"I will forever belong to you, my lord and master." Her eyes rolled to the back of her head for a second, the arousal filling her as a result of her devoted declaration making her owned pussy wet and wanting.

Sighing contently, she continued sucking him deep and slow, massaging his balls with her tender hands.

She toiled while her lord and master took a much needed rest, happy to be the insignificant cock-sucking mouth under his desk. The silence in the small office was only interrupted by her gentle kisses, and occasional gagging.

Eventually, the serene silence was interrupted by a knock on the door, which woke Simon up with a startle.

"Son of a..." He exclaimed angrily, rudely awakened from a pleasantly wet dream. He looked at his computer screen to see who was at his door, through a camera he had installed.

"Hmm. That's pretty nice." He said, patting the empty head of the young, big breasted woman worshipping his cock.

He sorted himself up in his chair, properly tucked his new toy under it and told her to keep sucking, and pressed the intercom button.

"Come on in." He said.

The door opened, and through it walked a woman in her early thirties. Her cleavage was the first thing Simon noticed, not cause her dress was revealing or anything, but mainly because of the impressive size of her mammaries. She had even larger breasts than the slave under his desk. She had blonde, and somewhat bushy shoulder length hair, and the rest of her body was well toned and very perky for her age.

"H-Hello..." She said in an uncertain manner, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, hello." Simon responded in a very business-minded manner, folding his hands on his desk, and trying not to react to the luscious pleasure he received under his desk.

"Are you Simon?" She asked doubtfully.

"Indeed I am." He answered courteously "Please, sit down."

She sat down slowly, still looking very skeptical.

"So..." He said after few moments of awkward silence "How can I help you?"

"Oh, umm, right. Here's the thing." She stopped, and frowned "I'm sorry, I just expected you to be older, and have some diplomas on the wall, at least."

"I'm 25 years old" Simon said with a smile "And what kind of diploma did you expect to see on my

wall?"

"Something relating to medicine or psychotherapy, perhaps?" She answered with a cynical tone "Considering you claim to help people with a wide variety of issues in their lives. This isn't some new age bullshit, is it?" She asked.

"Your brochure promises a fix to any problem, I guess I should have figured it couldn't be for real..." She rolled her eyes, and prepared to stand up.

Simon laughed.

"I assure you, what I practice has nothing to do with the new age. It's been around for quite a long time." He said "It wouldn't hurt for you to try it, at least. What seems to be the issue?"

She frowned again, and Simon smiled giddily. He didn't need to convince her, really, he was just curious as to how desperate she was.

She sat back down, crossing her long legs together.

Sporting a blouse and a knee-length skirt, she looked like your average house wife, although Simon knew looks could be deceiving.

"It's not me who has the problem, it's my team." She finally let out.

"Team?" Simon repeated with a grin, liking where this was going.

"Yes. I coach the local college's womens volleyball team."

His cock throbbed as he heard those words, making the young woman felating him giggle quietly and stare forward with wide, lust-filled eyes, as she choked on his pole.

"Hrmmm..." He hid his moan as best as he could "What of your team, then?" He asked.

"Well, they lack motivation." She said "Half of them only attend practices to score school credit. I think they've got great potential to do amazing things in the national tournament, but I can't seem to convince any of them that it's worth working hard for."

"Hng, hmm. I see." Simon stifled another moan, and smiled.

"So, do you still think you can help?" She asked, clearly filled with reservations and doubts.

"You know what? How about I give you a tour of the place, and show you some of the harder cases I solved?" He pushed himself from the desk about half a feet, and placed both hands flat on its surface, ready to stand up. The young woman making out with his cock followed hungrily, her head emerging from below the desk, yet still out of sight for the volleyball coach.

"What do you mean, the place? There's nothing else here other than this tiny office."

"Oh, only to the untrained eye." Simon said.

"My permanent patients require privacy, you see." He said, and pushed himself up, his cock worshipping slut following his crotch, never taking his hard-on out of her mouth.

"Permanent patients? You institutionalize people in this place? Do you even have the proper license for tha-- OH MY GOD!"

She screamed when she saw the eager, and quite naked young woman attached to his crotch, pumping her head back and forth to please him. Her shock was clear, and profound.

“Oh, her?” Simon said casually, circling his desk while holding the head of his sexy slave. She blindly let her lord and master lead her, walking backwards on her knees with her lips attached to his manhood.

“She's just some private eye I turned into my private cock sucker.” He said, casually leaning on his desk and smiling at the befuddled woman

“Wh-Wha'?” The volleyball coach couldn't even blink, out of sheer shock.

“Yeah, look.” He pumped into his slave's mouth a few times, fiercely and strongly “She doesn't mind doing her duty before you. Now, let's start the tour, shall we?”

“Huh?” Eum, no. No. I think I'll just leave, right now.” she shook her head and said, quickly turning to go.

“Simon says stop moving your legs.” Simon said, and she stopped immediately, looking extremely confused.

He tossed his slave aside like a used handkerchief, and told her to patiently await his return.

“Simon says you don't find anything you've seen here weird. In fact, Simon says you will not find anything to be weird or out of the ordinary during this tour I'm about to take you on, regardless of how socially unorthodox it may seem.”

Her eyes mellowed and she immediately appeared calmer.

“Simon says you will spank your ass whenever I refer to you as 'stupid bitch', and that, too, will seem perfectly normal to you.”

He smiled at her, and she smiled back.

“So, are we going to start the tour?” She asked, shooting a look to the discarded slave kneeling on the floor, a mundane and uncaring expression on her face.

“Indeed we are. Right this way, stupid bitch.” Simon said with a sly grin.

SPANK

Her reaction was immediate, in the form of a harsh self inflicted slap on her athletic booty.

“Ow! Y-Yeah, lead the way, Simon.” She said.

He reached the door when he heard struggling sounds from behind, and looked back. The woman seemed to wobble in place quite unstably, trying to walk, with no particular success.

“Ah, right, I forgot. Simon says you can move your legs again.” He said, and she immediately began walking normally towards him.

“Thank you.” She said, not sure exactly what he did, but somehow knowing he helped her.

He led her to a wall, and did the strangest thing. He reached forward as if to open a door, turned an invisible knob, and pushed.

“Get in.” He said.

“What?” She asked, confused.

“Oh right, I forget that, as well. Simon says you can see the hidden door here.” He said, and the sight before her changed instantly. An open door appeared where before there was naught but a

solid brick wall.

“Oh, I see now. Thank you.” She entered the hallway beyond the doorstep, and he followed suit,

“You're welcome, stupid bitch.”

SMACK

He watched her booty jiggle for a second, and chuckled.

“Now, before we continue, I have to ask you to bear your tits.” He said, surprising her.

“Excuse me!?” She nearly shrieked.

“Yeah, there can be no covered female breasts in this section, I'm afraid.”

“I'm not going...” She started, and Simon sighed and interrupted her.

“Simon says show me your tits, and keep them exposed for as long as I wish.”

She blinked, and smiled.

“Of course, Simon. I understand.” She lowered her blouse with a smile, letting her bare boobs hang bouncily in mid air.

“And call me sir. I mean, Simon says refer to me as 'sir'. Also, Simon says I'll touch your tits whenever I want, get used to it.”

“Of course, sir. Whenever you wish.” She responded, and Simon checked his success by giving her left breast a hearty squeeze.

“Good. Let's go, stupid bitch, I've got some nice things to show you.”

SLAP

“Yes, sir. Coming.” She said after spanking herself hard, once again.

They passed by a couple of rooms, some of which had screams and moans of pleasure emitting from them, until Simon stopped, and opened one of the doors.

Inside the room was a red-headed, petite and skinny young woman of 22 years. Fully stripped, in both body and mind.

Her body hung in mid air on five strings, four attached to her wrists and ankles, and a shorter one attached to her neck. The five cords converged into a single ending on the ceiling, which made it possible to spin her around like a top, in all 360 degrees.

Her head was elevated slightly, and her unblinking eyes were transfixed onto a pink dildo jutting from the wall in front of her. Every few seconds, she stretched her neck forward and flicked her tongue in desperate attempts to reach the pink dildo before her, trying in vain to suck on the fake dick.

“She came to me with focus issues.” Simon said, pulling the volleyball coach into the room by her nipples.

“A college student in need of something to help her concentrate during classes.”

He patted her flowing red mane with a smile, and unzipped his pants. The redhead never stopped gazing at the pink dildo.

“So I gave her a never ending and unattainable source of focus.” He said “She isn't constricted because I fear she might run away from this place. In fact, as limited and one dimensional as her thinking now is, she is quite content with her life. She is only tied up to help her focus, which is exactly why she came to me.”

He whipped his cock out, turned her towards him, and stuck it in her eager mouth. She gobbled it up as if it was a spring of water in the middle of an endless desert.

“Of course, she can't keep her mind on anything other than sucking cock, now. Can't even string a proper syllable together” He said as he rammed into her mouth as if she was a sex doll.

“But her ability to concentrate on one thing probably surpasses what would normally be considered humanly possible, and for that, I'm sure she would have thanked me, if she was capable of that.”

“She couldn't really go back to college, though, could she?” The topless volleyball coach asked, treating what she was seeing as an everyday thing.

“Of course not, stupid bitch. She had to drop out.”

SPANK

“Mm! I...I see...”

Simon stayed a bit to play with the hot ginger.

“Will you get my cum today, huh, doll?” He pumped into her face a few times, and then pulled out.

“Will you? Hmm?” He said again, as she mindlessly flapped her tongue toward his shaft, desperate to lick.

“Nahhh.” he pumped a few more times, and let go “I don't think so. Maybe tomorrow, if you're good.”

He playfully slapped her petite little butt a few times, directed her body back to face the pink dildo, and led the topless volleyball coach outside.

They walked a few feet before a question floated in the head of Simon's companion.

“But, how do you do it?” She asked “I still don't get it. What are your qualifications?”

“I'll explain while you kneel and give me a titfuck.” He said.

“Oh?” She thought for a second “Yes, sir.”

She knelt with a thump, and wrapped her tits around his cock. Simon continued walking down the hallway, with her rubbing her tits on his rod and crawling backwards on her knees.

“I'm sure you know the popular children's game 'Simon says'. But what most people do not know, is that this game is seeded in somewhat dark, and ancient roots, tunnelling through all of known, and unknown history.”

He nudged one of the doors open, and beyond it knelt a woman holding a paddle, spanking her bottom vigorously.

“Must redden my cheeks. Must redden my cheeks. Must redden my cheeks.” She chanted repeatedly.

He smirked, closed the door, and moved on.

“You see, once every few generations, a person is born with the magical, mystical ability to change reality itself with nothing but speech. Changing people's personality, their minds, and even their bodies, by using the simple phrase: Simon says.”

“When a true Simon says something after those magical words, the universe itself listens, and obeys. It being such a popular game actually helped me discover my innate abilities.” He admitted.

She frowned, still rubbing his cock between her big jugs.

“I’m sorry, sir, but that sounds completely crazy.”

“Hehe.” He chuckled “Well, it’s the honest truth. By the way, your tits feel really great on my dick.”

“Thank you, sir. I’m doing my best.” She said with a kind smile.

“Hmm, let’s visit my devoted apprentice.” He opened a nearby door, and walked inside.

“Simon says kneel over there and be quiet.” He said, and the volleyball coach nodded silently, let go of her tits, and knelt precisely where he pointed.

The room was walled with mirrors, and carpeted with mattresses. In the dead centre the room was one petite nineteen year old woman with the smooth facial features of an angel. She wore nothing but a sexy, lacy thong, had long dark hair collected in a pony tail, and small, firm breasts, like juicy apples waiting to be gouged on.

“This one came to me, desperate to gain the resolve required to become a martial arts expert. Apparently, her sister was sexually molested on a train, and it drove her to the conclusion that she must learn some self defence.”

She moved with grace, practicing her punching and kicking, her somewhat vacant eyes filled with unexplained determination.

“I of course know nothing of martial arts, but I made sure to strengthen her ability to work as hard as her little, lewd body could, and then some. Sure, there isn’t much else left within her, other than her resolve to keep bettering herself, and her devotion to her benevolent sensei (that’s me, hehe), but her physical abilities and knowledge of Karate, Jujitsu, Kung Fu, and other such arts far surpasses anything she would have achieved without me.”

He took a strong, authoritative stance before the karate chick, who so far was so immersed in her endless training, that she neither heard nor saw them.

“At attention, my apprentice.” He said with a booming voice, and the amazingly well toned young woman stopped. Her body was so smooth and perfect, it was as if she was taken from a fairytale.

“Yes, sensei.” She stood before him with a sealed expression, her arms to her side.

Simon approached and began touching her body, squeezing her firm apples on top, fondling her petite buttocks, and generally running his hands all over her pristine, sexy body.

“Tell my guest about yourself while I inspect your body.” He told her, his hard-on resting on her skinny thigh – There wasn’t an ounce of excess fat on her entire nubile form.

“Yes, sensei.” She spoke up “I am sensei’s number one student of martial arts. I live to offer him both defence against assailants, and the sexually appealing body that is the result of my diligent training.”

“She only ever stops for minimal sleep and nutrition. She has nothing else to do, or think about. Do you, my apprentice?”

“Nothing, sensei.” She droned after him in a firm voice, and he spanked her perfectly tight, round ass.

He stood before her again, his erect cock pointing towards her, and bowed lightly, like he reckoned real martial artists oft did.

Her response, however, deviated from the norm. Instead of a small courtesy bow, she leaned forward and bent low enough to reach his cock with her mouth. Like the studious practitioner she was, she began to fluently bob her head on his erection, moving her lips perfectly from tip to root, over and over again.

“Ahh, that feels awesome.” Simon moaned “She really improved since she got here.” He told the kneeling, and still silent volleyball coach.

“Simon says you may speak.” He said, seeing in her eyes that she was eager to say something.

“You're not interested at all in her martial arts skills, are you?” She asked while the karate chick sucked him off, perfectly.

“Heh, of course not, stupid bitch. I'm training her in other, much more important things, on a daily basis.”

SPANK

“Ow! And why is she nearly nude? Just to be your eye candy?” She guessed.

“You would think, but there's another reason. Wearing only a thong keeps her cool through her constant training, which means she doesn't sweat at all. We don't like sweaty apprentices, do we?”

The obedient karate chick plopped her wet lips off his cock.

“No, sensei, we don't. A good apprentice's body is smooth, soft to the touch, and dry.” She said, and kept on sucking.

“Hmmm, that's perfectly right, my loyal apprentice. Well, almost perfectly, there's one part of you that must be wet. Show me that part in the reverse wall pinning position.” He said.

“Right away, sensei.”

She popped off his cock with a kiss, and walked over to the one of the mirrored walls. Pressing her upper body to the mirror, the lewd nineteen year old popped her ass towards Simon, slid her thong aside, and used both hands to spread her perfectly shaven pussy lips open.

“Such a good student – Always wet for her sensei.” Simon said, jerked his cock a few times, and stood behind her. He tickled her fresh, tight pussy lips a few times, and then penetrated her with his full length.

“Ahhh, good pussy.” He moaned, and started banging her at a pleasant, cool pace. The amazingly hot young woman barely responded to the liberties he took with her most private fuck-hole, showing just how casual and normal the practice of being porked from behind at his whim really was. She just kept spreading her tight cunt with her gentle hands, and took the fucking like any sex doll would.

The volleyball coach stared with a bored expression, probably ready to move on. She wasn't about to rudely interfere with the martial fucking lesson, though

“You know what the funny thing is? Ohh, that feels so good.” Simon asked the kneeling woman while pinning his young toy to the wall.

“No, sir.” She answered casually.

“Her sister, the one that was molested, was actually not even half as good looking as her. One look at one of her pics, and I knew I'll be keeping only this precious gem here, where I can enjoy her whenever I want.”

“Hrrm!” He pressed himself onto her petite body, paused for a second, and kept fucking.
“She was right to want to learn self defence – As hot as she is, she was bound to be the target of some immoral man's evil deeds.”

“I was lucky to find you, sensei.” The well-fucked young woman said.

“But, sir. Now her life is nothing but training all day long, except for when you use her as a sexual plaything.” The volleyball coach said, a little mesmerized by the repetitive image of Simon's cock going in and out of the karate chick's smooth, hairless, nineteen year old pussy.

“Exactly, stupid bitch, that's the funny part!” He said.

SMACK

“Don't you think it's funny, apprentice?” He asked her as he banged her from behind.

“Yes, sensei. It's very funny.” She agreed full-heartedly.

With a grunt, he grabbed her tits from behind, his cock throbbing inside of her. He fucked her harder and harder, sperm welling up in his shaft, until her soft butt cheeks turned pink from the force of his crotch constantly hitting them. Even the frequently used, well trained sex doll couldn't help but whimper and moan a bit, being fucked so roughly.

“I think I'll cum in you today, apprentice!” He exclaimed breathlessly.

“I am nothing but an empty vessel for you to fill, sensei.”

Her eternal acceptance of his whims, spoken in her soft, adoring voice, was enough to bring his climax, in full force.

“Ahh, Take this!” He plastered his hips to her soft butt, his cock deep in her pussy, nearly penetrating her womb, and exploded. Rivers of spunk streamed from his throbbing hard-on and into her wide open, receptive pussy. The volleyball coach could see Simon's snake swell and reduce like a water hose as he slowly pulled out, pumping more seed into the young woman's wet pussy with every passing second.

When he finally completely pulled out, her tight, pink cunt was overflowed with creamy white fluid. Some of it drained down her perfect legs and onto the mattress, but most of it remained stored within her tight snatch.

“Thank you for filling this empty vessel, sensei.” Wide eyed, she gave words of gratitude to the man who ruled her insignificant life, the man who may have just impregnated her, for all he cared.

“Ahh, you're very welcome, my apprentice. Now, get back to your training.” He commanded with a light spank on her rear.

“Yes, sensei.” She slid her thong back to place, took the centre of the room again, and returned to her somewhat entranced training, punching and kicking with grace and form.

Simon wiped his cock on the volleyball coach's tits.

“That was amazing.” She said in awe.

“Hah! I know, right?” Simon boasted mockingly “Anyway, as you can see, I have more than enough experience with helping athletes find their motivation. I will make short work with your little volleyball team of coeds.”

“Will you actually let them play, or just use them as another part of your harem of sex slaves?” She asked wisely.

“Can I make any money from letting them play?” He retorted with his own question.

The topless coach shook her head from side to side, curling her lips.

“Then of course I'll just use them as my sex toys, stupid bitch.”

SMACK

“Ouch! Well, then maybe I shouldn't bring them to you.” She said defiantly. Still rubbing his cock dry with her tits.

“Besides, I'm still skeptical. How do I know this isn't all just an act? If you have this kind of power, why aren't you ruling the world, at the very least?!”

“Haha! How do you know I don't?” He asked coyly, and a flash of wickedness crossed his eyes.

“In fact, Simon says that from now on I rule your world, and I rule you. Simon says you are my loyal, and perfectly obedient subject, my completely obedient slave. Simon says you are happy to devote your entire existence to my pleasure and happiness, and that I am now the most important person in your life, the only important person in your life.”

Her skeptic frown vanished, and a meek grin appeared on her face. She looked at Simon with a light in her eyes that was never there before, and knelt in comfortable silence.

“Show me your new self, stupid bitch.”

SPANK

“Mm! Yes master!”

She bowed low, her ass in the air, and her head on the mattress.

“I am your endlessly obedient slave, master. I will follow you wherever you guide me.” She wiggled her shapely behind, to arouse him “My whole world is ruled by you, my master.”

“Fantastic.” Simon said with a shrug “Let's get back to my office then. You can crawl next to me and try to kiss my feet.”

“Yes master. Anything you wish master.”

On their way, Simon passed by a room he really wanted to check out. In it, five attractive young women stood, wearing makeshift cheerleader outfits – A silver micro skirt that was only an inch too long to be called a belt, and a tube top that showed their underboob along with the lower rim of their nipples. They all had enlarged breasts, and danced in perfect sync. A pompom in each hand, they gave a lovely cheer of submission.

“Two, five, six, seven, master is the one we're servin'!” The fake blonde in the middle of the row called out.

Their titties bounced as they skipped and hopped, their well-used, red pussies peeking from betwixt their smooth legs.

Simon walked in and began to drum on their tits as they danced, moving between them with a delightfully smug smile.

“Fuck us master! Fuck us master! Fuck us, fuck us, fuck us master!” The five moaned and begged with a rhythm, shaking their hips shamelessly.

“Hah! Wish I could, bitches, but another cunt already depleted me.” He said to their disappointed moans and gasps.

“They were a group of feminists protesting in front of a strip club I like to frequent.” He told the crawling volleyball coach.

“Well, the group was bigger, but these were the most outspoken and annoying ones. Plus, they were the only fuck-worthy twats of the group, so I had their flaws modified, and made them into my personal cheerleading stripper fuck-slaves.”

“Master had us dye our hair and make our boobies big!” One of the dumb bimbos said.

“Master also made our thinking small!” Another bubble headed former feminist added “So we won't op...Uhm...So we won't...” She was stuck, clearly trying to come up with words that weren't too big for her tiny mind.

“So we won't be dumb and try to stop other sluts from goodly shaking their stuff for men!”

Simon looked at the five proudly.

“The rest of their group, I turned into cheap hookers. They're probably still working their corners today, hehe.” He spanked all five round behinds, and turned to go.

“Oh, by the way. This is my new slave.” He introduced the coach “I didn't get her name, actually, so I just call her stupid bitch.”

SMACK

“Hey stupid bitch!”

“I hope master enjoys his new stupid bitch!”

“Always nice to meet master's new toys. I hope you get fucked a lot, stupid bitch!”

The cheerleaders greeted her, one after the other.

SPANK

SLAP

SLAP

“Well, let's move on.” Simon said, and the coach followed him, crawling while the special cheer squad kept on dancing and repeating obscene chants of submission.

After a little rest back in his office, Simon found his second wind. His two newest slaves had their heads on his lap, and when his cock woke up, all he had to do was nudge them to the right place, for their mouths to start working.

“Ahh, great team work!” He commended them as they shared his cock.

“Use your hooters now, all four of them.”

“Yes master.” Both bitches said, and pressed their boobs together, engulfing his manhood with warmth.

They no longer remembered why they were even there, only that they were meant to serve their master.

“Now, miss private eye, you will contact the idiots who hired you, tell them how wonderfully great I am, and that you quit.” He told the short haired woman.

“Yes, my lord and master. Of course, my lord and master.”

“Hehe, it's nice to make sex slaves - No need to prefix everything with Simon says.” He reflected. “Now, volleyball tits. Hmm, that's also a good name for you, huh? Ahem, anyway, you will take some risque locker room pics of the coeds in your team, and show them to me. I want to see full nude bodies, and close-ups of their faces.”

“Their fresh cunts will be yours, master.” She said with a soothing voice, trying to use her hardened nipples along with her big cushions, to magnify his arousal.

“Well, those that are hot enough to fit my standards, that is.”

“Of course master. They will be honoured to serve.”

Simon laughed at the coach, remembering her derisive and skeptical demeanor when she first walked through the door. With a grunt of blissful arousal, he reached for his bottle of special lube, and emptied some of its contents upon the four breasts that indulged him.

“Rub it nicely now,” He said “And when I...Holy shit ahhhhh...When I cum, make sure to lick it all up. Fuck! I'll cum so fast with this special cream on your tits!”

Wet splashing sounds emerged from his crotch area as the two polished his rod with their heavy breasts. Regardless of his promise to cum on their fun-bags, his slaves made sure to prepare their pussies, just in case he felt like bending them over.

“I will serve you forever master!” The coach with the volleyball tits said, and meant every word. She will serve him for the rest of her life on Earth.

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The erotic tales of the true Simon are only beginning. Follow the sequels and enjoy the intriguing and steamy adventures of the true masters of the universe, in the present, in the long forgotten past, and even in the distant future.

If you wish to hit me with questions, story suggestions, constructive criticism, or anything else (other than hate), mail me at maldomifemsub@yahoo.com.au.

I hope you enjoyed yourselves, dear readers, **and here's a taste of another offering of mine:**

Submissive Women 1

Two Italian beauties in their early twenties stood upright in the foreign streets of Kneelington, USA.

The tall yet limber Beatrice held a map in front of her, tracking her eyes through it in desperate attempts to find her way through the unknown city.

Her tight black dress hung an inch below her perky breasts, and extended down to her trim waist,

ending a tad above her perfectly smooth thighs.

It was a rather conservative get-up, for such a sexy woman of such desirable age, but it left her tits and most of her bottom exposed, making her feel just the right amount of slutty.

“Come on, Bea! I'm freezing!” Bella, her blonde friend cried, fidgeting in place, her sizable breasts dancing amply.

“I'm trying, Bell. I've never read a map before, you know!” Beatrice snapped, clutching the sides of the map and squinting, as if that would reveal any information she presently lacked.

“Should have thought of that earlier!” Bella cried, reaching between her legs, thinking that rubbing her pussy up may warm her nubile body a bit.

“Maybe you should have worn something warmer, like I suggested.” Beatrice retorted judgementally without taking her eyes off the map, a bemused smile on her face.

Bella chose to leave their hotel room without wearing a top, a common practice among young and beautiful females in the prime of their sexual desirability. As a bottom, she wore nothing but a golden micro mini-skirt, complete with glitters that made it sparkle, even in the cold autumn sun of Kneelington.

The busty blonde sneered at her friend's snide comment.

“What do you think I am, some kind of prude?” She asked with a shrill, one hand painting circles around her labia, while the other rubbed her shoulder with long strokes, desperate to keep herself warm.

“Are you saying I'm a prude?!” Beatrice sharply lowered the map and looked at her friend with anger in her eyes.

To a good looking young woman in the prime of her sexual desirability, being called a prude is the worst conceivable insult.

Bella could see she got under her friend's skin, and laughed.

“Well, you know...” She said, looking at Beatrice's black dress, her eyes tracing up and down, from her bare honeypot, and all the way to her exposed, perky pair of pears..

“How dare you?! You know, I'm freezing my petite little butt off, too.” Beatrice said, truly insulted.

“Oh, don't be like that, you know I'm joking.” Bella said with puppy eyes, her blue pupils glinting.

“Well, there are things you don't joke about, Bell.” Beatrice berated “Calling ME a prude. Unbelievable.”

She raised the map back up, only to sharply lower it again.

“I'm as big of a slutty cock warmer as the next whore, and you know it!” Her rant continued “I could sit right there on the steps and open my legs invitingly right now!”

“So?” Bell puckered her lips and shrugged. There wasn't anything special about her tall friend's whorish proclamation.

Beatrice stared and blinked a few times.

“Nothing, I guess...” She shrugged as well, sorted her dress so it showed even more of her tits, and raised the map.

Bella sighed and crossed her hands around her tits, looking down in boredom.

“Ahh!” A high pitched moan grabbed her attention, closely followed by the rumble of a passing bus. A young local woman was being pinned to the window of the slow moving vehicle, her tits and her smiling face pressed against the glassy pane. The stud who casually pumped into her drank his coffee in slow sips, indulging in the pleasures the world offered a hard working man. The young brunette he had bent over before him also enjoyed the pleasures allowed to her, for as long as he desired her.

Behind those two, a scene of debauchery unfolded, as about 15 men fucked three women of various ages and bust sizes in all possible orifices. The men who couldn't pump into any fuck-hole, enjoyed their feminine, jerking hands and the tight squeeze of their tits.

“We can always take the bus to the statue.” Bella said with a grin, her bare nipples tingling.

“If you feel like being gang banged, that is.” She turned to her friend to give her a horny glare.

Beatrice raised her eyes, confused.

“What?” She asked “Oh, the bus. Umm...”

“Yeah, I could go for a gang bang.” She finally said, biting her lower lip “Or we can take a cab and suck the driver off, if he wants. But I still can't even figure out which bus will take us to that damn statue...”

“We could just go back to the hotel and serve the male patrons there.” Bella suggested, pinching her nipples and licking her lips.

“Listen to yourself, Bell! How can we say we've been to Kneelington without seeing the statue of the First Kneeler? I'll be embarrassed to even talk about it. Heck, I'll feel awkward giving the mail man his morning BJ.”