

ALICE LOCKE

PART ONE

PART TWO

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PART FIVE

Under His
ALPHA
Spell

COLLECTION

Before We Begin

This story will be told in a serialized fashion, but every chapter can be enjoyed individually.

You can find all of them in my [Author Central profile page](#).

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

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Part One

James is an **archaeologist** working at a site in Egypt along with his **frigid colleague** Cynthia and his mentor. He unearths a metal tablet bearing an **inscription** that translates to "***Heed these words, I command thee. I wield the will of the Gods, and you are in my control.***" James jokingly **speaks that sentence** to Cynthia and suddenly **she is overcome by sheer lust for him**. At first James is surprised by the unforeseen turn of events but he quickly **begins to love it**. Cynthia is **hungry for his cream**, and by the end of the night James will have her **filled up in more than one way**.

Part Two

James brings the tablet back home and heads to the local museum hoping to find info about it. **It surely had power**, and James wanted to know more. Joined by **Nora, a young and gorgeous** tour guide, they reach to the archives but **she can't resist** asking him about the curious object he carries. **Upon hearing the spell**, it happens again: she too **turns into an insatiable bimbo**, ready to be **taken hard and fast**. James leaves her **flustered, breathless and full of his cream** - but most of all, **wanting more**. Will James **use the power** of the tablet responsibly or will he wield it to **become the ultimate Alpha?**

Part Three

James sets up a meeting with an **attractive professor**. She might know something about the relic, and she inevitably **turns into an insatiable bimbo** for him once she **hears the spell**. When James finds out she had been **hiding a relic** just like his, he decides to

punish her and **fill her up with his cream**. The next day, his doorbell rings - it's the **professor's daughter**, delivering the artifact to James just as she had promised. The **young college student** is **curious** enough to ask one too many questions, and **James won't let that chance slide...**

Part Four

Professor Alker's **young brat**, Julia, will be working with James and his crew to see if she wants to follow his footsteps. She is **fresh out of high school**, and still not sure about what to do with her life. James is tasked with **showing her around**, but it's apparent she doesn't belong there. **Disappointed** at the **brat's behavior**, James decides to **take matters into his own hands**. By the end of the day, **Julia** will not only be an **obedient bimbo**, but she will also be **full of cream...** Will James **use the power** of the tablet responsibly or will he wield it to **become the ultimate Alpha**?

Part Five

A **television troupe** is coming over to shoot a mini documentary on archeology, which will **air on the local news** soon thereafter. The journalist is a **fiery redhead college student** with a **tight body** that James can't help but notice - and **a plan hatches in his mind**. He could have **the spell air on television** and create a **chain reaction** that would essentially make him the **ultimate alpha**, but for that he needs **Sarah's help**. After **Sarah falls to the tablet's power**, all James has to do is order her to come to his apartment for some **off the record fun** which will leave her **breathless and full of his cream**. He's still not sure about the plan - **doubts cloud his mind**, but he will ultimately **make an important decision**.

A woman with long brown hair and glasses, wearing a black lace bra, is holding a pair of handcuffs in front of her. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

ALICE LOCKE

UNDER HIS

Alpha

SPELL #1

PART ONE

Chapter One

It was supposed to be a short job, at least from the way they described it.

Archeology is never that simple. The amount of care and patience one has to display is often found in most people, and as such it attracts a very specific kind of crowd.

The hunger for knowledge is what drives them - and me too, I can't deny it - but some take it to extreme levels and turn any site into an annoying death trap, to the point that I often found myself envious of the skeletons I was digging up.

They didn't have to deal with my colleagues, at least.

Alas, I endured it. I knew what I was getting into back when I started my studies, after all. I chose it partially because of its appeal, but mostly because of a certain whip-wielding professor that was the protagonist of my favorite movie series.

Years later, I found myself surveying a dig site in northern Egypt. Even at night, the temperatures were high enough to almost make me regret ever picking this line of work.

My crew was fairly small. Me, my old professor James Alker and two other archeologists - Andrew and Cynthia.

When I mentioned the *specific* crowd this job attracts, I mostly referred to Cynthia. On a good day she'd be minding her own business, but on most of the other she was a nightmare to work with.

I wondered why the professor kept her around, knowing he too could hardly stand her. As for Andrew, he simply didn't care and managed to shut her down so skillfully I considered becoming his apprentice.

Cynthia was in her thirties, sporting long dark red hair and a pair of glasses that never left her nose. She always seemed to be full of energy despite having a slender frame and eating less than most of us - that

woman was a mystery to me.

What wasn't a mystery, was the fact that the dig site was revealing itself to be nothing more than a failure.

The info we were fed turned out to be highly exaggerated. Sure, we found a couple pieces of what seemed to be a funerary urn - but we were also digging inside of a temple that was well known to have had this kind of stuff inside of it.

Cynthia decided to take a break, leaving me alone with my trusty brush as I swept sand and dust away.

I still remember the rush of adrenaline I felt when I saw that metal corner appear. I must have made some kind of weird noise, but in truth I was too focused on the discovery to care.

Carefully I dug around the object, revealing more and more of its shape as the dust flew off. Something was definitely off.

For something that had spent centuries buried deep within a tomb of sand, this object looked extremely out of place.

It appeared to be made out of metal, its smooth surface shining under the lamps that cast their white light on the site.

The excitement faded the more I brushed the dust away from it - somebody had clearly put it here to laugh at our expenses. I still picked the object - a tablet, it looked like - up and examined it.

The craftsmanship was admirable - even the inscription on its sides made sense.

Granted, I wasn't too well versed in deciphering hieroglyphs. Yet after a long and hard look at the tablet I could almost understand what it said - something about power and control, though one of the symbols was missing.

I spent some time racking my brain trying to translate it, and the best I could come up with sounded like a corny line out of a fantasy book.

"Heed these words, I command thee. I wield the will of the Gods, and you are in my control."

I chuckled at the absurdity of it, and at the fact that we had wasted two weeks just to fall to a cheap prank.

I heard footsteps behind me, Cynthia was back from her break. We were the only ones awake that late at night, for what ultimately was no

reason at all.

"What's that?" She asked, noticing the metal tablet I held in my hands.

"I don't know, honestly. I just dug it out of the site but it clearly doesn't belong here."

I saw her eyes sweep the object before she sighed in disappointment.

"This is nothing but a waste of time. I told Alker, but *no*. He just *had* to drag me here. What does that piece of junk even say?"

"My ancient Egyptian may be rusty, but here it goes: heed these words, I command thee. I wield the will of the Gods, and you are in my control."

I chuckled again, expecting her to scoff as usual. Cynthia wasn't too keen on humor, even though all we could do was laugh in the face of this absurdity.

Silence. She didn't let out a sound, not even to show annoyance.

I turned around and saw her approach me, her face sporting an expression I had never seen before. Her plump lips curled into a coy smile as she took the last step that closed the gap between us.

"Cynthia, what are you-"

She pressed her lips on mine and cut me off. I was stunned at first but came to my senses quick enough and reciprocated the kiss.

Her lips parted and our tongues began dancing and dueling, her hands roaming my body as mine did the same to hers. I didn't know what overcame her or what pushed her to act like that, but I couldn't complain.

I had thought about what she would be like in bed, and given how things suddenly turned out, I would soon find out.

Chapter Two

Cynthia's hands were all over me, but I can't say I stood still - quite the contrary.

All the times she had annoyed me flashed through my mind as we kissed, and with each passing moment I could feel the desire growing inside of me.

Part of it was pure lust, and part was the burning desire to teach her a lesson she wouldn't easily forget.

I had to deal with her antics for years, and in truth I couldn't wait to get my revenge - I simply didn't think it would happen like this.

My touch became more daring. Instead of just caressing her slender frame I began squeezing, poking and prodding at her body, feeling her toned flesh under my fingers.

I wanted to have her, right then and there, consequences be damned. Sure, I had no idea what was happening, but I didn't care.

Breaking the kiss, I saw her face. The lamps illuminated half of it, and behind her eyes I could see a fire I had never noticed before. I guess I had somehow stopped seeing her as a real human with needs, that apparently needed to be met as soon as possible.

I lead her behind the tent near the dig site, just to have some extra privacy. I was sure no one would see us given how late it was, but it didn't hurt to be too sure.

As soon as we arrived there Cynthia dropped to her knees right in front of me, extending her hands to grab my pants. The bulge underneath the fabric grew with each second, and before I knew it, she had my cock out.

I watched her as she slowly jerked my shaft, her gaze glued on my veiny cock. It felt as if it was the only thing that mattered to her, and I couldn't complain.

Cynthia stuck her tongue out and flicked it on the head of my cock, teasing me even though she knew I wanted more.

She took me in her mouth, enveloping my cock in her warm, wet embrace.

I groaned as I felt Cynthia's luscious lips glide on my shaft as her saliva slowly coated it, making it easier for her to jerk me off. She slurping noises she made were sweet music to my ears, but most of the pleasure

I felt came from the fact that I finally managed to shut her up. Cynthia would always have some snide remark primed and ready to fire off at any moment, but she couldn't quite do that with a mouth full of cock.

I leaned my head back and let her work her magic.

She lapped away at the head of my cock, often taking it into her throat just briefly. That woman knew how to suck cock, I'll give her that.

I didn't mind, at the end of the day she would still be the one who bent the knee first.

Secretly I had always thought Cynthia would make a good whore, and as it turns out she had the necessary skills.

I looked at her, down on her knees as she sucked my cock like her life depended on it. The feeling of pure euphoria it gave me almost felt better than the blowjob itself.

I still couldn't understand what was happening, but I couldn't pass a chance to finally get my revenge on her. Granted, it would take far more than that to really set the record straight, but it was a great start. The way her tongue circled the purple, engorged tip of my veiny cock sent shivers down my spine, accompanied by an endless series of jolts of pure pleasure.

Cynthia knew I was loving it, I could tell by how enthusiastically she was working my cock. Like a true professional whore, both of her hands were on my shaft while she bobbed her head on me.

Inch by inch my cock kept disappearing and reemerging from her hungry mouth, her saliva dripping down on the ground and forming thick strings that connected us.

She knew how to keep me on the edge, snuffing out my orgasm as soon as she felt my cock throb.

I don't know how long she kept it going, her energy never depleting and never breaking the rhythm. The more time she spent servicing me, the more Cynthia resembled a machine rather than a person.

She was determined to give me pleasure, that much was undeniable. Yet after a while I wondered how she wasn't getting tired and how she managed to maintain the same levels of enthusiasm and filth without

ever so much as slowing down.

Granted, I didn't particularly care too much. If Cynthia wanted to be nothing more than a cum dump, she should have told me long before that useless trip to Egypt and I would have happily complied.

I knew I wouldn't last long.

"I'm going to cum," I growled, and as soon as Cynthia heard those words, it felt like something had snapped inside of her.

If up to that point she had been sucking my cock like a pro, after hearing me warn her about what would soon happen she went at it like a maniac.

She began stroking my shaft faster and harder with both of her hands in a twisting motion, aided by the copious amount of sticky saliva that coated my cock up to my pelvis.

That wasn't the only thing that changed. Both her hands and mouth worked in unison, her tongue swirling around my head like my cock was the last meal she would ever have.

The new treatment had me on the brink of orgasm in what felt like a split second, and she seemingly had no intentions of stopping.

I felt it rise within me until a hot flash exploded through me from the tip of my cock. For a split second, the pleasure overcame my senses as I grunted.

Ropes of cum shot out of my cock and coated her mouth and tongue, mixing with her saliva while she kept on servicing me. Every time her tongue grazed my sensitive tip, a spurt of cum would fly out directly into her throat as I felt the electric jolts of pleasure spread through me.

Cynthia didn't stop until she had milked every last drop of cum from my body, and even as my erection faded, she still had my cock in her hands, covering it with wet kisses.

She had swallowed everything, not a drop was wasted. Even those that coated my cock were gone, she had cleaned it off like an experienced whore would.

I stood there panting, trying to regain my composure as I looked down at her. Cynthia smiled at me before standing up and turning around to face away from me.

In one swift motion she slid her pants and panties down to her ankles,

giving me a full view of her clean shaven pussy.

Chapter Three

Cynthia looked back at me before bending over. Her hands rose to grab a hold of her toned ass cheeks and spread them, causing her lips to follow suit. The pink flesh of her dripping pussy was extremely inviting, and I felt the arousal course through me again.

I ran a finger across her slit, feeling her warm nectar coat it as she purred in pleasure.

My touch was gentle and light, I barely caressed her folds. It was clear she wanted it, but part of my revenge fantasy included making her squirm for it before fucking her hard and deep.

My eyes couldn't leave her soppy hole as I played with it, teasing her but never taking things too far.

My index and medium finger were slick with her juice, and every time she felt me graze her skin, Cynthia would thrust her hips outward in search for more.

Alas, she was no longer leading the games. I brought my fingers to my mouth and licked them clean, inhaling her intoxicating scent before tasting her sweetness on them.

My cock slowly twitched back to life, hardening little by little as I teased the whore.

I slapped her ass rather unceremoniously, making her yelp in pain. That didn't stop her from backing her ass up to me, still desperate for more.

I decided to grant her wish, but only partially.

Once more my fingers trailed her body. From the small of her back down to her cheeks and thighs, only to rise back up, getting dangerously close to her dripping hole.

I kept that up for a while as she yearned for more, until I finally surprised her by plunging my index and middle fingers inside of her pussy.

The surprised gasp she gave made me grin, but my attention was set entirely on how tight and hot her hole was - and I couldn't wait to fuck her properly.

I pulled my fingers back before burying them back in as far as they would go. Cynthia's raspy moans dripping with lust and pure desire only made my cock harden faster.

Curling my fingers into a hook I began pumping in and out of her pussy, watching as she moved her body with me, almost training for what she knew would inevitably happen next.

With every hit she would let out a throaty whimper, though the music would soon change.

I pulled my fingers out of her sopping hole and lightly jerked my shaft to lubricate it with her nectar before grabbing it and lining it up against her hole.

I felt her freeze and tense up when the tip of my cock made contact with her folds, but she relaxed right after.

I rubbed my cock along her slit, just to coat the head with more of her sweet nectar before slowly plunging it deep within her. The croaky groan that was torn out of her throat as my cock stretched her tight hole was something I'll never forget.

She wasn't in pain, that much I could tell. Cynthia pushed back as I thrust forward, making everything easier for me. I couldn't help but grin again as I felt her tight pussy envelop my shaft - at long last I would finally get my revenge.

I filled her up to the brim.

Cynthia's tight pussy swallowed my cock with ease despite its tightness and my girth. I didn't stop until I felt my ballsack slap her swollen clit and when I did, I stopped moving to take in the reality of what was happening.

Not being one to sit around too much, I pulled my cock back. I was sure she could feel every vein on my shaft as I pumped in and out of her, and that only gave me more energy.

I couldn't wait to start pounding her hard like I had always wanted to, but that would have probably broken her. I gave her some time to get used to my cock, thrusting slowly but deep enough to make her feel full.

Cynthia's steady stream of moans were the only sound around us, but no one would hear us anyway considering the dig site was far from our base camp.

I grabbed her ass cheeks tight enough to leave red marks on them and picked up my pace. She reacted well, just as I had imagined, trying to match my rhythm.

Her juices dripping out of her hole were starting to coat my ballsack too, and droplets fell to the ground after every thrust I gave her.

Pounding Cynthia felt liberating, but the more I sank my cock deep into her, the harder I wanted to fuck her. I felt as if an animalistic frenzy took a hold of me and turned me into a being driven by lust and not thought.

It didn't matter, in the end. The harder I slammed myself into her, the harder she bucked her hips back towards me in return - a dare, perhaps.

A dare to see how hard I would or could go, a dare to see how much of the energy spent dealing with her annoying antics I could channel into raw sexual power.

I took her up on her unspoken offer and let go of any semblance of restraint I had.

Cynthia's moans turned to wanton cries of bliss as she felt my cock ravage her insides, splitting her tight hole in two. Yet that didn't stop her from helping - she didn't simply stay there like a good little bimbo and chose to keep matching my pace, impaling herself on my rock hard cock.

It wasn't long until I heard her cries rise in pitch and intensity, and I gave her all I had.

I pounded her hole like there was no tomorrow, channeling all the

hate I felt for her until I felt her entire body quake as she let out a liberatory scream.

I held her steady as the mind shattering orgasm tore through her, but didn't stop fucking her even for a second. I wanted to dominate her, make her understand her true purpose in life and most of all, I wanted to fill her hole up with my cum.

Her pussy convulsing on my cock made it harder to push it into her, as it almost felt like her hole wanted to push my cock out. Yet I pressed on and kept ravaging her hole, every thrust sending more waves of pleasure throughout her slender frame.

I surprised myself at how hard I was slamming her and most importantly, how she reacted to it. Despite her mind and body both still feeling the aftershocks of that massive orgasm, Cynthia still kept pushing her ass outwards for more.

Even after the blowjob she gave me, I was ready to dump another load of cum inside of her.

Whatever sudden bout of lust that overcame her was still going strong, and I once more felt the orgasm rise. The velvety embrace of her pussy drew it closer every time I pushed into her.

We hadn't said a word throughout the entire encounter, choosing instead to let our bodies speak.

With one last thrust I buried my cock as far deep inside of her as it would go, gripping her ass tighter still as I grunted, the pleasure overcoming my senses.

A thick rope of cum shot out of the head of my cock, instantly followed by a second one and a third. Every twitch of my cock sent shocks of pleasure throughout my body as I coated her hungry pussy with my cum.

Years of pressure gone in just a moment, but the pleasure was unrivaled. We both stood there, panting, my cock still inside of her as a mixture of my hot cum and her nectar leaked out of her sore hole.

I pulled out and Cynthia spun around, taking my cock in her mouth once more to clean it.

Not even a minute later she had it spotless, and her lips pursed into a satisfied smirk.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, but that was great," I admitted, pulling up my pants.

"I just felt this irresistible urge... I couldn't control myself," She replied.

Cynthia's demeanor seemed different from what it usually was. Maybe all she needed not to be an annoying brat was just a good fucking, but the jury's still out on that one.

She seemed happy now, having lost that aura that made her come across as hostile. I looked at her, and saw a normal woman rather than the bitch she used to be.

We said goodnight after regaining our composure, and parted ways. The clock read three in the morning, and I decided to hang around the dig site for a few more minutes.

My mind went back to the metal tablet I found.

"The will of the Gods..." "You are in my control..." I murmured to myself, running my fingers on the inscription.

The easiest connection was that somehow hearing those words turned Cynthia from a cold bitch to a mindless bimbo, but that went against all logic and common sense.

Still, I wondered.

I knew the professor would chalk the tablet as junk, so I simply hid it in my bag. If anyone asked, I would simply say it was a souvenir for my relatives - and I doubt anyone would think otherwise, that tablet didn't look like an ancient artifact at all.

Regardless, its supposed powers were interesting. I would definitely need to delve further into it, but I would have to wait until the end of the expedition.

The tablet defied all logic and truly did have power, I was on the brink of true greatness.

Granted, I didn't know back then, but I quickly realized what I could do with it once I set foot back in America.

ALICE LOCKE

UNDER HIS
Alpha
SPELL #2

PART TWO

Chapter One

A couple weeks after that fateful night with Cynthia, it was time for us to head back to the States.

I decided to keep our tryst under wraps for the time being and hoped she would do the same. That night she was a completely different person than what I and the others had gotten used to, but she quickly snapped back to her roots - as if nothing ever happened.

It was fine by me, after all we both had gotten what we wanted.

The dig site turned out to be a complete disappointment, which put most of us on edge.

Usually people think of archeology as an adventurous job that brings you to the far corners of the planet in search of ancient civilizations - but the reality of it is, we're mostly just looking at broken pieces of pottery.

We had wasted three weeks on what ultimately led to nothing - save for that metal tablet I found. I showed it to the professor presenting it as a joke, and managed to get a chuckle out of him.

The old man was experienced enough to know what he was looking at, and to him that relic was a blatant fake.

I still took it with me back home, and as I expected, no one had anything to say about it. For all they knew I got it from a souvenir shop given how pristine it looked, but I knew the truth.

Truth or not, it still didn't explain why Cynthia had that reaction when I read the inscription out loud to her.

I'll admit the thought of it being some kind of ancient Egyptian curse did cross my mind a couple times, but it left as quickly as it appeared. I knew that couldn't be the case.

Still I found myself thinking about it as I sat on the plane that would soon take me back home. The possibilities would be endless, and I'll

freely admit I wanted to explore them all - who wouldn't?

I arrived back home late at night, exhausted from being stuck on a plane for hours on end yet happy to be in familiar territory. My apartment was fairly small, but cozy. I didn't have the will or even the energy to unpack my suitcase, so I left it the living room to wait for me as I took a shower.

Usually they filled me with energy, but not that time. I was in and out in just a few minutes, the trail of steam following me to my bedroom. I was out like a light the second my head touched my pillow. Despite everything, Egypt was a nice experience - but nothing could beat the comfort of my bed.

I woke up late, but thankfully I had nothing planned for the day. Professor Alker told the crew to rest after the operation in Egypt, and I fully intended to listen to his wise words.

It took some time to reacquaint myself with the "new" surroundings, having gotten used to the camp site.

I unpacked my suitcase and suddenly I remembered about the tablet. I placed it between folded shirts near the top of the suitcase, knowing it would show up on the security scans and maybe raise some questions. Nothing of the sort happened, thankfully. I pulled it out and looked at it again, the memories of that night with Cynthia rushing back in just like the blood rushing downwards.

I brushed those thoughts aside and went back to unpacking. After everything was said and done, I still had to sweep the floor to get rid of the sand I somehow carried back with me.

Knocking that off the to-do list left me with nothing else to do, and naturally my focus shifted on the tablet.

I couldn't help but feel like I had seen something similar before. I tried scouring the internet, looking for anything that could explain the tablet's origin and purpose.

Somehow I didn't want to believe somebody just dumped it there. It was too clean despite being buried under the sand, and the way Cynthia reacted to the inscription pushed me away from the obvious "it was a prank" explanation.

Alas, I found nothing.

The only results were wildly unrelated to what I was searching for, and only showed up due to key words. I slumped back in my chair, sighing.

I still had one more ace up my sleeve - the museum. I knew for a fact they had a sizable archive, and with a bit of luck I was sure I would find something there.

I should have been relaxing at home, but there was no resisting the curiosity I felt.

Chapter Two

After a short drive I arrived at the museum.

I hastily entered the building, carrying the tablet in my backpack. An old friend of mine, Theodore, worked there, and I was hoping he would help me in my quest for info.

A quick phone call later and I saw him appear at the top of the staircase that lead to the second floor, which they mostly used for administrative purposes.

"James, you're back!" He greeted me, extending his hand.

I shook it and smiled "Yeah, landed yesterday."

"You should've called, we could've hung out like the old times!"

"No chance, I was exhausted. But I do have something to show you, though."

"Come to my office, let's see."

I was expecting him to laugh at me but he didn't. I let him examine the tablet - he was and still is an Egyptologist, after all - and watched as he carefully scanned every tiny detail of it.

"What do you think?" I asked, crossing my arms on my chest.

"It's vaguely familiar, I remember reading a document that described a

relic similar to this one," Theodore nodded. "It should be somewhere downstairs, I think."

"Can you find it for me?"

"Or you could just go look for it yourself, I trust you."

"I would hardly know where to start, come on!"

We exited his office and he called up one of the tour guides to help us in the search. After a brief introduction, we descended the staircase that led us to the basement.

Nora, that was her name. She didn't look a day older than twenty, her fresh face gave it away. Her blonde hair extended almost to the small of her back, and I couldn't help but take a long hard look at her ample ass.

Despite her age, she seemed knowledgeable enough to be helpful rather than a hindrance, though I could hardly believe someone that young worked as a tour guide.

The storage area was enormous, and from what I could see it resembled a labyrinth of boxes and shelves filled to the brim with all manners of interesting items.

Thankfully they had organized everything by theme, as they had a section dedicated to showcasing different historic periods every month.

Theodore's phone rang as soon as we arrived at the Egyptian part of the storage area. After a brief conversation with the caller he apologized, saying he had to leave.

"Let me know if you find anything alright James?"

"Will do, don't worry."

Theodore left us alone in the storage area, facing a mountain of priceless artifacts - and in truth, I didn't even know where to start from.

"What is it that you need, if I may?" Nora chimed in.

"Oh, I'll show you," I said, opening my backpack to retrieve the tablet.

"I just came back from Egypt and retrieved this from a site. My mentor says it's junk, but I'm sure there's more to it. Even Theodore thinks so!" I explained, showing the relic to her.

She approached me, her eyes fixated on the tablet.

"Do the hieroglyphs mean anything?" She asked, her eyes darting back at me.

I hesitated, my mind flashing back to that night back at the dig site.

"Yes, it's some sort of spell." I nodded.

"Really?"

"Yeah, I translated it a while back. It reads: heed these words, I command thee. I wield the will of the Gods, and you are in my control."

My gaze burned into hers as I spoke those words, half expecting something, *anything* to happen. I watched Nora's curious expression turn into a purely neutral one - albeit something else was happening.

She batted her eyelashes a few times, her mouth hanging slightly open just like Cynthia did back in Egypt.

It couldn't be. There was no possible way, the situation defied all logic and reason - yet, it was happening right before my eyes.

It lasted just for a split second.

She snapped out of it, her eyes opening wide as she smiled coyly at me. I froze, watching her take a step towards me. I still couldn't believe what was happening - I thought it was some kind of dream.

If before that Nora had seemed fairly amicable and generally willing to help out, after hearing the inscription she turned into something else. Much like Cynthia, her demeanor changed - and even though I didn't know her at all, I could tell a switch had flipped inside of her.

Her hands slowly rose to her blouse, her nimble fingers expertly undoing the buttons one by one.

She started at the bottom and crept towards the top, her blouse opening little by little to show the black shirt she wore underneath.

The smile never faded from her lips, but the hunger behind her eyes grew alongside my excitement.

Nora's blouse hit the ground, a small cloud of dust rising from the impact. The white lacy bra she wore definitely pushed her assets together and made them stand out more, but in truth she didn't need that at all. The museum uniform covered her body up, but piece by piece I was getting close to uncovering her mystery.

I couldn't help myself.

I darted towards her, pinning her slender frame against one of the shelves and almost causing it to topple over. Her little squeal made my cock twitch, and I'm sure she could feel it press against her body.

I caressed her, my gaze burning into hers. I my fingertips left behind a trail of goosebumps on her silky skin, racing across her forms to reach the prized destination that resided between her long legs.

My fingers brushed past her lacy bra, briefly circling her turgid nipples before continuing to trace the outline of her supple breasts. I didn't linger, even though I wanted to.

The journey continued ever so downwards, soon reaching her navel and right after that, the fabric of her pants. Slipping my hand under it, I quickly felt the cloth of her underwear and pushed past that as well.

The damp fabric stuck to the back of my hand as I explored her mound, and I could tell she was already loving it.

My free hand rose to grab her throat, holding her firmly in place. By then Nora realized who was in charge, but it never hurt to make it explicit.

She exhaled sharply when she felt my tight grip, but also parted her legs more at the same time.

I grinned as she began whimpering, my fingers gliding across the wet folds of her pussy. Not a hair on it from what I could feel, which only made it better for me.

Nora shivered every time the tip of my fingers grazed her swollen clit. Her body wanted more as evidenced by how she kept thrusting her hips onto me. And yet, I wanted to toy with her just a little bit longer.

She wasn't exactly an angel, either. Her hands were all over my body just as well as mine were on hers, but she took a particular liking to the outline of my cock.

The bulge was clearly visible, and it had been poking her for a while until she finally decided to feel it, albeit still above the fabric of my pants.

Exploring her dripping slit turned her into a quivering mess. Nora's nectar soaked my hand, even if i hadn't plunged within her hole yet.

I leaned in, taking her earlobe between my lips. That alone made her sigh, but that noise was instantly replaced by a series of ragged breath

that started with a gasp as I sank two of my fingers deep within her. Her pussy was hotter than hell and wet as a lake, a deep lake filled to the brim with a sweet nectar any man would kill for - and that day, I was the lucky one who would get to experience it.

I began pumping in and out of her hole, her juices dripping out and soaking her panties. The palm of my hand rubbed her clit with every tiny motion I made, and the combined effort turned her into a writhing, moaning mess.

A high pitched yelp escaped her lips when I sank into her more vigorously than before, but her flustered face showed nothing but desire. Nora's body toed the line too, I could see her muscles flex after each hit, bracing against the jolts of pleasure that course through her body.

In honesty, I wanted nothing more than to rip her clothes off and fuck her right there - maybe even on top of some priceless artifact that could stand the test of time, but not the energy unleashed during sex.

I decided against that last part, yet the desire to dominate her remained firmly planted in my mind.

I pulled my hand out of her pants and brought it up to her face. Nora parted her lips and began lapping away at my fingers, tasting her sweet nectar on them - in a matter of seconds she had cleaned them and flashed me a knowing smile.

Still gripping her throat I leaned in and kissed her, our tongues dancing together as she moaned in my mouth. I tasted her juices on her tongue - just as sweet as I had imagined.

I broke the kiss and released her from my grasp. Instantly Nora's hands went to the waistband of her pants and pushed them down to her ankles.

A sly smirk shone on her face as she turned away from me. Nora offered me a view of the drenched fabric of her panties, framing her flawless round ass so perfectly it almost felt unreal.

I yanked them down, exposing the hole I had been playing with. Her lips were swollen just like her nub, Nora was primed and ready for more.

She swayed her hips side to side, trying to seduce me further - if that

was even possible at that point.

I undid my belt and hastily freed my aching cock. The head was soaked in precum, just in case I needed extra help getting into her tight hole.

No such thing was needed, Nora's pussy welcomed me like an old friend.

I positioned myself behind her, pressing the swollen tip of my rod against her opening. Her lips parted effortlessly and I sank into her, never stopping until I could no longer move further.

The drawn out groan she let out as she felt my cock split her in two, I will never forget. Pleasure, bliss, and just a note of pain to keep it interesting.

Nora's velvety embrace was nothing short of heavenly.

I took a moment before pulling back, just as slowly as I had entered her - but didn't wait long after that.

A vigorous thrust made her cry echo throughout the room, covering the slapping noise my ballsack made as it hit her clit. Again I withdrew and again I pushed back in, with a strength I hardly knew I had.

Maybe her scent acted as some sort aphrodisiac, but with every thrust it seemed as if I was pounding her harder, giving in to my primal desires.

I saw her hands rise to cover her mouth once she realized how loud she was being - I loved hearing her yelps and cries, but there was a considerable risk of people walking in on us at any given time. I had to be quick, though I wished I didn't have to.

I grabbed her hips for support and felt her push them back out towards me, knowing what was about to happen.

I picked up my pace and began slamming my cock into Nora's tight pussy, her crystal clear nectar dripping out and onto the ground after each thrust.

She could hardly contain her noises, but even if people saw I still wouldn't have cared. I wanted her, and I wanted to make her scream.

Her body went still all of a sudden, a silent scream coming out of her mouth as it hung open. Eyes shut tight, hands tightly gripping the shelf she was pinned against as the mind shattering orgasm shocked her to her very core.

Her pussy clenched on my cock, her juices spraying out and hitting both of us in the process. I didn't care, I kept on pounding her as her whole body quaked under the waves of pure passion.

I didn't know how long it lasted, but Nora eventually went almost limp. She looked back at me, the serene expression on her flustered broken ever so slightly by the rhythmic thrusting.

I felt the orgasm coming, and I knew it would be a strong one. I shut my eyes, Images of my encounter with Cynthia flashed back in my mind - and when I reopened them I looked down at Nora's pussy, her lips gripping my cock tight.

A hot flash of pleasure expanded through me as cum erupted from the tip of my cock, spraying her insides. I kept on fucking her, pushing my cum deeper in. Spurt after spurt I filled her pussy up until every push felt like torture - the blissful kind, the one most men would pay for.

Panting I came to a stop, withdrawing my cock out of her with a squelching noise. My cum rushed out of her and dripped onto the ground - at least most of it.

The rest of my load leaked out and ended up on her panties as she straightened back up, but that didn't stop her from pulling them up to wear them again.

She didn't say a word. Nora simply stood there, regaining her composure after what had happened.

In the end I didn't find anything useful that day, save for one thing. When she left, I stayed behind to keep looking around and eventually made it to the shelf I had fucked her against.

In the action I hadn't noticed Nora had scribbled her number on one of the dust that covered one of the wooden planks, but I chuckled upon finding it out. I added it to my phone and wiped it off.

Thinking back at it, it should have been clear that the tablet had powers I had never even heard of before. I didn't want to admit it, but seeing Nora's phone number sparked an idea in my mind.

One last test was all I needed to confirm my theory.

Chapter Three

The following day I called Nora to see if anything had changed. Cynthia's behavior improved tenfold and she still seemed fine, thus it followed that the same would apply to Nora.

I kept trying to think about it logically, knowing logic didn't apply to whatever was happening. An ancient artifact with real power was unheard of outside of fiction, and yet...

I had no other possible explanation as to what happened to both Cynthia and Nora after they heard that spell. They weren't just playing along, considering Cynthia's presence was actually bearable - enjoyable, even.

I couldn't be too sure about Nora since I didn't know her at the time, but regardless, I wanted to get to the bottom of the situation.

Her voice on the phone sounded sweet, and she didn't question how I got her number. We arranged a meeting for that evening, and she willingly gave me her address without being prompted.

What sealed the deal is how she ended the call, just four words that put a wide grin on my face.

"See you later, master!"

Hearing those words acted as one more confirmation. We were complete strangers after all, Nora had no reason to trust me that much let alone call me *master*.

I couldn't help but chuckle nervously. The situation was exciting, extremely so, and it opened up so many possibilities I could hardly focus on one as my brain furiously cycled through them.

Alas, the doubts still plagued my mind.

I picked up my phone and called Theodore. Thankfully he picked up after a few seconds, greeting me as usual.

"James, how are you doing?"

"Hey Theo, all good. You?"

"Can't complain, can't complain. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I know this is going to sound weird but..."

"Go on, don't worry."

"It's about Nora. She seemed interested an-" He cut me off, laughing.

"Don't bother man, she doesn't swing that way! Believe me, I've tried!"

"Oh, alright. Well, it was worth a shot, thanks!"

"No problem!"

That sealed it, as far as I was concerned.

A few hours later I found myself in front of her apartment complex. I left the tablet at home, but even then, I felt somewhat nervous.

Nora opened the door, her face lighting up when she saw me, and she moved to the side to let me in before I could even get a word in.

Her apartment was about as big as mine, but definitely not as messy. A cozy place perfect for a couple, but I knew that I would never be a part of it - and it was fine by me.

We sat on the couch in the living room, wine ready to improve the night further - and I had to ask her.

"Say, Nora, are you into women?"

She blushed, but nodded. "Yes, I am. But I couldn't resist you the other day..."

"Oh really?" I queried, taking a sip from the glass of red wine I held in my hand.

"Mhh, yes..."

I watched her standing up and taking a step towards me, kneeling between my legs. Her hands crept up my thighs, but her eyes were fixated on mine.

"I live to serve you, master..."

I grinned and let her proceed in her quest to satisfy my needs.

I couldn't ignore the fact that the tablet had a tangible power any longer, and I couldn't wait to have some fun with it.

Nora's nimble hands reached my belt and unbuckled it before making short work of my pants. I lifted my hips to help her slide my pants and boxers down just enough to reveal my cock.

She grabbed it with both hands, feeling it harden as she stroked my shaft. Nora's movements were slow and deliberate, and regardless of her preferences she seemed to know what to do.

A bead of precum sat on the tip of my cock, but it didn't last long. She parted her lips and flicked her tongue over it, lapping it away in a split second.

Before I could do anything, Nora took my cock in her mouth - or rather, she tried.

Her inexperience showed, but she still managed to swallow the tip and part of my shaft before backing off. Her warm, wet embrace coated my cock with her saliva as I laid my head back on the couch and let her work.

My cock stood at full attention, and admittedly it didn't take long. Nora began bobbing her head on it, her hands gliding on my shaft perfectly synchronized to her mouth.

As much as I wanted it to never end, she suddenly freed my rod from its moist prison - only to replace it with another one.

Nora hiked up the short dress she wore to reveal her lack of underwear, which fully annihilated every doubt I had about the tablet's powers.

She gave me a sly smirk as she straddled me, grabbing my cock with one hand.

I could feel the warmth radiating from her pussy on me, getting more intense as she lowered herself on me. She lined the head of my cock against her hole and pushed down, impaling herself on me in one smooth move.

We both groaned in pleasure. Her pussy welcomed my cock like it did the previous day, her walls stretching to accommodate my size.

Despite feeling my girth split her in two, she didn't sit around and waste time. Nora raised her hips back and began bouncing on me, yelping in both pain and pleasure every time my rod sank into her hole.

"This is for you, master..." She whispered, throwing her arms around my neck and almost smothering me with her breasts. I couldn't say anything, and simply limited myself to grunting in approval at what she did next.

Nora started riding my cock like a crazed nymphomaniac, setting up a pace that only allowed her to take half of me inside of her soaked pussy. Still it felt like pure heaven, especially since I could hear her ragged breathing above me.

She was hell bent on making me cum, bouncing on my rod as she clenched her pussy on me. Every time I was inside of her it felt as if

she wanted to suck the cum out of me with her pussy, and I can't say it wasn't working.

I felt the orgasm rapidly rise within me, stronger than ever. Having her breasts in my face as she rode me like a stallion, moaning in my ear was simply too much to bear.

I grabbed her hips and began thrusting upwards, matching her pace. Every hit felt twice as intense, and before I knew it, I felt the heat rise up.

All of the built up pressure released in an instant, the pleasure washing over me as I came inside of her pussy.

Hot cum gushed from the head of my cock and sprayed her already soaked insides, but Nora didn't stop riding me. Her walls brushing against my sensitive cock had spurts of cum shoot out for what felt like forever, sending jolts of pleasure throughout my body.

Nora begged for more, but she had thoroughly drained me.

My cock remained hard inside of her while she kept riding me. Her orgasm wasn't far either, and I could tell by her loud cries of pleasure. She didn't have to be quiet in her own apartment, and her passion sounded better than any song.

With a raspy gasp I felt her body tense up, her pussy once more clenching on my cock as the waves of orgasmic bliss tore through her.

Nora's eyes rolled to the back of her head, her face contorted in a mask of pure pleasure as she trembled like a leaf on high wind. Her juices had soaked both of our crotches and even part of her couch, but we didn't care.

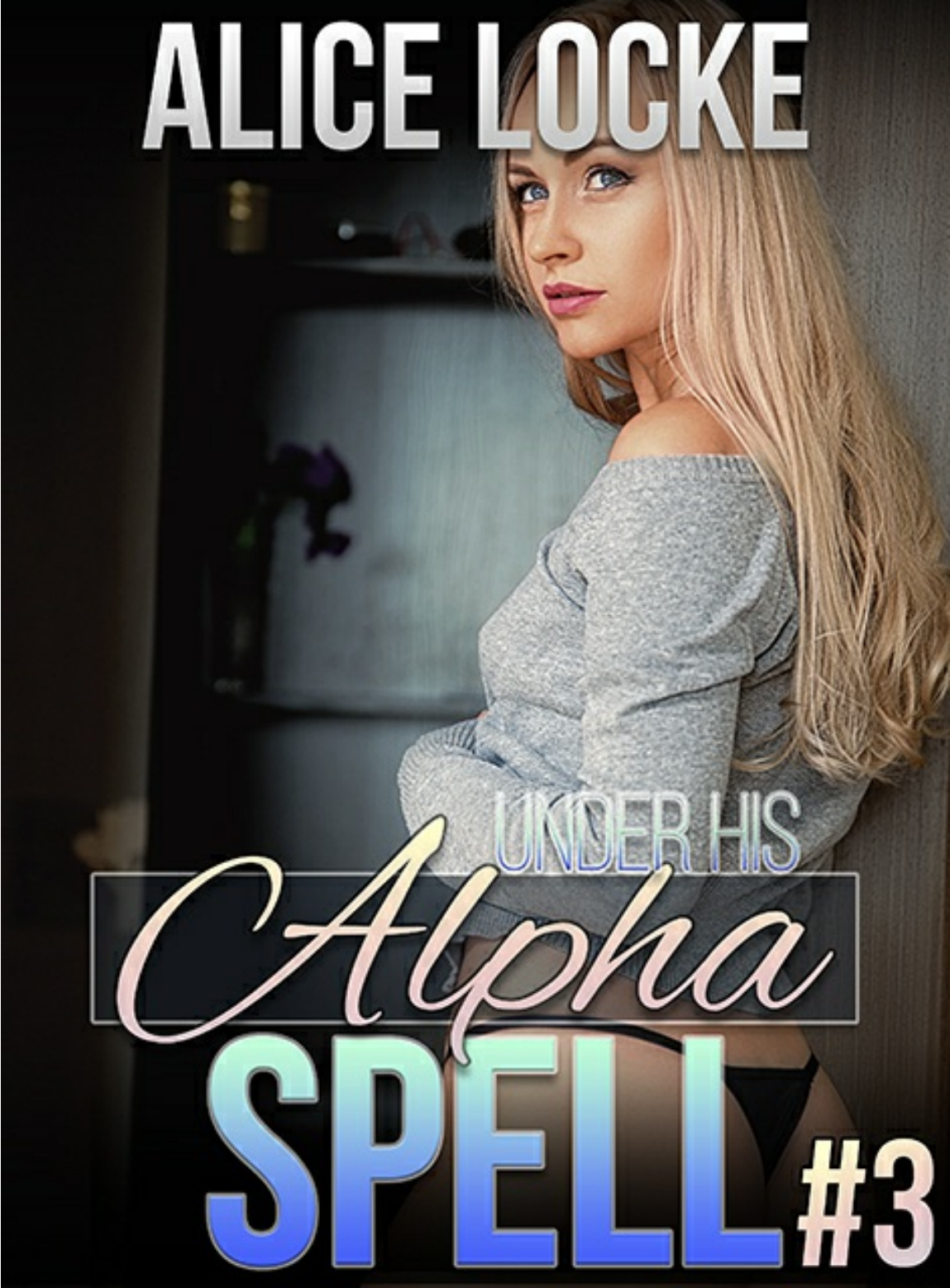
She collapsed onto me after the mind shattering orgasm subsided. My erection faded and with it, the cum trapped inside of her rushed out.

We sat there for a while, just trying to regain our composure. I was still somewhat stunned - one second we were talking and the other one, well...

I can't remember much else about that night. I went back home pretty late, still sporting a stain on my pants due to her nectar. Nobody saw me but even if someone did, I doubt they would have cared.

That night also served as the last piece of evidence I needed to prove that the tablet did have power, and coming back home, I kept racking

my brain trying to decide how to use it.
One way or another, it would be one hell of a ride.

The background of the cover features a woman with long, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a grey off-the-shoulder sweater. She is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. The setting appears to be indoors, with a dark wooden cabinet and a vase of purple flowers visible in the background.

ALICE LOCKE

UNDER HIS

Alpha

SPELL #3

PART THREE

Chapter One

I could no longer deny the fact that the tablet's powers were real. As much as my rational mind wanted to fight the notion of dare I say, magic being real, I decided to accept it instead. Granted, it wasn't easy. My curiosity pushed me to seek more information about it, to study the tablet to try and find its true origin - but I always came up empty handed. I lost count of the headaches that whole situation gave me, and I'll freely admit I lost a few nights of sleep to it as well.

I let a couple weeks pass, watching Cynthia somewhat closely. Her old annoying self was completely gone, to the point that the atmosphere was enjoyable for all of the members of the crew. The tablet's influence remained, or perhaps it was mine instead - I could never be too sure. Regardless, its effects lasted long after I had uttered the spell. In truth, the power it gave me was scary. I could see it on Cynthia - she would drop everything to listen to anything I had to say or would prioritize something I asked of her rather than her previous assignments. I tried to make it look normal, but I'm sure people noticed. Granted, they could never imagine what actually happened, so I wasn't too worried about it.

Naturally, power tends to corrupt. I won't pretend to be a paragon of good will and morality - if anything, I was and still am a normal person. What put me ahead of the curve was the fact that I had stumbled upon something far greater than myself, that allowed me to live my life in whatever way I chose. All I had to do was speak those words and any door that was

previously closed would open in mere seconds.

Back then I was still cautious. I didn't know the full extent of the powers just yet, and most importantly, I didn't want to ruin my chance to lead the life of my dreams.

With each passing day I gathered my courage, setting it aside for that perfect moment in which I knew I would need it. With great powers come great responsibilities, after all, and I wanted to make extra sure I knew what I was doing.

Naturally, there was hardly much to know about the tablet and its history. I couldn't find anything about it no matter how hard I searched, until Theodore sent me an article written by some archeology professor I had never heard of.

I opened the email he sent me and scanned the article trying to see if it contained anything relevant to my quest, and much to my surprise it did.

The author, Emilia Marell, described something vaguely similar to the relic I found in the dig site. She chose not to disclose too much information on it, which left me with no choice but to contact her.

A brief email exchange later we set up a meeting in a nearby coffee shop. The lead seemed worth sinking some time into, yet I knew it would be my last attempt at figuring the mystery out.

The following day I made my way down to the coffee shop the professor and I discussed. Despite being on time, she was already waiting for me.

I expected Emilia to be at least in her sixties, but judging by the way she looked, she couldn't have been older than forty. Dirty blonde hair fell on her shoulders, framing a face that betrayed experience despite not looking too much like it.

I couldn't see much given the booth obscured her body, but I did think about using this meeting to get more than information.

I sat in front of her and we began talking. At first she was reluctant to share any details about her findings, but after a while she eventually relaxed.

It turns out she had seen one of those tablets before - but on the other side of the world. Emilia found a similar relic in Nepal but had since

lost track of it. Metal, extremely smooth and covered in symbols and pristine enough to defy the laws of reason.

If what she was saying was true, it meant that either those relics were far older than I originally thought.

As stimulating as the conversation was, I still felt like Emilia was hiding something from me - and I wanted to know what it was.

The conversation went on for a couple of hours, until she asked me the fateful question.

"What did the inscription say?"

"I believe it was some kind of spell, or a curse."

"Have you translated it?"

"Yes, and it yielded some... Interesting results, to say the least."

"Interesting? Why, what did it say?"

"Heed these words, I command thee. I wield the will of the Gods, and you are in my control."

The words flew out of my mouth, my voice low and somber. It didn't seem to change anything, the spell still had its effect.

Emilia sat there, briefly stunned, but quickly came to her senses. As usual, something about her felt different.

"Why don't you tell me everything you know about these artifacts, Emilia?" I asked, looking straight into her brown eyes.

"Yes sir, but not here. Come with me, please."

Chapter Two

I could have gone home, but I was far too deep into it to give up now.

Emilia led me back to her house, a nice apartment that overlooked a

small dog park not too far from the coffee shop itself. Much like Nora's, it was leagues ahead of me in terms of how tiny it was - and maybe all mine needed was a woman's touch.

"Wait here, I'll be right back!" She smiled, disappearing towards what I assumed was her bedroom.

I heard some rustling noises come out of that room, but they stopped after a few minutes. Emilia emerged from it carrying an object wrapped in paper, a thick layer of dust covering it.

She set it on the coffee table in front of me and nodded towards it.

I made short work of the frayed string that held the paper together, and tossing it aside revealed another tablet - exactly like the one I had. The inscription was different, and I could hardly even recognize the alphabet.

I took a moment to inspect the object, and aside from the inscription it perfectly matched the one I had found.

"I knew you were hiding it from me," I said, my eyes still locked on the relic.

"I'm sorry I... Was just scared," She murmured, her voice full of regret.

"You did the right thing."

"But I want to make it up to you..."

I turned my head to look at her and noticed she had taken off her sweater to reveal the white undershirt she wore, covering a bra that hardly contained her ample breasts.

Grinning, I set the relic back on the table. I forgot about the spell for a few minutes, my attention derailed by the artifact - but if Emilia wanted me to remind her what a real man could do, then I gladly would.

Emilia took a few steps towards the bedroom again, and I quickly followed.

The curtains were drawn, giving us all the privacy we would need. Despite her conservative way of dressing Emilia still took care of her body, perhaps even more than me.

I watched her climb on top of her bed, her round ass jiggling ever so slightly whenever she moved her hips.

The view in front of me was inviting enough to make my cock harden,

and from the way she looked back at me, I'm sure she knew what effect she was having on me.

I took a step towards her and placed a hand on her ass cheek, squeezing it tight. It was surprisingly firm, and watching her arch her back when she felt my touch further confirmed the notion that we would surely have a good time.

Emilia's hands glided towards her pants. I watched her play with the waistband, tugging it down to show the tiniest bit of skin just to pull it right back up.

Teasing like an expert seductress, Emilia's little show went on for a few minutes before she finally decided to put an end to the games.

I kept my eyes locked on her curvy figure, taking in every inch of her forms as she played with the fabrics she wore. For every bit of her body she would show, Emilia would take away something else, creating an endless game of cat and mouse that eventually ended.

Both of her hands rose to grab her pants and she yanked them down, revealing the black thong she wore underneath - an unexpected sight, but a pleasant one nonetheless.

Her games resumed once more, yet my patience was steadily declining. We both knew how it would end, after all.

My aching cock was standing at full attention, ready to teach Emilia a lesson - yet there she was, teasing me like she had no idea I could simply take her like the whore she was.

I gave her ass a vigorous slap, making her squeal in pain - and still, it didn't stop her from continuing her games.

Grabbing the edge of her underwear I pushed it down in one smooth move, ending her teasing routine. From her sly chuckle I could tell she had been waiting for me to make such a move, and I couldn't fault her for that. She knew where her place was.

My gaze naturally fell right between her legs, and so did one of her hands. She spread her lips with two of her fingers, her pink flesh already glistening with her juices.

I calmly undid my belt and let my pants fall to the floor before taking one more step towards her.

With one hand I pointed my cock towards her hole, feeling the heat

radiating from her pussy on me. One small push is all it took for my cock to sink into her wet embrace.

Emilia held her breath, my cock slowly filling up her hole. I never stopped until I was fully buried within her, and our bodies touched.

She exhaled as my cock left her hole, just as slowly as it entered it. Emilia wasn't shy about what she wanted, which made our encounter all the more fun. She pushed her ass outwards, to impale herself on me, while I thrust forward at the same time.

I was planning on taking my time with her, teasing her just like she had done to me, but evidently she had other plans. Emilia wanted to be fucked hard, and I wasn't going to disappoint her.

I slapped her ass once more, her pained yelp echoing in the room. Emilia's ragged breaths soon gave place to a steady stream of lustful moans, rhythmically escaping her mouth after every thrust I gave her. I pushed forward and she pushed back, heightening the pleasure we both felt. Our bodies colliding made wet clapping noises, both due to her nectar slowly dripping out of her to soak both of us and, also, due to my ballsack slamming her clit.

I was fucking her slowly, but didn't hold back when it came to force. Every time I pushed into her I would slam my cock into her sopping wet hole, making her entire body tremble along with the bed. It was driving her crazy, but the way she matched my pace felt almost like a challenge. Sure, she loved to be fucked hard and deep and probably had her fair share of experience, but she never had to deal with me.

I raised one of my legs, resting my foot on the edge of the mattress as I grabbed her hips tight.

It threw her pacing off, but that didn't matter much. I began pounding her pussy like I hated her, as if I was administering a punishment for hiding the artifact from me.

All Emilia could do was lay there, crying out in pleasure as her hole was mercilessly ravaged by my hard cock. In and out, her juices dripping on the bed as I fucked her like she had never been fucked before.

Emilia thought she could teach me a few things given our slight age difference, trying to tease me without realizing she was not in control. She liked it rough, that was a given. Yet she didn't think I would dominate her, she had no idea I could make her feel like she was worth nothing more than the holes I used to relieve my stress. There she was, a steady stream of moans and cries coming out of her sore throat while I relentlessly fucked her. My sole intent was to bend her to my will more than she already was.

Emilia clung to the sheets for dear life as I buried my cock within her depths harder and harder still, with no intention of stopping. Her entire body trembled after each thrust and looking down I could see my fingers were leaving a red mark on her ass. None of that mattered, it was like a beast had taken over my normal self and was hungry for more.

I suddenly felt her body stiffen just for a split second before she went almost limp. A short throaty scream announced her orgasm, and while I couldn't see her face I could definitely feel her hole clamping down on me like a vise, her juices spraying everywhere as I kept going.

I fucked her while she came on my cock, the shocks of pleasure filling her mind with a warm bliss while her body was still being ravaged like never before.

Pushing into her as hard as I could, I was chasing my orgasm and I knew it wouldn't take long for me to reach it.

I felt the pressure rise and rise until I could no longer contain it. Cum erupted from the head of my cock and doused her insides, a new spurt shooting out every time my throbbing cock twitched inside of her.

Emilia collapsed on the bed soon after. My cock slid out of her pussy, my cum leaking from her hole in a large rivulet that ultimately ended up on the covers.

I sat on the bed, next to her, looking at the peaceful expression on her flustered face.

After wiping a bead of sweat off of my forehead I stood up to retrieve my pants and boxers to put them back on.

"Have the tablet delivered to me. Understood?" I ordered.

"Yes sir," Emilia murmured back, her voice still shaky.

"Good whore."

I didn't stick around and simply left her apartment, closing the door behind me. I knew she wouldn't disappoint me.

Chapter Three

The next morning I woke up earlier than normal, but given the fact that it was a Saturday, I could simply take my time to do anything. The clock read six, and I lazily laid in bed as the sun rose. When I looked again, it was almost nine.

I got up and went to take a shower - and about an hour later I was ready to start the day.

I was reading the news on my laptop when my doorbell rang. I momentarily forgot I had ordered Emilia to have the tablet delivered to me, and additionally I wasn't expecting it to arrive so soon.

I made my way to the door and opened, my eyes landing on a beautiful young woman who held a package in her hands.

"You must be James, right?" She chirped.

"Yes I am. And you are...?"

"Oh sorry! I'm Victoria, my mom told me to deliver this to your address on the way to class."

"Oh, you're Emilia's daughter, of course! Another archeologist in the making?"

"Paleontologist, actually!"

The similarities were all there. Victoria did resemble her mother, but she couldn't have been a day older than twenty.

"So, are you going to take this or..."

"Oh of course, sorry!"

"There you go, it's kinda heavy so be careful," She said as she carefully slid the package on my hands.

"It should be, it's a tablet made of pure metal," I nodded.

"A tablet as in..."

"An ancient artifact. I have one too, and your mom gave me hers."

"Shouldn't those be in a museum?"

Curiosity killed the cat yet satisfaction brought it back, and that day the satisfaction came well before anything else.

"Well in theory, yes. But these are quite special."

"Oh really? Why's that?" She asked, before backtracking slightly. "I'm sorry I shouldn't ask so many questions, I'll just be on my way."

"Don't worry about it, curiosity is what drives most people. And well, these are special due to the engraving they bear. It's a spell."

"A spell?"

I could tell I had piqued her interest.

"Yes," I grinned, "and it reads: Heed these words, I command thee. I wield the will of the Gods, and you are in my control."

I watched as Victoria's expression suddenly changed. Her eyelashes batted a few times as her mouth hung open - the exact same *symptoms* I had seen on the others.

After a moment, she came back to her senses.

"Why don't you come in, Victoria?"

She smiled, and nodded, happily crossing the threshold into my apartment. I closed the door behind her and turned around to look at her luscious ass - I could hardly contain myself.

Up to that point I had never tried taking full control, and let the other decide instead. Everything changed with Victoria.

I set the package on the table and looked at her.

"Take off your jacket, dear. It's already warm enough in here."

A simple order, just to test the waters.

She obeyed without hesitating, setting her jacket down on the nearby couch. I grinned.

"You and I are going to have a lot of fun, Victoria."

"Are we, sir?" She cooed back, biting her lip.

"On your knees." I ordered.

She swiftly obeyed, like she had been trained to do so. I approached her, my crotch just inches away from her face.

Victoria looked up at me waiting for her next order, but as soon as our gazes met, she understood what I wanted from her.

Her nimble hands crept up my thighs, caressing my body until they reached the object of her desire - my hardening cock.

She tentatively lowered the waistband of my sweatpants, leaving me in boxers. Again she looked up at me, her fresh face showing inexperience but a burning will to learn.

I placed a hand on the back of her head, grabbing a handful of her long blonde hair, and pushed her towards me. I could feel the breath on my cock despite the fabric of my boxers acting as a shield, but that quickly disappeared.

I chuckled at the surprised gasp she let out once her hand wrapped around my cock. Still she pulled it out and slowly began jerking it ever so gently.

"Open your mouth," I growled, and she did as instructed before I could even finish the sentence.

I pushed her towards me, the head of my cock brushing past her plump lips. As soon as she tasted it, Victoria began lapping away at it. She held my cock steady with one hand and licked the tip, tasting the beads of precum that crowned it. She was treating it as a lollipop, circling the head with the tip of her tongue even as I pressed her more towards me.

My cock was hard as stone, and I couldn't wait to teach Victoria a lesson just like the one I taught her mother the day before. Yet as I looked down I saw the peaceful expression on her face - eyes closed, a hint of a smile on her lips - as she sucked my cock and decided to wait. Having a beautiful bimbo worship one's cock is a rare occurrence, one that has to be savored. Alas as much as I wanted to hold off, I simply couldn't.

"Take off your clothes, whore. Let me see what you're hiding." I growled.

Victoria let go of my cock, a pouting expression on her face. Still she obeyed and stood up, her hands reaching for her shirt. She lifted it up and threw it on top of her jacket, giving me a full view of her breasts.

They weren't as big as her mother's, but I was sure they would soon reach it.

Her bra was next, and then her yoga pants - which she peeled off of her body after turning around to give me a perfect view.

Her ass was simply perfect. Firm, round, and ample enough to ensure she would always be comfortable no matter where she sat. She flung the black thong she wore on top of the rest of her clothes and turned to face me.

The last thing she wore was a sly smirk on her face, one that I would soon fuck away.

A trail of her nectar leaked out from her hairless pussy and clung to her thigh. Seeing that made my cock twice as hard, provided that was even possible.

I grabbed her and shoved her towards the couch. She kneeled on it, her holes at the perfect height for me to use.

The pink flesh of her pussy would soon be red after our little tryst, and I couldn't wait to ravage her. I grabbed my cock and pressed it against her opening.

Victoria's lips parted, the tip slid in and instantly she began groaning. She probably never had anything quite as big, and I wanted to make sure she would always remember this day.

I pushed into her, feeling her walls stretch to accommodate my size. I was sure she could feel every inch of me rip her apart, every vein on my cock leaving a permanent mark into her - Filling her up like no one else could.

I couldn't help but grunt too, her tightness was like nothing I had ever felt - and her warm wetness enveloped me in a delightful velvety hug that I will never forget.

Inch by inch I sank into her, going as slow as I possibly could just to make her feel it better. Never once she stopped groaning, but her noises soon changed once I began moving.

After burying myself fully into her depths I withdrew my rod, leaving her no time to get accustomed to my presence.

Looking down, Victoria's lips clung to my cock as I pulled back, a sight that further indicated how tight her hole was. I pumped back into her,

one forceful thrust that had her cry out in both pleasure and pain. Vigorously slamming myself in only to retreat ever so slowly, that was the pace I set. Victoria didn't seem to mind, in fact the goosebumps that rose on her silky skin all but indicated she loved it.

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, and the longer I kept at it, the more she seemed to enjoy having my thick cock ram her tight pussy like there was no tomorrow.

I slapped her ass while picking up the pace, and soon enough Victoria high pitched squeals of pleasure resonated throughout my entire apartment. I didn't care, the walls were thick enough and besides, if anyone complained I could simply use the spell on them.

I'll admit power was going to my head, but it was hard to resist such a temptation - especially when gorgeous bimbos seem to fall down on your lap.

I slammed my hips into hers, watching my cock disappear into her hungry pussy only to come out moments later. Her nectar coated it, and as I later found out, it dripped down on the couch too.

Victoria's breathing pace quickened and so did her moans, rising in both volume and frequency. The girl had probably never experienced anything as intense as the pounding I was giving her, stretching her tight hole to its limits.

I could tell she was close, and that's when I let go of any modicum of self restraint. I began fucking her without mercy, making her scream in pure delight as she held onto my couch for dear life.

It was music to my ears, but it abruptly stopped when the mind shattering orgasm tore through her small frame. She thrashed around but I held her steady, still pumping into her like a jackhammer out of control, while feeling her pussy tighten around me even more.

Clench, release, clench, release. It made her hole even tighter, and I couldn't hold back either. Waves of pleasure crashed on her, one after the other, enhanced by the warm sensation of being filled up with cum.

Thick strings of hot semen kept spurting out of the engorged head of my cock. Her pussy was milking me dry, and I gave her every drop I had until I felt like I had nothing more to give her.

I collapsed on the couch next to her, panting exactly like her. I gave her a minute to regain her composure, before grabbing her chin and turning her head towards me.

"Clean my cock, whore."

Panting she stood up, her legs shaky, and positioned herself between my legs. My cum leaked out of her sore pussy, dripping on her thighs and onto the ground - but that wasn't that big of an issue.

Victoria grabbed my cock, its erection fading, and lapped away at it just as she did before. A couple minutes later she had removed every trace of my cum and her juices off of it, like the good little whore she knew she was.

"Listen up," I began, and she raised her head to look at me.

"From now on whenever I call, you are to answer and obey my orders. Understood?"

"Yes sir, anything for you!" She exclaimed between labored breaths.

"Good whore. Now clean up this mess, then you can go."

Power corrupts, that's a given. I wanted to believe I was immune to it, but as it turned out, I just needed the right excuse.

The encounter with Victoria marked the start of a new life for me, even though I only realized that much later.

ALICE LOCKE

UNDER HIS
Alpha
SPELL #4

PART FOUR

Chapter One

I spent most of my free time trying to translate the new tablet. Sadly, I was forced to work alone - couldn't risk anyone else getting a hold of another potential spell, after all. I wouldn't have had any sort of issue with it if it hadn't been for the fact that I couldn't seem to get a solid grasp on the translation itself. Hieroglyphics were far easier to deal with, given I had extensive experience with them - but this was new, something I hadn't seen before.

What mattered most was the fact that I had the original tablet, and the spell engraved on it worked perfectly.

A month had passed since my return from Egypt, and I made a point to keep an eye on Cynthia and everyone else who had fallen under the spell's influence.

Nothing seemed to change. They were as docile as when they first heard the words, and even testing their obedience yielded positive results.

Cynthia had been the focus of most of my test runs, considering she was the first one to fall under the spells powerful influence. Regardless, time didn't influence it - I could simply order her to do anything and she would obey without hesitation, no matter what I asked.

I tried the same with Nora, observing similar results. Their personalities still effected the way they went about completing the tasks I assigned them, which made it all the more interesting to observe.

Victoria, the professor's daughter, was still somewhat shy, whereas Nora and Cynthia had no issues executing my orders after complaining briefly.

It made me feel even more powerful, and I realize how slippery of a slope that was. Power corrupts people, and I surely wasn't above it all like I thought.

Alas, I didn't particularly worry too much about the consequences. Even if I were to tell the truth, nobody would believe me. It gave me free reign, though admittedly all the different scenarios that played in my mind were both great and somewhat unsettling.

I could easily get far too deep into it and ruin everything, I knew I had to be extremely careful. Still, even with that in mind, I had to try my best to contain myself.

I let some time pass, about two weeks to be precise. Amidst all of this I still had a job I wanted to keep, even if it was mostly comprised of paperwork and not much else - unless an expedition was planned. Miraculously enough I managed to focus on work instead of whatever evil master plan my brain was trying to coerce me into putting in motion. I downplay my self restraint a lot, but I still know what to prioritize.

The day was winding to an end.

I sat at my desk, trying to finish the last pages of a report long overdue, when professor Alker tapped me on the shoulder.

"James?" He asked, his gentle voice sounding like he didn't want to disturb me.

"Yes professor?"

"I forgot to tell you we'll have one more team member for a while. My granddaughter wants to follow her grandpa's footsteps."

He chuckled at the end of the sentence, but I could tell he was serious.

I nodded. "I'm sure she'll make you proud, sir."

"I don't doubt it, but I would appreciate it if you would show her the ropes... You know, what we do around here."

"Absolutely, it would be my pleasure."

"Thank you James. And go home, it's late!"

I didn't think much of it back then, especially since I was barely listening to the old man. I wasn't too thrilled at the idea of having to teach some inexperienced newcomer how the job works, but I figured it would at least keep some paperwork away from me.

I saved the document I was working on and shut off my computer, heading home soon after. It had been a long day, and I was sure another one was ahead of me.

As it turned out, Alker's granddaughter was an interesting subject. She clearly had no intentions of following her grandfather's footsteps and it was evident she would have paid to be anywhere else.

I found her sitting at my chair, her eyes glued to her phone. From my position, I could see she had long brown hair that reached past her shoulders, but nothing much else.

I approached her and introduced myself. Right off the bat, it was clear Alker was in for a disappointment.

"Hey, I'm James. Your grandfather asked me to show you around a bit."

"Name's Julia. But listen, I'm like, extra sure I'll end up doing something else so..."

"I figured. Still, at least pretend like you're considering it - just to make him happy."

"Yeah, sure, whatever you say."

I'm not one to judge a book by its cover, but it took nothing more than a glance to see she wouldn't make Alker proud - and I didn't know how he couldn't see it for himself.

Julia was young, but her mind was already set on something else. Still, I made sure I gave her a good rundown of what her job would consist of should she choose to become an archeologist like her grandfather.

She only barely paid attention - or pretended to - when Alker was around. I couldn't blame her, it's not a job for everyone.

She went back home after a few hours. The plan was to split the experience across an entire week, but I doubted she would last long.

The professor approached me as I was working on yet another report.

"How did it go?"

I didn't know whether to lie or be blunt. "She still doesn't know, but the decision is hers to make."

"Indeed. She didn't seem that interested, however," He sighed.

"I'm sure she'll come around," I replied.

Seeing the expression on the old man's face made me feel a pang of

guilt, even though I had nothing to do with it.
Yet, I could easily turn it around. I can't say I hadn't thought about it, Julia was gorgeous - but it still felt somewhat wrong.

Chapter Two

The following day would be an interesting one.
I had prepared a quick slideshow detailing how to set up a dig site, with photos taken from our last expedition in Egypt. It was meant to be a quick shortcut that would save me quite some time considering I wouldn't have to explain every step down to every tiny detail.
At the end of it, I included a picture of the tablet I found.

Julia sat at my desk, still glued to her phone. I grabbed another chair and sat beside her, much to her thinly veiled disappointment.
"What's on the list for today, boss?" She sighed, sarcastically.
"Oh I'm sure you'll have fun with this one," I replied, matching her tone. "It's a small presentation on how to set up a dig site, with a little surprise at the end."
She rolled her eyes. "Let's get it over with, then."

As I expected, it was like talking to a wall. By the end of it I was surprised to see she was still awake, considering it had been half an hour of talking with next to no feedback.
We finally got to the last picture, the artifact. I had taken it with my phone just hours before, and it showed - most of the other pictures were shot in the same manner.
"What's that?" She asked.
"That's a relic I found at the site. Do you see those hieroglyphs?"
She nodded, her eyes glued to the screen.

"It's a spell, and it works."

Julia scoffed. "Of course. What's it do, make frogs rain from the sky?"

"Not quite."

The words flew out of my mouth again, my voice low and cold. Just like clockwork, I watched as the expression on her face changed into a blank, doll-like stare before snapping back to reality.

"Hi, Julia," I grinned.

"Hi sir!" She happily chirped back, her demeanor completely different from what it used to be.

Her hand already began creeping up my thigh, getting dangerously close to my rod.

"Not now, I need you to behave. Understood?"

"Yes sir," She pouted, retreating her hand.

"Good girl. Now pay attention, you have a lot of stuff to learn."

Julia nodded, and I resumed my *lesson*. I never thought I would find myself in such a position, and in truth it wasn't even that bad. Granted, Julia was a special student.

At the end of the day, I slid her a scrap of paper with my address on it.

"Make up an excuse and be there at eight. Understood?"

Her face lit up. "Yes sir, I'll be there!"

I watched her leave, my gaze falling on her round ass. She clearly kept herself in shape, and her body could already rival that of a model. Going home, my mind was already racing. It felt wrong, given the fact that Julia was my mentor's granddaughter. Alas, the die had been cast. My doorbell rang at eight sharp, and there she stood in all of her splendor. Black skirt, red blouse - the same outfit she wore just a few hours before.

I let her in without saying a word, my eyes devouring her.

As I later found out, Julia was part of her high school's volleyball team - and her body perfectly reflected it. Toned yet curvy, able to make heads turn without even trying.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" She asked, a sly smirk on her fresh face.

"Yes, to talk about your behavior these past few days."

"Have I not been a good girl, sir?"

I took a step towards her, inhaling the sweet scent of her perfume. I

grabbed her jacket and gently helped her out of it to lay it on the nearby couch. Julia froze, waiting for me to make a move.

"You haven't, which is why you must be punished," I whispered directly into her ear, goosebumps rising on her tanned skin.

"But sir, I..."

"Silence." I growled.

Julia was trying her best to act like she truly was sorry, but her body betrayed her far more than her voice did.

I took her hand in mine and lead her to my bedroom, pushing her onto it gently yet firmly. She bounced slightly when she hit the mattress.

She spread her legs as far as her skirt allowed, revealing a pair of red panties. I grinned while climbing on top of the bed, my cock already stiff.

Julia's eyes darted between me and the bulge in my pants, a fiery hunger behind them. Yet, she knew she was in no position to make demands.

I grabbed the edge of her skirt and peeled it away from her legs, throwing it behind me rather unceremoniously. The red panties I had spied just a minute before already had a damp spot on them, signaling Julia knew what I had in store for her.

My gaze darted back up to her face.

Studying her expression for just a moment I could clearly see the wanton desire slowly filling her - and it was already overflowing.

I moved back upwards, grabbing her blouse with both of my hands to pull it apart, almost ripping the buttons off of it. A couple of them did fly off, but she didn't seem to care much.

The matching red bra held her plump breasts in place, and under its fabric I could see her turgid nipples poking out. The clothes she wore did a great job at hiding her forms, but she had no more secrets left to hide.

Julia's attention was fully dedicated to my cock. Even as I ruined her blouse, she couldn't take her eyes and hands away from the bulge in my pants. Eventually, after a few hesitant moments, she found the courage to pull my cock out once she had taken care of my pants.

Julia groaned when she saw it, licking her lips in anticipation. She

was younger than Victoria, but clearly more experienced - and not afraid to show it.

She trailed her fingertips across my shaft while moving her head towards me, lips slightly parted, ready to taste me.

I let her have her moment. Julia was eager to do her job at least for once, and I surely wouldn't stop her.

She slid further towards me, closing the gap between us. Julia rubbed my cock on her lips, planting small kisses on my frenulum before rapidly flicking her tongue over it. She already had me rock hard, but her tender care made me leak precum in no time.

Naturally I didn't simply sit there, not when a gorgeous girl was worshiping my cock. I could see the wet spot on her panties grow the longer she played with my cock, so why not add to it?

I pressed my index and middle fingers on her mound, circling it above the fabric. She let out a small whimper, but whatever noises she made afterwards were muffled.

I would have loved to listen to her as she moaned under my touch, but Julia chose instead to take things further and parted her lips to welcome the head of my cock into her warm, wet mouth.

A grunt escaped my lips, Julia certainly knew how to handle a cock.

Her tongue circled my head, slowly and methodically. Her movements were calculated, like that of an expert seductress despite her age. Her free hand, the one she wasn't using to drag her fingertips across the veiny shaft of my cock, moved past it to reach my ballsack.

She cradled them softly, massaging both of them with the utmost care. Her touch so soft it almost felt ticklish could have been easily mistaken for inexperience, but her half smile betrayed her.

I tapped both of my fingers on her clit, making her yelp ever so softly. The hit had been softened by her panties, yet her whole body trembled for a split second. Circling her sensitive nub made her squirm and gyrate her hips, pushing towards my fingers as she begged for more.

Julia tried her best to focus on sucking my cock even as I teased her hole, but she still struggled to remain focused. I knew her pleasure was far more intense than mine despite her skills, but I was simply matching her pace. The faster her tongue lapped at my cock, the faster

my fingers circled her clit.

The damp spot grew larger and larger still, and in just a few minutes her panties were completely soaked.

Her occasional moans and whimpers became more frequent, some of them loud enough to break the rhythm she set.

I began weaving in little slaps to her pussy just to hear her sweet yelps. Almost as if she followed a tried and tested script, Julia briefly let my cock go every time she felt my hands leave her body, bracing for the impact that would hit her mere moments later. After absorbing the shocks of pleasure she would dive back for my rod with renewed vigor, noisily slurping away.

Alas, as much as I loved having that gorgeous young woman slobber all over my cock, my legs were getting tired.

Chapter Three

I pulled away from her, even if I could have stayed there forever. Julia's hand shot towards her panties. She pulled her legs towards her chest while simultaneously grabbing the waistband of her drenched underwear, lifting it up and sliding it across her smooth legs.

The thing strings of clear juice that connected her pink hole to her panties snapped quickly, leaving a few drops of her dew to fall on her thighs.

I held her legs in place and positioned myself in front of her. Grabbing her ankles, I spread her open for me, watching her juicy pussy open up like a blooming flower.

I slid my cock across her soaked slit, using the tip as a probe to explore every bit of her skin. Julia's soft whimpers quickly gave way to lustful

moans - after all that teasing, she was more than ready to finally receive her punishment.

Alas, her noises were nothing short of music to my ears. I went back to circling her swollen clit, this time using the head of my cock instead of my fingers. Feeling the hard rod on her most sensitive spot drove her wild, and I hadn't even been inside of her yet.

After a copious amount of her juices coated my rod, I pulled back and positioned it in front of her hole. A small push and the head slid in - right off the back, her tight hole seemed to want to swallow my cock whole.

She groaned, my rod slowly inching into her velvety pussy. Despite her juices, it still felt like a challenge. I watched her cover her eyes with her arms and arch her back, almost to get away from me, but I held her steady.

Julia's face contorted in a mask of pleasure.

I pushed into her ever so slowly, giving her plenty of time to get adjusted to my size. Experienced as she may have been, she probably never had anything quite like my cock - at least judging by her reactions.

At times her face briefly flashed with pain but it quickly faded, leaving behind nothing but bliss.

Inch by inch, little by little, I buried my cock inside of her tight pussy up to the hilt. She froze, her mouth gaping as she took in the wonderful sensation of being filled to the brim.

I withdrew just as slowly as I had pushed in, tearing a hearty groan out of her throat. Julia's hands traveled across her toned body and quickly found her swollen clit. I watched her pleasure herself as I pushed back into her, feeling her body relax the longer her fingers worked on her clit.

Julia's pussy was slowly getting accustomed to my presence.

Her nectar coated both of our crotches, leaking out of her drenched hole every time I pulled away from her. I didn't care, there would be time to clean up.

It surely helped, and I found myself picking up the pace without even realizing. Julia's drawn out groans turned to yelps of pure pleasure,

both due to my stiff cock pushing deep into her and due to the relentless torture she was inflicting on her clit.

I held onto her legs, spreading them even more and began thrusting into her at a pace that would surely make her tremble like a leaf on the wind.

That, she did, and screamed like a banshee while doing it. I was holding myself up using my knees as well, as not to put my entire weight behind every hit, but I found it hard to restrain myself.

Julia's pussy kept sucking me in, her hot juicy hole simply begging me to ravage it harder, like a real man ought to do. I could bet she never had anything like it, and she probably never would.

I wanted to remain forever in her memories, I wanted my cock to be the one she missed at night when she felt empty.

I kept that rhythm up, my bed creaking under the forceful thrusts. Julia took it all, like a good little girl. Granted, at her core she was nothing but a filthy slut, but I wasn't complaining.

I gave her everything I had, pounding her tight pussy with such force I was almost afraid I would break her.

The frenzy took over me. The overwhelming desire to own her body and dominate her completely gave me new energy to spend.

Grabbing her thighs I began slamming her hips on me as I thrust forward, my cock ramming her depths so vigorously that even the bed started shaking.

A few seconds later she went silent, before erupting in a raspy gasp that announced her orgasm. Julia arched her back, her juices spraying us both as she came on my cock. Her body spasmed, yet I kept her still and never stopped pounding her through her waves of pleasure.

Her tight hole clamped on me like a vise, but miraculously enough I managed to hold off even though I wanted nothing more than to fill her up.

Instinctively I pulled out, her nectar making my cock shine, and turned her around. She let me do it, her mind and body still torn by the mind melting orgasm.

I spread her cheeks, looking at her puckered asshole. Her juices had dripped down on it, making it glisten just as much as her battered

pussy. Panting I pushed my cock against her hole, and her muscles gave out without much effort.

Julia didn't make a sound save for a drawn out groan - her mind was still on cloud nine.

Her asshole was easily twice as tight as her pussy, but I kept on pushing aided by her juices. She laid there and took it, her fingers still working on her clit as her face once more flashed with pain amidst the orgasmic bliss.

When Julia came back to her senses she barely had time to realize what was going on. She had subconsciously kept on rubbing her clit as I buried my cock in her asshole, and while I could tell it hurt her, she didn't complain.

Instead she raised her hips to help me like a good little whore.

I withdrew my cock until only the head remained inside of her, watching her face as her eyes rolled to the back of her head. As much as it hurt in the beginning, Julia quickly grew fond of my cock even as I fucked her asshole.

I pushed back in faster, stretching her hole as I did before. I was sure she could feel every inch of me, every vein on the thick shaft of my cock leaving a mark on her insides she would never be able to forget.

Out, and then back in, picking up speed like an old steam powered locomotive.

With every thrust the friction sent shocks of pleasure traveling from my cock all throughout my body, and I knew I wouldn't be able to hold on much longer.

At the same time I also couldn't ram my cock inside of her tight asshole in fear of hurting her, which left me with no option but to keep going harder until I could no longer control myself.

I grabbed her hips and picked up my pace, noticing Julia began pushing back into me to match my pace. Her raspy moans and labored breaths mixed in with my grunts and the noise our bodies made as they violently slapped against one another.

The filthy cacophony didn't last long, I lost all control and began slamming my cock into her, turning her moans into cries of pleasure while feeling the orgasm rise through me and reach the tip of my cock.

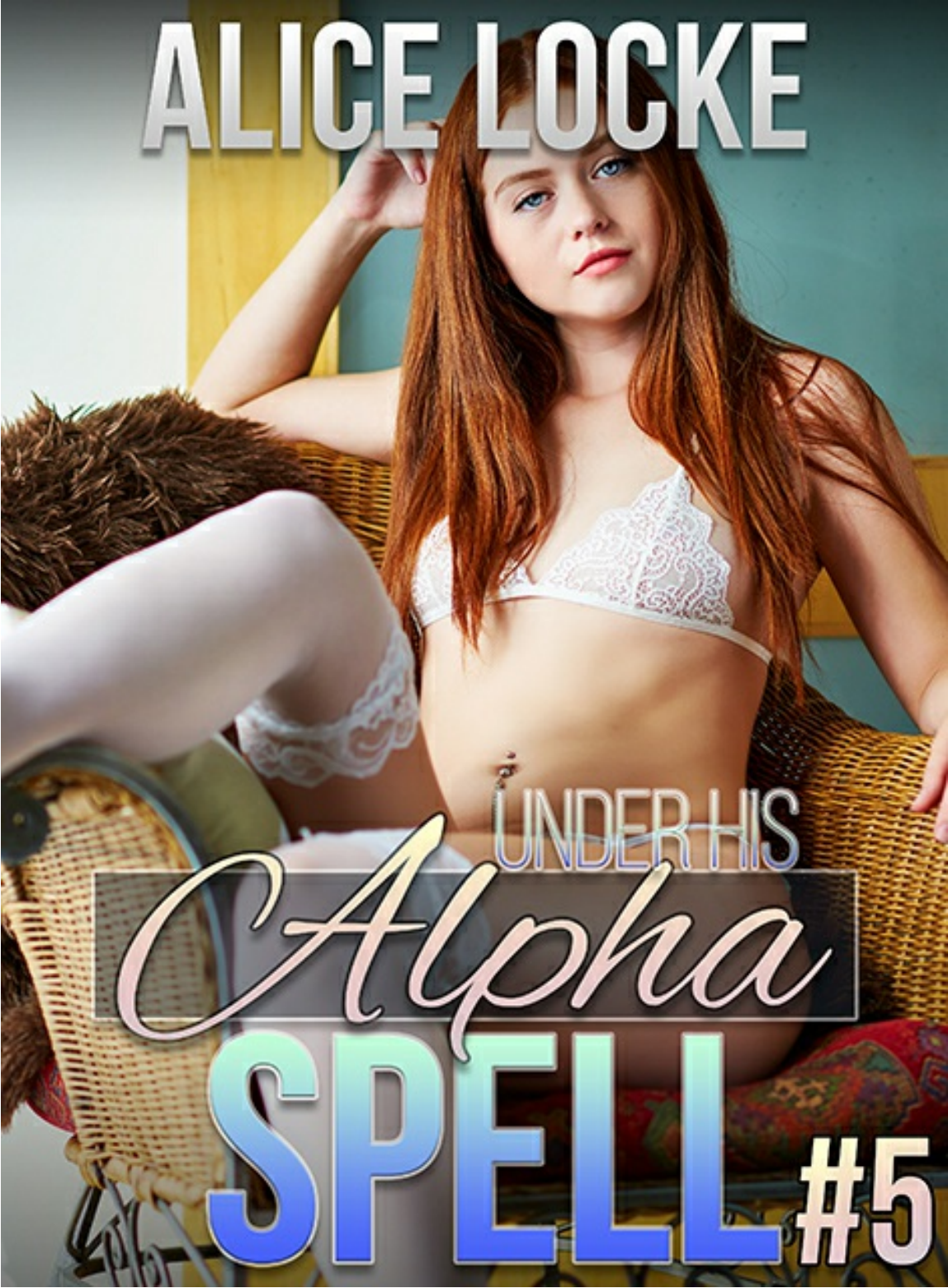
I stood on the edge, and one last thrust is all it took for me to explode deep within her. I grunted, cum erupting from the purple tip of my cock buried deep within Julia's asshole.

I held onto her, the pleasure taking over my senses and almost causing me to collapse.

She still pushed backwards, impaling herself on my rod as I pumped her full of hot cum, spurt after spurt, until I had nothing left to give her.

I stood there panting, my cock still plugging her asshole and preventing my cum from seeping out.

Julia was a mess too. Her face was flustered, and I could swear I was a trail that only a tear would leave. Her holes battered and leaking our fluids, I was sure she wouldn't forget that night for the rest of her life - I haven't, even though Julia was one of the many, many girls I claimed. She didn't show up the next day, telling her grandfather she was feeling sick. In truth, she simply couldn't sit straight, as she told me later that day.

A photograph of a young woman with long, straight, reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. She is sitting in a light-colored wicker chair, leaning back with her right arm raised and hand near her head. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed bralette. A navel piercing is visible. In the foreground, the back of a person's head and shoulders are visible, wearing a white lace-trimmed garment. The background consists of a teal wall and a yellow vertical panel.

ALICE LOCKE

UNDER HIS

Alpha

SPELL #5

PART FIVE

Chapter One

Julia's behavior improved dramatically, much to her grandfather's surprise.

The professor couldn't stop thanking me - in his mind I had simply convinced his granddaughter to follow his footsteps, but I had done much more.

Naturally I kept it a secret for various reasons, but seeing him happy was a nice change. Alker was a stoic man, who rarely let his emotions show.

Life seemed to slow down after Julia's so-called internship ended. Granted I could still tell her to meet me somewhere and take what was mine, but I decided against it.

The same applied to the rest of my "conquests" and especially Cynthia, considering I saw her pretty much every single day.

I couldn't allow myself to get in too deep with them. It simply didn't suit me at all, and on top of that, I was never too fond of such restrictions.

I much preferred freedom, with the tablet's power at my disposal, I could do essentially anything I wanted.

In more than one occasion I had to remind myself not to turn into a comic book super villain, even though I had the means to do. The motivation could always be found later, and "because I can" was a perfect placeholder.

I let some more time pass, monitoring the situation as best as I could while maintaining my job. After about a month, it was clear that the effects of the tablet had an extremely lengthy duration, or could even be permanent.

Some nights of sleep were lost in thought and ethical dilemmas. I never considered myself to be a particularly good or evil man, but the

spell threw an unexpected wrench in the works.

The temptation was strong, and grew stronger every day. Nothing was stopping me from using my spell to get whatever I wanted without repercussions, but I still couldn't bring myself to do anything significant.

I knew I would walk away scott free, and yet, something deep inside of me kept me grounded.

I buried myself in work to take my mind off of it. It seemed to work decently enough, albeit only for a short time.

Professor Alker walked over to my desk to talk to me, thanking me for setting Julia onto the right path once more. I vaguely remember the details of that conversation, but a few key pieces of it stood out.

A television troupe would be working closely with us, to film a short documentary that would air in the culture segment of the local news program.

I nodded, saying I would help if needed even though I didn't exactly want to.

The idea came to me that night, as I laid in my bed. It was a long shot, one that would definitely push me into super villain territory in the span of a few seconds.

I could easily sneak the spell in the footage and lie in wait for the results to come out. I was torn - on one side I could easily get enough people to obey my orders without questioning them, but on the other I wasn't sure the plan was a good idea at all.

Eventually, I passed out.

The news crew was already there when I arrived, and much to my surprise I saw it was comprised of just two members. A cameraman and the journalist, which looked far too young to be working in that field.

Alker told me to introduce myself to them, since I was the only one who hadn't yet.

As I made my way over to them, the cameraman simply walked away after saying something to the girl. After approaching her, I extended my hand and introduced myself.

"Nice to meet you, James. I'm Sarah, and my friend over there is

Mike," She declared, shaking my hand.

"Pleasure is all mine," I replied. "I'm curious though, how is this going to work?"

"Oh it's just a series of interviews with some other footage spliced in. It'll be live as soon as the guys back in college are done with it."

"Back in college?"

"Yeah, I'm studying communications and journalism and managed to get in on a new program the station offers. Long story short, here I am!"

Her appearance started to make sense. A full fledged journalists would definitely be older than her, and Sarah was barely twenty years old at most.

The conversation was interrupted by her cameraman. Everything was ready for the first interview - Alkers, naturally.

We parted ways and I went back to my desk, the previous night's idea still buzzing in my head.

Putting that plan in motion would require me to use the spell on Sarah as well, which wouldn't be that big of a deal. Her small frame would look great writhing under my gentle touch, and her long red hair would make for a perfect handle.

Chapter Two

The entire project took just a few days.

I purposefully let myself get interviewed last, and luck had it that Sarah was alone that day.

The interview was engaging, and time went by pretty quickly. Sarah was definitely made for this, her inquisitive nature coming to light as she followed up every statement I made with even more questions.

How I got into it, what pushes me to keep working as an archeologist, the works. After about an hour, we started discussing the Egypt expedition.

I explained what happened, what insights we gained and how ultimately it hadn't been a complete failure - the same thing Alker told her, I had imagined.

"Professor Alker said you found something, though."

"Yes, I did. A relic of unknown origin, believed to be a fake. But..."

"You think it's authentic?"

"Can't say anything about that, I've only ever seen two of those and they're both in my possession. Still, something interesting came up after I deciphered the inscription it bore."

"An ancient Egyptian curse perhaps?" she laughed, and I smiled too.

"You aren't too far off. It's a spell, evoking the power of the gods to place whoever hears it under the speaker's control."

"So basically a curse."

"More or less."

"How does it go?"

I cleared my throat, ready to deliver the words that would turn Sarah into an obedient bimbo just like Julia and the others.

"Heed these words, I command thee. I wield the will of the Gods, and you are in my control."

Grinning I watched Sarah's face as the spell took effect. Her mouth hung open ever so slightly as she batted her long eyelashes at me - something I had seen before already, but never ceased to amaze me.

When she came to, the fiery determination burning behind her eyes also made a return, even though her purpose had changed.

A mischievous smirk shone on her lips while her hands began reaching for my belt.

"Not here. Behave."

Pouting, she nodded. That entire interaction was on camera, but it wouldn't be a problem. A quick cut would get rid of everything after the spell had been uttered.

A few hours later I headed back home, knowing I would soon receive a visit from her.

I still wasn't too sure about the whole ordeal. Chances were it either wouldn't work, or it would work far too effectively. I needed a drink to soothe my nerves, but as I made my way to the fridge, the doorbell rang.

Upon opening I found myself staring right into Sarah's blue eyes. I let her in, though something about her felt off. It could have been the long coat she wore or her knowing smirk,

"Good evening sir," She cooed as I closed the door behind her.

"Right on time, I was just thinking about you."

"Oh really?"

"Yes. Make sure you bring all the footage of my interview to me before sending it in, understood?"

"Yes sir, anything you say!"

I sat on the couch, our gazes locked onto one another.

"Now, let me see what you're hiding under that coat."

She let out a nervous giggle, but she still complied. Undoing the belt that kept her coat together revealed that Sarah was wearing just a set of white, lacy lingerie and a pair of white stockings.

I felt my cock twitch. She surely didn't play the shy angle, choosing instead to go in for the kill from the start. I grinned and watched Sarah let her coat fall to the ground rather nonchalantly, which only added to her attractiveness.

Her small frame wasn't all that curvy, especially from the front. Her breasts were small but perky, yet the best part of her body was undoubtedly her plump ass. All in all, Sarah had the confidence to make up for what her body lacked, and that made her even more appealing.

I motioned her to get closer to me, and she did - albeit after getting on her knees.

Sarah's eyes were firmly planted on my crotch, looking at the bulge in my pants. Much like she had tried to do before, her small hands reached for my belt and expertly got rid of my belt in mere seconds.

Next to fall were my pants, and from there all she had to do was lower the waistband of my boxers to get what she truly wanted.

My cock sprung out and almost hit her in the face, but she quickly dodged it and began ogling it, licking her lips in anticipation.

"Go ahead, whore. I know you've been dreaming about this moment ever since you first saw me."

Sarah giggled nervously again but gave a slight nod before focusing the entirety of her attention on my rod.

She wrapped both of her hands on my shaft and played with it for a while, feeling it stiffen under her touch. Not even a minute after she had me rock hard and ready to take her in every way, shape or form - but she wanted to keep playing with me.

Sarah thrust her tongue out and moved my cock closer to her mouth. I could feel her hot breath on it, even though it didn't last long.

She began licking my shaft using just the tip of her tongue. Starting at my ballsack, all the way across my veiny shaft only to end her journey on the purple head of my cock. Her tongue barely grazed me, but it was a great sensation nonetheless. There was something interesting about the way she held my cock with both hands, cupping it gently almost as if she was afraid it could run and end the games. If anything, they had just started.

I saw one of her hands leave my shaft and travel downward, supposedly landing between her legs. I couldn't see it, but given how her breaths became labored soon thereafter, it was clear the little slut was playing with herself.

I grinned. She couldn't resist the urge, but I would make sure she left my house satisfied and barely able to walk straight.

Sarah brought the hand she was using to play with her pussy back up, her fingers slick with her juices. I was curious and let her work my cock, watching as she began trailing her wet fingertips across its head.

She gave the tip of my cock the most gentle massage I had ever received, her nectar mixing with my precum to make her job even easier. Sarah began rubbing her thumb on my frenulum in slow circular motions, applying just a hint of pressure - enough to make me feel it, and keep me wanting more.

The mischievous smirk returned, but faded soon after. Sarah parted her lips and took my cock in her warm, wet embrace, tasting both herself and my salty precum on my rod.

Her hands left my cock and went on to unclasp her bra. A moment

later she threw it on the ground and finally resumed focusing on my rod.

She was young, but still fairly experienced. As a testament to her skill, she began bobbing her head on my cock without holding it in place, which left her hands free to roam my body.

She did exactly that, but only briefly. Her pussy was begging for attention, and she couldn't help but go back to playing with herself as she sucked my cock.

If anything, I liked the vibrations that came from her soft moans - and hearing her try to contain herself was amusing enough already.

Her saliva coated most of my shaft. Sarah kept swirling her tongue around my cock, her enthusiasm making it all the more enjoyable.

Bit by bit, I noticed she stopped her other motions to concentrate on my rod. Her movements became more aggressive, to the point that her tongue circled my shaft so vigorously it almost cause her entire head to go along with it.

She let it go just briefly to take a proper breath, and went back in right after. Sarah resembled a machine, her only purpose being the one she shared with all the other girls who fell under the tablet's spell: to serve me in any way, shape or form.

I needed more, wanted more, and I couldn't wait to get it. Sarah was a stepping stone, as the other had been. The reward at the end might be worth the journey, but no one says the journey itself can't be enjoyable.

Sarah was great at sucking cock, there was no denying that. Alas, I wanted to dump my cum elsewhere, even if the prospect of filling her stomach up with it did sound appealing.

As good as she was, it would take ages for her to make me cum. Regardless, watching her struggle to please her master was entertaining enough to make me question when to take things further. I decided to wait and let her try her best to milk me, knowing her pride wouldn't let her quit just yet.

She put it aside and finally began using her hands to jerk me off as she sucked on the tip of my cock, and admittedly it worked far better than what she had tried up to that point.

I grunted and let my head fall backwards, closing my eyes to better enjoy Sarah's worship.

Her labored breathing and the slurping noises were the only sounds that echoed through the room, but things would soon change.

Chapter Three

Sarah didn't notice my hand until it made contact with her forehead, and even then she barely acknowledged it. She still kept on trying her best, lapping away at my cock as if she thought it would be her last meal.

I gently yet firmly pushed her away, breaking her rhythm. Sarah opened her eyes, appearing confused at my actions, but it only took her a few seconds to understand what I wanted.

Sarah stood up and turned around, away from me. All the attention she gave to my cock clearly had an effect on her, too. Her panties were completely drenched, and it was evident even if she hadn't bent over. Her hands roamed briefly across her body, caressing her pale skin and stopping at the edge of her panties. My gaze was glued to her luscious ass, framed by the white lace of her underwear.

Sarah briefly played with the elastic waistband, stretching the fabric left and right before finally pushing her panties down ever so slightly, just just enough to let gravity do its job.

They fell to the ground and she kicked them aside, briefly revealing her impossibly wet pussy. Not a hair on it, the skin smooth and pink, just waiting for a real man to claim it.

She bent over in front of me, turning her head back to look at my reaction as I devoured her holes with my gaze. I couldn't wait to feel

her tightness engulf me, and judging from her eagerness, there wouldn't be much waiting to do.

The little slut lowered her hips, hovering directly above my cock. She parted her legs ever so slightly, just enough to let her hand slide between them and reach for me, and needless to say, she quickly found what she was after.

Grabbing my cock, still slick with her saliva and my precum, she aligned it in front of the opening of her perfect pussy and rubbed it across her soaked slit. Sarah's juices quickly coated my cock, some drops even falling on the couch.

The heat emanating from it was nothing compared how hot she felt inside, almost as if her entire being was on fire. When she moved downwards and impaled herself on me, only the tip of my cock slid past her lips - and her velvety pussy welcomed me with all of its warm wetness.

Sarah threw her head back, groaning in pleasure. She couldn't stop moving downwards even if she wanted to, despite the pleasure being almost overwhelming at times.

Given how tight her hole felt, I'm sure impaling herself on my large cock hurt her slightly at first. Yet she never slowed down, and inch after inch, she sunk the entirety of my cock within her hungry hole.

Sarah was essentially sitting on me, struggling to stand still even if she couldn't move in many other directions.

She took a deep breath and began raising her hips, her stretched walls gripping my cock as it left her hole.

Sarah's lips held a tight grip on my shaft.

We had time to spare and she knew it very well, deciding to make the ordeal that was taking my cock easier by taking her time to back away from it.

I let her get accustomed to it at her own pace - I wanted Sarah to be worked up well enough before taking the inevitable pounding I wanted to give her.

Sure, her tight walls clamp down on my shaft felt nothing short of heavenly, but I needed and wanted more.

She gradually picked up the pace, her pussy getting accustomed to

its new thick guest. She couldn't stop groaning and moaning, filling my ears with a soundtrack that I never tired of, even while repetitive in nature.

I kept my eyes locked on my crotch, watching my cock disappear into her hungry hole faster and faster still - it was enthralling, and the way her luscious ass bounced in perfect synchronization with her movements was nothing short of hypnotic.

Her nectar dripped down the shaft of my cock, reaching my ballsack and forming a small pool beneath us. The couch could easily be cleaned, and in that moment I had more pressing matters to attend to.

I put my hands on Sarah's hips and held her down on my cock, blocking her upwards movement. Before she could do anything, I slid one of my hands across her frame, leaving a trail of goosebumps in my wake, and reached her soft throat.

Grabbing it tightly, I reminded her who was in charge as I gently pushed her towards me, my cock still nested within her.

I could move her like a rag doll given her small frame, and her head came up right beside mine. Our gazes met as I squeezed her throat, my other hand reaching for her swollen clit.

The small hint of fear behind her eyes vanished as soon as she felt my touch.

Tiny as she was, Sarah's trembling body was still a force to be reckoned with.

I began circling her sensitive nub with my fingers, sending sharp jolts of pleasure throughout her body. Little by little I began thrusting upwards, my feet firmly planted on the ground for support.

Sarah's body was glued to mine, and all she could do was writhe in pleasure as she withstood the combined effort of both my cock and my fingers. I held her in place, my other hand still planted on her throat, squeezing it and pressing her against me.

Sarah was nothing more than a pair of holes to fuck, a doll that deserved to be dominated by a real man.

The steady stream of loud moans that escaped her soft lips was interrupted by a pained yelp, tore out of her throat when I slapped her clit before I began thrusting harder.

I gave her no quarter. All of her teasing and worship were fine, but they only built up the pressure until a beastly frenzy took over my sense.

Sarah's tight pussy couldn't stop dripping as I pounded it, sinking my cock up to the hilt in her juicy hole while simultaneously rubbing her swollen clit to create a perfect combination of pleasure with just the right amount of pain.

With every hit, I drew her closer to the edge of a massive orgasm. Her small frame trembled, but despite my rough touch she never objected. Deep down Sarah knew she was nothing more than a slut, and I fully intended on making her feel like one.

I pressed down on her pelvis as I rubbed her clit, making sure she would feel every inch of me. I wanted to leave a permanent mark on her body and mind, a clear reminder of what being totally and utterly dominated feels like.

Sarah couldn't keep up with my pace. I was pounding her like a jackhammer, her body shaking on top of me every time I pushed my thick cock all the way inside of her dripping hole.

The sustained assault on her most sensitive spots had her barreling towards her release, but she didn't warn me or even say anything to indicate it. It was easy to tell, her breathing became more labored and her moans rose in pitch until she suddenly fell silent.

I grunted as I felt Sarah's pussy clamp down on me, clenching on my cock as she thrashed around. The mind shattering orgasm swept every thought away from her mind and left only pleasure, wave after wave of it crashing on her tiny body.

Her juices sprayed out, dripping on our legs, but I kept on pounding her as I furiously rubbed her clit to torture her some more. The orgasm had been strong, but I wanted the pleasure to be so overwhelming she would never remember.

I couldn't say I was far from my release, either. Sarah's enthusiasm and energy, coupled with her amazing body, had me getting closer and closer to an explosive orgasm that would surely drain me of all the pent up cum I had.

I gradually stopped torturing her clit and released my grasp on her

throat to grab hold of her hips, raising them slightly above me. Thrusting into her came easier in that position, and I could no longer resist giving her all I had.

I pounded her hole with enough vigor I'm surprised the couch didn't collapse. Sara was still riding the high of her own orgasm, and her body was nothing more than a dead weight I could maneuver to my liking - all I needed was her to stand still, and that, she succeeded at.

Not soon after I began feeling the heat surge within me. My cock twitched inside of her and I pushed even harder as I felt the orgasm rise to the surface.

I stopped deep within her, growling in her ear while shooting hot jets of white cum inside her hungry hole.

The pleasure was overwhelming, even if it lasted for barely a couple seconds. Coming down on it, my cock kept twitching and coating her insides with my cum - spurt after spurt, it felt like it would never stop. Sarah was still laying on top of me, my erection slowly fading until my cock slid out of her. A rivulet of my cum dripping from her pussy as we both tried to catch our breaths.

In the end, I decided not to go through with my plan. I cut the last part of the interview from the footage Sarah brought to me, but saved it on my laptop *just in case*.

I opted instead to keep using the same strategy, only using the tablet to improve my life - and in some cases, just because I could.

To this day I still can't explain it, but I love it and wouldn't trade it for the world.

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