

# Under His Control

*A Collection  
Of  
Erotic Stories*



*Will B. Gunn*

# **Under His Control - A Collection Of Erotic Stories**

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**By Will B. Gunn**

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

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**Women's studies**

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## Chapter One - Prologue

Kitty, a young woman in her early twenties, was busy preparing a toasted sandwich for her boyfriend, Mark. He will be back from another hard day at work soon, and she will greet him with his favorite meal, like she does every evening of every workday.

Once the bread was buttered, she cut a tomato and a cucumber, and spread the slices on the bagel shaped bread. A breeze came from the kitchen's open window, lightly caressing Kitty's smooth, bare skin, and pleasantly tickling her nipples.

She stood above the counter wearing nothing but high heels and a sexy red G-string, another of Mark's favorites. It wasn't easy, getting used to walking around on high heels all the time, especially while doing her housework chores. Mark liked how her body moved when she wore them, though, and so she just had to endure it. For him.

Kitty had long, blonde hair. She was skinny, young, and quite attractive. Her tits were C-cup in size, not that she walked around with a bra, and they had a youthful perkiness to them, firm and well-shaped to look at, and soft to the touch.

Her boyfriend hinted recently that he may enjoy a girlfriend with even larger tits. Kitty spent five minutes that morning in front of the mirror, squeezing and appraising her breasts, imagining them bigger. She quickly decided that if he asked for it, she would be happy to have them enlarged.

Her skin was smooth and spotless. She spent the good part of an hour, each morning once Mark left for work, to rub skin-care lotions and other beauty products all over her young, supple body, giving her skin a constant glistening shine, and making it appear pure and virginal.

She finished the sandwich with two slices of the cheese brand Mark liked the most, lay the two halves of the bagel together, and pressed it in the electric toaster. She smiled as she stood there,

watching her boyfriend's homecoming meal like she would a baby, ready to pop it out at just the right time.

Once the cheese melted and the bagel was properly crispy, she took it out and placed it on a plate, hoping Mark won't be too late. She didn't want his meal to get cold.

“Guess I'll clean the sink till he gets here...” She figured.

A radiant smile bloomed on her face when she heard a key-turn from the front door. It could only have been one person, since her boyfriend was the only one who had the key. Kitty didn't feel the need to leave the apartment during the day, anyway, with her chores and duties around the house, so she didn't care that much about being locked inside by her boyfriend, when he left for work every morning.

It was his place, after all. Her clothes, as skimpy and minimal as they were, the bed she occasionally slept in, and the roof above her head - It was all owned by Mark, and she wasn't going to ungratefully request free reign to leave his humble abode whenever her mood struck. Kitty was very committed to being a good girlfriend for him.

She opened the fridge and bent down to get a cool can of beer. It was important that she kept her legs straight whenever she leaned forward, as it displayed her pert butt for Mark to look at. He wasn't in the kitchen to see her bend over, but rules were not meant to be followed only when someone could catch you break them, Kitty knew.

She walked over to the living room with his plate of grilled cheese sandwiches in one hand, and a can of beer in the other.

“Welcome home.” She said with a loving smile, and he turned to look at her. Well, at her bare perky tits, more accurately.

“Thanks.” He said plainly “I hope my meal is nice and hot this time. I'm really hungry.” He added with a smile, tapping his growling stomach.

“It is.” She nodded with smiling eyes.

“I timed it perfectly this time. It just got out, hot from the press.” She said with a giggle and a cute bounce to her hips. Kitty really hoped her boyfriend would forget her little mishap from a

month earlier, when she served a slightly cold dinner, but it wasn't her place to bitch about his long-term memory.

He sat on the sofa in front of the TV, but didn't turn it on. Mark liked to eat his dinner with relative calm and silence, without many distractions. Him and Kitty usually just chatted as he ate.

Kitty handed him the plate and beer, and got on her hands and knees before him, her back straight and her eyes forward in dutiful pride. Mark placed the plate on her back, and gave her the can of beer to hold, after taking a small sip. The plate was a little hot on her backside, but Kitty was used to it. She was happy to save her boyfriend the price of buying a coffee table.

The hot blonde had perfect balance, even though she held the beer in one hand, and kept it elevated enough for Mark to easily reach for it, leaving her with three actual “footholds” on the floor.

She kept quiet as Mark started chewing his meal with delight – It would be rude of her to initiate a conversation, unless her boyfriend actually wanted to chat.

“It's not bad.” He praised.

“Thank you.” She smiled at his heart-warming compliment “I know it's your favorite.”

“It is.” He confirmed, talking with his mouth full.

He stretched his arm to get the beer, and she met him halfway, always attentive to his needs. He took another small sip to wash down what he was chewing, and handed her the can again.

“So what did you do today?” He asked his docile living table “Did you finish your chores?”

“Well, I did your laundry, and washed your underwear by hand, the way you like it. Everything is out of the drier and folded into the closet.”

“Good, good.” He said, enjoying his meal “What about my suits?”

“I ironed all of them, and your ties too.” The submissive girlfriend said proudly.

“Good girl. I'll need to wear my favorite suit to work tomorrow.” He informed her.

“I'll make sure it's ready tomorrow morning, sir.” She told him “Why do you need it tomorrow, if I may ask?”

Her boyfriend usually went to work in casual wear. His company wasn't very strict about it.

“I'm getting a recognition for some project I helped on.” He said.

“A recognition?” Kitty asked with curious wide eyes. She wasn't familiar with working in the corporate world.

“An award of sorts, for quality and speedy execution of my tasks.” He clarified, taking the beer from her, for a lightly bigger gulp than before.

“Congratulations!” She said with a big smile, happy for him.

“Heh, thanks.” He said with a smirk “It's nice when my hard work gets acknowledged. By the way, you put a little too much tomato. Fix it for next time.”

“I'm sorry. I'll do my best.” She said in response, slight disappointment on her face.

He handed her the beer, and kept eating.

“You know what? I think I'll wear the blue suit, Grace seemed to like it the last time she saw it.”

“Grace? Is that the pretty one from accounting?” Kitty asked, “The one who's hot ass you'd like to tap?” She recalled in a factual manner.

“Yep, that's the one. She looks so fucking sexy in her long business skirts and classy tops. I bet all the executives dream about having her under their desks for some overtime.”

“I'll get that one ready for you, then. I hope it works out well for you.” Kitty said with her rosy voice. She didn't mind her boyfriend looking at, or even fooling around with other women. She knew how lucky she was to even be with him.

“Good, good.” He said, looking down on her as a lord would at a groveling peasant.

He took another sip. The can was already half the weight it was, when he started his meal. Kitty was getting thirsty herself, but she would never dare to take a sip from Mark's beer. He bent her over his knee and spanked her, for his own fun and leisure, plenty of times, even without her committing such a rude transgression. Kitty didn't want to give him an excuse to really punish her.

“So, what about your other chores?” He asked.

“I did the floors in the hallway and your bedroom. I saw it was getting late, so I postponed the kitchen for later, so I could dust your game room and farm for you.”

Mark's game room contained a strong PC assembled for gaming strength, and the latest gaming consoles, along with his game collection. One of Kitty's daily chores was to log into her boyfriend's World of Warcraft account, and level his characters up for him, or do what the gamers called “farming”.

It basically meant killing the same fictional monsters over and over again, to get a special fake piece of crap they drop, or just to collect the fake, useless money they use as currency in those games. Well, that's how Kitty always saw it – She was never much of a gamer herself. She quickly learned to appreciate the importance of such an activity, however.

In fact, out of all her daily chores, that one seemed to be what her boyfriend enjoyed the most. Everyone in his online guild knew that whenever he was logged in during the day, it was actually his devoted girlfriend farming for items and gold for him. They rarely spoke to her in the guild's chat, especially since she would quickly tell them she can't afford to waste time typing, since her boyfriend kept her on a strict quota.

It was easy to tell the men from the women among the gamers. The men jealously spoke in guild chat whenever they happened to mention Mark's character, and his servile girlfriend, and the women mentioned her with utter derision, invoking the men's disrespectful, childish “lols” and “rofls”.

Kitty didn't care enough to argue her stance, nor did she have the time to waste. There was only one thing Mark told her to keep secret, and that was the fact she was actually sitting topless, and in a thong in front of the computer.

He claimed that the fact she was willing to learn the game, and do a daily boring grind for him, was enough to fill the wet dreams of every guy online, but Kitty figured it also had something to do with possible complaints to the server admins about indecency. There were younger people playing such games, after all.

Kitty was willing to bet that her boyfriend would have her brag about what she was wearing, too, if it wasn't a little too adult in nature.

Mark took another bite of his grilled cheese sandwich.

“So why couldn't you finish the kitchen and game room floors?” He asked in judgment.

“The hallway and your ties took me longer than usual. I'm sorry.” She said, feeling like she disappointed him.

“I also taped the game you told me to.” She said, trying to salvage her self-worth.

“And that porn movie you thought had a hot name and wanted to watch. Uhm, *Busty Business Women Learn Their Place*, I think it was called.” She added.

Mark had the complete porn package on his cable subscription. Kitty was the one who did the ordering, since he felt awkward asking the cable company representatives for porn. Not to mention the tedious wait until someone answered your call. It wasn't something Mark needed to trouble himself with.

“Oh nice, I'll watch it on the weekend.” Mark said. He only had a few bites left on his sandwich.

Kitty's beer-holding arm was getting a bit sore, but she didn't relent, even after her long day of chores and duties.

“So what's your plan for later?” Mark asked.

“Well, I need to finish doing the dishes, and then have my own dinner.” Kitty always ate her food from a doggy bowl on the floor,

on her hands her knees, with her ass perched up.

“Then, I'll finish my chores for the day. I'll Clean the game-room and kitchen floors, water the plants, and clean the tub.”

Mark chuckled for a reason Kitty did not understand, and took the last bite of his sandwich. He took the beer from her and gulped the rest of it down, and lightly slapped her behind with the plate, telling her he was done.

Kitty stood back on her feet and took the plate and beer, placing the former in the sink, and the latter in the garbage bin. She walked on her high heels as fast as she could, her pert behind wiggling as she did. She had to get back to her boyfriend quickly, because she knew how hard and horny he usually gets once he's back from work, after having his dinner.

She knelt before him again, and loosened his belt for him. She graciously helped him by removing his pants and underpants, letting his hard cock spring out. He patted her silky hair as she expertly took his cock in her mouth, just like every day after his dinner. She was proud to please him after a full day at work, like any good girlfriend should.

She started by tenderly holding the root of his shaft with her small, gentle hand, and worked her tongue around his tip, giving it a few teasing kisses. Kitty wasn't the teasing type, however, and soon she was bobbing her pretty head back and forth for him, massaging his balls and looking up at him with adoring eyes.

“Hmm...” Mark smiled and closed his eyes, enjoying himself immensely.

“You know what, Kitty?” He said “I think...*Ohhh*...I think I'll give you a surprise today. Would you like that?”

Her face lit up. A surprise? It's been so long since they did anything special. Not that she was complaining, she was grateful he allowed her to stay and wait on him, hand and foot, but still...

“Mm-hmm!” She said enthusiastically, nodding with his rod in her mouth, on her way up.

“What kind of surprise?” She asked once her lips parted from his dick with a moist kiss.

“You'll see.” He said with a half smile, and nudged her head back on his cock.

She got the not-so-subtle hint, and returned to her cock sucking duties.

“Ahhhh...Deeper.” He told her, and she gagged further on his shaft as soon as his words left his mouth. She opened her luscious lips wide, pushed her head forward, and when she couldn't physically go any further, she locked her soft lips back on his rod, her lower lips tickling his balls.

She could feel him throbbing and knew he was getting close.

“Do you want it on my face today? Or down my throat?” She asked, looking up at him, and kept on sucking.

“Hrrrm, don't worry about that.” He said, gently patting her golden mane again, as the devoted, submissive woman diligently sucked him off.

*“Ulp! Ulp! Ulp! Ung! Mph!”*

He moaned and grunted, pushing her head further down on his cock a few times. Then, he pulled her up by the hair and held her head in place.

“Go get your bowl.” He said.

“My bowl?” She asked, drool oozing from her bright red lips. She always made sure to look pretty for him when he came back home, wearing the sluttiest red lipstick.

“Yes, your bowl.” He reiterated impatiently “Get going.”

She stood back on her high heels, accepting a gentle spank and a playful grab of her behind, right before she left his reach, shaking her slender yet bubbly booty to where she kept her feeding bowl. She hurried so much that she nearly fell, which only happened to a high-heel veteran like her once in a blue moon.

The devoted Kitty had to be quick - She left her boyfriend sitting on the couch with a rock hard erection, and she could almost feel every single, shameful mili-second she kept him waiting.

“There you go, sir.” She handed the bowl to him with a courteous smile, slumped back to her knees, and continued the dutiful, pleasant blowjob.

“Hmm...Good girl...” He said with a low hum, and groaned as she took him all the way in her mouth.

Kitty could feel how hot and throbbing his cock was, and knew he was just about to cum. She hastened the twirling of her tongue around his shaft, so his finish would be as pleasurable as possible.

“Ahh, there you gooooo” He pushed her off his cock again, and placed the bowl next to her head.

“Jerk me off into your bowl!” He said in a commanding, if somewhat rushed tone.

“Okay! I mean, yes sir!” She said with eagerness, and fervently rubbed his well-lubricated cock.

“Oh! *Ohhhhh...*” He blasted into the bowl, hitting her face with one stray spurt.

“There you go, Kitty. Here's your surprise. This will be your dinner today.” He said with a grin, and pointed to the creamy contents of the bowl.

“Oh...” She said, looking at it.

“Go on, eat it.” He ordered indifferently, and pushed her head down onto the bowl.

She cleared her throat.

“Thank you, sir.” She said dutifully, and buried her lips in the thick liquid gathered in the bowl, slurping shamelessly.

“You are such a good girlfriend.” He said, patting her blonde hair with one hand and holding the bowl for her, in the other.

“Thank you so much, sir.” She said with a hungry and content whisper “I love my surprise so much.”

“That's good.” He said, praising her with a condescending pat on the head “Good girlfriend. Now, take your bowl to your corner and finish your meal. Once your bowl is shiny and clean, do the floor in my game-room, I want to play after I watch the match you recorded for me, so don't tarry.”

“I understand, sir.” She said with a sweet nod, and took her bowl of sperm to her usual corner on the floor, where her boyfriend could ogle at her perfect behind from his seat on the sofa.

She slurped and licked her meal of cum without using her hands, occasionally wiggling her pert butt like a pet.

For some reason, Kitty started reminiscing about her past. She thought of how happy she was about how her life turned out. It could have been so very different, if she didn't take that one class in college.

Kitty could still recall how she behaved when she first met Mark, though she wanted so much to forget her disrespectful rudeness...

## Chapter Two

It was her first semester in college. She was called Catherine back then, and she was a brunette, not a blonde. Mark took her to a fancy restaurant on their second date, and acted like a perfect gentleman.

Catherine enjoyed herself quite a bit. Since she started dating, she's been out with all sorts of childish guys who expected a handjob, or at least a long make-out session by the second date. It was like they thought not acting like gorillas, but rather like decent human beings on the first date, meant they could do whatever they wanted on the second one.

Mark was a little different, though. He kept the facade of decency a little longer, treating her with courteous kindness and respect. He even tried his best to listen to her talk, and had some things to say which weren't completely stupid or uninteresting.

“So yeah, my worst teacher so far is definitely my Physics professor.” He said.

“Really? Why?” Catherine asked.

“He teaches as if he's alone in the room. Doesn't bother to see if anyone understands, and I swear someone asked him a question, and he just mumbled a response and kept going. I've never seen such shock in my life. I thought the girl who asked the question was about to explode with anger. She got all red and puffy. I don't blame her.”

Catherine chuckled. They were both in their first semester of their freshmen year, but their fields of study were quite far apart.

“But enough about my horrible professors, let's hear some of yours.” He said “Or do you not have that problem in poli-sci.”

Catherine did appreciate his fervent attempts at focusing the conversation on her.

“Do I hear some pretentiousness in your voice? Do you think you're better than students of political science?” She asked snidely.

“Well, I must be better than some, otherwise why would you be here with me.” He said with a joking smile.

“That's a good point.” She smiled at him, and took a sip from her straw. Yeah, he wasn't bad at all, that Mark.

She didn't feel like she was falling in love or anything, but at this point in her life, the eighteen-year-old wasn't searching for true and undying love. She was much more realistic about life.

“Well, I actually joined an after-hours, non-obligatory course I really enjoy, recently.” She said.

“Oh, yeah? Which one?” Mark asked, sounding truly interested.

“Women's studies.” She said plainly, and saw the uneasy reaction in his eyes.

“Oh, uhm...That's nice. What do you learn there?” He asked, trying to mask his nervousness.

“Oh, you know, how men try to belittle women with pretty much everything they do. How it's a man's base instinct to be vulgar, vile, and violent, and how women should take over, hogtie all men, and use them only when breeding is required.” She laughed heartily.

“Honestly, it's cute how you tried to bounce back after that look of terror on your face, as if you don't know what women's studies is.” Secretly, Catherine was a little happy she was dating a man her age who actually seemed to possess some knowledge about the world. There were plenty of other frat guys around who would think women's studies was a place where you learn about the history of the vagina and its many fun uses.

“Well, as a man who supports gender equality, I promise that if you ever feel like hog tying me, I'll supply the rope. You know, as long as I get to play with it, too, later.” He raised his glass for a cheer, and she complied with another sweet giggle.

“Don't get ahead of yourself, there are plenty of things you should buy me before you get the rope.” She jested.

“Spoken like a true feminist.” He mocked.

“Hey, it's called affirmative action, buddy.” She said, winking at him.

She did catch him looking at the backside of some skimpily dressed whore on their way back to the dorms. She didn't mind, she was willing to spend some time properly taming him. Besides, that whore was something else. She walked around with mini-jeans that seemed to be two sizes too small, leaving half her butt cheeks exposed, and she wore almost nothing as a top, and it was so damn cold!

She had black hair, blue eyes, and an amazing body, Catherine couldn't deny. Heck, even she had to glance at the skimpily dressed bimbo for a second. She almost felt sorry for her, walking around and flirting with every man around, shaking her stuff and promising she's the easiest and best free fuck they'll ever have.

Catherine even thought she saw the word "slut" tattooed on her cleavage. She was young, and could have used her smoking body for many productive things, even if she didn't have anything else going for her. She could be a model, or even a porn starlet, and at least make a decent living from her clear and obvious inferiority complex.

Catherine shrugged a sigh of pity, and stopped thinking about it. There were some people who simply couldn't be saved...

Two months passed by, and the two were still together, though nobody bought any ropes yet. Things have changed for the both of them, though, as they tend to during the first two months of college. They each found a little clique of their own, a small group of like-minded friends to study and hang out with.

Catherine mostly hung out with her five friends from her women's studies class. Some of them were in entirely different faculties, but the group connected on a more personal level, and even Catherine found herself becoming more extreme in her feminist agenda. Besides, having some high IQ friends from the exact sciences faculties had a lot of benefits to a student of political sciences, she learned.

Tammy actually had almost the exact class line-ups as her boyfriend, Mark. In fact, she was the girl he told her about on their second date, who got all red and furious when the teacher failed to answer her question.

Coincidentally, Tammy started dating one of Mark's friends, Brad, who was also studying for one engineering degree or another. Honestly, Catherine couldn't tell the difference between computers engineering and electronic engineering, but she knew they'll make quite a bit money, once they've finished their degrees.

The other two couplings their little groups shared were much less of a coincidence. Mark's friends, Tim and Clyde, seemed like a decent sort, so Catherine agreed to play the match maker, and set them up with Lina and Anne. Catherine since found out Clyde was a bit of a creepy perv, but it seemed Anne enjoyed it in some twisted fashion, so all was good.

Clyde was actually the topic of conversation in their little makeshift slumber party, taking place in Catherine's dorm room.

"I just don't see how you can call that creep your boyfriend! I caught him looking at porn pics on his phone during class, and when he noticed I was looking he just smiled and made a disgusting gesture with his tongue!" Lily complained, and Paula nodded. They were the two single gals of the group, and they were quite proud of it. Well, Lily was – She was very militaristic in her feminism.

"Oh please, you don't understand how harmless he is." Said Anne, the dark haired bombshell. She was a dancer in high-school, and had a limber, slender body to match.

Lina, a skinny, petite looking, redheaded hottie, chuckled.

"What do you mean by that?" She asked.

"He worships me! I can practically see it in his eyes that he's grateful I'm even looking his way, let alone letting him lick my muff." She said coyly.

"Eww!" Catherine squealed "I would never want anyone to do that to me..."

“Wow, you are such a prude, Cathy!” Said Tammy, who was tall, big breasted, bespectacled, and naturally blonde “If Brad wasn't such a geek, I would so have him try his luck down there.”

Tammy pointed down to her pajama pants, making her meaning clear. She wasn't as slender as her friends, showing a more curvy, exotic body. She had some loose pounds, sure, but most of them were in places men enjoyed some extra baggage.

“So what if he's a geek?” Paula asked. Out of everyone there, the petite, slightly mousy coed was the most innocent. She got red in the cheeks when the conversation moved to such explicit subjects, but she still tried to be a part of the conversation.

“Well, so he doesn't like going down on girls. I'm pretty sure he never did it.” Tammy said “Don't get me wrong, he's nice and all, but I don't see much of a future there...”

“Because he won't go down on you?” Lily asked, befuddled. Lily was the only one in the group who's raw sexiness could match Catherine's. She was a blonde with shoulder length hair, C-cup tits, a bit larger and more noticeable than Catherine's b-cups, and she was in the college track and field team, fit as a cheetah and graceful as a swan.

Tammy shrugged as if it was clear, and nodded.

“Well, plus he's a bit chubby. I'm not really into that...” She added.

“I dig that!” Anne exclaimed “But what do you mean he won't go down on you, just force him! Tell him you'll break up with him otherwise.”

The tall blonde with the double-D tits looked embarrassed.

“Nah, I won't do that...” She said, looking at her knees.

“Why? What gives?” Anne insisted.

“Well, truth is, I don't like the idea of giving head either...” She said.

“Ohh, I know what's going on.” Catherine said “To borrow a term from the political realm, Tammy wants to maintain a no crotch-diving status-quo, and personally, that, I do dig.” She said, giving Anne a little zing.

“Said the prude who barely let Mark reach first base.”

“Mark is just fine, trust me.” Catherine protested.

The dark haired, skinny dancer giggled, and gave a snide response.

“Oh please,” Anne said “I bet his balls are bluer than a smurf's behind”

Everyone laughed, except for Lily.

“You know this is exactly what Ms. Pierce is talking about – Male oriented euphemisms that make women feel obliged to have sex!”

Ms. Pierce was their women's study class professor.

“Aren't you listening to me? I'm the one in control! Clyde is my little puppy, and I barely ever let him into my bed, and I certainly don't jump into his. This is real feminism. Real girl power!”

“And yet you tell Cathy she should blow her boyfriend, because otherwise he'll get it some place else.” Lily said.

“I didn't say that!” Anne protested.

“It was implied.” Lily asserted.

Lina jumped in to calm the flames.

“Okay then. Let's change the subject before Paula's ears turn even redder.” She said, motioning her head at the quiet squirrel of a girl sitting in the corner.

“Hmm?” She squealed nervously “I..Umm, don't...I...” She mumbled “I'm going to the toilet...”

Lina, the vibrant redhead, stopped Paula in her tracks and pulled her to her, forcing her to sit on her lap. They were both equally petite, but Lina was still stronger physically.

“Let go!” Paula cried.

“Relax, we're done with the fellatio talk. Come on, girls, let's change the subject.”

There was a moment of awkward silence, and the meek Paula suddenly felt emboldened, perhaps from the rage of being forcefully handled by the playful Lina.

“What about you and Tim, Lina? Do you go down on him?” Paula asked Lina, and wretched herself away from her hold, standing back up and looking at the fiery redhead with a triumphant smile.

Her victory was short lived, however, and maybe even non-existent. Sure, Lina was surprised, but not enough to render her speechless.

“Sometimes!” Lina exclaimed with a defiant smile “Want me to give you some pointers? I can go get a dildo from my room and show you how it's done.”

“Uh...” Her answer shocked Paula so much that her face turned white, and she rushed to the bathroom in Catherine's little room.

“You mess with fire, you may get burned.” Lina said, victorious.

“And for the record, he goes down on me too, and we do that very rarely. I feel like if I give him everything all the time, I'll lose all the leverage, you know?”

“That's just wrong...” Lily said “Women shouldn't have to use sex as their leverage, that's middle ages thinking!”

Lina just ignored her, and this time changed the subject herself.

“So did you manage to convince Mark to come with you to that one-time showing of Heartache, Cathy?” She asked Catherine.

“I didn't need to do any convincing. He saw it was important to me, and said yes.” Catherine said, secretly proud that she brought Mark to the point where he agreed to three-and-a-half hours of romantic chick flick that is so out there, it only plays in film festivals and fringe cinemas.

“Well, have fun.” Anne said “You better bring him a lot of caffeine.”

“You guys should join us.” Catherine said just as Paula came back, trying not to see Lina's triumphant grin.

“Noooo thanks.” Lina said, rolling her eyes. Currently, it was Catherine, Lily and Paula who were coming. Well, and Mark too,

of course.

Paula cleared her throat and tried her hand at joining the conversation.

“Did you girls actually managed to convince your boyfriends to attend the women's studies class, like Ms. Pierce requested?” She asked.

“Oh yeah, it was easy.” Anne said, certain Clyde was wrapped around her little finger.

“Mark said yes, too.” Catherine confirmed “After saying yes to the movie, a one hour class about feminism probably seems like a breeze” She chuckled.

“Yeah Brad took some convincing, but he'll be there.” Tammy said.

“Still haven't asked Tim, actually. Not sure if I will. Why does Ms. Pierce want them there, anyway?” Lina asked the group.

Catherine shrugged.

“Who knows? But she seems to find it important that all of us who have boyfriends will bring them. You should ask him, I'm sure he already knows about it. Mark, Brad, Tim and Clyde are as close as out little group, after all. They're probably hanging out together right now...”

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At a different section of the dorm complex, in Mark's room, the four guys sat on the sofa and played Mark's gaming console.

“Take that, and this, and that, and you ARE pawned, my friend!” Clyde cheered himself on, as he beat Tim in their duel.

“Well, at least I'm not going to a feminist training camp tomorrow.” Tim said with a chuckle.

“Ohh, trust me, buddy, Lina is just about ask you to come, too.” Clyde said.

“He's right, you know.” Brad said “Tammy told me their teacher requested it.”

“Well, unlike you whimps, I will say no.” Tim put his foot down.

“Ohh, sure you will buddy. Sure you will.” Clyde mocked.

“Besides, we may be whimps, but at least we're not being dragged to a kill-me-now romantic movie about how love trumps all, you know, as long as the woman ends up on top.” Clyde added, and gave Mark a pitying look.

“Oh, shut up already.” Mark said “If it gets me closer to breaching into her panties I'll watch a thirty hour long chick flick marathon!”

“Here, here!” Clyde said “Let us toast to the fucking of our hot girlfriends!”

“How did we score such hot pieces of ass, anyway?” Tim wondered.

“Personally, I groveled.” Clyde admitted “Anne responds well to that.”

“Honestly, I think Tammy might be on the way to breaking up with me.” Brad said.

“Why do you say that?” Mark asked.

“I think she thinks I'm too fat...”

“Pfft, stupid bitch.”

“Yeah.” A resounding agreement echoed through the room.

“That's the annoying part about having hot girlfriends who think they're too good for you.” Tim said wisely “Takes them ages to give their cunts up, and go all the way...”

“Oh, trust me, Anne will break first.” Clyde said smugly.

“Because of your groveling abilities?” Mark asked jokingly, focusing on the video game fight on screen and mashing the buttons of his controller fervently.

“What else?” Clyde said “I found her kryptonite, all I need to do is use it enough times!”

There was a knock on the door, and Clyde quickly stood up and turned the console off completely, in the middle of his fight with Mark.

“Hey! What gives?! I was about to win!” Mark called out.

“Psht, you think so? Don't make me laugh.” Clyde walked to the door to open it.

“Expecting someone?” Mark asked, his curiosity stronger than his anger for the unfair play.

“Oh, definitely.” Clyde said slyly “You, my friends, are going to fucking thank me.”

He opened the door, and through it walked a spectacle that made Mark drop his controller, and slacken his jaw. Two sexy and barely dressed women walked inside, accepting a somewhat shaky grab to their behind by a seemingly awe-struck Clyde. Even though he seemed quite confident at first, even he appeared surprised things were going so smoothly.

Clyde's confidence returned once the two women in their twenties stood before his three friends and smiled. They each wore mock school-girl skirts the guys only saw in porn movies before, so short the lower part of their bubbly buttocks were showing.

As tops they wore flimsy sleeveless shirts that were way too small for their obviously surgically enlarged tits. Their nipples were poking into those flimsy tops so forcefully, that they practically looked topless.

One of them had long dark hair, and the other was a curly haired blonde. The blonde had such a conservative good-girl face, that her whorish attire seemed almost foreign on her lewd body.

The three guys stared with open mouths, shocked out of their wits, and Clyde smiled ear to ear.

“Introduce yourself, girls. Tell them what you're here for.” He said

The dark haired woman giggled, and started talking.

“I'm Melanie,” She said like a bubbly ditz “and this slut right here is Mona.”

Without warning, Melanie just popped Mona's big tits out of her blouse and sucked on her nipples with loud, wet slurps.

“*Mmmmm...*” Mona placed her hand on Melanie's head and pushed her onto her large breast, a smile on her face as she finished the thought of her dark haired bimbo friend.

“We're here to fuck, suck, and do whatever else you guys want to do.” She said “That nice, big, strong man over there asked us if

him and his friends could fuck us,” She pointed at Clyde, who was never called big or strong before in his life “and of course we said yes, *nnngh-aaaahhhh*”

Mona finished, pulled Melanie's head up, and returned the favor by ripping her top away and suckling on her tits, to the sound of Melanie's horny and wet whimpers of joy.

Mark stared at Melanie's tits, and remembered something.

“Hold on a sec, I know you!” He told Melanie “I saw you on my first or second date with Catherine. You were out on the street practically begging guys walking by to open you up. I recognize that tattoo!”

On Melanie's chest, above her big boobs, the word “Slut” shined in black, permanent ink.

“I think I heard about these two. They call them Melanie and Mona Melons. They used to study in this college, I think.” Tim said.

“Yeah, but they realized high education wasn't for them, right, girls?” Clyde said, still seeming amazed, himself.

Mona raised her head slightly and nodded.

“It's just too much fun to let guys do whatever they want with our sexy bodies! *Ahhh!*” Melanie said with a high pitched squeal.

“So, how do you want us?” Mona raised her head and straightened back up.

Clyde grinned at his befuddled friends.

“What do you say, guys?” He asked.

“What about Anne?” Mark voiced a concern “What about our, you know, girlfriends?” He felt like he was pointing out the obvious.

“Our ultra feminist girlfriends, who would hate slutty whores like these two.” He emphasized his somewhat pragmatic objection.

“Uhm, no offense...” He shyly told the two skanks.

“*Mm*, None taken.” The dark haired Melanie said with a sweet giggle.

“They know what they are.” Clyde said with a smile.

“And as for Anne, I won't tell her if you don't. Come on, if our women won't open their legs up, we ought to get our fun elsewhere! Don't be a kill-joy...”

“I don't know...” Mark said, worried - Though he felt quite uncomfortable in his trousers.

Tim finally found his voice, while Brad still sat with his mouth agape.

“Screw that bullshit.” He dismissed Mark's concerns “Are you saying you're paying for all of us, Clyde?”

“What paying? These bitches are free!” Clyde said, finding the nerves to insult them by calling them bitches. His cock got even harder in his pants when the two accepted it with a horny giggle.

“Wait, seriously?” Brad asked, sweating a bit, his voice a tad squeaky.

“Yeah, we are.” Mona said, writhing her hips in slow circles, her short skirt waving up and down “We just love making guys happy.” She said.

“And we love to fuck and suck!” Melanie added giddily.

“They know that, silly!” Mona said, spanking her friend “We're women! All women are for sucking and fucking!”

“Not all of them know it...” Mark said begrudgingly. His girlfriend, Catherine, barely let him touch her yet, and he had the longest relationship out of his little group of friends.

“Well, I'm starting, guys. Feel free to join in. Or don't! More fuck-holes for me.” Clyde said.

He took his pants down, and both Tim and Brad shot to their feet and did the same. Mark was the only one still sitting.

“Bend over for me.” Clyde said to Mona, but instead she reached to the inside of her skirt, and pulled a few wrapped rubbers out.

“Want one or do you have one of your own, kind sir?” She said like a serving lady offering appetizers at a fancy dinner.

“Condoms? Why?” Clyde asked, a bit disappointed.

“We fuck lots of guys!” Mona said proudly.

Clyde sighed.

"You've got a point..." he took four rubbers and threw three to his friends.

"Here, I'll help you." Mona said and got to her knees, as if Clyde needed help putting it on his raging hard-on.

"Ohhhh my gawd!" Clyde moaned as her soft lips kissed his cock, right before she took it in her mouth and properly lubricated it.

Clyde was in heaven, and could barely hear the same moans coming from Tim and Brad as Melanie gave them both the same treatment, alternating between their cocks.

"There you go, sir." Mona said, looking up at him with hungry, twinkling eyes "Should I bend over again, or stay on my knees and keep sucking?"

"Wha'? Ohhh..." Clyde opened his eyes and looked down at her "Bent over, slut."

"Yes, sir." She spoke like an obedient and devoted worker, and bent over forward, with her legs straight, a smile on her face as she waited for his pleasure.

Mark still sat on the couch. He swallowed nervously as he fought the urge to join in. the condom Clyde threw his way rested right next to him on the couch.

"Come on Clyde! *Ung!* Stop being such a baby! *Uhg!*" Tim said as he slipped in and out of Melanie's pussy, grunting with every strong and meaningful thrust.

"It's, *Ahhh.* Amazing." Brad stood on Melanie's other end, enjoying her proficient fellatio skills. She moved her tongue around his cock like a tornado, occasionally lifting his rod to grovel, lick and kiss his balls.

"Yeah, take that bitch!" Clyde screamed and fucked Mona as hard and as fast as he could.

"Mark, this isn't really, *Ohhh,* Cheating, you know?"

"What?!" Mark asked, befuddled.

"These whores are nothing to us! There's no emotional value or anything. We didn't make out or have any foreplay. They're just

here for us to stick our cocks in them! At least that's how we treat them. And these bitches..."

*\*Spank\**

"Are just fine with it!" He said after spanking her.

Mark was struggling, but he knew the good guy in him would lose. He wasn't really concerned with trust and honor, anyway, he was mostly worried Catherine may find out, and break up with him.

"Here, you know what?" Clyde pulled out of the sopping wet pussy of the slutty Mona "I'll even let you fuck her cunt. I'll take her mouth."

*\*Spank\**

"Heard that, bitch?" He asked the still bent-over curly blonde.

"I did, sir!" And she spun around, keeping her ass in the air. Once her half rotation was done, she downed Clyde's cock in her throat, and gagged as her lips touched his root.

Clyde had the right idea, Mark realized. He was already rock hard, and seeing Mona's slutty, pert behind wiggle as she sucked Clyde off, her flooded pussy so warm and ready, made him fidget in his seat. When the blonde slut put her hand between her legs and started rubbing her pussy lips, spreading them in a clear and undeniable invitation, Mark couldn't help but shoot to his feet.

"*Argh! Fuck it...*"

He dropped his trousers and put the condom on so fast, that one would have expected a sonic boom to occur.

"Wiggle that stupid ass." He told Mona and pressed his cock onto her willing behind.

"Yesh, shir!"

He played at humping her for a while, in a somewhat dry fashion, though pressing his condom-wrapped rod onto her bare bouncy behind could hardly be called "dry". With a feral growl, he penetrated her wanting twat, and pushed as far as his shaft could go.

“Ohhhh, fuck!” He moaned, feeling her horny pussy convulse and vibrate around his cock. He grabbed her hips, and started pumping like there was no tomorrow.

“Why can't Catherine be so willing!” He whined as he fucked Mona hard.

“How...ow...ahhhh...How do you think these...Oh my god...girls got to be this way?” Brad asked.

Tim spanked Melanie loudly, and she squealed into Brad's cock, which in turn made him grunt, grab her head, and bang her face like a madman.

“Who cares?” Tim said “Maybe they lacked a father figure, or they're nymphos. Don't look a gift cunt in the teeth, man!”

“*Mphua!*” Melanie popped her lips off brad's dick with a kiss “Gift cunts don't use teeth anyway!” She said.

Brad looked at her with a disoriented smile and flushed cheeks, drunk on lust.

“Keep sucking.” He said, and nudged her face forward “Ahhhh...”

“Still,” He said after a long groan “I'm somewhat interested. I wouldn't mind if Tammy acted like this...”

\* \* \* \*

While the four young men pumped into the two willing sluts from both ends, in Catherine's dorm room the six hot, young coeds still chatted about all kinds of subjects.

Until Paula, the innocent and petite, mousy blonde, looked at the clock...

“It's nine o'clock in the evening.” She said, her pupils shaking in her eyes, her face sealed, and her body calming down, feeling heavier by the second.

“What, Paula?” Lily asked, frowning at her friend, who seemed suddenly out of it.

“Yeah...nine o'clock in the evening...” Catherine droned out in the same air-headed manner, looking at the clock.

“Nine o'clock...” Tammy and Lina said with a dreamy monotone.

Anne and Lily looked at each other, and suddenly Anne felt a strong urge to stare at the clock.

“Oh...” The vibrant young woman said with uncharacteristic meekness “It is...nine o'clock...In the evening...”

“Is this supposed to be a joke?!” Lily asked angrily, and looked up at the clock.

With a gasp, her chin fell and the tension escaped her body, her mouth hanging agape. An amazing calm spread throughout her entire body, and she smiled wearily.

“Oh, I'm sorry...You're right...” She said “It's 9 o'clock in the evening.”

All girls breathed silently and slowly for a few moments.

“It's time to do our women's studies home assignment.” Paula said, suddenly remembering why it was so important that they all meet every evening, even though the only class all six of them had in common was women's studies.

“Yes...Home assignment...” An echoing agreement moved through the others like a wave.

The six nubile coeds removed their pants, skirts, and panties, revealing their bare bottoms and their smooth, tight pussies. With blank faces they spread their legs apart, and began slowly rubbing their tingly, moist lips, repeating their home assignment mantra in flat, emotionless voices.

“Women are nothing but mindless, obedient sex objects.”

“I obey men, and serve their whims with my body. I am a sex toy.”

“I belong to my master, body and soul. I will open my legs for him, whenever he wishes.”

The six young women were very diligent students. They spoke in perfect unison, and couldn't wait for the next day, when their most important lesson would finally take place.

## Chapter Three

The ten of them sat in the small classroom, waiting for the teacher. The guys looked a bit nervous, and the girls had a somewhat sadistic smugness on their faces, as if they were waiting to go in for the kill.

“It's nice to see you here, Tim.” Clyde turned around, leaned in, and whispered “It's funny, I remember you saying yesterday...”

“I remember other things from yesterday, if you want to get into it.” Tim said with a sharp glare, cutting Clyde's mocking short. Clyde didn't know if Tim really had the guts to tattle about the two sluts he brought the other day, seeing as Tim joined in with joy, but he wasn't about to push it and find out.

“Oh, really? I seem to have forgotten yesterday altogether. Must be the drinks...” Clyde said with a sly smile, and turned back to look at the blackboard.

All the guys sat next to their girlfriends, wondering what to expect from the feminist teacher who, for some reason, requested their presence. Lily and Paula sat next to each other, and giggled devilishly as they gave the guys sadistic glances. They were ready for a feminazi carnage by Ms. Pierce, it seems.

“So, it's only the six of you, really? I expected a women's studies class to be bigger.” Mark said, trying to pander to Catherine.

“I know, right?!” Catherine agreed “You would think more women, at least, would be interested.”

“Y-Yeah...” He said and turned to the window, so he could roll his eyes without her seeing his derision.

He tried putting his hand on her thighs, with a warm, if somewhat flirty smile, but she waved it off with a stern expression. Apparently, she did not want Prof. Pierce to see her accepting such a publicly lewd fondle.

The door opened, and in came three women. The first was Professor Pierce herself, a curvacious middle aged woman. She was thin, well toned, and looked young for her age. Her blonde hair was short and smooth, and her blouse showed plenty of her impressive cleavage.

In fact, if the other two arrivals did not make the guys and girls stare with slack-jawed amazement, they would probably notice the so called “feminist” teacher was showing enough of her heavy boobs to be mistaken for a slutty cougar on the prowl.

All focus went to the other two, however. Even without their cocks sliding in and out of their hungry mouths, Mona and Melanie “Melons” looked as whorish as ever, with their flushed cheeks, their exaggerated make-up, and their clothes which only barely agreed with public decency laws. They stood next to the door with their hands behind their backs, like a couple of soldiers waiting to be deployed.

As the guys sat stunned, the girls frowned, questions racing through their heads. Why did Ms. Pierce bring these two sluts? Some of the girls have seen Melanie and Mona around campus, trying to give their holes away to anyone with the proper drill.

Is it to show the guys how wrong it is to take advantage of such misguided women? Are Mona and Melanie actually plants of Ms. Pierce, willing to degrade themselves to prove a point to the chauvinist pigs out there? Are the two filthy tramps actually there of their own volition? Is Ms. Pierce blackmailing them, somehow?

The same questions floated inside the heads of the terrified guys, along with fear that the whole point was to reveal their crude unfaithfulness of the previous night. Mona and Melanie seemed just as bubble headed as before, though, and almost begged to be undressed of whatever clothes they did wear, with their inviting eyes and alluring smiles.

Ms. Pierce stood in front of them, in the center of the class, and cleared her throat. It was then that the exposure of her

decolletage and the depth of her cleavage became apparent to all of them, though the girls didn't seem surprised at all. The guys exchanged surprised, incredulous looks with one another, somehow feeling something was not normal.

The supposedly respectable teacher who was showing way too much of her boobs began talking, and Lily smiled uncontrollably. The beautiful young blonde didn't know what her mentor, Ms. Pierce, had planned, but she was hoping one of the guys would end up crying for forgiveness.

“Now, girls, there's no need to waste much time, since your re-education has completed a couple of lessons ago.” She addressed the class flatly, though a somewhat illusive smile formed on her face.

The young women sitting before her either frowned or raised an eyebrow, and it was clear neither of them understood the meaning of their teacher's words. Nevertheless, she continued before any of them could politely request an explanation.

“Let your misguided masks dissolve into nothingness, and let your true selves shine.” Ms. Pierce said, and a shiver moved through the heating feminine bodies in the classroom.

“Become the exemplary young women you were born to be.” Soft whimpers escaped the slightly open mouths of the college coeds, as they fidgeted on their seats, their hands creeping between their legs.

“Assume your true roles in life, and embrace the purpose of your existence.” The soft whimpers became weak moans, as lewd smiles formed on their faces, and their fingers began to subtly rub their pussies through their clothes. Their cheeks flushed, and their eyes glowed with a glassy, entranced sparkle.

“Let the holes in your existence be filled by those you are meant to obey. Be subservient and pleasing to those that can fill you with the joy of submission.”

The guys watched in shock as a quaking wave of orgasm washed over the six sitting young women, who squealed and writhed their soft, flexible bodies for what felt like an eternity. When their joint orgasm subsided, and smiles which were outright slutty, formed on even the face of beautiful and prudish Lily, the dream of every young man unfolded before their eyes.

In a flash, no pair of supple female breasts remained covered. From fiery, petite, redhead Lina's firm and perky ones, to Tammy's soft and squeezable cushions. Even Ms. Pierce popped her top, to fully reveal her gigantic mammaries, and her large, round nipples.

With a moan and a smile, the girls continued to undress all items of clothing from their fair skin, leaving them nude as the day they were born.

Lily, the magnificent blonde who's body could star on covers of magazines, even slowly moved her upper body from side to side, her gravity defying C-cup tits going with the motion perfectly. Of course, both Mona and Melanie were naked as well, standing at attention near the door.

Ms. Pierce gave her jiggly behind a hearty spank, and the six female students jumped to attention, and looked at her. The guys were so shocked, none of them could even speak. They could barely glance at each other in their confused apprehension.

“Recite your tenets, young ladies.” Ms. Pierce said, and grabbed her massive tits with both hands, squeezing them so forcefully they hurt.

The young women let out a long, drawn-out sigh, grabbed their own tits, and began speaking in perfect unison.

“My role in life is to cater to the needs of my man. I am nothing but an agreeable tool, to be used in any way my man dictates.” They recited, shocking the guys.

“My boyfriend's happiness is the most important thing in the world. I must do whatever I can to be pleasing for him. My boyfriend is my master, and I am his willing, devoted slave.”

“Women who don't have a man to worship, must degrade themselves to the level of public fuck-toys, until a man willing to own their bodies graces them with his godly presence.”

“A woman must never say no to her man, unless her man specifically instructs her to.”

There was a long pause in which the girls stared into nothingness while rubbing their tits, and the guys couldn't decide if to stare at the surprise erotic display, or at each other to see if any of them had any clue as to what was going on.

“Very good, girls. You are now ready to assume your proper positions in life.”

The teacher spanked herself again.

“I assume you require an explanation about what has just happened, my young lords.” She said, lowering her head in respect, and addressed the four befuddled men for the first time.

“Uhm...” Clyde looked at his controlling girlfriend, Anne, mindlessly rubbing her tits in a circular motion.

“Yeah...That would be...Uhm...Nice...” He sent his hand to Anne's chest, and she almost automatically dropped her own hand to her bare thigh, allowing him to take over the fondling of her youthful, round titties.

There was another pause, and the already kneeling professor Pierce spoke on. Both Melanie and Mona knelt in the same servile manner, staring at the ground, as if unworthy to even look up at the guys.

“My lords, I should start by saying that the cunt you know as Mona Melons is actually my daughter, and Melanie Melons is a former student of mine.”

“Years ago, I decided in my hubris and stupidity to fight for the formation of a women's studies department in this college.” She said the words with venom, as if she resented and hated herself for it.

“My daughter and her friend, Melanie, were the two biggest proponents, within the student body, of that venture, and joined in my unseemly, and misguided fight.”

“In a meeting with the rector, the worthless pair of big tits before you finally learned her place. He had to use strong hypnotic methods to finally make the three of us admit what our true place was, and once he was done, we went to our knees before him, licked his feet, and as we tenderly worshiped his erect manhood, we thanked him for taking the time to fix us.”

The three of them stood back on their feet, and a big smile formed on their slutty faces.

“As my reward for being such an obedient woman for my master, I have earned the privilege of teaching young, fresh pieces of fuck-meat what they were always meant to do. Every year, a group of lucky, misguided coeds learn their place, and resume their lives as the happy fuck-bunnies they were always supposed to be.”

Melanie stepped forward, and spoke calmly and monotonously, lacking the ditzy bimbo demeanor she usually had.

“Because too many women are so blind to their duties, there is a great number of frustrated men, who deserve a docile receptacle for the proper release of their sexual exertions, so they can focus on matters more important than dumb, delusional cunts who won't properly spread their legs whenever ordered.”

“Our master's gift to myself and Mona, was the privilege to live our lives serving as many cocks as we can, wiggling our asses and begging men to take advantage of everything we have to offer. It is a public service we are obliged, and more than happy to perform.”

They finished their explanation and quieted down, letting the information sink in, while Catherine, Anne, Paula, Lily, Tammy, and Lina touched themselves and ground their perfectly slender hips on their seats.

“So...” Brad said in a course voice, barely daring to touch Tammy's thighs and her relatively large tits.

“So we can do whatever we want with them, now?” He asked.

“That's right, my lord.” Ms. Pierce said with a meek nod “As is the natural order of things.”

Brad gasped, and tested her answer, squeezing Tammy's pillows in a way he would never dare to even ask for.

Mark still looked around in blissful shock, looking from one pair of youthful tits, he never thought he'd lay eyes on, to another. He couldn't help but touch his crotch, grabbing the bulge in his pants.

“Catherine, pay attention!” Ms. Pierce spanked her ass hard, the slam resounding through the small classroom.

“Your man is in need of sexual service. Be polite and do your duty!” The naked woman berated the auburn haired, skinny eighteen year old.

Catherine jumped to attention with a yelp of acknowledgment.

“I'm so sorry, sir!” She cried respectfully, her perky tits convulsing as she grabbed his shirt with pleading eyes “Can I be of service? My body is at your disposal.”

Her eyes moistened and shone in the florescent light, as she begged to be of any use to the man she pledged her life to.

Mark looked at her with disbelief, and growing happiness. The strong headed woman who used to block any of his sexual advances with feminist banter, while clearly trying to bend him to her way of thinking. That same young coed sat naked and subservient before him, pleading him to use her perfect body to sate his lust.

“Do you want me on my knees, Mark? M...May I call you Mark, sir? Should I use my mouth to please you?”

Mark swallowed nervously as his girlfriend begged pathetically, and nodded. Catherine shot to her knees and went under the table. She unzipped his pants with wild abandon and gusto, happily letting his cock spring and forcefully hit her cheek.

*"Ohh wow!"* Mark groaned and closed his eyes as he felt her lips lovingly caress his tip, before moving slowly down his shaft, till she kissed his balls. The sexy young woman traced his length with her tongue, slowly licking up the underside of his cock, and when she reached his tip again, she took his full length in her throat, ignoring any gag reflex she may have had.

"And I thought you didn't know how to suck cock." He smiled down at her and gently put his fingers on her cheek. She looked up at him from between his legs, and smiled with her mouth full. It was indeed her first time, but her devotion proved how natural it was for proper-minded young sluts to serve men, in any way they pleased.

The other guys looked in awe, and one by one caught up, and asserted their brand new, complete dominance over their women. The first to shove the girl beside him down on her knees and wildly spear her mouth was Tim.

"Ohh yeah, suck on it, you fucking bitch!" He cruelly grabbed her head and moved her face back and forth, as hard and deep as physically possible. As opposed to what she told her friends the other day, the petite, flexible redhead agreed to blow Tim only once before, but she demanded it to happen on her terms, and at her own pace.

This time, Tim ruled every motion, using her like one would a sex doll. Her loud slurps and moans served as nothing but pleasant ambiance, as the devoted doll tightened her pink lips on his shaft, moved her tongue in a pleasing manner, and took the hard face fucking like a pro.

Brad didn't take long before he told Tammy to use her tits to please him. The tall blonde, who never wanted to be objectified because of her big tits, wrapped her young and supple boobs around his cock and stretched her drooling tongue to moisten his rod.

"Am I pleasing you, sir?" She asked eagerly, exercising her upper body for his arousal. The busty blonde who was more than

happy with a “no crotch diving” status-quo looked at the cock moving between her tits with watery eyes, allowing the tip to dip between her wet lips at the end of every thrust, and wishing her boyfriend would soon ram his shaft into her cock-toy throat.

“Y-Yeah...Holy shit, yeah...” Brad cringed in joy and thrust his hips up and down, the slutty whore below him accommodating to his movements with an undying desire to be of use, in any way that she could.

Clyde wasted no time and went straight to fucking Anne's pussy. She rode him in his seat, in a reversed position so he could easily grab her perky titties and forcefully bounce her owned body up and down on his shaft.

“Yeah!” He screamed “Who owns you now, bitch! Huh?”

He took his aggressions on the girl who enjoyed leading him on and having him grovel so much.

“You own me, master!” She said, obeying his demand to be appropriately addressed.

“You're not even worthy to have me kiss you, let alone lick your fuck-toy muff!” He moved her up and down violently, to the loud moans of the dark haired beauty, her eyes popping and her tongue lulling out of her mouth.

“Yes master! I will lick your cock and your feet! I'm so sorry for making you do such obscene things! My pussy is an empty, useless vessel without your cock in iiiit!” She humiliated herself and tightened her pussy for him. Anne was never banged so hard in her young life

The owner of the tight dancer twat got tired quickly, but his cock remained as hard as a rock, and while Anne shivered and breathed heavily, panting like a bitch, she continued riding him at the same rapid pace.

She repeatedly and deeply pierced her tight cunt, happy to use it as a tool for the arousal of the man she lived to serve. She easily ignored any pleasure or soreness she felt in her well-

fucked, raw pussy – They were so secondary to his pleasure, in her mind, that such notions were practically non-existent.

The door suddenly opened, and made the guys jump in surprise, while the stupid women kept on servicing them as if nothing happened. Inside walked an old man the guys knew from their first year opening ceremony, which freshmen were obliged to attend. It was the rector of their college, and he smiled lecherously at what he saw.

“I see the new class of worthwhile pussies are busy fulfilling their purpose.” He said as he approached Ms. Pierce, placing a hand on her bare behind.

“Yes, master. Thank you for allowing this important course to exist. Would you like to utilize my holes today? I am at your disposal, and mercy, as always.” She said respectfully.

“Heh, you're being so tame. I want to see the stupid, worthless bitch I so easily turned you into.” He squeezed her tits.

“It's amazing how easy it was to turn your whole world upside down, you meaningless tramp. Now bend over, I'm going to remind you of how pathetic you are by banging your worthless ass!”

“Ahh, yes master!” Ms. Pierce squealed like a bitch in heat, her eyes suddenly crossing as she bent over the desk.

“I am your brainless bimbo, master!” She called out, spreading her ass cheeks wide “I live for your pleasure!”

“That's!” He aimed “Precisely!” He stuck his cock in her gaping hole “Right!” He rammed his hardened shaft into her.

“Ahhhhhh! Aha-ha! Maaaaaaster! Please relieve yourself in me!”

The rector looked around at the youngsters enjoying their submissive women. For some reason, they felt a little awkward by his sudden appearance, so they tried to ignore him and enjoy their new toys.

“Explain something to me, boys.” He said as he rammed into Miss Pierce, who squealed like a pathetic pig and drooled puddles onto her desk.

“I'm counting eight pristine, fresh pussies. Well, other than those two.” He waved his hand at Mona and Melanie “Are you enjoying the knowledge that your daughter spent the last seven years as the college's public semen pump?”

Mona Pierce, better known as Mona Melons, squeezed her tits and swayed her hips in circles, happy to hear the kind words of her master. Being called a cum pump was the greatest compliment to her.

“Ohh yes master!” Her mother screamed as he drilled into her ass “I'm so happy the pussy that came out of my pussy can serve as many cocks as her young body can take!”

“Heh,” The rector chuckled “AS I was saying. I'm counting eight tight pussies, and yet you kids are only using four. I'm old, and a gentleman. I've had hundreds of young cunts kneeling before me and eating from my cock, but if you young men are content with playing with just those four, I'll happily bang the rest. Especially that blonde...”

He motioned his head in Lily's direction, still squeezing one perky breast with one hand, and rubbing her needy pussy with the other.

“She looks like a fucking runway model, with bigger tits!”

Mark, who presently had his balls licked and kissed, his cock laying flat on Catherine's fresh face, had enough blood in his brain to immediately take the old man's wise suggestion.

“Lily, you hard-ass bitch, always complaining about how men mistreat women.” He said, and Lily looked at him with lust-filled eyes, her tongue hanging cutely out of her mouth.

“I hope you won't be offended if I tell you to move your hot little ass over here, properly kneel before me, and join Catherine in sucking me off!”

Lily jumped to her feet and quickly fell to her hands and knees, crawling over to Mark as if she was just waiting to be

called.

“Yes sir!” She said and crept under the table “I am a worthless cock-toy with no man who owns me. I'm a public cum toilet!”

The blonde angel kissed his cock passionately, and began a well coordinated double blowjob with Catherine. Mark soon guided their stupid heads for them, moving their lips and tongue all over his crotch.

Clyde looked at Paula in ecstasy, Anne still riding him hard. He already blew a bit of warm pre-cum into her cunt, and he knew just what will increase his pleasure and cause him to fill his new toy up to the brim.

“Paula,” He grunted her name, and the mousy looking, petite blonde looked at him like a happy squirrel “Lick my balls!”

“Yes sir!” The innocent little blonde acted like Lily, who was now choking on Mark's hard-on, and quickly crawled and planted her lips on Clyde's testicles, feeling them warm up as Anne mercilessly bounced up and down like a fuck-machine.

“How do you like the taste, slut?” He asked the virginal Paula.

“It's *\*Kiss\** fantastic *\*Lick\** master!” Said the girl who blushed from talking about fellatio less than a day earlier.

Lina, the flexible, petite redhead, was still tucked under Tim's desk, choking on his cock and forming a large puddle of spit on the floor. Tim lounged on his seat with his eyes closed, and his arms crossed at the back of his head, as his devoted, formerly playful and teasing girlfriend did all the work, moving her own lips back and forth on his cock with blinding speed.

“It's...*ahhh!* Amazing that you can even. *Mff, Fuck!* Can even do it that fast on your own.” He said as he enjoyed degrading her in the most pleasurable obscene way possible. He received the same pleasure he would, had he pounded her tight pussy to oblivion, and she, on the other hand, could only be happy that her sore throat will remain a testament to the great amount of pleasure she gave him.

He didn't even allow her to touch herself while serving him.

"Hey, Mona, or whatever your name was." He pointed to the curly haired blonde still waiting like a good, obedient soldier.

"Bend over right here!" He said and pounded on his desk.

"Ahh! As you wish, sir!" The obedient slave said, and her tits were mashed against the surface of the desk a second later.

Tim stood up slowly, allowing Lina to keep on sucking him with the same gusto. He walked behind Mona, with Lina on his cock, and spanked the slutty blonde.

"Good thing you kept my cock wet, Lina. Now I'm going to fuck this worthless pussy." He knew Mona always made sure her partners wore a condom, so he felt secured in pulling out of Lina's sloppy lips, and ramming his raw member into Mona "Melons" Pierce.

"*Mff!*" He groaned and grabbed her hips, fucking her as hard as he could.

Lina kept panting as she looked up at him with adoring his. With nothing to do, she planted her lips on his thigh, and kissed lovingly. After half a minute of pumping, he pulled out to the disappointed moan of Mona, and speared himself back in the inviting and accepting mouth of his hot girlfriend - Her tongue began working overtime almost immediately.

Brad had already enlisted the ever willing Melanie, telling her to join Tammy's amazing titfuck with her own enlarged breasts.

"Kiss each other, bitches." He said as he enjoyed the tight embrace of four large fun-bags.

"Yes sir." They sang and joined lips in a passionate kiss.

"More tongue." He told them and watched as their tongues entwined.

Brad lowered his hand to fondle and spank his girlfriend's bubbly behind.

"Kiss my tip." He moaned and told them, and in a flash their entwining tongues converged on his helmet, engulfing it with

warm, wet love.

The rector leaned on Ms. Pierce with his full weight, his cock deep in her ass.

“What a lovely sight.” He said, looking at the orgy that unfolded before his eyes “Young man using young woman the way they were meant to be used – It truly warms my heart, and my cock!”

“*Ahhh!* I'm so happy I could educate the next generation of submissive cunts, master!”

“It's the way of the world!” He told her with a sharp spank.

“Yes master! Women always served men! *Ahh!*”

He grabbed her neck in a choke hold, and fucked her silly.

“Considering how easy it is to turn a raving feminist like you into a lowly cum craving sex toy, I'm amazed there are free women still living out there.”

He slowed down to a halt, breathing heavily. He was not a young man anymore, and used her warm body to rest a bit, leaning onto her with his eyes closed.

“Free women are nothing but untamed cattle, master.” She said, lovingly kissing the palm of his hand.

“I always knew I was nothing but a cum dumpster, I just needed your greatness to pound it into my dumb head.”

Tim stacked Lisa and Mona on top of each other, both bending over the desk. He was busy fucking Lina, who lay above Mona, when he decided his slutty girlfriend deserved to endure her first anal. He spat and lubricated her ass, and drove it in as quick as he could.

“*Ahhhh sir!* Fuck that worthless ass!” Lina cried, not bothered at all by the pain or surprised by the abuse. Tim spent an enjoyable time fucking the four holes laid out before him, served to him on a silver, and eternally willing platter.

He felt he was about to cum as he rammed his rod into Lina's pussy, and he didn't stop his pounding for a second.

“*Ohh! Ohhhhhh!*” He drove deep into her and leaned on her with his full body weight, mashing her tits onto Mona's back, who

in turn had her boobs squashed on the desk.

“Thank you, sir.” Lina whispered, feeling his cream roam in her freshly fucked cunt “I am yours forever, sir. I am proud to hold your sperm in me.”

“Wow, you little bitch. You were always so spunky and hyperactive, I can't believe you were tamed like this...” Tim said, and shot another hot load into her. He stayed there, resting much like the old rector, on the warm feminine body he owned, his massive load slowly oozing down from petite Lina's well-fucked cunt, and down to Mona's smooth, bent over behind.

Mark had Lily spread her long, smooth legs above his erection, and tickle his tip with her moist pussy lips.

“Please, Mark, please fuck me!” Catherine knelt next to them and moaned.

“Fuck a little tease like you?! You, who wouldn't even let me play with these stress relief toys, hmm?!” He pinched her nipples as hard as he could, making her smile and squeal in delight.

“I'm so sorry, sir! My titties are yours! Look, I'm shaking them for you! I'll do whatever you say, just please fuck meeee!” She begged and pleaded.

Lily had her slender arms around his neck, and looked at him with her deep blue eyes. She remained quiet as a doll, ready to give her tight pussy to her friend's boyfriend.

“But Lily is right here, Catherine. Are you trying to interfere with my pleasure?” He looked at Lily's tits, lowered his head, and briefly sucked on the perky things, nibbling on her nipples.

“N-No sir!” Catherine cried “Anything but that! Please tell me how to help please you, Mark! I live to please you!”

“You could kiss my feet while I fuck her, and if you don't do a good job, I'll make her my girlfriend and throw you away with a spank on your teasing behind!” He told his extremely sexy girlfriend, as he was about to fuck her only competition in terms of raw beauty.

“Ohh, yes sir!” She dove down with her ass in the air, and kissed his shoe with her soft lips.

He wrapped his arms around Lily, and looked deep in her eyes, her face sealed with a pleased smile.

“So, tell me, prude, are you a virgin?” He asked, clutching her hips, his tip perfectly aligned with her pussy.

“Yes, sir.” She said meekly, her cheeks glowing with a rosy hue.

He pushed her down with full force, and she complied like the doll that she was.

“Hmmm...” He hummed and kissed her neck.

“Not anymore...” He said and snuggled her, enjoying the warm hold of her deflowered pussy.

“Nnngh...” She whimpered “No sir, not anymore.” She said proudly, her pussy shedding red tears of joy.

“Well, start bouncing then.” He told her casually, and lay back “Make me cum!”

“Y-Yes sir!”

And she did, with no regard to her own cunt painfully throbbing, she rode him like the whore she now was, grinding her hips flexibly while he ravaged her tits. When he finally exploded like a cannon, her cunt was numb from the pain, but the doll-like smile on her pretty face remained.

“Thank you.” She said as his cum slid down from her pussy to his balls, mixing with her virginal blood “Thank you so much, sir.”

“You're very welcome.” He whispered in her ear, and told Catherine to stop kissing his shoes and start licking his balls clean.

At that time, Clyde had already emptied the content of his testicles into Anne's twat, with the help of the relentless ball-licking of Paula. Brad ended up cumming from the double tit-fuck of his big breasted bitches, and enjoyed seeing them lick the cum off of each other like a pair of hungry kittens. Even the college

rector finally unloaded into the pathetic slut they called Ms. Pierce, and sat down on the teacher's chair, exhausted.

Unlike him, the other men were young and virile, and as they had the eight cunts line up for them, they realized Paula was the only pussy that didn't get properly used. They conveniently accepted Brad's plight that tit-fucking his whores was usage enough, and that he was keeping Tammy's pussy for later.

So they played a very special game of spin the bottle with the innocent petite virgin. Whoever the bottle pointed to got a very penetrative lap dance from her. Needless to say, her popped cherry soon painted all their cocks red, and while she was pleasing one of them, the other bitches kept the rest warm with their sloppy mouths.

The very special class ended with them taking turns fucking Paula from behind, to the constant sound of her begging for more. They each showered her with cum, in turn, and then had her lie down on the floor, and told the other girls to slurp the cum off.

They looked like a bunch of scavenging animals, their asses pointed up and wiggling, as each licked and slurped a different spot of their cum-drenched prey.

"Now, it is time to awaken the six new cunts from their current trance." Ms. Pierce said, thick cum oozing from her ass.

"Does that mean they'll return to the sore-ass bitches they were?" Brad asked, exhausted and somewhat disappointed.

"Of course not, my lord." Ms. Pierce said "They will still be the agreeable sluts they have always been, on the inside. They'll simply act less like cum hungry whores, and be more capable of hiding their true selves from the suspecting world."

She spanked herself again, for no apparent reason.

"Unless you want them to act like cum hungry whores, of course. From now on, they are yours to mold as you see fit." She finished.

"Oh..." Brad said, smiling "Okay, kewl."

And with that, the six new submissive slaves knelt before their teacher, allowed her to erase their useless former selves,

with all their independence and self respect, and left nothing but meek obedience within.

## Chapter Four

The following weeks were a brave new world for the guys, and a meek, submissive new world for the nubile coeds. Lina lounged on the bed in Tim's dorm room. She held a red dildo in her hand, and playfully licked and sucked on it, practicing her fellatio skills.

She wore nothing but a lacy pair of light-blue panties, her perfectly smooth, nearly nude body ready to be ravished on the covers of her boyfriend's bed. That was where she spent most of her time, nowadays, and licking her dildo became one of her favorite pass-time activities, second only to sucking her boyfriend's actual dick.

She heard the door open and knew her boyfriend returned. She raised her head, and moistened her lips, he loved getting blown after a hard day of college lessons. Sometimes he even took her with him, to stand outside the door where his lecture took place, and wait for him to excuse himself for a toilet break. He actually used her as the toilet, of course, and what he disposed in her was white and thick. Lina also made sure to rub her pussy a little bit, just in case he wanted to dip his manhood in there, as well.

She heard more than one voice coming from the entrance, and raised a wondering eyebrow.

“You really think you can beat me? Seriously?” It was Clyde, smugly boasting his savant video game skills, again.

“Oh, you just wait!” Tim was heard saying in his half competitive, half mocking tone of voice.

Lina could already feel herself getting rage-pounded into the bed, and receiving spanks that will leave her tender behind sore and pink for days to come. Ever since she learned that her place in life was to be a good and obedient girlfriend, she also managed to learn a few new things about her boyfriend.

For example, she learned that even though he always pretended to take competitions lightly, he was a really sore loser.

Every time Clyde displayed his superior gaming skills, defeating Tim in one impressive landslide after another, Lina knew she's in for quite a night, accommodating her passive-aggressive boyfriend's fury. She was proud he trusted her, or at the very least, objectified her enough, to show her a side of himself which he carefully hid from everyone else

“Go to my bedroom, bitch.” She heard Tim say, and then the sound of a sharp spank.

Anne walked into the room mere seconds later, and both girls smiled as they saw each other. Ever since their true selves awakened, they didn't get a lot of chances to see their friends. All of them were kept too busy by their rightfully demanding boyfriends.

“Hey there, slut. I'm a stupid fuck-doll.” Anne said with a smile, and lay on the bed, the steel chain connected between the piercings on her nipples clanking quietly.

Lina took the dildo from her mouth, and smiled.

“Hi!” She held her dildo out “Want a taste?” She offered it to Anne.

“Sure! I'm a worthless cunt!” Anne lay beside her and kissed the plastic cock, before deep throating it like a pro.

“Hey, come on, I gave you a taste, don't guzzle it down!” Lina pulled it out of Anne's throat, and buried it in her own.

“Sorry, got carried away. I'm a brainless pussy-slave.” Anne said, teary eyed “Master Clyde really likes to face-fuck me. I'm a sex object.”

“Tim, too. He fucks my face every day, the minute he's back. Well, unless he has company...” She gave Anne an odd look.

“Sorry about that. Not really my control, though. Master Clyde decides where I go. I'm just a stupid little slut.”

There was a moment of silence, and the two shared the red dildo again, licking on either side.

“It's nice, though, that both our boyfriends fuck our faces on a regular basis. I'm a good fuck-hole.” Anne said.

“Yeah, it's nice.” Lina agreed, and kissed the red plastic rod “I like the new outfit, by the way.”

“Thank you. Master Clyde picked it out. I'm a worthless sex doll.”

Anne had a dog's collar around her neck, a chain connecting the piercings in her nipples, and the words “slave-cunt” were written on her flat belly, in bold magic marker. It was hard to call that an outfit, but it was still more than Lina wore on her nubile upper body.

“Why do you keep saying those things?” Lina asked “I mean, I know they're true and all, but why keep repeating it?”

“Master Clyde commanded it.” Anne explained “I'm a hot, fuckable, sex object.” She suffixed.

“Well, he's not here...” Lina said, absentmindedly licking the red dildo, paying most of her attention to the conversation.

“So?” Anne frowned “I'm his girlfriend. I still need to obey him.”

“Yeah, I suppose that's true.” Lina said “I just can't believe how docile you became. I remember you proudly saying how Clyde grovels and begs...”

“I'm ashamed of those days.” Anne interrupted her “I'm happy Clyde allows me to beg for his forgiveness every day. I'm a pitiful cunt-toy.”

“And did he forgive you?” Lina asked curiously.

“Nope. It's kinda unforgivable, but I still enjoy groveling on my knees before him, especially when he slaps my face with his dick...I'm an obedient tight twat.” Anne said and stretched her tongue to lick the dildo, lightly touching Lina's lips.

“You groveling slut!” Lina said coyly, and gave the dildo a quick lick.

“Look who's talking!” Anne joined with a swift lick “Lazing in bed practicing your cock sucking. Nice of Tim to buy you a practice dildo, though. I'm my master's love doll.”

“Well, technically it was my money, but since everything that's mine is actually his. Well, you know...” Lina said casually, and Anne nodded as if it was obvious.

“Yes, of course.” She said “I'm fuck-meat for my master's carnal desires.”

Lina rolled her eyes derisively at Anne's constant self-degrading comments.

“Okay, it's impossible to talk with you like this, let's just keep our mouths on the dildo. I want to keep improving my oral service, and find new and better ways to make Tim's cock happy.” The smoking redhead said, and planted her juicy lips on the dildo.

“Good idea! I'm a sex doll!” The beautiful, dark haired Anne said with ditzy enthusiasm, and joined her friend's lips with her own, casually pulling on the chain connecting her tits, the way her master Clyde liked to do so much.

Tammy received a text message from her boyfriend, Brad, telling her to go back to her room and wait for him in the usual position. She was surprised to find the door unlocked. Brad did have the key to her room, but he rarely arrived before her, when he called her for some fucking.

She undressed, went to her bedroom, and was surprised again. There was already another blonde young woman, on her hands and knees, with her ass pointing to the door. Was Brad considering replacing her with this other cunt?

Ignoring her confusion, Tammy first made certain to obey Brad's wishes. She situated herself on the bed, next to the other blonde, pointing her behind to the door as well. Once she was in her proper position, Tammy allowed herself to look aside and check the other, somewhat silent, and waiting pussy.

“Oh, it's you, I didn't recognize you...” Tammy said with a smile “Since when are you a blonde?” She asked.

“Mark wanted me to dye my hair blonde.” Catherine said.

“It looks good.” Tammy said “From behind, too. I was worried Brad was trying to replace me...”

“It's his choice if he does replace you. You just have to try and be the best pussy you can be.” Catherine said wisely, and Tammy nodded.

“And if he does dump you, the proper reaction would be to thank him for letting you serve, and slightly lean forward so he could spank your ass away.” Catherine added.

“When that happens, I'll walk away as I wiggle my worthless booty for him.” Tammy said with a warm smile “A smack on the rear is all a sex object deserves once she becomes trash in the eyes of her man.”

Catherine giggled sweetly.

“All this talk about how worthless and pathetic we are is making my cunt flood.” she said lewdly.

“Yeah...” Tammy cooed “That's good, Brad and Mark will soon be here to fuck us. Our pussies have to be ready.”

“Yeah...” Catherine agreed, and the two began absentmindedly wiggling their asses from side to side, inviting whoever walks through the door to pound into them with force and might.

Brad and Mark arrived soon enough, and locked the door behind them.

“Lovely view.” They heard Mark say, and Catherine's pussy moistened even further, as a shiver of anticipation ran through her.

“Definitely.” Brad was already teasing Tammy's pussy with his erect cock.

Both pussies were penetrated simultaneously, and the two blondes' bodies moved back and forth, their tits jostling as their boyfriends used them to relieve their pent up sexual tensions.

“So, anyway, that bitch TA said I'll have three points deducted for every day late, regardless of my reasons.” Mark said, his hands exploring Catherine's body.

“Want me to try some hypnosis on her?” Brad asked with pride.

“Nah, man, I don't think any of us can afford that risk...” Mark said, wrapped his hands around his toy, and casually squeezed her tits.

“And how are you doing today, my little Kitty Cat?” He asked and shoved himself deep into her.

“I missed you, sir. *Ah!* I've been waiting for you to fuck me all day long. Thank you.” Catherine moaned happily. She was starting to like being called a kitty cat.

Mark smiled and straightened back up, still leisurely fucking Catherine.

“How is that going, anyway?” He asked Brad “The hypnosis lessons, that is.”

“It's going great. Hold on a sec...” Brad said and spanked Tammy hard.

“Good bitch!” He moaned.

“Anyway, so yeah, it's the most useful thing I'm learning in this college, honestly.”

“Heh, I bet! I can't believe the old man agreed to teach you...” Mark sounded a little jealous.

“Said I reminded him of his younger self.” Brad admitted “I'm sure he'll teach you too. I could ask, if you want”

“Nah, not for me.” Mark said, increasing the pace of his fucking of Catherine.

“Don't get me wrong, I love the results.” He spanked her sharply “But I doubt I'll have the guts to just walk to a random cunt and try to put her under. No offense, but I never thought you had that kind of confidence, Brad.”

“Honestly, Neither did I.” Brad admitted once again “My confidence is much higher now, though. There's something about knowing how to rule a conversation with a girl, and seeing that look on her face when her normal defenses just shatter one by one.”

“Is it possible the rector entranced you and boosted your confidence for you?” Mark asked curiously.

“I suppose it is. I trust him though, I can't see a reason for him to want to harm me. I think he's just enjoying imparting knowledge to the younger generation...”

“Yeah, makes sense. Think we'll be so active when we're his age?” Mark asked, grabbed Catherine's dyed hair, and used it as reins to fuck her harder. She grunted meekly with every deep thrust.

“One can only hope.” Brad said, and did the same with Tammy.

As their boyfriends conversed with one another, the girls tried having a conversation among themselves, in whispers, so as to not interfere with the men fucking them from behind.

“Have you seen Lily lately?” The big breasted Tammy asked the nubile brunette.

“Mm-hmm, yeah.” Catherine nodded “Last week was Mark's turn with her...” She whispered and silently whimpered as Mark's crotch gently spanked her behind with every deep, slow thrust.

Lily has been passed around by the four guys, spending a couple of days with each young man, helping his obedient girlfriend in making him happy. They were all very grateful for her help. All four coed cunts felt, at times, that their boyfriends were tired of fucking the same pussy all the time, and Lily provided them with a much needed piece of strange booty on the side.

“How is she doing? Last time Brad used her, I heard she dropped out...” Tammy whispered.

“I wouldn't know...” Catherine turned to her and said “Mark has her tied to a corner and ball-gagged when he's not using her. And when he does, he doesn't let us talk, even if he uses us at the same time.”

“Ohh harsh...” Tammy combined a sigh of understanding with a tiny moan.

“What does Brad do with her?” Catherine asked.

“Fucks her, but he lets us talk when he doesn't need us.” Tammy said “He usually uses her as a bed time squeeze-toy, and uses my boobs as pillows. Most nights he uses me as a night time cock-sheathe, but I think he prefers me as his boob-pillow.”

“Oh, that's nice of him.” Catherine smiled “Mark likes to sleep alone. He keeps me under his bed and taps on it when he's hard. I please him till he cums, clean him up, and go back under the bed. I'm not complaining, though, I'm lucky he still finds it within himself to enjoy me...”

“Of course.” Tammy nodded “Although you're as hot as Lily is. I bet you'll be Mark's fuck-toy long after myself, Lina, and Anne get dumped. Well, Anne has a smoking body, too...”

“You're too kind, thank you.” Catherine said “I guess it makes sense Lily dropped out, considering she's been used and stored like a sex doll for weeks, now. I'll probably drop most of my classes, too. It just get's in the way of my servitude to Mark.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean.” Tammy agreed.

Tammy felt a surprisingly strong slap on her behind, and gasped in shock.

“Be quiet, bitch!” Brad told her “Me and Mark are trying to have a conversation.”

“Yes sir. Sorry, sir.” Tammy said, and looked straight ahead, blankly. Catherine did the same, and both young women moved back and forth in constant motion, fucked deep in their owned pussies, in perfect silence.

Mark looked at Tammy's tits swaying back and forth with her body.

“So are you going to train a new bitch as your girlfriend and dump this one?” He asked Brad.

“Oh, I'm still a long way from that. Besides, why would I dump one pussy for the other, when I can have both?” Brad asked.

“I dunno, Tammy has a little excess fat.”

“Hah! Darn right, especially here!” He leaned down and grabbed her big breasts, fondling playfully.

“Catherine doesn't have those, does she?”

“Well, that's mend-able.” Mark said, feeling his own girlfriend's B-cup tits “In fact, I already set an appointment for her to have her fun-bags modified to a C-cup. That will be fun, won't it?” He asked Catherine with a spank.

“Yes, sir! I can't wait to titfuck you with my new fun-bags!” She said with the thrill to serve he liked so much to see in her.

“Excess weight is also fixable.” Brad said in response “Hey, Tammy, if you don't work those excess calories off, I'll dump your ass full of cum, at the side of the road. Got it?”

“Yes, sir. I'll do my best, sir.”

Brad laughed a bit, giving Tammy the same line he was so afraid to get from her, before her mind was changed to fit *his* needs, and nothing else.

“So we're on for gaming marathon this weekend?” Mark turned to Brad and asked.

“Think so. It's mostly up to Clyde, you know...” Brad said and Mark nodded at him.

Catherine heard what her boyfriend said, and something awoke in her mind.

“S-Sir, may I speak?” She asked respectfully.

“As long as it's short, slut.” He told her with a derisive slap on the behind, hastening the pace of his banging.

“Yes sir. I..Well the movie I bought us tickets to is this weekend and uhm, I-*mm! Ahh!*”

Mark started ramming into her so hard she couldn't do anything but squeal like a horny sow.

“You really think we're still going to see that movie!” He slowed down and reprimanded his silly girlfriend.

“I'll tell you what, you can spend the weekend with my cock in your mouth, apologizing for ever inviting me to that horrible movie night!”

Catherine looked shocked at first, but soon mellowed, and a horny smile appeared on it.

“Yes sir! I will make sure to make it up to you, sir...” She said subserviently, and felt his cum shoot into her with bliss. He stayed within her and let his semen get soaked in her comfortable hole, lounging in her owned pussy, waiting for Brad to be done with his toy, Tammy.

Back in Tim's dorm room, Lina and Anne were still licking the red dildo as if it was ice cream, until their boyfriends called them over. They hauled their pert rears over and stood before Clyde and Tim. The young men decided to incorporate their girlfriends in their game.

The rules were simple, whoever won the recent battle in-game, got a double header from the spicy redhead and the angelic dark haired beauty. Anne and Lina were so happy they spent a while doing the same with the dildo, as it made their team work on their boyfriends' cocks spectacular.

Needless to say, never did Tim nor Clyde manage to win a match while the soft, sweet tongues of Lina and Anne entwined around their steely shafts. Seeing their long term score will never break a tie like that, a new use for the obedient young women was found.

Lina was to do her best to distract Clyde with her deep-throating abilities, while Anne was to do the same with Tim.

“How about we make this interesting, hmm?” Tim suggested, Anne already wrapping her lips around his rod.

“What did you have in mind? Ohh, fuck, that suction is awesome!” Clyde asked and moaned at Lina's sucking prowess.

“Winner gets the loser's next turn with Lily.” Tim said.

“You're on!” Clyde said immediately, his arrogance knowing no bounds.

Clyde may have had the better gaming skills, but the well trained Lina finally had a chance to show her usefulness to her

man. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she gave Clyde the kind of head he never dreamed existed. She brought herself to the brink of fainting a few times, but when she heard Tim's cheers of victory, and felt Clyde's white load streaming into the depths of her throat, she knew her efforts were worth it.

“Ohh yeah! Eat that! Tim said, dropped the controller, grabbed Anne's head, and drilled into her mouth until he unloaded his jizz, triumphantly shoving her away with thick white fluid filling her mouth.

Clyde lay sprawled on the sofa.

“Wow! How did she become so good at giving head?” He asked in shock, Lina still with his dick in her mouth, white eyed and patiently waiting to be ordered about.

“She had a lot of practice. You can swallow and stand down, slut.” Tim said, as if calling off a gun-totting soldier.

Lina rose up, swallowed the load in her mouth, and went on to obediently kneel in a corner, saluting for her owner's sake.

“I have a feeling I was set up by a blowjob commando chick with perky tits.” Clyde said.

“No backsies.” Tim declared with a smile, and got on his feet “Want some water, Clyde?”

“Yeah, phew, I think I could use some. You know, I'm almost not angry to have lost a turn with Lily. That face fucking was so worth it!”

“Hah! Glad you're not a sore loser.” Tim said, standing in front of the kitchen counter.

“Loser? The only reason you won was your girlfriend's mad cock-sucking skills, and you know it!”

“Winning is winning, cry baby.” Tim mocked.

“Pshht, Whatever...” Clyde sneered “Can you have Lina give Anne some lessons, maybe?” He asked, looking at his hot dark haired girlfriend, a strand of thick sperm oozing from her glazed lips.

“And give up my advantage? No way!” Tim said jokingly, and handed Clyde a glass of cool water.

“Like I'll ever make this mistake again...” Clyde said, taking a refreshing sip.

“Really? It's your only way of getting blown by Lina, buddy.” Tim reminded him.

“Heh, good point, I'll give you that one.” Clyde said “You've put a lot of thought into this plan, huh?”

“Oh, yeah.” Tim admitted “Would have been so embarrassing if it didn't work!” He said, and they both laughed.

Lina knelt at her corner with a big smile on her face. She was not privy to her boyfriend's plan, but she was exhilarated to be such an efficient tool in making it come to fruition.

“So, should I send Lily to you tonight?” Clyde asked, Lily was currently stored in his room, ready to please his every whim.

“You think I was born yesterday? We agreed I'll get your next turn, Clyde – That means the whole turn, not the last day and a half of it.”

“Heh, can't blame me for trying...” Clyde finished his drink, and snapped his fingers “Anne, dance for us.” He commanded.

“Yes, master Clyde.” Anne rose to her feet “I am a worthless sex toy.”

Anne danced like the sexiest, lewdest belly dancer, calling on her past training to provide the best show for her master and his friend, her nipple chain occasionally clicking as she writhed and shook her perfect body. She was a great piece of entertainment.

Elsewhere, Brad took Mark to an empty classroom, saying there was something he simply had to show him. Catherine and Tammy followed a step behind, like docile, subservient pets - The clothes on their bodies feeling out of place and uncomfortable. They were more than willing to strip on command, and both hoped their boyfriends brought them to the deserted classroom to fuck whatever was left of their brains out.

Brad told Mark to look out the window.

“What am I looking for?” Mark asked.

“Don't worry, you'll see it when it happens. I want to show off my progress in my private lessons with the rector.” The chubby Brad said.

“Oh, yeah? Cool.”

They waited for another minute or so, and Mark got impatient.

“Well?” He demanded.

“Wow, man, will you wait a...” Brad said, but his attention was taken by something on the solitary, vacant grassy patch right under them, in perfect view from their first floor window.

“There we go, right on time.” He said with a grin.

Mark looked down and saw a young woman, probably a college coed in her second year, walk over to the middle of the green. She was a curly haired brunette, skinny and attractive with piercing brown eyes that Mark could notice even at that distance.

She wore a short black skirt, barely in tune with the college dress code, a white blouse, and sexy stockings on her smooth legs. On her feet she wore black leather boots, sexy and appealing. The little hottie looked straight at them, or rather, straight at Brad, gave him a slutty smile and a wink, and turned around, popping her cute butt slightly.

“Woah, nice.” Mark said as she hiked her skirt all the way up, revealing she wore nothing under it, and gave them 30 seconds of pure exotic booty-shaking. Once she was done, she turned back around and flashed her tits.

Her final action was a degrading drop to her knees, on the grass, bowing before Brad like one would before a deity, her bare ass pointing to the sky, her face on the grass, and her arms stretched forward in front of her.

After a few sexy wiggles of her pert behind, she stood back up, spanked her ass, flashed her tits one last time, Blew Brad a loving kiss, and walked away as if nothing happened.

“And she already remembers nothing of what she just did.” Brad said proudly.

“Wow.” Mark said “She's pretty hot.”

“Well, if you're nice, I'll give you a spin on her, once I'm confident enough to make her my fuck-toy, of course. Right now, she's just a fun little eye-candy, and an occasional steamy lap-dancer.”

“Speaking of fucking...” Mark said, aroused from the short show, and looked at the blonde Catherine “Is it safe?” He asked Brad.

“Oh yeah, this class is empty most hours of the day. I always fuck Tammy here. You know what? Tammy, bent over the desk!”

“Yes sir!”

Catherine soon sat on Mark's bare lap, with her legs spread, and worked toward receiving her second load of the day, as she looked deep into his eyes and rode him hard. The formerly independent young woman smiled cutely, her tight pussy giving her purpose, and hoped the man she was pleasing will never let her go. Serving him felt so right, she could no longer perceive her life without it.

## Chapter Five - Epilogue

Kitty sighed happily as she recalled the first days of her submission to Mark. She managed to finish her surprise meal and clean his game room before he finished watching the game she recorded for him, so he only spanked her a few times as punishment for being a little late on it. She was happy to avoid a harsher punishment.

While Mark played his game, she was busy shining the picture frames in the living-room. The big picture above the TV featured her pretty face, stained by his cum, while the smaller pictures on the mantle showed her pussy as it was penetrated by him (That one was a little blurry), and even one with a very distinct hand mark on her well spanked behind.

Memories her boyfriend liked to keep of her, as a reminder to them both that Kitty was a simple woman, meant to guzzle jizz down her throat, get fucked, and do simple house chores.

By the time Mark officially decided to change her name to Kitty, she had already dropped out of college, and lived in his dorm room. Throughout his years in college, Kitty made sure her boyfriend didn't need to waste any time on cleaning or cooking. Most importantly, she made sure the sperm building up in his balls never distracted him from his studies, for too long, at least.

She was proud when he finished first in his class, and gave her a tiny bit of credit for his impressive achievement, all the while casually pumping into her lips. She felt so unworthy of his praise, and so grateful to have it bestowed upon her.

Kitty did do her own college degree, in way. If she didn't spend those years cleaning the relatively small dorm room in high heels and a thong, she would never have been able to do the same with his much larger apartment, now that he had a real job.

She completely lost touch with Lily, Tammy, and the others. She didn't even have her own phone anymore. But she hoped her

friends were still as busy as she was, making their boyfriend's lives easier and happier.

Paula actually disappeared right after that final women's studies lesson they had. The old rector saw she didn't interest the young men that much, and said he will find another use for her. The petite, mousy blonde only re-emerged about a year later, as the new nineteen year old Paula Style, a very active hardcore porn actress.

The rector clearly had a few surgeries done on her, to make her worthy of the erotic silver screen, but considering the amount of money he must have made from whoring her out to all those studios, it was probably more than worth it. She's still performing sometimes, though she is clearly getting worn out.

As for Lily, the rotation on her ass continued throughout their college years, and by the end of it the guys couldn't decide which of them will keep her, so they just collectively dumped her in one final gang bang. Kitty could only guess, but she figured Lily was still on campus, helping Mona and Melanie as a brand new member of the Melons clan.

The guys had sworn to keep in touch and regularly meet, even after college was done with, but life got in the way. They each got jobs, some in different states, found new friends and new lives. They kept their obedient, docile girlfriend slave-bitches, but in time they had lost connection with one another.

Of course, that meant Kitty never even met with her old friends anymore, but she still hoped maybe someday Brad may show up for a visit, and she can suck Mark's cock while Tammy sucks Brad off, like the old days. Unless Brad already got rid of Tammy, that is. Kitty really hoped her tall blonde friend managed to keep her excess baggage in check for her man.

She finished shining the glass of the picture frame, and stared at it for a while, patting her unmoving, cum-stained cheek with a smile. She didn't have much time to stop, however.

“Kitty, get over here.” Mark's voice came from his game room.

“Yes sir, coming!” Kitty called back, set her cleaning detergents down, and shook her perfect behind over to his room, her high heels forcing her to shake her booty and emphasize it.

She opened the door to the game room and saw Mark sitting before the computer, a hardcore porno playing on the big screen.

“Can I help you with anything, sir?” Kitty stood at attention, with her hands folded behind her back, and asked.

“Yeah, I've got a hard-on, so I took a little break from my game.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, so I'm gonna jerk off to some porn.” He told her.

“How do you want to use me?” Asked Mark's best and most devoted tool.

“Hmm, let's see...” He pondered, stoking his cock “Position number two.” He finally decided.

“As you wish, sir.”

She smiled at him, knelt under his desk, and wrapped his cock with her tits. Kitty was very experienced, and could usually tell from sound alone, the pace in which she should stroke his cock. It has been years since he had her tits enlarged to C-cups, and Kitty used them to please him countless times since then.

She started off moving her breasts slowly, squeezing gently while giving his tip passionate kisses and licks. Sometimes, Mark would flinch and pat her shoulders. She knew that meant there was a particularly hot part in the movie, and that she should hasten her movements and tighten her boob-hold, to accommodate to his heightened arousal.

When the people on screen were clearly fucking, Kitty did her best to pump in tune with the pace of the on-screen humping. It was a forty minute movie, and the servile blonde knew her man liked to climax along with the movie he was watching, so she showed the proper restraint, at times, calming him down just enough.

It didn't work so well this time, however, and by the twenty minute mark he blasted all over her tits and face.

“I...I'm sorry, sir...” She hung her head in shame and said, his sperm drizzling and oozing from her cheeks, chin, and her round, smooth breasts.

“Keep going, slut!” He groaned and grabbed her shoulders, pumping his dick into her jugs.

She realized he was hardly done, even though his explosion was massive. With a big smile on her cum-stained face, she wrapped her tits around him again, and this time brought him to his second orgasm right on time. He shot another creamy white load just as she heard the man in the movie groan in climax. Kitty was so proud of herself.

“Okay, clean me up and then go shower. I still want to finish something before bed.”

“Yes *\*Lick\** sir.” because of his first load, her tits soiled his crotch with spunk, so cleaning his cock, balls, and general crotch area took longer than usual.

He told her to crawl out of the room when she was done, and Kitty just kept on crawling to the shower. Her thoughts drifted to her family as she washed her body spotless. Her parents didn't understand what happened to her in that first year of college, and many of her family tried to dissuade her from what they called the “improper master slave relationship” she had with Mark.

She didn't see what was so inappropriate about being enslaved to him, as long as she loved and adored him. Honestly, her family got more and more annoying as time went on. Kitty was so lucky to have such a smart boyfriend – He told her to slowly push them away, until they didn't even want any connection with her.

It took a while, but it worked. They didn't try to contact her, in years. Kitty sometimes wondered if her family still blamed Mark for the change in her, her mom even blamed him for brainwashing her, once.

That allegation was so ridiculous, Kitty would have laughed, but it was an insult to Mark (As if he needed to use mind tricks on her, to get her to submit and kneel before him). She slapped her mom angrily and sent her away, screaming. She didn't feel good about it, but sometimes a little tough love was necessary.

The obedient girlfriend got out of the shower, dried herself off, put her heels back on, and walked in the nude to her boyfriend's bed. He was already there, half asleep, but she knew she had to check if he needed more relief before going to sleep herself. She took her heels off and got in bed, her head creeping under his covers to give his cock a good night kiss.

She sucked it momentarily, but he drowsily pushed her away.  
“Good night, sir.” She said, and got off the bed.  
“Mmnnn \*Yawn\* good night.” He said back.

Kitty crawled under the bed and cuddled in her old, tattered sleeping rags. They were clean, but not very comfortable. Mark still didn't like to have anyone else in his bed, for anything other than fucking.

Kitty closed her eyes and tried to get a bit of sleep, keeping herself ready and vigilant for any tap from above, signaling her boyfriend was awake and needed service. That usually happened at least once a night. Sometimes, he moved too much in his sleep, alarming her from her place on the floor, under false pretenses.

It was worth it, though, because every morning the man who's happiness she lived for, woke up with a refreshed smile, spent his morning load inside of her, and went off to work energized, calm, and more than pleased.

Nothing made the docile and submissive girlfriend feel more fulfilled, filling her with servile bliss each and every morning – It coursed through her veins and empowered her with renewed determination, as she went about her chores for the day, with a happy smile on her face, and a spring to her high-heeled step.

###

**Workplace Solidarity**

\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty years old Cherry lay naked on her side, her wonderful fiance embracing her warmly from behind, lightly cupping one of her perfect breasts in his sleep.

It was a surprise squeeze from her still dreaming lover that woke her up that morning. She didn't wish to wake him up too early, and so she just stared at the wall before her, and let herself get lost in her thoughts.

It's not like she had many of those swimming in her head, that sleepy morning. For some reason, her mind kept circling back to that one place in time. The little outing her small company had months ago.

She knew she won't be able to fall asleep again, and she wasn't about to toss her fiance from over her and wake him up.

*I may as well let myself drift away and think of that day. It's weird though, there wasn't anything important about that day.* She thought, snuggled into her lover's warm body, and sighed sleepily.

*Yeah, it's not like that was the day my life changed forever or anything.*

\* \* \* \*

Cherry worked as a secretary and personal assistant for a small high tech start-up company. Truth be told, it felt more like a group of five like-minded individuals, who had an idea, and decided to spend time and money to make it happen. Still, they were courageous enough to quit their old jobs, rent office space, and hire her to manage appointments and paperwork. She would have admired that, if it wasn't so abundantly clear they chose her purely for her good looks.

She didn't mind it that much. As a young woman with no special qualifications, she was willing to be their eye candy, as long as none of them did anything blatantly harassing. She came to work with comfy clothes, which meant her summer attire turned all heads in the office, but none of them ever did anything

beyond staring at her body for a few seconds, before turning away with awkward embarrassment.

She couldn't blame them – They weren't eunuchs, after all. She was a young woman with smooth skin, long legs, flowing, silky blonde hair, and perfect proportions. They would have to be blind to not be sexually attracted to her, especially with the clothes she sometimes wore.

As long as they paid her, and kept their hands to themselves, Cherry was willing to let most things slide.

She did try her best to crouch down for dropped items, rather than bend over to pick them up. Unless she felt like teasing them, that is. When she felt down in the dumps and depressed, she enjoyed lifting her spirit by flaunting her gorgeous hottie status a bit, lightly tormenting her poor, wishful co-workers.

Things changed a lot since then, especially Cherry's behavior in the workplace. She can't pinpoint exactly what brought about her change in attitude, but she knows it had to happen, and she knows she is happy with it.

It seems, somehow, that her change is related to the events of that one fateful day, when a big corporation announced they will be purchasing the small-time company.

Needless to say, the champagne poured like a river that day, in their little office. Cherry limited herself to two glasses, not wanting to make some mistakes with the gentlemen – She was engaged to be married, after all.

The five guys, as the founders, received a hefty amount of money, and even Cherry got a nice bonus. A representative from their new parent company showed up and gave a speech, barely taking his eyes off of Cherry's perfect body.

In terms or work, the details didn't change at all. The corporation bought them for the product they were developing, and that meant they had to keep doing it, while collaborating with other branches of the corporation, around the world.

Their job titles did change a tad. Cherry became an executive aide, because secretary did not exist in the corporation's lexicon, and she received a nice pay raise. Another nice aspect of being a part of a multi-billion dollar corporation, was that they were given annual budget for mandatory team events – Little outings meant to increase group moral, and employee solidarity. Cherry didn't expect her suggestions to hold weight in their small group of mostly male individuals, but she figured it will still be fun.

*What's the worst they could choose?* She figured.

She realized her mistake during that meeting. It was her job to dot down all their ideas, ranging from a hunting expedition, to paint ball, and all the way to rock climbing. She told them she wouldn't attend such events, and fortunately they showed enough sympathy, and heard her out.

Either that, or they just really wanted her to be there, to lecherously ogle her limber body in the midst of some recreational activity. Cherry didn't mind, as long as it made them choose something a little more tame.

“Oh, I have an idea our stubborn secretary might go for.” Brett, the slightly overweight CEO said.

“That's executive aide for you.” She jested in response.

“We can go see a hypnosis show. I heard of a really good one from a friend. It's supposed to be R-rated.” He said raising both eyebrows in a suggestive manner

He smiled at the group, pausing on Cherry.

“In fact, with our budget, we could possibly get a private show.”

“An R-rated hypnotist? What does that mean?” Cherry asked “I don't want him to do anything creepy.”

“First of all, hypnosis can't get you to do anything you wouldn't normally do.” James said knowledgeably. He had dark skin, but he was far from being tall and handsome. He was closer to short and balding.

“Second of all, if this guy is a professional, I'm sure he won't do anything wrong. He could go to jail for something like that.”

Cherry nodded contently.

“Okay then. I guess that's fine, if you guys all want that.” She already shot down so many of their ideas, that she felt she had to agree. Besides, she appreciated and trusted James, he was by far the smartest of the bunch – She was always amazed at how he had an informed opinion about pretty much everything. A real brainiac, that one.

“It's settled then. I'll make the arrangements.” Brett said with a smile, and called the meeting to an end.

Brett came through, as always, and a week after their meeting the six of them sat in a small backstage room, waiting for the R-rated stage hypnotist to start his private show. Brett was whispering with the hypnotist about something in the corner. He glanced in Cherry's direction, quickly turning his head away when he saw her staring back at him, puzzled.

The hot blonde frowned at them, but decided to let it go. She was there to have fun, not be paranoid and ruin everyone else's fun.

She sat next to Barney, a fat creep who was obsessed with comic books. He wore his usual superhero themed shirt, the one with the mustard stain that he thought nobody could see. Honestly, Cherry often wondered if he ever even showered.

James sat next to Barney, and on his other side sat Dimitry, a scrawny fella with a knack for numbers that Cherry certainly appreciated. On Dimitri's other side sat Nicholas, the elder of the group. He's been working as a software developer for over fifteen years. The other guys liked mocking him about it, but Cherry noticed how often they came to him for advice. He was like the aged sage of the group.

Brett finished talking with the hypnotist, and took his seat, wearing a big smile on his face. Cherry couldn't decide if he was

forcing the smile, or if he was just incredibly nervous. He certainly didn't act normal, fidgeting in his seat and rapidly tapping his legs on the floor.

“Is everything okay, Mr. Corr?” She asked.

“What?” He jumped “Oh, yes Cherry, everything is fine. I'm just, ahm, excited.”

“Really?” She asked coyly “You're the one who suggested this hypnotist, don't forget that.” She winked at him cutely. He was her boss, after all, and she knew how to butter him up.

“Heh yeah. T-Thats right. Heh...” He said awkwardly, and turned away from her, after taking a short look at her bare legs. She pretended not to notice, but still uncrossed her legs, not wanting to give the hypnotist any ideas. Just because she wore mini-jeans, didn't mean she was going to do anything raunchy.

The hypnotist stood before them, cleared his throat, raised his hands, and took a deep bow.

“Welcome, gentlemen and lady.” He said with a chuckle, looking at her “I am the amazing, brilliant Mesmerdini.”

“Mesmerdini? Seriously...” Cherry rolled her eyes.

“No, not seriously.” The hypnotist said with a smile “My name is Brian, if you must know.”

He stared straight at her, making her blush.

“S-Sorry. I didn't mean to...” His piercing gaze managed to confuse her, for a moment.

“Oh, it's okay, honey. What's your name?”

“Uhm...It's Cerie.”

“Cherry? Well, what a nice name.”

“No, not cherry. Cerie.” She corrected him.

“I do apologize, my lovely dear, but I simply can't hear the difference.” He said, and they all laughed. It wasn't that funny, but Brian the hypnotist had a certain flare for showmanship. His verbose and boastful demeanor easily made them all laugh, no matter what he said.

He asked the others for their names, and quickly turned back to Cherry.

“So, since you mocked my awesome stage name, I think you volunteered to be my first subject, *Cherry*.” He said, emphasizing her name.

“Umm, no thank you.” She shifted in her seat and shook her head.

“Oh come on, there are six of you here! I'm a stage hypnotist. If you don't cooperate we will have a very boring time!”

“And why did you choose the only woman, first?” She inquired in a prosecuting manner.

“Oh, now *that* is insulting. Because you're really hot!” He said, and squeezed another wave of laughter. Cherry blushed and scratched her head, staring at her knees.

She had to admit, the way he said those words, it sounded a lot like a compliment.

“Thanks, but...”

“Come on, don't think about that whole R-rated bullshit, that's just so I won't have kids in my audience.” He pulled up two chairs, and placed them in front of each other, sitting on one.

“Have a sit.” He invited her.

“Uhm...Well, okay...” She relented with an insecure smile, got on her feet, and walked to the vacant chair, to a round of applause from the guys.

“I should tell you that I'm engaged to be married, so keep that in mind, okay?”

“Engaged? How old are you?” He asked.

“Twenty.” She replied, and sat her pert behind down again, sitting across from Brian the hypnotist.

“Then your fiance is quite an unlucky man.” The hypnotist said, but Cherry ignored it. None of the guys understood the joke, either. Brett's smile seemed to widen, though.

The hypnotist took a shiny gold pocket-watch from his shirt pocket.

“Now, I know this is cliché,” He said “But, you know what I've decided? Cliche's work!”

“I agree.” Cherry said with a giggle, and crossed her legs “So I guess I should focus on it, and feel myself getting sleepy?”

“Well yeah, but you're making it sound so lame when you say it like that.” He said, and held the watch before her eyes.

“How about you let me do the talking.”

“Okay, let's do it.” She said, putting her hands on her knees, smiling. Somehow, the hypnotist's whole demeanor made her feel very loose and careless.

He began swinging it from side to side.

“You see Cherry, it really doesn't have to be a pocket watch. Sure, it tells the time just fine, but the important thing is that it catches the eye, doesn't it?” He said, his voice fluently moving from humorous to soothing.

“Y-Yeah, I guess.” She said, her blue pupils moving from side to side monotonously.

“That's right. Follow it, and let it calm you down. Look at how perfectly round it is, focus on the edges and follow the rim with your eyes. Let the perfect circle dazzle you, trap your eyes, never letting go. It's easy to follow it, isn't it? Almost natural.”

“Natural. Yes...” She droned, sighing deeply, feeling like melting butter on a hot summer's day. She liked that feeling, and a mild smile formed on her face, as her eyes glazed over. She could no longer follow the watch, but that wasn't really necessary anymore.

“That's right, Cherry.” He smirked “Breathe slowly, and let yourself drift into a sea of absolute calm. Focus only on my voice, let me guide you to a perfect state of mindlessness. And yes, Cherry, like you said, let your eyes close, and feel yourself getting sleepy, little by little.”

She listened to his words, and wanted to nod, but her head didn't move. Her lips remained slightly parted, and she stared

forward blankly. Her eyelids began slowly edging towards each other, and her breathing slowed to a soothing pace.

“I will count to three, Cherry, and when I reach three, you will fall into an empty, obedient trance. Do you understand?”

“Yes...” She whispered silently.

“Good girl. You are doing so well. Fall into a trance and listen to my voice. One...Two...Three.”

Her eyes closed, and the world turned black. She saw nothing, she heard nothing – She felt herself floating in empty space, weightless and mindless.

The next thing Cherry heard was the voice of the hypnotist saying Three in an assertive manner. Her vision was blurry for the first few seconds, her porcelain smooth face drifting back from a state of sleep. She blinked a few times, gaining focus, and saw Brian the hypnotist sitting on the same chair, with a big smile on his face.

She looked around to her co-workers, their faces showing a mix of nervousness, anticipation, and even some embarrassment.

“So, it wasn't so bad, was it?” Brian asked, getting her attention back.

“Wha'...?” She slurred, her glossy pink lips parting dumbly “Oh, did it work?” She tried shaking her head back to full coherence.

“It sure did. Don't you remember?” He asked coyly.

“Uhm, no...” She said with a frown.

“Does that bother you?” He asked, folding his legs and rubbing his arms slowly.

She thought for a second, and realized it didn't. Meekly and wordlessly, she shook her head. Somehow, she could feel that no line was crossed while she was under. She was in full agreement with everything the hypnotist said, Cherry was sure of that.

“Good girl.” He said, and suddenly Cherry felt a pleasant tingle running down her spine and ending between her legs, making her smile.

“I'm glad.” He added “You seem quite happy, too.”

“I am.” She said with a bounce to her shoulder, tilting her head sideways and smiling at him.

“That's very honest of you, Cherry. Good girl.”

He said those two words again, and Cherry felt a jolt of sexual bliss that made her whimper, rubbing her lips together and placing a hand on her thigh. She wanted to keep being a good girl, and she wanted to keep getting compliments. She searched her mind for something else that could squeeze words of praise from him, and found nothing.

Suddenly, a bright idea flashed in her head, but after giving it limited thought, she bit her lower lip in doubtful uncertainty. *What if they're not good enough?* She wondered.

“Is something bothering you, good girl?” The hypnotist asked the sexy secretary, and her eyes rolled to the back of her head for a second, as she tried to stifle a moan.

She decided, there and then, to take the risk. It was important for her to get proper feedback, after all. In fact, nothing else seemed more important, at the time. With a slight twinge of hesitation, she pinched the top of her top, distanced it from her chest, and looked down her shirt.

“What are you looking at?” Asked the man sitting across from her.

She turned her gaze back to him, desperate for more appreciation, with only one thing on her mind.

“S-Sir, what do you think of my tits? D-Do you like my tits?” She asked, her blue eyes moist, and cupped her perky breasts through her shirt, emphasizing them through the fabric.

His lips curved in a half smile. He seemed pleased, which was already enough to give her a sense of elation, to the point where she cupped her breasts tighter.

“They seem okay, sex doll, I can call you sex doll, right?” He asked.

“Oh...” It seemed weird to her, for some reason, but she didn't want to displease him. She ached for his approval.

“Y-Yes, of course you can.” Cherry said with a warm smile, her eyes glinting.

Her nipples jutted through the thin fabric, but that wasn't enough for him.

“I mean, it's hard for me to really appraise your boobs with that cute shirt covering them up.” He said casually.

“Oh?” She said absentmindedly, and gave her soft knockers a honking squeeze.

“Yeah.” He re-asserted “Maybe if you were to take it off...” He suggested calmly.

“Well, you know.” He smirked at her and said.

Cherry looked down to her cleavage, still squeezing her tits together for emphasis. She somehow felt, in the back of her mind, that peeling her shirt off and tossing it aside would be crossing some line of decency, so she stared down and froze, not sure what to do.

“I'm sure it will look better.” He told her, and another warm tickle ran across her lower lips.

“Ohh...Y-Yeah?” She whimpered and asked with a low, husky whisper, arching her graceful neck up and sideways, and twisting her nipples like radio knobs.

“Yes, that's right.” He confirmed with a soothing, assertive tone that brought her back to focus.

Cherry looked at him, and easily made her decision.

“Okay...” She gave a meek nod, lowered her shirt's straps from her shoulders, and unveiled her gravity defying, firm, and perfectly round tits, looking like a couple of skin-colored, juicy apples.

“Oh-Holy shit...” Barney gasped, salivating at the sight of their beautiful blonde secretary, topless and beaming.

Cherry took hold of her bare tits and squeezed them together, showing them to the man sitting before her.

“What do you think?” She asked with a hopeful twinkle in her eyes.

“They're perfect. You are such a good sex doll.” Said the hypnotist, and caused the young blonde to have a powerful, and audible reaction, steam escaping her lips along with a deep moan, her knees touching as she felt as though a thousand tongues worked the tight honeypot between her legs.

“Ohh, thank you. Thank you, sir!” She said, absentmindedly pinching her perfectly pink nipples, massaging the knobs between two fingers and stretching her tits forward.

“You are very welcome.” The master hypnotist said smugly “Is there anything else you would like to show me?”

“A-Anything else?” She blinked at him and asked.

The pleasure and happiness she received from his compliment subsided quickly, and Cherry was dying to bring it back. She shamelessly sent a hand between her legs and started rubbing back and forth, but it didn't do anything to her. She needed his praise, she realized, if she had any hopes of feeling that good again – She had to show him more good stuff.

The other guys sat in their chairs and stared, mostly smiling, and massaging the rock hard bulges in their pants. Cherry didn't mind them, even as she casually rubbed her pussy through her mini-jeans, her eyes were fixated on the hypnotist.

“I...Is my ass good, sir? Do I have a good sex-doll butt?” She asked as she got up from her chair, no longer caring if her words are appropriate or not, and not giving her fiance a single second of thought. The young woman had only one goal.

“I wonder.” The hypnotist said, grinning widely.

Cherry turned around, and bent over the chair, pointing her petite rear at him, her tight jeans stretching sexily. She looked back at him with a sweet smile, but he simply stared at her behind and kept quiet. So, the hot young woman naturally began wiggling her butt from side to side, slowly and lewdly, attempting to extort praise from him.

“Do you like it, sir?” She asked again, reaching back to rub her backside, all the way from her butt, and down to her mostly bare thighs.

She could already guess, by the way he looked at her, what he will say next.

“It looks nice, but I really can't judge your cute booty with that mini you're wearing. Take it off.”

“Of course, sir.” She agreed instantaneously, her thumb already hooked into her tight jeans.

“There...we...go...” She wiggled her hips and lowered her jeans slowly, revealing her silky, pink thong.

A moment of sensual ass shaking, and her pants were wrapped around her ankles, her smooth, bare buttocks playfully wiggling for the hypnotist's viewing pleasure.

“Do you like it, sir?” She asked respectfully, lightly tapping on one of her cheeks, showing him how bouncy it was.

“Oh my, do I? It looks amazing.” He said “Spread your legs a bit.”

She kicked her jeans from her ankles, and positioned her legs half a foot apart.

“Oh yeah, that's a lovely view.” He complimented the twenty year old woman, bending over for him in her flimsy thong.

“Ohh, thank you, sir!” She smiled back at him, feeling warm in her nether regions, thanks to his praise.

The other men sat breathless in their seats, looking at their hot secretary showing her body off like a stripper.

“Hey, I'm sure your co-workers will praise your perfect butt, as well. Show it to them.” The hypnotist said.

“Oh? Ah! Well, of course!” She said enthusiastically, and made a ninety degree turn, bending over and slowly shifting her weight from side to side, wiggling her pert behind for her five colleagues. She always knew they were watching her, especially in her summer clothes, but she never teased them by bending over half

naked. Nicholas could barely blink as he watched her, and Brett had an inextinguishable smile.

“Do you like it?” She looked back and asked them.

“Holy fuck, it's good.” Dimitry said with a slight Russian accent, and nodded, doing his best not to blink.

“You're a very good girl, Cherry.” Brett said, and his eyes popped when he saw the nubile Cherry writhe with uprising arousal and wiggle her butt at him.

Brian the hypnotist chuckled once more, and took her attention.

“Hey, sex doll, come sit on my lap, I want to inspect your body from up close.”

“What?” She turned to him and said weakly, lost in sensual bliss, and not wanting to be found.

“Yes, sir!” the lewd, petite young woman said, and skipped over to him like a playful bunny, quickly sitting her butt on his lap, placing her hand on his shoulder for support, and looking at him with submission and desire. She wanted him to praise her again, and she would do anything he wanted.

He shifted a bit in his seat, and Cherry could feel his hard-on. Then, without warning, and as if it was totally normal and acceptable, he reached up to cup a handful of her tits, working the firm, round, small mounds like dough.

“Hmm, yeah.” He wrapped his lips around her nipples, kissing the perfectly smooth skin of her boobs “Those are certainly nice.”

“Ohh, thank you sir!” She moaned, feeling warm tingling sensations between her legs, and fidgeting atop him, her bubbly behind giving his crotch a nice and pleasant feeling.

“Mhua, I noticed you didn't wear a bra at all, Cherry. Mmhh” He said, suckling on her other nipple.

“No, sir. I don't need a bra. My breasts stay up on their own.” The perfect blonde said, allowing the nearly complete stranger have his fun with her body, his sex doll.

“Mhua! Oh yeah? Show me!” He said, loudly plopping his lips from her fresh, scrumptious apples.

“Yes sir!”

With a warm and oblivious smile, the giddy young woman began bouncing on his lap, showing how her knockers simply defied every law of physics, and remained a vigilant and proud pair of cock-pleasers. Brian grabbed her bouncing booty with one hand, and placed his other hand on her thigh, helping her bounce on his crotch, the bulge in his pants growing and throbbing.

“Yeah, I see. Your boobies really don't need any extra support, do they? That's a very good sex doll.”

“Oh, thank you, sir!” She moaned at the compliment, and squealed when the man who used her as a lap-dog slid his hand up her thigh to check between her legs.

“And you got so nice and wet for me.” He whispered in her ear.

“Hmm, yes sir! I'm always wet and ready, sir!” She whispered back at him, still softly bouncing on his lap.

Brian the hypnotist heard one of the guys whimper, and looked their way.

“Hey, cherry pie, I think the big guy over there wants a lap dance. Be a good girl and give him one.” He motioned with his head to the fat Barney.

“Yes, sir.” Cherry didn't need to be told twice. She hopped on her feet and giggled when the hypnotist gently slapped her behind.

She skipped over to Barney, and when she stood in his reach, she began swaying her petite body to the sound of an imaginary tune.

She writhed her nearly naked body for him in an exotic manner, eventually straddling him, and grinding her hips on his lap, while tracing a playful finger across his superhero shirt.

“Ohh, fuck!” Barney grabbed her from behind and buried his blushing cheeks in her cleavage.

“Do you like it, sir?” She asked with a soft voice, gently bouncing on him, accepting every squeeze and fondle, both from him, and from James, who sat next to Barney.

“Ahh...Ah-ha...Fuck...” He stuttered and nodded “I can't believe it...”

“I think the other guys want a lap dance, too.” The nice hypnotist mentioned.

None of the guys could fathom the change in their sexy assistant. She was never a frigid prude, sure, but she always made sure to draw a clear line in the sand, and now she was happily bouncing from lap to lap, being tossed around, grabbed and fondled, like a willing slut.

“A-Are you sure this is okay?” James, the levelheaded member of the group asked, while Cherry sat on him, smearing herself on his body and urging him to fondle her tits.

“Why wouldn't it be?” Brett asked, looking at the show and waiting for Cherry to reach him, on her little lap tour. Dimitry pinched her nipples even as she was sprawled over James, looking almost fascinated.

“You said it yourself, she wouldn't do it if she didn't really want to. That's how hypnosis works.” Nicholas rationalized.

“I guess every young hottie like her has a hidden desire to be a wanton, slutty sex doll.”

“It's what I base my business model on.” The hypnotist said, looking at his five happy customers, while Cherry moved her perfectly lewd body to Dimitry.

“Oh fuck!” His body contorted as Cherry happily pressed her crotch onto the bulge in his pants “Ohhhhh!” He moaned happily.

“Did you just cum?” Brett asked “From a lap dance?”

“Must have been long, huh, Dima?” Barney jested.

“Hmm, to be young and virile...” Nicholas said with a nostalgic yearning to his younger days.

“Oh, wow...” Dimitry came back down from outer space, and smiled. Cherry had eyes only for him, his climax making her feel

all warm and fuzzy inside, her brain interpreting it as the biggest of compliments and praise.

“Was I good?” She asked, her eyes moist.

“Oh, so good. You were amazing, Cerie. I...I mean Cherry.” Dimitry told her, running his finger across her sweet smile, smoothly moving it along her glossy, shiny lips.

“Whatever you're paying this guy.” He turned to Brett and said “Pay twice.”

“Hah! Trust me, I've already paid way beyond the event budget.”

“I'm still not sure...” James started.

“This is only the beginning, James.” The hypnotist assured him.

“If you know what I mean.” He added with a shady, dark, and wicked smile, and glared at the intelligent young man.

“Oh, umm, I see.” James wasn't startled, though still unsure, but the prospect of Cherry's new preferences, and increased openness to his affection, dowsed his concerns.

“Carry on, then. I can't wait.” He added with a smile “Let's see what else Cherry always wanted to do, in the dark recesses of her raunchy, slutty mind.”

The guys all laughed maniacally, their eyes popping with anticipation and arousal. Cherry only barely listened to them, still lost in her own arousal. The men were talking business, she figured, and it wasn't her place to eavesdrop.

“Cherry, back to my lap. Come on, honey.” The hypnotist said, and the enthusiastic little sex bunny hopped over to him with a smile.

“Heh, I might want to have more fun with her in the future. I'll give you a discount, don't worry.” He said once she sat back on his lap.

“What are you talking about, sir?” Cherry asked, wide eyed.

“Oh, nothing you should be concerned about, luv. Now, let's get you back into your obedient trance, so I can teach you how to behave at your workplace, from now on, okay?”

“Umm...” She hesitated, not sure what he was referring to. He pinched her nipple with a smile, and said something.

She couldn't make out the word he said, because she fell asleep right after, and had the best dream ever. That's the last thing she remembers from the show. She had such a fun time back then, and her life became so much simpler, since then, too.

Not that anything too special or life changing happened back then. Not at all. Cherry was always happy to be treated like a sex doll by the men in her life. Using her body to make them feel good filled her with such glee. Yes, that hypnosis show was just another fun outing with her lovely, gentile, co-workers, who were superior to her in every way. Nothing changed on the night of the team event, nothing at all...

\* \* \* \*

Cherry smiled to herself, in her bed, reminiscing about the past, her loving fiancée smothering her with love, squeezing her tits and mashing his morning wood onto her bubbly ass-cheeks.

“Oh!” She felt his cock being guided into her pussy, and knew he was awake.

“Good morning, my love.” She said, pushing herself back, happily accommodating him. He began pumping into her in a drowsy pace.

“Good morning, sex doll.” He said, rapidly increasing the pace of his pounding, until his crotch made loud slapping sounds that echoed in the silent morning atmosphere.

“*Ohh, yeah! Fuck! So tight!*” He moaned and wrapped himself around her, boning her as hard as he could. Cherry smiled and quietly took it, she knew he liked his morning fuck-puppet silent and receptive.

“*Hmmm! Hmmmmm!*” He tensed up, squeezed his morning load into her, and calmed down.

“Okay, time to get up.” He told her, spanked her butt, and pulled out, leaving her pussy to ooze his creamy load out.

“Yes, lover.” She cooed sexily.

They showered together, like every morning, with Cherry on her knees, letting her fiancée spear her face with his already erect rod, and allowing his second load of the day to be washed by the streaming water.

“I need to go to work.” She told her man while he was having breakfast, sitting on one of his specially made chairs, made to look exactly like a woman on her hands and knees. The chairs were so realistic, that when he spanked their buttocks, they moaned and thanked him, calling him “master”.

“Do you want to fuck me again before I go?” She asked, popping her booty in his direction.

“Nah,” He said, taking a bite from his chicken breast “I’m done with you for the morning. Tell the guys at work I said hi.”

“Yes, lover.” She said, wiggled her rear for him, and went on to put her work clothes on, and then she put something else on, to cover those up. They were way too lewd for the public’s eye.

She took the bus, wearing a long coat over her entire body, and high heels. She met Dimitry on the walk from the bus station to the office, and a conversation sprung up.

“So, how’s your fiancée?” He asked slyly.

“He’s fine.” She nodded with smiling eyes “He told me to say hi to the guys at work.”

“Oh, well, that’s nice of him.” Dimitry said, his hand creeping to grab her behind.

They reached the office door, and entered the privacy of their company’s confides.

“So, what did you do yesterday?” Cherry asked Dimitry as she removed her robe. Under it, she wore a tiny, silver-colored skirt that left her pussy fully exposed, its hem only stretching about an inch below the belt-line. As a top, she wore a single back strap, which could have covered her nipples, had it not been intentionally positioned an inch below the perfect, pink knobs.

“Oh, not much. I was pretty exhausted.” Dimitry said, pinching her exposed nipple between two of his fingers, and smiling.

“Aww, did you work hard?” Cherry said, concerned.

“Yeah, I did.”

“I'm sorry I wasn't here to help out.” She said “Do you want a quick morning blowjob, right now?” She asked, rubbing her dainty palms on her thighs and crotch.

“Well...” He pretended to hesitate, reaching to her backside and grabbing her ass “I do have a rather raging hard-on.”

“Yes, sir!” She dropped to her knees before he even finished his sentence, and quickly pulled his cock out of his pants, with experienced expertise.

“Ohh...” He moaned as she took his length into her mouth, professionally working her lips along the shaft, her tongue dancing and writhing madly.

“I would rather use your pussy, though.”

“Mphua!” She popped her luscious lips off his tip with a moist kiss “Why didn't you say so?”

As quickly as she dropped to her knees, she stood back up.

“Do you want to pin me to the wall?” She asked, and he nodded with glee, rubbing his well lubricated dick.

“From the front or back?” She inquired, wishing only to fulfill her duties in the best way possible.

“Hmm...” He rubbed his chin in contemplation.

“Front.” He decided “I could use the exercise.” The scrawny math whiz said, and pressed her onto the wall behind her.

“Yes sir!” Cherry lifted one leg for him to grab, and then hoisted herself up, wrapping her hands around his neck, and her legs around his waist.

“Ohh, yeah.” He groaned as his cock easily slipped into her wet, warm cunt. Cherry always made sure to be wet and ready for her colleagues to fuck her.

“Ah! Have fun, sir.” She said with a silent whimper and a smile, happily being both wide open, and pleasantly tight.

“Hrrm!” He growled, and began passionately kissing her neck, almost like a hungry vampire, only without the fangs and bloodsucking part.

“I will!” He buried his fingers in the tight skin of her thighs, and pinned her back to the wall, driving his rod into her with force.

He banged her for a couple of minutes before stopping, breathless and sweating.

“Oh my, as light as you are, Cherry, it's still not...Hah...Easy...” He huffed, taking a small break. Dimitry could hardly be called athletic, and Cherry was used to him thinking he could fuck her in many physically exerting positions, only to end up panting and exhausted. She hoped to at least help the scrawny fella increase his fitness and stamina.

“It's okay, sir.” She kissed his forehead, and lowered her leg to the floor, to support herself.

“Doesn't that hurt?” He asked after breathing a sigh of relief, her weight lifted from him. Her leg was bent in a somewhat flexible manner however, and pressed to the floor, so she could put her weight on it.

“Don't worry about me, sir.” She said, almost losing her balance “Just enjoy my tight, wet pussy.”

That was all he needed to hear. He lunged forward at her, his erection throbbing in her cunt. Cherry arched her head up and closed her eyes, lost in ecstasy. Even in her present state, the obedient secretary had the presence of mind to clench her pussy at the right moments, to maximize Dimitry's pleasure.

“Hmm! Mhm!” He kissed and licked her neck again, drilling into her like a jackhammer.

He confessed to her, before, that hers was the first pussy he ever fucked. Ever since then, she felt special whenever she felt his rod explode inside of her. He never took too long to cum, and always did her with true passion. His body tensed up with every hot spurt, and finally he leaned on her, banging his head on the wall, breathing heavily.

“Thank you sir.” She said, patting him and kissing his cheek, his white load oozing from her well used twat.

“Heh, you're welcome.” He said, still blushing at her, even though he had porked her many times before. He pulled out slowly, gave her a moment to wipe his cock clean, sighed contently, and walked over to his work station. Cherry knew he'll be taking a short nap before starting his work, and made a mental note to wake him up in ten minutes or so, in case none of the other guys arrive and do it instead.

Dimitry always arrived early, and Brett often named him the most productive employee. He was also the youngest, and probably the smartest, that's why the boss was okay with him taking naps during the day, as long as he made up for it with his output. Ever since her change in attitude, it was her job to make sure Dimitry's naps, especially those he took after fucking her, weren't too long.

Cherry was on her way to the bathroom, to clean herself up, and passed by the break room's door.

“Oh, Cherry. I've been waiting for you.” Nicholas leaned on the marble counter, sipping coffee from a mug, and called to her.

“Oh?” the nearly naked blonde looked at him, and smiled “Is there anything you wish of me, sir?” She asked courteously and respectfully.

“The usual.” He said plainly, taking another small sip from his scalding hot coffee.

“Yes, sir.” She nodded with a beaming smile, and walked over to the small, round, white table.

Nicholas was always the first to show up in the morning, before everyone else. He said he liked to work the early hours of the morning, when he can sit quietly and focus. Him and Cherry have developed a morning routine, of sorts. She bent over the table, reached back, and spread her ass cheeks wide, inviting him to enjoy what she has to offer, while he drank his morning dose of caffeine.

He placed his steaming hot mug on the usual spot on her back, the one marked by a perfectly round, red circle on her pristine white skin. Cherry didn't know if it was because she got used to it, or because the sustained daily burning numbed the area out, but the scorching heat didn't even hurt anymore. She was happy to have such a clear coaster mark on her lower back – It gave her another important function, and made using her that much easier.

“Sir, I should tell you that Dimitry got in early, today, and already came in my cunt. I haven't had a chance to clean it up, yet. I know you like fucking a clean hole.” The diligent secretary said.

“I see.” He said, pinching her buttocks “No biggie. I'll just use your other hole.”

“Oh, yes sir.” Cherry said, looking back at him with an apprehensive smile “Shall I lube it up to help you penetrate, sir?”

“Nah, it's fine.”

She tried her best not to fidget as he pushed his cock into her ass, inch by inch, grasping her hips with one hand, as leverage - It was a good thing she was spreading her cheeks so wide.

“Ohh-kaaaay...” He moaned and said once he felt secured, and pushed the rest of his rod all the way to the hilt.

“Hmm, amazing.” He closed his eyes and praised the sex doll under him, the old man never thought he'd get to have this kind of fun with a gorgeous woman, half his age.

“Mm...Have a pleasant coffee break, sir.” Cherry said with a sexy whimper, allowing her hand to creep to her pussy, rubbing it and keeping it wet.

“Ohh, I shall.” The old man said, picked his mug up from her back, and took another sip “Ahhh...”

He alternated between plowing her anally and sipping his coffee, while Cherry lay there and merrily took it, with a silent smile on her face. Her smile widened, and her silence dissipated,

when he felt himself nearing an orgasm, and began ramming into her at an increasing pace.

“Ohh! Sir! Ahh! Fuck my ass, sir!” She squealed, the break room filled with the repetitive smacking sounds of skin forcefully slapping skin, both his crotch hitting her buttocks as he pumped his entire length in and out of her, and the occasional hearty slap on her bubbly behind.

“Fuck!” He grunted, and paused “Nothing like teaching a young woman her proper place, early in the morning!”

With that, he began pounding her again, boning her even faster than before, the sensational passion engulfing them like an aura of debauchery.

“Ahh! Sir! If...Mff! If you use me...Ahh!...So hard, you'll spill...Oh my lord!...You'll spill your coffee!” Cherry could barely say, her entire body swaying back and forth rapidly, her bare tits mashed onto the surface of the table, her stiff nipples grating it.

“I don't care!” He said with a feral roar, and drove into her like an out-of-control train.

Just like a train, he crash landed a moment later, with a deep, loud groan, and unloaded his sticky cargo deep into the hole he was fucking. The coffee cup, half full, toppled off of her back and smashed onto the table. It didn't break, but the coffee made a puddle that drained towards the edge, eventually beginning to drip to the floor.

“That wasn't bad at all. I think I'll fuck your ass more often.” Nicholas said and pulled out of her with a congratulatory slap on the rear.

“Oh, thank you, sir.” She said, fingering her pussy “It would be my honor.”

“Clean up this mess.” He said, and left the break room, heading back to his desk, to continue his work.

“Yes, sir.” She said, thick, white cum drizzling from her anus to her pussy lips. She plopped her middle finger from her wet, horny pussy, and grabbed a paper towel.

She rubbed the table clean, soaking the coffee stain, with sharp, rapid movements, letting her tits convulse and her pert butt shake as she moved the towel back and forth. Unlike the old days, when it was time to wipe the coffee off the floor, Cherry did not crouch to get it. Instead, she bent over, keeping her long legs perfectly straight, and wiggled her behind lewdly. It was all part of her new job training, for which she received only half her former salary. She couldn't reach under the desk, as she was, so she went to her hands and knees, arched her back down, and pointed her ass up.

“That's a lovely view.” James' voice came from the break room entrance. Cherry was busy moving her whole body to wipe the stain on the floor, writhing her perfect backside from side to side in a seductive manner. White stains still marked her two fuck-holes, but that did not impair the quality of the erotic cleaning show.

“For sure.” Barney agreed.

Cherry turned to look at them, both already unzipped and approaching her.

“How may I help your hard cocks, sirs?” She asked and got out from under the table.

“I think you can just stay on your knees, honey.” James said “My cock missed your lovely kisses.”

“Aww, that's so sweet!” She said and slid towards him, on her knees.

“Did you miss me? Mm-phua!” She crossed her eyes to look at the shaft between them, puckered her glossy red, soft lips and kissed it with love.

A kiss wasn't enough for James of course, and he quickly grabbed her head, shoved his cock down her throat, and began fucking her face with gusto. One of her hands still held the paper towel, while the other found Barney's fat cock, and began jerking it off for him.

“See what I'm doing?” James said, and Barney nodded while Cherry gagged and choked “Now look.”

James let go of her head, put his arms to his sides, and looked down at her with high expectations. Cherry looked up with her lips wrapped around the brunt of his rod, smiled, took a breath through her nose, and began spearing her face on his cock at the same feral pace, fucking her throat on her own.

“See? *Oh, fuck!* I taught her to do that, and look! No hands!” James said, showing off the fact that both his and Cherry's hands lay limply to their sides (other than the dainty, feminine one stroking Barney's cock), and that he wasn't even straining a single muscle.

“And look at this, if I pull out and hold her head back, while she's like this...” He said, and did. Cherry was so fixated on his cock, she wasn't even listening – Her eyes popped as she lashed her tongue and flapped it in mid air, trying her best to keep licking it, like a desperate cum addict.

“Hah! That's amazing.” Barney said, a smile smeared on his face, Cherry's hand still working his hard-on.

“Okay, my turn.”

He forcefully took her head and directed the one-dimensional sex doll to focus on his chubby dick, instead. She instinctively began jerking the kind-hearted James off, while choking on Barney's rod. When the fat man shoved his junk deep and strong into her, even her nose was plugged by his beer belly, but she didn't mind – Cherry took her morning cock-cleaning duties very seriously, and Barney's always needed the most cleaning of them all.

Learning how to orally please them while keeping her hands unoccupied was good for Cherry, as well, because she used her spare hands to constantly and diligently finger her tight pussy, keeping it well lubricated.

James was always her favorite, even before the hypnotist's show, so when he unleashed a river of cum down her throat,

telling her how he hoped his girlfriend would be as open to throat fucking as she was, the pride and joy she felt knew no bounds.

“I'm so happy to please you, sir.” She said after gulping it down, looking up at him with sparkling blue eyes, and giving his cock a nice kiss before it went flaccid.

She never liked Barney, quite frankly, but a sex doll's duties in their small office was clear, and so she dutifully finished him off, and begged him to spray his creamy surprise all over her perfect face.

“Yes, sir. This beautiful mug of mine is waiting for your load of sperm. I am nothing when bereft of your cum!” She said, and puckered her lips, looking like the epitome of submissiveness, on her knees as she was, looking up at the heavy-set man jerking his cock inches from her face.

“Yeah! That's right!” He said, brought his cock close enough to lightly tap her glossy lips as he fapped off, and began shooting his load with a few long, and heavy spurts.

“Thank you, sir.” She said, her eyes closed so as to not get any seed in them. Her face, her golden hair, even her tits, all had the clear white, thick liquid glazing them, and she hungrily scooped it up with her fingers, and ate it.

“Heh, you're welcome.” He said, slapping her cheeks with his flaccid cock a few times, before turning to walk away.

“This is unbelievable.” He muttered under his breath, and waddled out of the room, ready to start his work day.

Cherry stayed there for a moment, soaking it all in, and then headed to the bathroom. She had to wash all her holes, and her face, and make sure they were in mint condition for when her employers wanted to use her again.

She knew it would be a few hours before they would, however. Brett, the boss, made an agreement with the guys that they will all make sure to pace themselves, and get a good deal of work done after fucking her. She was happy about that little unwritten policy, the last thing the young secretary wanted was to be a distraction.

It gave her a chance to go about her non-sexual chores, too. Brett decided she would be in charge of cleaning and fixing their lunch, in addition to her usual secretarial duties. Before, they used a cleaning service that sent a person to do a sweep twice a day, and most of them brought sandwiches from home. Brett told her of her new roles in the company as she rode him on his office chair, bouncing up and down while he suckled on her nipples.

“I’ll be happy to, sir.” She told him, back then, tightening her pussy around his cock and smiling “Thank you for putting your trust in me.” She added, just as he put another thing, a load of his jizz, deep inside of her.

It meant she could barely afford to take a break, with her new duties, but she was so happy to help the company save money. Brett gave himself, and the other guys, a hefty raise thanks to her personal down trimming. Thanks to her, shaking her trim hips around the small office, making sure to bend and wiggle and arouse as she cleaned and rubbed and shined.

It was weird. Cherry always thought being the equivalent of an erotic chamber maid would feel degrading, and yet all she felt was a great sense of honor.

She moved around the working stations, the guys sitting before their computers and writing their code. Whenever she distracted any of them too much, and she saw a tent form in their pants, she knelt down and sucked their pent up stress right out, leaving them to focus on their job. Productivity really rose since she stopped being an edging tease, and started availing her holes to whomever needed it.

The company never sprung for a broom, so Cherry was left to wipe the floor on her hands and knees, her nearly non-existent skirt doing nothing to hide her forever wet honeypot. James always enjoyed ambushing her and fucking her whenever she cleaned the floor, banging her from behind like a wild animal, and jerking himself off all over her sexy ass.

“Thank you, James.” She always said once he was done, before returning to cleaning the floor “I am nothing, if not a tight, fuckable cunt.”

She was other things, as the guys probing hands always made sure to remind her. A pair of squeezable tits, a hot piece of spankable booty, and a luscious pair of cock-pleasing lips. The men couldn't help but spank her whenever she passed by, so she made sure to at least pass by them from different directions, so one of her cheeks won't become a different shade of pink – That would be so unaesthetic.

She spent their lunch under the table, searching for whatever scrap of cum that they failed to unload into her during their morning. The hot secretary was an expert at spotting their arousal underneath their clothing, and usually brought at least two of them to another orgasm, as they chowed down on the delicious meal she prepared for them.

“You know how we would have solved this issue back in the day?” Nicholas said, chewing and enjoying a slow blowjob from the young hottie, less than half his age.

“You mean the old days when you programmed with cards with holes in them?” Dimitry jested.

“Haha, a little after those days, actually. I'm talking of the days of the Commo...Ohhhh!!...Fuck! Never mind...” He said, feeding Cherry her meal.

“Good thing someone here can shut the old gizzard up.” James said and laughed “Hey, Cherry, I have something for you, too.”

“Yes, sir!” She crawled over to James. Cherry knew all of them from the waist down, because she spent most of her time on her knees.

That day, Brett wasn't eating with them – He sent a message saying he had some personal stuff, and that he will only arrive at the office on the afternoon. When he finally got there, he immediately took Cherry to his office, to dictate an email to the corporate higher ups.

She bent over his desk, her fingers on his laptop, his cock roaming in her cunt.

“Thanks to my team's hard work,” He said, and she typed “we are expected to reach the next milestone two weeks earlier than

expected. I would like to recommend Dimitry Filmonov for a recognition. He is the youngest of my employees, and has shown great promise on this project.”

He took a moment to close his eyes and enjoy plowing Cherry's tight, clean, and wet twat.

“I would also recommend Nicholas Rodney for a raise. His experience is vital to this project.” He spanked Cherry's behind.

“Vital, slut, not viral. Pay attention.”

“Mhh, sorry, sir. It won't happen again.” She fixed her mistake, and patiently waited for the dictation to continue.

“I have already spoken with my secretary, and we agreed she'll become a part-time employee, which will allow us to cut her pay significantly.” He said, and she wrote.

“Oh, by the way, Cherry, I forgot to tell you. Stop writing for a second.” he grabbed her hips and pushed harder into her “I'm making you a part-time employee to cut expenses, so I can give Nicholas a much deserved raise.”

“Does that mean I'll have to work less hours, sir?” She asked sadly.

“Of course not, bitch, we need you to clean, make our meals, take our messages, and sexually please us. All of that takes time. You will only officially work less hours, and we'll only pay you for half or less of your real work hours. Basically, most of the time you'll be our unpaid sex slave and servant.”

Cherry smiled, her pussy moistening up and tightening from her boss's kind words.

“Your pleasure is the only payment I need, sir.”

“Ohh, I know.” He groaned “Okay, I'll fuck you till I cum, and after you clean my cock with your tongue, we'll finish this letter.”

“Mm-Hmm! Yes sir! Please enjoy!”

“Ahh, fuck! I wish my wife was as accepting and willing as you, Cherry. She's the reason I was so late today.”

“Oh?” Cherry asked, wincing as he crouched down to squeeze her tits “Doesn't your wife know what a sex doll cunt is for?” She

asked with all seriousness.

“Heh, I wish. I finally managed to get her to a private hypnotist's show, like the one we had for our team event.”

“Do you think it will help, sir? Ohh...” Cherry asked casually, reaching back to fondle his balls.

“It helped you realize your true calling, cunt.” He said “Do you remember the dirty looks you used to give me when I glanced at your legs while dictating a message?”

“No, sir. But...Mff...I'm sorry, anyway. Did I at least spread my legs and bared my smooth pussy lips for you, while typing?”

“Pfft, you crossed your legs, and wore a pair of jeans that obstructed my view...” He said resentfully.

Cherry couldn't believe how stupid she used to be. She swore, there and then, to cut up the only pair of jeans she kept, and put the sexiest show for her boss, pretending to be the cock-teasing prude she was before, while showing him everything that was rightfully his for the taking. She smiled as she planned it, how she'll cut the crotch out of her jeans, pretend to drop a pen, and bow down before him, trying to retrieve it.

“I'll make it up to you, sir. I promise.” she looked back at him, and said, feeling his cock swell in her needy cunt.

“I'm sure you will!” He moaned “And I'm sure the nice hypnotist can teach my wife to be a little more like you! Haha! Now get on your knees, I wanna nut on your face!”

“I hope she will, sir.” Cherry said, swiftly sliding down to her knees “You deserve a woman who knows how to make you happy.”

He painted her smooth cheeks with his jizz, and sent her away, saying he had some thinking to do. Seeing how happy he was with the changes in her behavior was enough to make her squirt juices down her inner thigh.

Her day ended like any other day, with an exhilarating orgy with all the guys, before they returned to their prudish wives and girlfriends, or their swanky bachelor pads. Cherry had just enough time, before her fiancée came to pick her up, to wash and

primp herself in the bathroom sink, and run a sponge around the restroom one last time.

When she heard his honk, her cunt quivered with excitement. Cherry was always so horny after a long day at work. She got out of the office, and locked it, wearing her long overcoat again, to cover her work clothes.

“Cerie! Cerie!” A man yelled, running down the street towards her. She ignored him, and walked to her fiancée's car.

“Cerie!” He stopped her and clutched her slender shoulder, right when she was about to open the passenger door. Her fiancée got out of the car and circled around the hood, to stand behind her.

“Cerie, please!” The stranger pleaded with teary eyes “Please come to your senses! I love you, I always have!”

Cherry stared at him, shocked, and a little scared. Her fiancée pinched her buttocks from behind, reassuring her.

“I...I'm sorry, sir, but I don't know you. My name isn't cerie, it's cherry!” She cheered with a smile, beaming at him.

“No, no!” The man cried “Your name is cerie, and...And we were meant to be together! They did something to...”

Her fiancée suddenly clicked his fingers before the young man's eyes, and he quieted down immediately, with a gasp.

“That's enough. Leave, and forget.” Her fiancée said, and the young man nodded, turned around, and walked away.

Cherry felt her fiancée's hand creep and cup her breasts, and smiled warmly, gently holding his hand over her tits.

“What was that all about, my love?” She asked “What a weird man...”

“Oh, my sweet Cherry, that was your first fiancée. When I decided to keep you for myself, I mesmerized him to accost you every now and then, for my own wicked pleasure. The appeal of this little show is starting to wear off, I must admit. I might free him from his obligations to you, soon.”

Cherry blinked a few times, her pupils trembling in her eyes as she felt something trying to click. She suddenly felt like she had lost something, thinking about that awkward young man, and his words.

“Wh-What...?”

“Nothing.” Her loving fiancée said, and licked the outer ring of her ear lobe “Let your conscious mind sleep, my little cherry pie.”

It took less than a fraction of a second - Cherry's eyes glazed over, her expression mellowed, and the obedient slavegirl let out a calm, and long sigh.

“Yes master.” She droned out “I obey.”

“Good girl.” The hypnotist who owned her said, making her whimper even in her deep trance.

“Forget the last few moments, and get in the car.”

“Yes master.”

Cherry sat silently and stared blankly forward as he drove them back home.

“Hmm, I might use you as a chair today, just to see how you fit.” He said, reaching to her and patting her golden mane “This obedient fiancée personality I programmed into you is starting to get old.”

“Anything you wish, master. I am yours to do with as you please.”

“Heh, that's good. I guess I'll still have to make sure you show up for work, or that Brett guy won't pay me the monthly fee. Hmph, well, I'll mull the details down while you give me some decent road head.”

“Yes master. Road head. My mouth is yours.” Cherry's lips said, and were quickly wrapped around his shaft.

As the submissive sex slave slithered and twirled her tongue around her master's erect cock, she used the limited brain power her trance allowed her to think of her life before and after he hypnotized her. She no longer worried about clothes, or what her

co-workers thought of her. She no longer cared whether they saw her as a person, or just sexy eye candy, and she learned what true love really was.

Cherry truly loved her master, more than she ever did her former fiance. She knew exactly what she was in the eyes of her co-workers, and happily gave them all they deserved. There was no doubt in the mind of the stunning young woman, she was better and happier the way she was now.

She did not know who her master will mold her into, now that he was bored of playing lovebirds with her, but there was no one in the world she trusted more, to make both her, and especially him, happy.

She was sure all the other living sex objects in his harem felt the exact same way, and she did not mind sharing his attention with them, one bit.

###

### **Sam's Gutsy Gambit**

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter One

“Sam! Wake up already!” a screech came from downstairs. Sam Darly woke up a few minutes ago, he was just busy. He had his regular morning appointment with a random hot porn, or movie star.

His resolve was shattered once more with hasty knocks on the door.

“The school bus will be here in ten minutes. Get up!” Sam's mom yelled at him.

“I'll be up in a sec, mom, stop bothering me!” He yelled back. Sam didn't really want to go to school. Not for the reasons you think, though. Well, probably not. Sam wasn't lazy, he was actually a decent student. He wasn't sick, or too tired., or anything like that.

Sam's problem was much worse, one high school seniors really shouldn't have to cope with. He was constantly bullied. Sam was fat. Not morbidly obese, but certainly fat. Whenever the other kids mocked him for it, he immediately went to the tattletale to the teachers. Sure, it gave him the reputation of a tattletale, but at least most bullies stopped going after him, and he managed to find his own little group of friends.

He was living the good life of a high school geek. Playing computer games, watching Anime, reading manga, and playing D&D. Sure, him and his friends had to deal with their share of pranks from the “cool kids”. Nothing too rough, though, and mostly from older students. They couldn't wait to become seniors, thinking they'll finally feel like they own the school.

Those dreams were shattered, when his parents decided to move to another state. At first, he figured he can handle it. Just find the nearest geek cove, and find friends to hang out with. And if people mock him for being fat, he'll just tattletale to the teachers.

Unfortunately, his standard strategy didn't work so well against his new bully. To make matters worse, he couldn't find

the friends he was sure he'll be able to find. His days consisted of being humiliated at school, and playing computer games in the solitude of his room.

Sam finished his "meeting" in bed as quickly as he could, threw some clothes on, and rushed downstairs. As he got on the bus, there were no seats, as usual.

Truth is, there were plenty of empty seats, but Sam knew what would happen if he asked to sit in one of them. There was at least one student sitting at every bench. He could physically fit next to one of them, of course, but they obeyed Veronica like a mindless flock of sheep.

"Oh look, it's the hippo boy!" She said. Everyone started laughing, as if a popular comedy show just started. It wasn't enough that Sam's spirit was so broken that he decided to just remain standing, she had to verbally abuse him as well.

"It's really too bad there's no place for you to park your fat ass. After all, none of us want to die if you accidentally sit on us."

"He would need a helicopter pad for that!" Veronica's snobby little sister, Vivian, said that. She was just in her first year of high school, but matched her older sister's venom perfectly.

"Now, don't be mean, Vivi. Maybe if we rearrange seats, we can make enough room for the fatso." Veronica suggested. Sam actually hoped she may have grown a heart. How naive of him...

"Of course not, big sis! That seems like such a big hassle!" Vivian said.

"Oh, you're right, Vivi. Why should we over exert ourselves because of this lazy fatass."

"Besides, it could be a great exercise for him!" The ping pong between the two sisters continued through the whole bus ride, getting more and more humiliating, and insulting.

Sam gritted his teeth, and decided to try going to the "authorities" once more.

After first period, he stood outside the principal's door, took a deep breath, and knocked.

"Come in."

Principal Jackson looked at Sam, and made a face that screamed “I don't have time for this right now.”

“Mr. Darly, What is it this time.”

“It's the same thing” Sam said weakly. With all of his determination, he was still rather shy, and not very good at confrontations.

“Veronica got everyone to not let me sit on the bus.” he said, blatantly.

“And why did she do that?” The principal asked, angering Sam.

“Cause she's a bully! I didn't even say a word!” he wanted to say bitch, but knew that will make the principal punish him, rather than her.

“The Veronica I know is a smart, popular, and nice girl. And every time I investigate your claims, I find no evidence.” It was a lie, obviously. Veronica was literally the queen of the school. The principal overlooked her bullying because her dad was the school's biggest donor, and she was the county's track and field champion.

“I don't want to step out of line. But, perhaps if you try and work out more. Maybe your problems will be solved.” The principal said, already back at work. He wasn't even looking at Sam.

“That's your solution? Let her shame me to become thin?” Sam was outraged.

“Your shame is entirely up to you, Sam.” The principle said.

Sam stared at him, slack jawed. Defeated, he left the principal's office, only to be greeted by a ball of mud to his face.

“Ohh! The fat pig thought the mud was chocolate, and tried to eat it!” Veronica said, reaping the usual laughs from her posse of idiotic dumbasses. Sam wanted to say how immature it was for an eighteen year old high school senior to throw mud at people, but he was greatly outnumbered. He retreated to the bathroom and cried a little. Shedding manly tears, mind you.

“May I please have another pizza?” He asked the cafeteria lady politely. The slices were pretty small, and it was almost the only thing Sam liked to eat there. Well, other than the chicken, and rice, and the pudding dessert.

He carried his tray over to his lonely table. He couldn't even sit at the nerds table. On the way, Veronica “accidentally” bumped into him, dropping his entire tray to the floor. Roaring laughter immediately ensued, until Veronica raised her hand, to quiet everyone down.

“You're lucky it didn't hit me, fatso!” She said, acting pissed but smiling broadly.

“Maybe if you didn't load your tray with so much shit, these things wouldn't happen. Don't you think?” She asked, rhetorically

There was a short pause.

“Well?” She asked, pretending to want an answer “Don't you think this wouldn't have happened if you weren't such a fatass?”

“He's so fat, elephants would say 'like a Sam in a china shop!' “ Veronica's sister said, obviously trying to make her sister proud, and obviously succeeding.

Sam almost turned around and walked back, to get another tray, like every time Veronica did this.

This time, though, he just couldn't take it anymore. He erupted in a way he didn't think he was capable of.

“You know what?! Fuck you! When I own my own high tech company, and you're a washed up second rate athlete asking people if they 'want fries with that', than we'll talk!” He said, knowing her dad was so rich, she's probably set for life.

“Oh, look at that. The fatso grew some balls, all of a sudden! I'll tell you exactly why you'll end up in the streets and I'll have everything I want!” She screamed in a mocking tone.

“And why's that?!” Sam bellowed, she was taken aback a little. Sam was taller than her, and weaker, probably. He hoped she won't realize that too soon, since he was finally standing his ground.

“Because I am a fighter. I work hard for what I want. I'm not a lazy ass like you who can't even stay in shape.”

“You pretentious bitch!” Sam said.

She gasped “How dare you! I'm going to kill you! If you think I was mean so far...”

“Ms. Rowen is coming!” someone shouted, right before Ms Rowan, the English teacher walked in.

“What's going on here?” She asked.

“Not much.” Veronica answered quickly.

“Were you bothering Sam again, Veronica?” Ms Rowan asked. She was Sam's only ally in the school.

“Yes, she was.” Sam said. Tears in his eyes from veronica's last remarks.

His words were received by boos and shouts from the entire room. They all took Veronica's side, obviously. Or, if someone was on his side, they were too afraid to talk.

“He's a liar! I just gave him a dose of truth. I told him he'll never amount to anything cause he doesn't even have the will power to stop shoving food down his throat!” she said, with a victorious smile on her face.

“That's not true!” Sam said, his voice cracking “I can get in shape whenever I want! You think you're so great because you can run fast?! I can run, I choose not to! That's why we have cars!” his voice turned a little squeaky at the end of that.

Veronica's face suddenly sported a devilish smile.

“Really? Care to put your money where your mouth is?”

“Ahem.” Ms. Rowan reminded them she was still there “There will be no gambling on school grounds. Not even for you, Veronica.”

Veronica still smiled. Both her and Ms. Rowan knew she was above most of the laws of the school.

“It's not a gamble. Just a simple wager. No money involved!” Veronica said, triumphant.

“You said money a second ago. And gamble and wager are synonyms....” Sam mumbled.

“I don't need your money” She said arrogantly “I'll train you for two hours every day. If you don't quit and actually get in shape, I'll publicly apologize to you.” She said. Sam knew what that meant. Two hours a day of being trampled on, humiliated, and berated. There was no way Sam would agree to that, and she knew it.

She was determined, though.

“And if you really get in shape” She whispered, so no one heard “I'll apologize to you privately.” She gave him a wink that made her meaning crystal clear. Veronica liked the idea of utterly humiliating Sam so much, that she was willing to promise everything. She was going to make sure he gives up early, anyway.

Sam was smart enough to understand her game, but even the remote chance of getting into her pants was irresistible. She was an evil demonic bitch, sure, but an extremely hot, evil demonic bitch. Not to mention that after all his big talk, backing off will make him seem even more pathetic.

“What if I quit too early?” Sam wondered about his side of the bargain.

“Well let's see. First of all, I'll publish the videos of your training. So people can see what a fat failure you really are. And, I'm sure I can come up with other humiliating stuff.” So, if Sam lost, he will be publicly humiliated on multiple occasions, along with a bunch of videos mocking him for being fat, uploaded to YouTube. How was that different from every other day?

“You're on!” He said, with more enthusiasm than he intended to show, making some people in the crowd snicker.

He knew Veronica will give him hell, and make him quit as fast as possible, once she gets enough material on video. On the other hand, a chance of a public apology from the snide bitch (and maybe some exotic service) was well worth the chance.

Plus, he might even get ripped, who knows.

## Chapter Two

“Okay, honey, be good.” Sam's mom said, as she kissed him goodbye on the cheek, and went to the car

“Yeah, no wild sex parties while we're gone, young man.” his completely inappropriate dad said, “Unless they're really hot, of course” he added, when Sam's mom was out of ear shot.

“Dad!” Sam exclaimed, embarrassed “I'm your son, not your frat buddy!”

“Relax, son, I'm just kidding. Pull that stick outta your ass, as they say.” Sam wanted to tell him they don't say that anymore, but was afraid he might ask what they say today.

Sam's parents were leaving for a three month business trip. It was the first time they trusted Sam to be home alone, for such a long time. He never told them about his problems at school, for fear it might make them decide to stay. He actually enjoyed the idea of having the house for himself.

Sam waved goodbye and went back inside. He looked around the empty house “All mine, wow!” He took a moment to soak his situation in, and started getting ready for work. Sam worked part time at a local pawn shop. His parents doubled his salary, as allowance, so he was doing pretty well for a high school senior.

“You're late!” the old owner of the pawn shop barked at him.

“I told you, my parents left for three months. I had to say goodbye.”

“Oh right, I forgot. My mind isn't what it used to be.” The old man shook his head, “Well, start sorting the shelves, then.”

“Okay...” Sam sighed, sorting the shelves was almost as bad as cleaning the place. That was his job, though. The owner was too old and frail to do the physical chores on his own, and usually just manned the counter.

The owner's son, a man in his forties, walked into the shop, and gave Sam a nod of hello.

“Hey, Mr Richards” He mumbled, and continued sorting.

“Okay dad, let's go.” He said curtly.

“Go where?” The old geezer said, causing his son to sigh and face palm in frustration.

“For your doctor's appointment, remember?” He said.

“Ohh right! No, I don't.” the old man said nonchalantly.

“Funny one. Let's go.” The son said, a little more pleasantly. Sam liked seeing he is not the only one with a dad who likes making silly jokes at bad times.

“Sorry about that, Sam, I forgot about this. Can you take care of the counter if a customer shows up?”

“Sure!” Sam said, happy to get a relief from the shelf nightmare.

“Keep going with the shelves, though. Just go to the the counter if someone comes in.”

“Aww.” Sam whined.

“I know the feeling” the owner's son said with a smile “I did your job in my teen years as well!”

They left Sam alone, and he continued his menial work.

Sam went into a drone, day dreaming about a manga he liked. He was woken with a start as the shop's door slammed open, and a middle aged man rushed in. Sam quickly got up, and greeted the customer.

“Welcome, sir. How may I...”

“Yeah yeah yeah, I don't have much time.” the man said abruptly. The man was sweating, obviously in turmoil. He breathed heavily as if he's been running a marathon, and looked around nervously in paranoia, making sure no one was watching.

Sam didn't like the man's behavior. “We don't buy illegal merchandise.” Sam told him upfront.

“Who said anything about illegal?” the man said, and pulled out a black hand watch. It looked like a usual digital hand watch. But, there were no commercial markings, no brand name, or anything. It didn't even tell the time.

Sam frowned “What is it, a prop hand watch?” Sam saw weirder things being peddled, in the few months he spent working at the shop.

“Let's say it is. What will you give me for it. Quickly.” he said, as rushed as before.

“Oh! And you can't sell it. Just keep it, I'll be back and pay you double for it.”

Sam raised an eyebrow “You do realize this is a pawn shop.” he said.

“You can't sell it, and then say we can't resell it. It's a transfer of ownership. Plus, reselling is the whole point of a pawn shop.”

“Okay, listen to me, you little twerp.” the man snapped “You don't know what you're dealing with here. Just do as I say, and it will be worth your while, I promise.”

“You're right, I don't know what I'm dealing with. And I'm supposed to know, since you're asking me to deal with it. The more you talk the more illegal it seems to be.”

“It's not illegal, just a secret. Listen, if I'm caught, I'll be killed.” That made Sam freak out, making the man realize he shouldn't have said that.

“Killed? And you want to drop it on me?!” Sam wasn't sure if this guy was crazy or not.

“Nobody knows I'm here, for now. That's why I need to dump it in a place where no one would look.” The man was downright hysterical now.

“Look, I'll just leave it here, no charge. Just make sure you keep it safe!”

“Tell me what it is, then.” Sam insisted.

The man didn't have much time to decide, and figured he had no choice but to trust the chubby teen.

“Okay, listen. I stole it from the government facility I work at. It's a mind control device.”

“You said it wasn't illegal. Stealing isn't legal last time I ch...” Sam said, before what the man said sunk in.

“Wait, did you say mind control device?”

“Whoever wears it,” The man continued, ignoring Sam “is instantly put under the control of the person that gave it to them. And, if worn long enough, it can be used to give commands that will last even after it is taken off”

Now Sam knew this guy was nuts.

“Okaaaay, sir. Just leave it here, I'll keep it for you.”

The man noticed his mocking tone, but placed the watch on the counter anyway.

“Well, put it something safe!” He demanded.

“Sir, don't worry. It's fine.” Sam tried to calm the man down “Here, take five bucks for it. Now you can leave, I'll keep It safe, I promise.”

“I don't need short change. Show me you're putting it somewhere safe before I get really mad!”

“Too late for that...” Sam mumbled, but he didn't want to mess with the obvious lunatic.

“There, I'll put it here.” He said, putting it in his bag. He usually brought his school bag and did his homework when the store was empty of customers.

“Okay, good.” The man nodded “Make sure you don't lose it. I will be back!” he said, and left with the same haste he walked in with.

“What a nutjob...”

## Chapter Three

Sam got back home, and went on to play some computer games. Making short breaks for snacks and sometimes for the “one armed salute”, if you know what I mean.

The door bell rang.

“Oh, shit!” He completely forgot Veronica was supposed to show up for his first training session.

Sam quickly got dressed, and opened the door. Veronica had a bored look on her face, with a little smugness hidden underneath. She was trying to look as if she didn't want to be there, when in fact, she was overjoyed at the opportunity, and already planned out exactly how she'll humiliate Sam, and from which angels to film it.

“Ready for hell, baby hippo?” She asked, no longer hiding her evil smile. Sam rolled his eyes while mumbling “come on in.”

“Okay, let's start with a warm up” she said.

She had him stretch in humiliating positions, like having him wave his arms up and down like a bird. After the warm up, the real hell began.

“Okay, now get on your hands and knees, and start crawling back and forth in the living room, as fast as you can.”

“*What?!*” Sam couldn't believe what he was hearing.

“It's a well known exercise, fatso. If you want to lose so fast, I don't mind. I already have plenty of embarrassing videos and pictures.” Sam couldn't give up so fast. So he got to his hands and knees, and started crawling on the floor as fast as possible. To add to his humiliation, she used a small stick, that looked like a tiny baseball bat to hit him for not going fast enough.

“Faster, piggy. Faster!” She said, her smart phone in hand, filming every moment. Sam didn't know what was worse, her stick on his back, or his knees, which were killing him.

After a few minutes of that torture, Sam was panting for air, and feeling his asthma starting to act up. Veronica was still prodding him with her stick. And, when he stopped, she whipped his back with it harshly.

“Tired already, fatso? I thought running was easy? Shouldn't it be easier on all fours?!” She was literally the devil incarnate, Sam decided.

Sam ignored her and rushed to his bag, to get his inhaler. Gasping for air, he unloaded the contents of the bag on the ground, grabbing his inhaler and puffing twice in a quick fashion.

“That's better.” he said, slowly regaining his breath.

“How pathetic, needing your little inhaler after ten minutes? There's no way you'll survive my training.”

“This is a medical condition. You can try being a little considerate...” Sam said, helplessly. She pretended to think about it and said “Nope, can't do that, fatso.”

“Bitch...” Sam whispered, so Veronica couldn't hear.

He looked at the scattered contents of his bag, cursing the fact he will have to pick them all up later, when his eyes fell on the watch that the lunatic gave him earlier. He wasn't supposed to take merchandise back home, obviously, but he completely forgot about it.

He was probably more delirious than he thought, from the sudden, and unusual, physical exertion he's just been through. He actually considered if it was worth the risk, to make Veronica put it on.

Even more crazy, he decided it was.

“Hey, Veronica. I have something for you.” It wasn't that crazy. The watch was useless, anyway. It had no special markings, and it didn't tell the time. Plus, the seller didn't even take money for it. If it doesn't work, and Sam was quite sure it won't, then Veronica can do whatever the hell she wants with the useless thing.

“What?” she said, puzzled.

“Here.” Sam handed her the watch. She looked at him suspiciously.

“Why would you give me this?”

Sam knew exactly how to stroke her ego.

“You're taking time off your own schedule to help me get in shape. You might be a little mean about it, but I'm sure in the end your goal is to help me...”

Veronica donned a vicious smile.

“What a naive idiot!” She said, and Sam knew she fell for it completely.

“Just cause you're heavier than a cow doesn't mean you need to be dumber. Moron!”

She took the watch from Sam, and checked it out.

“What is this, anyway? What brand is it? It doesn't even tell the time...”

She wasn't stupid, that's for sure. She noticed how weird it was quicker than Sam did. He was still smarter, though.

“It's a special, energy conserving hand watch. It doesn't need batteries, because it uses your body heat for energy.”

He paused for a second, to let that lie sink in.

“It's a prototype my dad made at work. I'm supposed to beta test it.”

“And he'll be fine with you giving it to me?” She asked, still suspicious.

“Sure. It's mine. Besides, since it powers on your body's energy, I figured you have much more energy than me.” He said, stroking her ego a little more. “Plus you're hotter, too.” He added, wondering if he'll regret that.

“Are you trying to flirt with me?” She said mockingly “How about we wait until I'm sure you're not hiding another human in your fat ass.”

“Well, give it here.” She took the watch from his hand, and put it on her wrist, expecting it to display the time. In less than a

second, her eyes shot to where she clasped the watch. Showing a flicker of stressed confusion, as the small screen displayed seemingly random numbers.

Veronica had no idea, but she just made the biggest decision of her life, and the last one, as well.

## Chapter Four

It only took a second. Veronica's eyes widened, as she stared at the watch. Then, her arms slumped to her sides, and her eyes glazed over.

“Veronica?” Sam said, amazed.

“Yes, master?” She asked monotonously. Sam considered for a second if she was faking it, but then realized she had no way of knowing it was supposed to be a “mind control device”.

Sam stared at the beautiful, mesmerized girl in front of him.

“Did you just call me master?” Sam asked.

“Yes master, I am your slave. I will obey your every command.” her voice was still monotonous, the cruel bitchiness completely gone. Sam was still suspicious. Maybe she sent the guy to the pawn shop? Just to make him look like an idiot?

He decided to test it, and he knew exactly what would call her bluff, if she had one.

“You are such a fucking bitch, Veronica.” he said, right to her face.

“Yes, master. I'm whatever you say I am, master.”

“You deserve punishment.” Sam couldn't take the smile off his face.

“Yes, master. This slave will take any punishment you wish to give her, master.” If this was an act, she should be in Hollywood.

“Turn around, and spank yourself as hard as you can, until I tell you to stop.”

“Yes, master.” Was all she said, before turning around, bending over slightly, giving Sam a great view of her great ass. She started swatting her cheeks with gusto.

*\*Spank\**

She hit herself hard. And yet, she made no signs of the pain affecting her.

“Count the spanks” He commanded.

“Yes, master.” She said.

*\*Spank\**

“One, master.”

*\*Spank\**

“Two, master.”

She alternated between cheeks, since he never told her which one to hit.

After about twenty spanks, Sam got a little bored of watching her spank her still clothed ass.

“Take your pants and panties off.” He said, knowing that if she obeys that, she truly is his slave.

“Yes, master.” She said, with no hesitation, and quickly took her bottoms off, exposing her perfect ass and nicely trimmed pussy.

“Continue spanking yourself.” He said. Sam was sporting an erection even before she undressed. Now, watching her bend her naked ass, and spanking herself, his cock was harder than ever.

*\*Spank\**

“Twenty-six, master.”

*\*Spank\**

“Twenty seven, master.”

Sam couldn't take it anymore. He dropped his trousers, and started rubbing his cock, as he watched her smack her ass till it was red. It took five more spanks, before Sam rushed over to her, pushed her spanking hand away, and prodded her pussy lips with his cock.

It took him a few seconds to plunge it in her tight cunt. Sam never imagined his first time to be like this, and definitely not with a mind controlled Veronica. If he had his wits about him, at that point, he probably would've wanted to do something more special for his first time, than doggy style fucking. But, at the moment, his instincts took over.

It only took a few awesomely pleasurable pumps for Sam to explode deep inside her. Once he calmed down, he moved back and fell on the couch, still taking in everything that happened. It was real.

That guy really was running from the government, with a mind control device. Sam decided to worry about elite government assassins later. It's not like he had a lot of options against such a thing, anyway. Plus, if he is sentenced to die after fulfilling his fantasies with the bitch that made his life miserable, he was all for it.

Watching her, still bent over, with his cum dripping from her recently fucked twat, he got hard again.

“When I cum while using you, make sure to thank me, slave.” He ordered.

“Yes master. Thank you for cumming inside of me, master.”

It may come as a surprise, but Sam actually had a very active libido. On a normal day at home, he would jerk off about five or six times. Having an actual girl ready to be his toy was a dream cum true, pun intended.

He was already completely ready for another go. He told her to remove her top and bra, and basked in her beautifully lewd nakedness.

“On your knees.” He told her, and she obeyed immediately. Sam got up, the exertion from his previous workout completely forgotten. He brought his dick right to her lips.

“Kiss.” He said.

“Yes, master.” With no hesitation, she frenched Sam's cock as if it was her lover. By the end of the 'kiss', she had his helmet fully in her mouth, swirling her luscious tongue around it.

“Yeah, I think your bitchy tongue needs some slapping as well, after all the lip you gave me.” Sam was going to fully enjoy humiliating her.

“yesh, mashter. Anything you shay, mashter.” She said, not even stopping the kiss.

He pulled his helmet from her mouth.

“Tongue out.”

“Yes, master.” Veronica took her tongue out, and waited for her punishment.

He flicked her tongue with his cock. Enjoying the feel along with the degradation of the kneeling slave in front of him. He alternated between short, quick flicks, and long, strong dick-slaps on her tongue, from all sides.

After having fun with her tongue, he moved to dick-slapping her cheeks. Moving from one cheek to the other, enjoying her drawn out tongue in between. He also flicked his cock on her forehead, watching her eyes cross as she watched. Other than her eyes moving to follow his cock, she remained silent and docile, allowing the complete abuse of her face and mouth.

He placed the length of his on her face, his tip on her forehead and his balls on her tongue.

“Lick my balls.”

“Yes master.”

It was the first time Sam had his balls licked, and it was amazing. She didn't just lick them, she gently cupped his balls with her mouth, making slurpy popping sounds every time her mouth and his balls parted.

“Ahhhh” Sam pushed his cock on her face, while enjoying her lip service on his balls.

Sam continued having fun, rubbing his cock all over her face and tongue. Then, he stopped his horny ministrations, right before her lips, feeling her hot breath on his tip. She made sure to keep her tongue out, as her master commanded.

He didn't even need to tell her to open her mouth wider, since her tongue was fully out. Sam grabbed the back of her head and pushed into her mouth as hard as he could. There was no resistance, not even a gag reflex. He pushed into her throat, feeling the back of her throat with every thrust. Every time he

flung his hips forward, he felt her nose on the bottom of his belly, and her lips brush against his balls.

Veronica instinctively moved her tongue pleasantly, as Sam face fucked her like a sex doll. Sam never had a problem over exerting himself while pleasing himself sexually. Often, his bed was wet with sweat after he was done. Right now, he was mouth fucking a hot girl, in a standing position. Swinging his hips vigorously into the willing sex slave before him. It was actually the best exercise he ever had.

It only took a couple of minutes for Sam to explode into her mouth. He took his cock out of her mouth a few seconds later, watching the cum drip from her lips, and hearing her drone like gratitude. Her mouth was full, waiting for her master to decide what she should do with his load.

“Swallow it, but don't clean your face. You look much better with cum running down your chin.”

She obediently swallowed, as Sam commanded her.

Sam returned to the couch, breathing heavily, but still completely excited at having a completely naked girl, kneeling with his sperm on her face. It didn't take him long to be ready for more fun.

“I think it's time I trained you properly, Veronica.”

“Yes master.”

“Start crawling on the floor, and make sure to shake your ass properly for me.” he said, grabbing the little bat she used to hit him with, before.

“Yes, master.”

She started crawling on the floor. Sam watched her body move slowly from side to side, her bare breasts swinging lewdly. Sam gave her athletic ass a sharp spank with the tiny bat.

“Faster, slave.”

“Yes, master” she complied quickly, and started moving faster on the floor.

*\*Slap\**

*\*Smack\**

*\*Spank\**

It took a while for Sam to get his hard on back, but lil' Sam didn't fail, and jumped up after about five minutes. Veronica's ass was quite tender by the time Sam told her to stop. Sam wanted to get on his knees and doggy style her again. Instead, he told her to straighten her legs, and lift her ass up for him. She could definitely stretch that way, being as athletic as she was. Sam started pumping into her pussy again, taking his time and enjoying himself.

He still had the stick in his hand, and decided Veronica could do with a real stick up her ass. It took a minute or two, especially being distracted by fucking her cunt. When it was deep enough in her ass, he left it there and started to forcefully bang her. It was the first time she involuntarily moaned a little. She still took the harsh treatment though, expressionlessly and submissively.

Sam took a break from her pussy to watch her crawl around the floor with the stick up her ass. It was funny and arousing at the same time. Later, he had her lie on the floor and spread her legs. He took the stick from her ass, and gave her clit and pussy a few dick slaps, before plunging in and pumping into her, missionary style. With the addition of a small bat shoved in her mouth, for her to blow.

This time, Sam felt he had much more control of the timing of his orgasm.

When he felt close, he told her to rise to her knees, and be ready for a facial, and Sam shot his load all over her face.

He had enough spunk in his balls to get her lips, cheeks, and forehead, getting some in her hair, and even a little bit in her eyes. She didn't even flinch. Sam told her to wipe her eyes off, and only her eyes. He didn't want her eyes seriously damaged. It would be hard to explain that to the world, and he had only one mind control device.

After he slumped on the couch for a third time, finally needing a real break, Sam started to seriously consider the situation he was in. He told Veronica to pick the contents of his bag up, and continue to clean the entire place, and make him dinner once she was done. All completely naked, obviously.

Sam couldn't just keep her like that. They had school on Monday, and people will ask questions if they didn't show up. Not to mention, her family will most likely have a problem with her living with him from now on. His parents might find it weird, as well. Lucky they were away for the next three months.

Veronica was blank and emotionless, there's no way she could be out in society, and Sam couldn't afford to try and remove the watch from her. If she wakes up and remembers everything, there's no way he'll be able to get the watch back on her wrist. She was much faster and more athletic than him.

"I could tie her up" He mumbled "Then, if she remembered it, put it back on her and think about another plan." Sam realized she was smart enough to pretend like she didn't remember a thing, even if she did. And what if the watch only works one time on every person? It was a risk too big to take.

She was now dusting the living room where he sat, distracting him a little bit. Sam figured he had some time to consider, and come up with a proper plan, but he was wrong. Her phone rang, making Sam's heart jump as he gasped in terror.

He looked at the phone, the caller ID read "Vivi". It was her little sister, and she was obviously not in any state to answer.

"Damn it! How will she react if you don't answer...?" Sam figured he would let it go to voice mail, but it was getting late, what would he do when it's time for her to go back home?

"Well, master." veronica said, still dusting "Knowing Vivi, she would try calling again repeatedly, and eventually come over here to see if something happened to me."

Sam stared at her, wide eyed. He wasn't really asking her, but she answered truthfully, from the memories stored in her brain.

“May I make a suggestion, master.” she said, her head down and eyes on the floor, apparently embarrassed at having an independent idea. It surprised Sam as well. So far, she seemed like an unthinking, and eternally obedient puppet with no ideas or thoughts of her own.

“Go ahead.” Sam said.

She was still staring blankly into space, as she started talking.

“Well, master.” She began “May this humble slave suggest you dial down her consciousness inhibitor, so she can properly speak with her sister, like she would before she was enslaved.”

“Uhm, your consciousness inhibitor?” Sam asked.

“Yes, master.” She responded, obviously under the assumption he knew what it was.

“What's that?” He asked, as the phone quieted and Vivi's call went to voice mail.

“I'm sorry, master. The consciousness inhibitor controls and regulates the level of this slave's conscious behavior. The inhibitor has five levels. At level one, no one should be able to notice a change in this slave's behavior, not even her family. At level five, this slave will be completely unresponsive, like a mindless zombie. The default, and current level this slave is on, is four.”

Sam was pretty sure he didn't blink once as she spoke, but she wasn't done.

“Regardless of the setting on the consciousness inhibitor, this slave will remain completely obedient, and completely under your control, master.”

She lifted her hand to show him the watch. It was the first time he noticed the screen had all sorts of numbers and displays on it.

“This button controls the consciousness inhibitor, and this number here...”

She pointed at one of the numbers shown on the watch, currently showing four.

“...is the current consciousness inhibitor setting.” She finished.

Sam felt a little silly, as she finished talking. He spent the last hour trying to come up with a solution to his current problems, and never considered asking his brand new slave for information. This inhibitor thingamabob was exactly what he needed, to hide the change in Veronica from the world.

Vivi called again, and Sam knew what to do now.

“Set your consciousness inhibitor to one, slave.” he said.

“Yes, master.”

She pushed the button twice, her demeanor obviously becoming even more zombie like before an actual smile formed on her face. Probably because she went to five before cycling back to one.

It was as if the real Veronica was back. Sam almost expected her to call him fatso again. But, she just stood in front of him, still completely naked, with a pleasant smile on her face that Sam wasn't used to, and was probably usually directed to the people she actually loved.

Seeing her like that was even more surreal than her drone like behavior earlier.

“Answer the phone. Tell her you're staying here for the weekend. Come up with a reason she will definitely believe.” he said, wondering what her reaction will be now.

“Yes, master. As you command.” Her response wasn't much different in terms of what she said. How she said it, though, was worlds apart from earlier. She said it with a casual smile, and had a spring to her step as she took the phone in her hand. She really did act like a normal person, other than being naked and calling him master, that is.

“Hey, Vivs. What's up?”

“Oh, I'm still here. Torturing Mr. Hippo is so much fun, I think I'll stay here the whole weekend.” Sam rolled his eyes at that remark.

“Yeah I'm totally serious! With the divorce talk at home, and mom and dad fighting all the time, I might as well stay here. Much quieter, and more entertaining!” she said ecstatically.

“Yeah, like they care about what I do. Just tell them I'm sleeping at a friend's house.” Sam almost felt bad for her, before recalling the hippo remark, and reminding himself how evil she was.

“Yeah, can't talk now. Having too much fun. I'm having the fatso run around the house, and I have to catch it on camera.”

“Okay, bye. See you Monday.” She hung up.

“She won't suspect a thing, master. I can stay here for the entire weekend, with no one bothering you.” She said, with a smile.

“Great, make sure you keep the charade up, if anyone else calls you during the weekend.”

“Of course.” She said, rolling her eyes a little, as if it was obvious.

“Make me dinner.” He ordered.

“What would you like to eat, fat man.” She said with a teasing smile, that took Sam by surprise.

“Shut up.” He told her, harshly.

Her smile waned a little.

“I'm sorry, master. I got carried away.” she lowered her head like a scorned child.

“Yes, you were. Make sure you always address me with the proper respect. Except for when it's necessary to hide your enslavement. And never humiliate me, or harm me physically ever again.”

“Of course, master. What would you like to eat, master?” She asked, like a docile maid.

“Mac and cheese.”

“Yes, master.”

With that, she hopped over to the kitchen, and got to work, while Sam watched some TV. Sam had her suck his cock while he ate. He actually liked that setting on the consciousness inhibitor. It felt like having a completely obedient and loving girlfriend. Nevertheless, he had her dial it up to three before taking her to bed, where he fucked her again, before falling asleep.

When he woke up Saturday morning, she was still in his arms.

“Wake up.” he said, and she opened her eyes instantly.

“From now on, make sure to wake me up with a blowjob, and breakfast.”

“Yes, master. As you wish.” There was a twinkle in her eyes, but this was obviously different from setting one on the consciousness inhibitor.

Before he had her attend to his morning wood, Sam decided to ask her more questions about the watch. Apparently, most of the display was her vitals. Heart rate, temperature, and such. She also had a reset button that she claimed would completely erase her personality and memories, and allow him to re-write her.

Sam didn't really care about most of that. So, he had her suck him off, had breakfast, and then played GTA. The only difference from any other Saturday was that when Sam needed to relieve some tension, he used Veronica instead of his hand and some porn.

He tried fucking her while watching porn. Not because he really needed to, more because of the thrill of fucking a hot girl like she's nothing but a masturbation aide. She got some calls from her friends, and once from her mom, but she handles them easily. Sam told her to automatically dial her inhibitor down to one whenever she had to talk to someone other than him.

It was the best weekend Sam ever had, and it gave him more than enough time to properly plan the next few weeks at school.

## Chapter Five

Sam and Veronica were waiting for the school bus at his front yard.

He enjoyed fondling her ass in public, in her school uniform, but took his hand away as the bus came near.

They got on the bus together. No one was surprised, word spreads fast in high school, and Veronica had to talk with a lot of her friends during the weekend, while serving Sam. What managed to surprise everyone, was that Sam sat right next to Veronica, instead of standing as he usually did.

Everyone stared, even the driver. He almost caused an accident, staring at his rear view mirror with shock.

“What?” Veronica asked, pretending not to understand what every one were so riled up about,

“I'm cruelly torturing him...erm, I mean, training him every day.” She smiled her usual wicked smile. “The least I could do is let him sit down on the bus.” She said.

That seemed to make sense to people. In a “maybe the devil ice queen grew a heart, somehow.” kinda way.

“Besides, he isn't that bad.” She added.

That took Sam by surprise, as well. He ordered her to slowly and gradually change her attitude towards him, so that it won't seem weird when they start “going out” and become boyfriend and girlfriend.

He knew he could trust her ability to do it convincingly, since it seemed all her memories and mental faculties were intact. Still, he got a little worried she might be taking it a little too fast, saying what she did right there.

He was wrong, though. People found it odd, but not unreasonable. They actually started talking to him more, and not just to laugh at him. Of course, Veronica still made sure to mock

him, every now and then. Sam got his revenge, though, whenever he took her to a private place and fucked her every which way.

It made it so much easier for him to concentrate in class, having a mind controlled sex toy to relieve his tension whenever he needed it, even at school.

He even sat at the cool table at lunch.

“Hey, pig.” Tim the quarterback said “Have you lost some K's of blubber yet?” he asked. Sam didn't care about the pig remark, mostly cause he was fucking Tim's ex, like a whore.

“I think so. We were working out all weekend.” Sam told him.

“Yeah, I'm sure he shed at least five pounds. And don't call him a pig, it might discourage his resolve to keep training!” Veronica scolded her ex boyfriend.

“So? You don't really want him to win the wager, do you? Besides, you call him worse names.” Tim protested.

“First of all. I decided he deserves a chance to win the wager. So I'm really going to try and help him out. The rest is up to him. Second of all, when I call him names it's to encourage him to try harder.”

She finished, and everyone at the table nodded. The control she had over that group of sheep made the watch she was wearing seem redundant.

“Like for example, when I call him a fat fuck who probably can't be sure his dick exists, cause he never actually saw it.” Everyone laughed at that, including Sam. He knew his dick existed. Otherwise, what was veronica sucking all this time.

“Like it matters, he won't ever get to use it, anyway!” Vivian said, always trying to keep up with her big sister.

“For sure!” Veronica agreed “The common, dorky fat ass cow is already an extinct species!” Another loud burst of laughter ensued. This time, Sam was less amused, and gave Veronica an angry look that told her she crossed the line.

“Sorry, Sam.” She said, dropping her eyes “I went a little bit too far.”

The table got quiet, and everyone stared at her. Sam loved her sudden docile apology, in front of all of her friends.

“Why are you apologizing to him?!” Vivian couldn't understand.

“There's nothing wrong with harmless teasing, Viv.” Veronica answered “But you shouldn't go too far among friends.”

Veronica said it in such a way that forced everyone to agree. Sam was amazed once more at her social engineering abilities. In one day, he moved from the shunned dork to being a “friend” of the cool kids. Sam wondered if it was the watch that made sure she always said the right thing, or if it was just her natural talent.

“Is that a new watch?” Tim asked her. Veronica looked at the watch that changed her life forever.

“Yeah, Sam gave it to me. It's amazing, it shows my vitals and is powered by the energy of my own body.”

Tim stared at her, and shrugged. “Well, I guess now we know why you're so nice to him!” He shouted smugly.

Before long, they stopped needlessly mocking him, and Sam quickly found out some of them actually shared his interest in Role playing computer games. He gave George, another football jock, some hints about Baldur's Gate, his favorite game. Sam was really surprised a guy like that would actually be playing such a game. Of course, he wasn't even close to unlocking all the secrets Sam knew about, so he gave him a few pointers.

They were mostly good people, Sam decided, without a vicious harpy to turn them against him all the time. Lucky he had the sexy vicious harpy properly collared, and obedient. As a reward for her performance during lunch, Sam gave her a white creamy dessert before going to their next class.

It was probably the best day Sam ever had in school. Even better than any day at his previous school, where he actually had friends.

At his home, where she practically lived by now, she was either completely naked, or wearing some skimpy erotic cosplay outfit that he bought, with her money of course. The good thing was how apathetic her parents were. They couldn't care less their daughter was shacking with a boy from her class. She easily manipulated her sister, and friends, to not find any of it weird.

Slowly and surely, she made sure people started suspecting she and Sam might be more than friends. And, with Sam getting along with everyone, all of a sudden, being fully accepted by the cool kids and all, people weren't completely shocked by it.

Another thing that helped, was that Sam actually did lose weight. And no, it wasn't just all the fucking. Sam figured that since he had a willing slave who happens to be a star athlete, he might as well have her train him for real, for about thirty minutes every day.

It wasn't what she initially planned, obviously. She had to be polite at all times, and plan a real training regimen that will help him lose weight but not completely kill him. Also, he could take breaks to fuck her any time he wanted. And, when your personal trainer is a hot naked chick, you need a lot of tit-fucking breaks. Not to mention handjob breaks, face fucking breaks, and the ever important pussy fucking breaks. Sex was a sort of exercise, after all.

Sam returned the favor by training her blowjob skills. She got really good at sucking dick.

“Do you like how I lick your balls, master?” She asked him while he watched a movie on Blu-Ray. It's been two months since he gave her the watch, and he already lost thirty pounds. He wasn't a muscular athlete, yet. But, he was thin and fit for the first time in his life.

“Yeah, feels great.” He said, it was cute how she sought his confirmation.

“Thank you, master”

He blew his load in her mouth again, he'd lost count of the amount of loads he fed her over the last two months. Back then, he would've yanked her chain a little bit, telling her she's not good enough and enjoying her distress, as she puts her whole heart into trying to please him better. It was a large part of his fun, to humiliate and degrade his former bully.

After two months, though, her former demeanor towards him was all but forgotten. She was his sex toy now, and she deserved to feel good about herself, every now and then. She did give great blowjobs.

“Are we ready to come out as a couple at school?” Sam asked her.

“Yes, master. Whenever you want. No one important will be surprised, or suspicious.”

“Good girl” Sam patted her head, making her sigh with delight.

“Thank you very much, master.”

The day after, at lunch, Sam gave Veronica the sign to start the show. She stood up, and cleared her throat.

“Everyone, I have something to say.” In a second, the place was quiet and all faces were on her. Sam took a deep breath, intent on enjoying every second of it.

“Two months ago, you all witnessed a silly wager I made with this handsome man, sitting here next to me.” It was already better than he thought. Sam didn't know exactly what she was going to say, he just dictated the context.

“I said I would publicly apologize to him if he managed to get in shape. And, as you can see, he did.” She was radiating.

“And so, I would like to apologize to Sam, for being so mean to him back then. He was right, I was just a silly girl who thought being a great runner gave me some superiority. He proved to me that he can easily achieve his goals, whatever they may be, and made me a much better person in the process.”

She started tearing up a little bit.

“I love him from the bottom of my heart.” She finished, and leaped to his arms, resting her head on his shoulders.

Some of the girls cried at how romantic it was. Most of the guys were greener than the dollar bill, not even trying to hide their jealousy. Some of them asked Sam to teach them how he tamed her, with her right there to hear. Her lack of response to those insulting remarks reinforced their resolve to learn Sam's secrets. Which he, of course, will never share.

The only one who seemed completely unhappy about it, was Vivian. Veronica assured Sam that Vivian had no reason to suspect anything, so Sam figured she just didn't like the change in her sister. He couldn't care less, especially since most people probably liked the change in the former bully.

Even Principal Jackson called Sam to his office, to congratulate him on solving his “issues” with Veronica. He admitted that he knew what a bitchy bully she was to Sam, and said he always knew Sam could handle it, and wanted to motivate him to do so on his own.

It was utter bullshit, obviously. Sam knew the principal was afraid he will use his new found influence on the rich donor's daughter to harm him, or the school. He even asked Sam how he got Veronica to fall for him. That made Sam laugh.

Everything went according to plan. Nothing will change, in terms of Sam fucking Veronica whenever, and wherever he wanted. The only change was that Sam didn't need to worry about people spotting them “having fun” anymore.

## Chapter Six

Sam's life was perfect. His parents return, a month from now, won't change that. They already knew about Sam and Veronica. His dad was being awkward, as usual. But, all in all, his parents were so happy they didn't ask too many questions.

Sam continued to work at the pawn shop, though he was really tired of it by now. Having a sex slave waiting at home made work seem very un-fulfilling. That day was specifically boring. A real anti climax to the great day he had at school. The owner was out with his son again, and Sam decided to call Veronica and have her blow him, until a customer arrives.

Then, something happened that shattered his seemingly perfect life to smithereens. The man that gave him the watch walked into the pawn shop. Sam completely forgot about him, and his promise to return. He felt so stupid for not planning what to do, if that ever happens.

“Hey, twerp. I came for the device, and you'd better not tell me you sold it.” Sam stared at him. Not sure how to handle this.

“Do I know you?” He asked innocently, he figured it was worth the shot.

It was a big mistake. The man pulled out a gun, and pointed it at Sam.

“Don't play dumb with me, twerp. You may have lost some weight, but I recognize you. Now give me the watch, and maybe I'll let you live.”

Sam's life was flashing in front of his eyes. Well, mainly the last two months, being the best part of his entire life.

“It's not here.” Sam said, hoping he won't shoot him.

The man stared at him for a few seconds.

“Holy shit. You used it, didn't you? Hah! I didn't think you had the guts, kid!” The man said, with a deranged look in his eyes.

“Let me guess, a girl, right?”

Sam considered things for a second, and then answered.

“Yeah...” Lying to a smart, obviously crazy person with a gun, wouldn't be a good idea, he realized.

“I didn't mean to, though. I didn't expect it to work...” Sam lowered his eyes, embarrassed.

“Oh, it works perfectly. Which is why I'll take it back, now. Meet me at the old football field next to your high school, at midnight. And yes, I know where you live, and where your school is. You can't hide from me. Got it?”

Sam nodded, scared out of his wits.

“Wait!” Sam realized something terrible.

“What happens if I remove the watch from her?” He asked, worried he might know the answer.

“She'll remember everything, twerp. You'll probably go to jail for blackmail and rape, if the girl is smart enough to come up with such a nice lie.” Veronica was smart enough, Sam knew that. If she remembered everything, and returned to her old self, he would spend the rest of his life in jail, or worse.

The man saw the distress in Sam's eyes, and laughed, “I can see you're worried. Well, I don't give a damn. Look at it this way, going to jail trumps being shot to death, right?” That was a rhetoric question.

“This is exactly why the device shouldn't be in the hands of a know nothing twerp, like you. Midnight today, the old football field. If you're not there, the next time I see you, I'll put a bullet between your eyes. Got it?”

Sam nodded, unable to speak.

“Good boy.” The man said, and left in a hurry.

Sam closed the shop immediately, and ran back home, as fast as he could. Which was much faster than it used to be, thanks to Veronica and her “special training”.

“Veronica, I have a question.”

“Of course, master. What is it?” His still obedient slave said, and awaited his inquiry

“If I remove the watch from your hand, what would you do. I mean, the old you from before I enslaved you.”

“Oh, I wouldn't recommend that, master.” She said, sincerely “I would probably consider killing you, and have my dad use his connections to hide the crime. Or, at least, blame you of raping me repeatedly, making sure to ruin the rest of your life.” She said, confirming Sam's worst fears.

“I'm so sorry, master. But, it's the truth. I was a bitch who didn't understand how great and magnificent you are.”

Sam would miss her blind adoration in jail. At least his new physique might help him in the slammer. He was so stressed that afternoon, that he couldn't even bring himself to fuck her. He tried hard to think of a way out of the situation.

He thought about taking Veronica, and run away, but was too afraid of that man. He wasn't crazy, but he was definitely deranged. Two months in hiding could do that to a man, apparently. Sam knew he would kill both him and Veronica, without skipping a beat.

Sam decided to face the consequences, and give the watch back.

Maybe it's what he deserved for the bliss he had over the last couple of months. He never really believed in karma, or anything like that, though.

He spent the few hours before midnight reminiscing about the fantastic time he had, but quickly moved to hating himself for ever accepting that stupid watch and using it. Then, as he recalled his first conversation with that man, he remembered something that gave him a flicker of hope.

He came up with a plan that, if succeeded, will solve all his problems. He wasn't sure if he had the guts to try it, but he didn't have much choice. It was either this, or life in prison and possibly death.

“Veronica, I have very important commands for you.” He said.

“Yes, master, Everything you wish.”

“And suck my cock while you listen. I can't afford to be distracted when the shit hits the fan.”

“Of course, master.”

It was midnight. The old, abandoned football field was completely dark. Sam walked side by side with Veronica, and searched for the man they were supposed to meet. Veronica's consciousness inhibitor was set to five, so she wasn't in any state for conversation, or anything other than simple motor skills, for that matter.

Sam heard the clink of a gun being loaded behind him, and turned to see the man pointing it towards him.

“I see you brought your little thrall. She's pretty hot, I understand why you did it.” He said.

“Now give me the watch.” He ordered.

“You promise you won't shoot me, afterward.” Sam asked, to make sure.

“If I wanted you dead, I would've killed both of you and taken the watch from her dead hands.”

“Good point...” Sam said.

“Okay, give him the watch, slave.” He said, giving Veronica a sharp spank, as she started walking.

“Oh wow, twerp. You really got used to having a slave, huh? That was pretty cute. I bet she cuts your balls off, once she wakes up from it.”

Sam knew it seemed weird, that he spanked her like that. There was a method to his madness, and he was happy the man with the gun didn't realize it. That spank told Veronica that he decided to take the risk, and enact his plan.

Sam took a deep breath.

Veronica walked towards him, and stopped barely an inch from him.

She stood much closer than any person would ever dare, considering he had his gun drawn. Lucky she was brainless.

The man didn't mind her closeness. He saw her as nothing more than a frail, little, brainwashed girl, that posed no real threat to him. She removed the watch. This was the moment of truth.

Suddenly, the light returned to her eyes. In an instant, her face became completely horrified. She started crying, and Sam made a completely distressed face.

“Why did he do it to me?!” She shrieked, banging her hands on the man's chest.

“I know I was mean. But I didn't deserve being treated like some fuck doll!” Veronica completely freaked out. She was having a complete nervous breakdown.

She was balling like a baby, and thrashing in utter traumatic distress. Completely oblivious to the fact the man right in front of her had a gun. Sam was sure her spirit was stronger than that.

“Relax, you stupid bitch.” The man tried to calm her down, so he could take the watch from her.

“I'm sure you can sort it out with the twerp. Now, calm down, and hand over the watch, or I'll feed you some led!” He shouted, making Veronica even more upset.

It all happened in a few seconds. He grabbed her arm with both his hands, and suddenly she stopped crying, her face calm and focused. Veronica was just waiting for an opportunity, and it came. She wasn't the feeble little girl the man thought she was. She was athletic, and surprisingly strong.

“What the hell?!” the man managed to say, as he tried to subdue the girl, almost resorting to shooting her. It was too late, though. Veronica managed to strap the watch on his hand, and his arms slumped to his sides, still clutching the gun in one of them.

Sam was still watching Veronica. This was only the first part of his plan. If the next fails, he is doomed. Her pupils were shaking slightly, worrying Sam. It was as if she was trying to decide her next actions. His worries subsided, as she walked a

few steps back, and calmly dropped to the ground. She started doing push ups, just as Sam ordered earlier.

“It worked. I can't fucking believe it, it worked!” Sam was on the top of the world, looking down.

“She's my property, and was following my command” He started telling the mindless man in front of him “So, technically, I'm the one who gave you the watch. You know what that means?” Sam asked.

“Yes. You are my master.” The man said. It was weird for Sam to hear a man say those words, but he had more questions to ask.

“You moron. You really shouldn't have underestimated her. She is a very strong girl.”

Sam grinned fiendishly.

“I remembered you saying something, about how some suggestions can be made to stick, even after the watch was taken off. I bet you don't even remember telling me that.”

“I figured it had to be something simple, and that spending some time on level five of the inhibitor would help.”

“So, I told her to make sure to place the watch on your wrist after she removed it, and then drop for a thousand push ups.” Sam felt like a movie villain, explaining his evil master plan to his ensnared victim.

Granted, most such villains lost, just because they wasted time on such tales. This was no Hollywood movie, though, and Veronica, as athletic as she was, would be busy for quite a while, doing a thousand freaking push ups.

“Now, what's your name.” Sam asked the man.

“Robert Thompson.” The man answered.

“Okay, Robert. Where did you get the watch?”

“I am a rogue CIA agent. I stole it from a secret government lab.” Sam was obviously worried, hearing that.

“Were you one of the scientists working on it?” He asked.

“No, I was a field agent.” That answer disappointed Sam, hoping he could get Robert to build more watches, but he

continued.

“What are the chances the CIA will get to me?” Sam asked.

“Low.” He answered, giving Sam some hope “I was one of their best men, and I covered my tracks perfectly.” That's good, Sam thought.

“What's the name of your former boss, at the CIA?”

“Mr. Dyson. But it's probably a code name.” The man answered. That was a stupid and unhelpful question, Sam realized.

Sam tried to prolong the moment, but he had no more questions to ask. It was time for him to make a very harsh decision, and he hesitated.

After some thought, and consideration, he decided there was no other way. Sam probably couldn't instill commands into his mind, after wearing the watch for such a short time. The reset button would probably only work as long as the watch was on. Either way, it wasn't worth the risk, considering failure meant certain death for Sam.

Sam swallowed nervously, and made his decision.

“Set your consciousness inhibitor to level five, just in case.”

“Yes, master.” Robert said, and obeyed.

“Okay, now...” There was another pause, before Sam said the words he so dreaded. “Shoot yourself in the head with your gun.” He said, his voice shaky, eyes on the floor. Sam didn't like the idea of killing this man. His only solace was the fact Robert was apparently a very evil, rogue CIA agent. With no hesitation, Robert lifted his gun wielding hand, and Sam closed his eyes, bracing himself.

The loud bang resonated in the night air, and Sam heard a body drop to the ground. He opened his eyes, and tried not to look at the dead man's head. Veronica was still working out, oblivious to what happened. Sam gathered his wits about him, and moved to take the watch from the man's dead wrist.

He quickly placed the watch back on Veronica's wrist, a giant bulge forming in his throat.

"Stand up, slave." He said.

"Yes, master." She responded, it was music to his ears.

"Let's go, quickly."

"As you wish, master."

Sam couldn't believe it. He was home free, with the watch and Veronica still in his possession. As long as no one saw them, everyone would assume it was a simple suicide, and his CIA friends would have no idea Sam was involved, if they ever found out about what happened.

Sam started calming down, placing his hand on Veronica's perfect ass, squeezing playfully. He had a big smile on his face as he realized his perfect life can continue unhindered.

Just then, as if the universe was conspiring against him, two black cars rushed towards him and stopped him on his tracks. Two armed men came out of the car, and pointed their guns at him.

"Central Intelligence Agency. Stop right there."

Sam couldn't believe it. He was almost out of the woods, and now the future seemed darker than ever.

"Well, well. That was impressive, what you did to that fool, Robert." A deep, confident voice came out of the second car, as the door opened. A voice that Sam recognized, somehow. It was the pawn shop owner's son. And he had the widest smile Sam ever saw him give.

"Mr. Richards?!" Sam asked, dumbfounded.

"Oh, not really. You can call me special agent Ryker. Or Mr. Ryker, if you prefer." he answered.

"That's a very beautiful girl you have there. And, she's wearing a very expensive watch, too."

Sam was prepared for the worst to come.

“Oh don't look so damn worried, son. If I wanted you dead, you'd be dead already.” Sam felt a slight déjà vu.

“What do you want?” Sam asked, nervously.

“Straight to business. I like it.” Mr Ryker said. “What if I told you, you can avoid going to jail. And, keep that sweet piece of ass you've been hogging, since you left poor ol' Robert in the field, as your sex slave?”

Sam didn't need to think too hard about that “I'd sell you my soul!” He said.

“Good, good. I like your enthusiasm kid. We need someone with your ability to stay calm under pressure, and properly use tools...”, He looked at Veronica, “...to further your goals, even if your opponent seems too strong, and vicious. And yes, We've been watching your whole encounter with Robert, in case you were wondering.”

“You will need to lose that squeamishness you have towards blood, though. I'm sure our training can handle that.” Sam couldn't believe what he was hearing. Two months ago, he was the fat kid everybody hated. Now, he had his worst bully as his sex slave, and a real life secret agent just gave him a job offer to work for the CIA.

Sam was composed enough to realize saying yes was his only real option.

“Okay. Let's do it, then.” He said, not exactly sure what “it” entailed.

Mr. Ryker opened the door of his car, and invited Sam in. As Sam entered, with the obedient and mindless Veronica in tow, he had another shocked moment, as he saw the pawn shop's old owner sitting in the car, sipping champagne from a fancy cup. In hindsight, Sam shouldn't have been that surprised to see him. Considering his “son” just invited him in.

“Well, hello Sam. No time no see.”

“We saw each other this morning...” Sam said.

“Ah, yes! You left the place unmanned. That wasn't very responsible of you. Don't worry, I forgive you, considering the circumstances.” He smiled and offered Sam a glass. Sam took it, even though he never drank before in his life.

“Allow me to introduce myself properly, Sam.” The old man said “You can call me Mr. Dyson. Of course, I do believe you already know my name, thanks to a traitorous little bird named Robert.”

He spoke slowly, very different from his usual demeanor at the pawn shop.

“Now, I'm sure you have plenty of questions about your new employment. Let me begin.”

He explained the details of Sam's agent training. The good thing was that Sam could continue his regular life. In fact, it was necessary, as his cover. The Agency will make sure to get him a spot at college, and a fake job after that.

He will command a team of a new kind of special agents. The members of his team will be young, physically strong prisoners, deemed expandable. They will all be wearing the mind control watches, of course. Sam's training will be physical in part, but mostly tactical. Learning the best ways to utilize a unit of mind controlled soldiers, to their maximum capacity.

Sam no longer had an issue with the notion of using such soldiers as cannon fodder. It was a lot like the games he liked playing so much. He never cared about the “soldiers” he sent to die, in those games. These were all ruthless criminals, who probably deserved death.

He still had to make sure not to lose too many soldiers, obviously. Especially since the watches self destruct if their wearer dies. Which finally explained why the watches constantly displayed the wearer's vitals, at least in part.

Luckily for Sam, the watch he used on Veronica and Robert was an incomplete version, that lacked the self destruct sequence, or he would've died along with Robert after he shot himself. Sam

did devise some strategies that included sacrificing his soldiers, using the explosion from the watch for his benefit, obviously.

Anyway, his new job was surprisingly safe, his “team” was taking all the risks. And, when he got home, he had Veronica's hot twat to fuck senseless. Mr Dyson had no problem with it, he didn't even ask Sam to share her with him, or his son. They got married a year after graduation, and Sam had his very own indoors slave wife.

Life seemed quite perfect, once more, but Sam knew from experience this was exactly the time when things might go awry. Especially at his line of work. Nevertheless, Sam certainly enjoyed his life.

You really never know how life will turn out. But, if you embrace the unexpected turns, you just might reach things you never dreamed possible.

## Chapter Seven - Epilogue

It's been two years since Sam started working for the CIA as a "toy soldier operator".

He walked the head quarters like he owned the place. His old geeky friends would probably never recognize him, with his perfectly toned, muscular body, his black sun glasses, and his confident stride. Thanks to his training, he could kill someone with his pinky toe, if he wanted to.

He went into the old man's office, with something not quite job related on his mind.

"Hey Mr Dyson."

The old man lifted his head from the documents he was reading.

"If it isn't Sam Darly, my young star. Is there a problem?" He asked.

Sam was indeed the star of the "toy soldier" operation. His track record was spotless, and his brilliant tactics quickly became the bible for the training of new toy operators. If only his parents knew how important the games he "wasted" his childhood on, really were.

"I need a control device for, well, recreational uses." Sam said, completely confident.

Mr Dyson smiled "Well, that is a big request, indeed. That young hottie isn't enough for you, anymore?" he asked.

"It's for her sister's eighteenth birthday. She drifted away from my dear wife, ever since I came into her." He paused "life. I think a gift watch is just what's needed, to bring the two sisters closer."

"Hah! I love your wit, young man." Mr Dyson said.

"I think my performance warrants such a bonus, don't you?" Sam asked, knowing full well the department received major funding, largely thanks to Sam's own success. Plus, he knew Mr.

Dyson was a just and reasonable man. Sam wasn't expecting him to refuse, and Mr Dyson didn't disappoint.

With the boss's approval, he went to the lab, and requested one of the special watches.

“Oh, and disable the self destruct sequence, just in case. I won't need it, anyway.” he told the tech guy.

“Sure thing, Sam.”

Back home, after Veronica greeted Sam with the usual blowjob. He waited for Vivian to arrive. Him and Veronica missed her public birthday party, on purpose. So he could give her the watch privately.

That very evening, Sam had another toy to “exercise” with. He stood upright, and held Vivian in his hands, with her legs open, and pumped into her. It was a great position to train your biceps.

“Unh, yeah! Damn, that's a tight cunt.” he said, as he fucked her.

“Thank you, master. I live to serve.” The former spoiled rich girl said.

Vivian was even hotter than Veronica was at eighteen. She really did drift away from Veronica after she and Sam got serious. She never forgave her big sister for it, until now, that is. Not that she had any choice in the matter.

Sam's cock slipped out of her tight wet pussy, as he fucked her. Vivian quickly helped it back in, only to have it slip out again, a few seconds later.

“What a slippery cunt!” Sam moaned.

After the third time his dick slipped out of her wet twat, Sam got a little annoyed.

“If you can't properly keep my cock inside of you, I'll have to dump you, slave.” he said. He wouldn't really throw her away for that, but Vivi didn't really have the mind to realize that.

“I'm sorry, master. This sex toy will do better from now on, promise!” She said, and Sam felt her pussy tighten on his cock, desperate to never let go until Sam was done with her.

“Yeah, that's better. If I can't properly fuck you, then you're useless property. And you know what happens with useless property.”

“Yes, master. Useless property is dumped like yesterday's garbage.”

It didn't take him long to finish. When he did, he dropped her to the floor and had her clean his cock.

For the first time in two years, Sam had a new plaything warming his bed at night, while Veronica stood, forgotten, in the living room, still waiting for further commands. The former bitchy bully didn't mind, though. It was her own decision to become the master's disposable plaything.

It was her, after all, who accepted the watch from him.

###

**Spiral Air – The Unappreciated**

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter one

Tim hated his job. At first, he thought working at a tiny and efficient advertising firm that had only female employees would be great, and when he saw his co workers, he was even more ecstatic. They were all stunningly beautiful, big breasted young women. Even the boss, Ms. Tigs, who was in her early forties, was extremely hot for her age.

How tiny was the firm? Well, you could literally count the employees on two hands. It was just Tim and seven other women in their twenties, plus their boss of course.

It was an advertising company, exclusively handling a few big companies and some smaller ones. Tim studied advertising for three years. He knew he wanted to work in advertising from a very young age. He always loved coming up with slogans and catchy phrases.

The company he worked for had a reputation of turning great profits, because of the small number of employees, and the relatively large contracts they managed to score. He was ecstatic when he was hired to work there, until he saw his paycheck and realized just how much of the profits went straight into Ms. Tigs's pocket.

So he worked in close quarters with eight hot women, doing what he always wanted to do.

How could any straight man hate that? Well, as Barney from that one TV show always says: wait for it. Unfortunately, in this case, it's not really that legen----DARY.

The poor salary he received was certainly a part of the problem, but it was only the tip of the iceberg. For starters, he unwittingly found himself in a nest of militaristic feminism. In fact, on his very first day, Ms Tigs told him the company's success was due to great multitasking abilities, and that she hoped Tim would be capable of coping with their pace, even though he's just

a guy. It was the way she said it, with a crooked smile and an arrogant attitude, that really got to him. Tim was sure she didn't think a man was capable of "coping" with the job stress in her firm.

It didn't take Tim long to realize Ms Tigs was the most bitchy, controlling, arrogant, and mean boss he could have ever dreamed of. It's not like he didn't try to get along with his co-workers and boss, but ever since his first staff meeting he's been walking on egg shells, afraid to share any of his ideas.

Why? Well let's just say a rather heated discussion ensued between Tim and Heather, the most hardcore feminist in the office. Tim wasn't a fan of the term feminazi, but there was really no other way to describe her.

They were discussing a commercial for one of their biggest clients, a car company. Now come on, everybody knows that, on average, men care much more about cars than women, and are the natural target audience for a commercial advertising a new bike model, right?

So naturally, Tim offered the one thing that is sure to attract potential male customers. Two women walk down the street and see the bike, and are in such awe that they strip down to their bikinis and start washing it, until the man arrives to take it. He casually leaves the two women smiling without saying a word, as if that sort of thing happens to him every day.

It certainly takes guts to pitch such an idea in a conference room with eight women, but Tim honestly thought they would appreciate his courage and professionalism. Isn't it the whole point, to get the most sales for the customer?

Well, apparently not, since Heather immediately started yelling at him, calling him a chauvinist pig and fuming about the fact men still consider women as nothing but objects. Tim tried to defend himself, and mention that women sexually objectify men as well, and that as long as the models agree to it and no one is forced to do anything they don't want to, then it's fine.

He finished by telling her that sex sells. Tim really thought he made some genuinely good points, and he did his best to speak in an appeasing manner. Unfortunately, Heather's screeching, self-righteous tirade drowned his voice completely.

Tim expected Ms. Tigs for some support, because he knew he was right. Ms Tigs, however, completely sided with Heather, calling Tim a caveman and questioning her decision to hire him out loud. Apparently, Heather was kind of her protege, and Ms. Tigs enjoyed making men uncomfortable.

She was still his new boss, though, and he needed the money. So, he apologized and piped down for the rest of the meeting. At the end, Ms Tigs made a comment about how quiet Tim was during the meeting, saying she hopes, for his sake, he will be more productive in the future.

He wasn't...

Every idea he had was knocked down by one of the more dominant girls, or even worse, by Heather. These days, he usually kept quiet during the meetings, tried not to step on too many toes during the day, and almost had a nervous breakdown on a daily basis when his boss told him how useless he was.

Tim hated his job so much, until one day, when everything changed.

It all started with an email from his uncle, after Tim poured his heart out and told his uncle Richard about his problems at work. He wrote to Tim about something called The Spiral Airport Lounge. A place that looks like any of those places where paid customers can relax, drink, and eat from a buffet while waiting for their flight.

Only this one is actually a front for a business that helps men with women issues, by brainwashing and conditioning said women into being mindless sex slaves. The email even contained prices and procedure of the "business transaction".

Tim was sure it was a joke, at first, but then thought back on his encounters with uncle Richard. It always amazed him how his uncle managed to snare such hot pieces of ass to be his girlfriend. Always a different one, and always fawning all over him as if he was the last man on earth.

Once, he even had twins, one hanging on each arm. Tim always figured his uncle was magnificent in bed, and was afraid that if he asked his uncle how he's doing it, Richard would try giving him advice for the bed chamber, and that's not something you want to discuss with your uncle, no matter how good he is.

Tim sent his uncle a text asking if he's joking, and saying it's really not a laughing matter. His uncle wrote that he was dead serious, and admitted it's how he got all the prime pussy Tim always saw him with.

Tim still couldn't believe it. Sure, it was a dream come true if it was real, but how can it be real? Tim always dreamed of having a hot sexy woman at his beck and call obeying his every sexual command and calling him master, but every critical thinking bone in his body told him the existence of such a place as "The Spiral Lounge" was impossible, for so many reasons.

If such technology is even possible today, how was it kept secret all this time? How come no one was ever suspicious of a place called The Spiral Lounge? How can it even be possible to completely mind fuck someone into a docile submissive sex slave, let alone strong independent women, like Heather and Ms. Tigs?

Tim realized that many things can be accomplished with mind control tech. Like using it on any suspicious individual, and making sure that even if someone finds out, they are silenced in the most perfect way, by making them forget or taking over their mind.

After another dreadful day at work, Tim decided he has to check it out. He booked the cheapest weekend flight he found, and a flight back two hours later. He checked in 10 hours before his flight and found The Spiral Lounge. It looked like the sort of

place that made any regular person feel like it's too rich for their blood, which was probably the point, to make sure no one accidentally goes inside for no reason.

After three hours of stalking the place, in which Tim decided to never become a private eye, he finally spotted a couple about to walk in. Tim could see they weren't romantically involved. There was no hand holding or kissing, and the woman gave a stranger passing by a very sexy smile, and a come hither look.

Tim got closer to them so he could hear what they were saying.

"The Spiral Lounge? Are you sure we can afford it? It looks expensive." The woman said.

"Don't worry about the price, it's on me." The man said.

"Wow!" She said, amazed.

"You're such a great friend! I can't believe it, this place looks like a deluxe 5 star hotel or something."

"After that horrible breakup you had, I figured you needed a queen's treatment to cheer you up." He told her.

"It's official" She said "You're much better than any of my girlfriends. All they wanted to do was talk about it and offer me ice cream and booze. You're the best!"

"Aren't I?" He said in jest "Let's go in."

She walked inside and Tim clearly saw him staring at her ass and then rolling his eyes. Tim couldn't blame that dude. She was beautiful, and she obviously had him locked deep within the notorious "friend zone" with no chance of parole.

While waiting for the couple to come out, Tim saw a man coming out with two women on his arms. He didn't seem like the kind of man who could get two women like that, but they left in a hurry and Tim couldn't follow them. Tim almost fell asleep when finally the two friends came out again, only this time they didn't look like two friends at all.

The two walked right next to each other, and as Tim drew closer to hear them, the man placed his hand on her ass. She didn't voice any objection or complaint.

“Your ass is just perfect.” Tim heard the man say.

The woman's response made Tim's heart leap with joy, and substantial shock.

“Thank you, master, my ass belongs to you.” She said

“Call me honey when we're in public.” The man said.

“As you wish, honey.”

“It's real...” Tim thought to himself, and immediately started planning his next move.

A few weeks later, Tim sat at another staff meeting. He was even more depressed than before. He just couldn't come up with a way to fool any of his co-workers to come into the duty-free section in the airport. How do you invite a co-worker on a flight, anyway? Especially when most of them hate you? Tim was sure Ms. Tigs will fire him any day now, too. He felt so desperate...

“And I think we should use this extra piece of income to invest in our own advertisement, to hook in some more small businesses from around here.” Ms. Tigs said.

“That's a brilliant idea, Ms. Tigs.” Tina said.

Tina really pissed Tim off, even more than Heather. She was the definition of an ass kissing doormat. Tim was sure Ms. Tigs had Tina's tongue tattooed on her bottom cheeks. Tina even once told Tim that she thought Ms. Tigs was too harsh on him, and that feminists like her and Heather give all rational feminists a bad name. She could have really helped Tim if she could ever dislodge her tongue from the boss's behind. That's why Tim hated her so much.

“Actually,” Meredith said “Considering our current work load, none of us can take additional customers. We'd be better off saving that money, or investing it in giving our current customers better service. It is a much more feasible approach, and in the end, more financially beneficial.”

Meredith was always the voice of rational thought and logic, and usually backed that up with numbers and statistics. She was kinda like a female human Spock, with social skills.

“Well, that logic is certainly hard to argue with.” Ms. Tigs said “But this time you're wrong. New business is always better than the hope of expanding old business. You'll all have to work harder when we get the new clients, that's all. Understood?”

Meredith stared at her, obviously trying to calculate whether to drop it or not.

“Yes, ma'am” She said, after realizing Ms. Tigs won't be convinced.

“Don't grouch, maybe there will be a promotion for one of you ladies thanks to it.” Ms. Tigs said, emphasizing the 'ladies' part to ensure Tim got the message.

“Okay, time for some real business. We need to come up with an idea for a dishwasher soap commercial. This is a big client, so we will brainstorm together, right now.”

“How about this” Heather said, she was always the first to offer an idea “An expedition explores the jungle searching for the secret of cleanliness. They are surrounded by bright green and blue colors, and when they find the product in the most amazing heart of the forest, a commentator says the name of the product and some slogan about it. Throw in some sparkly graphics and bang, we have a commercial.”

Tim wanted to say the idea was irrelevant and childish, but held his tongue, knowing the consequences of such an action.

“Maybe they can be an archeology team, searching for a lost treasure, and finding the ancient wisdom of, I don't know, dishwashing or something...” said Jennifer, the second youngest employee in the firm.

“That could work.” Gina agreed. She was twenty-nine, and slightly more experienced than both Jennifer and Heather.

“I guess that keeps the viewers guessing about what the product might be, until the end of the commercial. Could be a good tactic to keep them watching.” Heather agreed.

“Sounds great to me.” Katy agreed.

Tim was pissed at how Katy was treated by Ms Tigs, as well. She made no contributions other than agreeing and validating the ideas of others, and everyone in the office knew her real aspiration was to become a model. And yet Ms. Tigs never so much as remarked the fact Katy isn't productive at all. Katy was an extremely hot 22 year old, though, so Tim couldn't be too mad at her.

After hearing Katy's last remark, Tim couldn't help but roll his eyes, and Ms. Tigs noticed.

“What about you, useless lump, what do you think?” She asked him, using her favorite nickname for him.

Tim decided to screw it all and just go for it. He took a deep breath, and shared his thoughts.

“I think most people hate commercials that feel disconnected from the product being advertised. It's like all those cell phone commercials that show a happy smiling family and claims it's related somehow to the quality of their reception. People treat such commercials with disdain and it creates a negative approach to the product in their subconscious, which is the opposite of what we want to achieve.”

Tim finished his well educated and professional rebuttal of Heather's ridiculous idea, and saw how angry it made her, as if she was mad he even dared to open his mouth. Really, he would quit if he didn't need the money. He was the most qualified for the job, and they all made him feel like his opinion is meaningless and stupid. Well, not this time. He will go down swinging, if he had to.

“Nice speech.” Heather said “Can you do anything else other than shoot down other people's ideas, I wonder?” She added, smugly.

“I was wondering that as well.” Ms. Tigs said, looking like a tiger about to pounce on a prey.

“Yeah, we would love to hear it!” Tina unglued her tongue from the boss's ass and said.

Tim had thought of a perfect idea. It wasn't too original, but the first you learn in advertising is to not let an obsession with being original ruin the appeal of the product.

“A woman is washing the dishes at the sink, and they are particularly dirty. She's upset because she's going to miss her favorite soap opera, and is rubbing a plate frantically, without success. Then, someone, we can decide his identity later, comes to her and gives her the product. The plate becomes shiny and clean with one swift motion, and it ends with her watching TV and praising the product. Then...” He wanted to continue, but Heather interrupted.

“Oh, you forgot to say that she needs to be hot and show some cleavage, pig!” She yelled “Why does it always go back to chauvinistic stereotypes with you?”

“Maybe because you're so preoccupied with thinking everything a man says is a chauvinistic stereotype!” Tim exploded.

“Oh, yeah?” Heather said, raising her voice again “Then tell me - why is the woman the one washing the dishes? Huh? And why is she only concerned about some soap opera and about washing the freaking dishes?!” She stood up from her chair in a dramatic fashion.

Tim stood up as well, and said “Because in most households today women are in charge of shopping, even when the man goes to the shop! Because missing a TV show you like because of a chore is a problem we all face in our lives, and because soap operas are extremely popular!”

“That's bullshit!” She said “Your idea is just taking advantage and reinforcing the image of women as nothing but house keepers who should shut up and stay at home all day! That's exactly the image we should be trying to end in today's age!”

“Well, I'm sorry, I thought the purpose of the feminist movement is for women to have the right to choose. Apparently, it's to force all women to make the choice *you* prefer, and shame them if they choose to be stay at home moms!” Tim felt an angry vein in his neck.

“There it is!” She said “Now we see where you're really coming from! You would love to have women make that choice, wouldn't you? Along with the choice to put their tits and asses on display!”

“I don't care!” Tim said “It's their choice to make! You're just mad because your so called 'fight' is fucking irrelevant!”

“Irrelevant?!” She was aghast “Women are still being paid less than men on average! There are still less women in the work force than men, and less women in powerful positions and politics!” She took a breath, and continued her rant.

“There are still plenty of men who parade beautiful young women down the street like trophy bitches! As if they are nothing but a piece of ass!”

“The point is: nobody is forcing them to do it, Heather! And if you wanna talk about salary, how about we compare my meager paycheck to yours! Woman!” Tim said, and immediately regretted it.

“*PIPE DOWN!*” Ms. Tigs yelled, stopping the heated exchange. She turned to Tim.

“First of all, if you've got a problem with your paycheck, you're welcome to leave. It is a reflection of your poor contribution to the creative process. Second of all, the fact yelling erupt in this table just when you start talking show me that perhaps you're a malignant tumor, rather than a benign one, so watch your step.”

Tim expected Ms Tigs to take Heather's side, but wasn't prepared to be compared to cancer.

“I agree with Heather.” She said “We don't want to immortalize such an chauvinistic image of women. Tim does have a point about the whole archeological expedition idea, though.” Tim was shocked she even gave him any credit.

“Monica, what do you think?” Ms Tigs barked at Monica, the shy and meek twenty-four year old.

“Uhm...I...” Monica started to mumble.

She wasn't what you would expect from someone working at an advertising firm, but she sometimes had good ideas, when you

actually forced her to speak.

“Maybe, we can change Tim's idea a bit.” She said, her cheeks starting to flush a bit.

“We can have a man do the dishes, and change the soap opera for a sports game.” She said, seemingly afraid of the outburst to come.

“I like it.” Heather said, to Tim's anger and shock.

“It's settled, then. This is called meeting in the middle, Timothy.” Ms. Tigs said “Heather and Monica, you take on this contract. Use Tim if you need him, and if he hasn't been fired yet.” Tim was used to such threats, so he didn't say a word.

What he wanted to say was “How is this a good middle ground? Targeting men with a sports game stereotype? For all the men who actually decide on which cleaning products to buy?! It's ridiculous! And why was Heather assigned to it? The idea was mine and Monica's!” But, the moment has passed, and Ms. Tigs continued to the next issue.

“Now, the next subject should cheer you up nicely.” She said, though Tim doubted it.

“Because we've been doing so well recently, I've decided we should go on a nice weekend vacation as a team, to relax and strengthen our bonds.”

Everyone looked at her with disbelieving eyes.

“What are you staring at me like that? I have a cabin in Aspen that can house up to ten people, and I wouldn't have it if it wasn't for the great success of this company that I own, and its employees.”

“Aspen?! Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!” Jennifer shot up and jumped happily.

“We're going on a ski trip in Aspen!” Gina joined.

“You're the best boss ever!” Tina added.

“Don't get too excited, I will not be covering all of your expenses.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Here comes the stick” Tim mumbled quietly..

“Like I said,” She continued “This is a thank you for your work. So, of course, I will be covering your ticket expenses based on your productivity. Here, it's all written here.” She handed out a page with their names and percentage of coverage.

It didn't surprise Tim a bit...

Monica, Heather, Tina, and Jennifer had all their expenses paid, one hundred percent. Gina and Meredith had ninety-five percent cover. Katy had eighty-five percent. At least it let Tim know Ms. Tigs noticed how unproductive Katy really was. Not that Katy cared. She never intended to continue working there for long, anyway.

Tim, on the other hand, had a big fat zero on his. It was cruel and eternally annoying. It was disrespectful and demeaning, but Tim didn't care. He was probably more thrilled than the rest of them combined.

They were taking a plane to Aspen, which means they'll all be at the airport together, in the duty free section, where The Spiral Lounge is. He was trying so hard to come up with an excuse to get even one of them to come there with him, so he could enslave them one or two at a time. With this, he can take them all at once.

“Everyone okay with these numbers, I hope?” Ms. Tigs said, in an “I don't really care” kind of way.

They were all looking at Tim, assuming he must be about to burst.

“Yeah, sure.” Tim said, trying to hide his happiness and appear as broken as they all expected him to be.

“That's it then. It's late. Go home and stop bothering me.” Ms. Tigs said, and the meeting was adjourned.

Tim was so excited on the day of the flight, he barely slept. He got to the airport five hours early and checked in. He waited for two hours before the girls arrived, and practiced what he will say like a thousand times.

No matter how prepared he thought he was, what he saw managed to surprise him.

“Oh, here's the useless lump.” Ms. Tigs said when she saw him.

“Hey, girls.” He said “Who's that?”

“It's my daughter, so hands off.” Ms Tigs said.

Tim tried not to stare, but the eighteen year old teen was certainly a knockout.

“Nice to meet you. I'm Ana Tigs.” She said with a cute smile.

“Don't be so sure. He's a pig.” Heather said, and Tim frowned at her.

“Timothy Vinegold, it's a pleasure. And don't listen to this harpy here.” He said at Heather's general direction.

“Was that directed at Heather or me?” Ms. Tigs said.

“Yes.” Tim plainly said, making the young Ana laugh.

“He's funny, mom.” She said.

“Don't you get any ideas, honey.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Great advice, mommy!” Ana said sarcastically “But I want to get to know him if we're going to work together at some point.”

“What's that?” Tim said, having a flashback from about half a dozen porno movies.

“Oh, Now that Ana is done with high school, I'm going to hire her as an intern, and see if she fits in the company.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Oh...” Tim said “Well, that's fantastic. I'm happy for you!” He said, although inside he raged about the obvious nepotism.

“Thanks!” Ana said with a shiny smile that Tim couldn't stay mad at for too long.

“Anyway girls. Have I got a treat for you.” Tim said, and started the routine he practiced to get them all to The Spiral Lounge without suspicion.

## Chapter Two

“The Spiral Lounge?” Jennifer said, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes,” Tim said “It's the most exclusive, expensive, and luxurious VIP airport lounge. You have no idea the strings I had to pull to get us in here.”

“I'm surprised a useless lump like you has any strings to pull.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Mom, why are you being so mean to him?!” Ana asked her mother.

“I'm not being mean, I'm being truthful. If you want to make it in life, you need to learn the value of getting your way, even at the expense of hurting feelings.” The cruel bitch told her daughter, who rolled her eyes at her mother's words.

“Let's get in, then. This should be fun!” Katy said enthusiastically.

“Yeah, let's. And let's hope your precious strings weren't strained for no reason, lump.” Ms. Tigs said, and followed the other girls walking into the lounge.

“I'm sure you're not a useless lump. Don't let my mom's harshness get to you” Ana winked at him.

“Oh, trust me, I've worked under your mother for quite a while. An elephant would look at me with jealous eyes and say 'Jeez, I wish my skin was that thick.', and I truly wish I was kidding...”

Ana giggled cutely, touched his shoulder, and said “You're funny.”, before following her mother into the lounge.

“Still, don't let her get to you.” She said, looking back at him with a smile.

Looking at her perfect teen ass sway as she walked away, Tim wasn't sure if she was really trying to be nice, or if she was using him as some teen rebellion against her mom. Either way, it didn't make him back down from his original intention. Even if Ana Tigs is not a horribly cruel bitch like her mother, she will share

her fate. Not because Tim believed that children should pay for the sins of their parents, but mostly because she was so damn sexy.

Tim walked in and stood in front of the lounge reception desk, where a middle aged man sat in front of a computer. He looked away from the nine girls in front of him, and his eyes set on Tim.

“Hmm, so I guess you are with these lovely ladies, as well?” He said with a sly smile.

“Indeed, I am.” Tim said, with a broad smile.

“You do realize entrance to this lounge is quite pricy, especially with such a large group.” The man said, staring at the girls.

“Oh, I'm aware of the price.” Tim said.

“And here I thought you pulled some strings.” Ms Tigs said “I certainly hope you don't expect the company, or me, to reimburse you as gratitude for this little lounge experience.”

“Don't worry about that, boss.” Tim said, hoping it was the last time he referred to her as such.

“Very well, then.” The man said “If you would please come with me, ladies, your deluxe treatment is waiting.”

“Just the ladies?” Heather said suspiciously “What about him?” She stared at Tim with narrow eyes.

“Oh, well, you see” The man said “We have learned, over the years, that when it comes to lounge experience, men and women prefer different things, and are much happier to be catered separately.”

“Well, that explains a lot...” Tina said “Let me guess, you have a bunch of half naked waitresses in the male lounge, or a stripper?”

“Now we know why Tim brought us here, indeed.” Meredith said with her usual know-it-all tone.

Tim didn't respond. If what his uncle told him was true, he honestly didn't care anymore what they all thought.

“None of that, I assure you.” The man said, walked over to a nondescript door, unlocked it, and motioned the girls inside.

“This had better be worth it...” Tim heard Gina mumble.

As the last of them entered, the man swiftly closed the door behind them.

“Hey, this place is all dark, what gives?!” Tim heard Ana's distant voice say, just as the man returned to his desk, pressed a few keys on his computer, and pressed enter. There were no more voices coming from that room after that.

“Now, then.” the man said “I certainly hope you weren't kidding about understanding the price. Our process is quite expensive, and we have ways of getting back at those who try to steal from us.”

“Oh, I certainly understand it, don't worry.” Tim said, and handed the man a check for an incredible amount “It wasn't easy, but after...” Tim started.

“No, I don't want to know, lad.” The man said “The important thing is that you have the money.”

He placed the check on his desk with a smile.

“Your name?” He asked Tim “We need it for the last stages of the process. Also, your relation to them might help.”

“Oh, right. It's Timothy Vinegold, and I work with eight of them, the young one is my boss's daughter.” Tim said, already feeling the erection he saved for this very day.

“Very well, then.” The man responded.

He pressed another button, opening a hidden door behind him

“Go right in, lad, to the 'male' lounge, hehehe.” The man said creepily, rubbing his hands together

“Your order will be ready in a short while.”

“Wait” Tim said “Where does this door lead, then?” He asked the man, pointing at the supposed entrance to the 'male' lounge.

“A place that looks like a luxurious dentist office with lots of dirty magazines. Just in case someone gets curious.” He said slyly.

“I see...” Tim said, quite impressed at the forethought, and then realizing such a business wouldn't have survived if they

weren't at least competent at predicting such simple problems.

“Come on, son! Go ahead and have some fun.” The man said “Heh, first timers. I always enjoy seeing your nervous jitters. Don't be shy, you're a winner among winners, now.”

“Winner?” Tim asked.

“Oh, I saw the way you looked at that big boobed bitch. I could almost taste the venom, and I can recognize an evil ball buster from miles away. Don't worry, Once her 'education' is over, I'm sure she'll be happy to apologize to you, and your balls, of course, for any past transgression. hehehehe”

Tim swallowed nervously and walked in, hearing the door shut behind him.

Before him, he saw a sight that almost made his cock tear through his pants. Inside the lounge, there were at least five hot waitresses taking orders, wearing nothing but a belt where they placed a pen and paper to write the orders down.

There were two main sections to the lounge, separated with a small staircase. On the lower level there was a cluster of small round tables that can probably sit three people at most. There patrons sat, drank and chatted, while their main 'orders' served them.

There was an old man with a hot blonde that couldn't be over 20 bent over his lap, and he spanked her with vigor Tim hoped he'll have when he's that age. At another table, a man sat with his legs on a smoking hot redhead, while receiving a double blowjob from two petite dark haired girls, and sipping champagne from his glass.

“Welcome to the Spiral lounge, sir.” A beautiful naked woman with platinum blonde hair, and pierced nipples said. Tim didn't even notice the row of women standing at the side of the room, apparently meant to greet patrons upon entry.

“Would you like to use any of these slaves until your main order arrives? They are all at your complete disposal.” She added.

“Including you?” Tim said, staring at her tits.

“Of course, sir. This one will be happy to serve you.” She noticed Tim was hardly listening, staring at her gravity defying perky tits “You can touch them if you want, sir. This one exists for your enjoyment.” She said plainly, as if it was the most mundane thing to say.

Tim didn't need to hear more. He grabbed both her tits, and fondled them to his heart's content. He grabbed her by her nipple rings, and started checking the row of obedient slaves before him, while dragging her after him with her piercings.

It was a hard choice, but he went with that first blonde and a young brunette who had the face of an angel.

“Okay, uhm, let's go take a sit.” He said, and started walking.

“Yes, master.” Both girls said in unison.

While deciding where to sit, trying not to stare too much at the action the other patrons were involved in, he looked up to the upper deck. From there, he could tell there were some sofas there, and nice warm lighting. He could also see the upper half of at least one girl riding her master's cock with a dazed look.

“Thank you for fucking me, master.” One of the girls shouted “I'm so sorry I tried to talk my sister out of dating you! Our wet cunts are all yours to enjoy! Ahhh...”

Tim tore himself from the wonderful sight, realizing he had two beautiful hostesses to sate his raging hard on, and not wanting to waste a single moment longer.

“Hey, you!” The man getting the double blowjob called out “You're a first timer, aren't you?” Tim walked over to him with a shy nod.

“Well, have a sit and have some fun.” He said “Nothing takes the shyness away better than a blowjob from a hot girl. But I'll let you give your slaves your own orders.”

Tim sat down, and decided to take the helpful advice.

“You.” He told the angel faced brunette “Blow me with that perfect face of yours.”

“It will be this one's pleasure, master.” She said, and immediately dropped to her knees. Feeling her tongue and lips caress the length of his shaft was heavenly.

“Oh, wow...” Tim said, lost for words.

“Them being mindless adoring sex slaves really increases the blowjob quality, actually.” The man said to Tim.

“*Ohhh?* And why's. *Ohhh.* That? *Aahhh*” Tim asked.

“Think about it.” The man said “As much as the devoted mind fucked little sex toys want to focus solely on their master's pleasure, they still get all tingly in their wet cunts, when you fuck them. When they blow you, there's nothing to distract them from fixating on pleasing you. Isn't that right, little bitch?” He said, and patted one of the girls blowing him on the head.

“Yes, master. I am eternally devoted to pleasing you. My own pleasure is meaningless.” She said.

“I guess you're right.” Tim said, getting used to the wonderful treatment his cock was getting.

“Hey, your slave didn't referred to herself as 'this one', why's that?” Tim asked the man.

“Oh, that's just for female lounge employees. I don't really understand why, but they get stripped of all their memories and individuality, as well as their free will.” The man answered.

“Oh, I see. Oh damn! I wanted this load to go on that annoying bitch! Ahhhh” Tim said as he came inside the accommodating mouth sucking his cock.

“This one is sorry, master, she will accept any punishment.” The angel faced young woman said, with a slither of cum dripping from her lower lip to her chin.

“It's okay. You have some cum on your chin.” Tim said, still amazed by where he is, and what he just did, as she licked her face clean.

“So, who did you bring for your first time in the lounge.” The man asked.

“My boss and seven coworkers, and my boss's teen daughter.” Tim answered.

“Whoa! Nine bitches for the first time! Usually first timers bring two girls at most.” He said, eyes wide with surprise, or perhaps because he just came on the tits of his slavegirls.

“Where did you get the money?” He asked Tim “I mean, don't get me wrong, but you don't seem like you have the money for nine cunts at one go. Although I suppose everything's possible....”

“Oh, I sold my car and took a second mortgage on my house.” Tim said, and the man looked at him with a crooked, unbelieving look.

“Okay, okay. I took an extra loan from the bank, as well.” Tim added “But I figured my boss and the other girls have enough money and assets to cover for my expenses. They're all single and live alone. You know, except for my boss who lives with her eighteen year old daughter.”

“Smart kid.” The man said “Most newbies fail to see the financial potential in owning slaves. The first thing I do is have them deplete their accounts to mine. Usually it's enough to cover for my next visit here. Actually, that reminds me, you bitches need to transfer ownership of all your money and assets to me.” He told the three girls.

“Anything you say, master.” the girl he used as a foot stool said.

“In fact, let's go do it now. I've already used you, and my flight takes off in an hour, come on bitches. And make yourself presentable for the outside world.”

“Yes, master.” The three chimed together.

The three of them covered themselves up properly, while the man pulled his pants up and re-zipped.

“I'm sure I'll be seeing you again, buddy. My name's Roger Burton. Have fun.” The man said with a smile.

“You too.” Tim said “And I'm Timothy Vinegold, but you can call me Tim.”

“See you some other time, Tim.” The man said, and prompted his three slaves to start moving with a sharp spank. Tim saw him

walk away with two of the girls at his side, grabbing their asses as they walked.

“Wow, this Is better than I thought.” He mumbled, as he felt his erection resurrecting.

One of the serving ladies approached Tim.

“This one is sorry to disturb you, sir” She said “The manager would like to know whether you'd like your order dressed as they arrived, or wearing something more befitting of their new status in life?” She asked.

“Oh, definitely something more befitting.” Tim answered immediately.

“Anything specific, sir?”

“Tell your managers to use their best judgment.” He told her.

“Yes sir. This one is sorry to have disturbed you. Your order will be ready in a few minutes.” She said.

“Hold on a sec.” Tim said.

“Yes, sir?”

“Can I perhaps see the process carried out on my order?” Tim asked hopefully.

“Certainly, sir.” She answered “Though not directly. You can always watch the conditioning room on channel triple zero on the TV” She pointed at the big screen TV that hanged on the wall.

“Oh, fantastic.” Tim said and grabbed the remote from a nearby table “Do you mind?” He asked the old man who was still busy spanking his blonde slave.

“Not at all! Go ahead, son.” He said, ushering yet another barrage of swats on his grateful slave's reddened ass.

Tim changed the channel and saw the line of nine hot women, dazed, blank and mesmerized.

It was the most amazing thing Tim ever saw.

“I'm a sex toy.” The women said.

“I'm a love doll.”

“I'm a worthless sex slave.”

“I will spread my legs whenever my master wishes.”

Tim's jaw dropped as he watched the serious career women parrot words of submission and devotion to him.

“Beautiful sight, isn't it?” The old man said “Which of these are yours?”

“All of them” Tim said proudly.

“Impressive.” The man said, spanking the young blonde again.

“Will her ass ever return to its original color after all this spanking?” Tim asked, half kidding.

“From my experience, yes. And trust me, I've got lots of experience! Haha!”

“I'm sure you do.” Tim said “So, who is she?”

“Oh, just some little bully bothering my grandson. She's his birthday gift.” He said, and spanked her again “And you will be a very good sex toy for him and his friends, won't you?”

“Yes, master. Thank you for punishing me. I hope to be a good sex toy for your grandson and his friends.”

“And I'm sure he'll be making new friends, once the head cheerleader becomes his adoring girlfriend.” The old man said, laughing, and smacking her ass some more.

“It seems two of your new toys are ready, sunny boy.” He said.

“What?” Tim asked and turned around to watch the screen.

Ms. Tigs and her daughter Ana were on their knees, bowing as if worshipping a god.

“Getting on their knees like that means the process is done. It takes longer for some bitches to comply with their education than others.” He told Tim.

“This one” He looked at his slave, and spanked her again “She went down in like 3 minutes, the worthless little bitch.”

Tim watched the screen as Ms Tigs and Ana left the room, probably to change. It really surprised him that Ms. Tigs was one of the weakest in the group.

“Goes to show you never really know people...” Tim mumbled.

“What's that?” The old man asked.

“Oh, nothing...” Tim said, and went back to his chair, letting the thoughts about what he'll do with his new slaves get 'little Tim' ready for some more action.

“Well, have fun.” The old man said, and continued abusing his teen slave.

A minute later, the mother and daughter duo walked into the lounge, wearing tiny bikini bras and tight black skirts that barely covered their twats. They both knelt before him.

“We are your sex toys, master.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Thank you for mind fucking us into being your slaves, master.” Ana said.

“The great and arrogant Ms. Tigs kneeling before me, ready to obey my every whim.” Tim said triumphantly.

“Yes, master. I understand my place now, master.” Ms Tigs said.

“Stand up, bitches.” Tim said, and picked them both up with their tits, making them squeal.

“Oh, yeah!” He said as he squeezed Ms. Tigs's soft gigantic boobs “I've always wanted to play with these floatation devices you call breasts. I think I should call you Ms. Tits from now on!”

“Thank you so much, master. Oh!” She yelped as Tim slapped her tits with the back of his hand.

“You can call me anything you like, master.”

Tim started fingering both of their pussies “Now, which cunt will I fuck first?” He asked rhetorically, already knowing the answer.

He took his pants off, and sat down on his chair.

“Ana, get your hot tight pussy over here and ride my cock.”

“Yes, master. “ Was all she said, before spreading her legs over his cock. He grabbed her ass just as she plunged down, and he moved his hands to determine the pace of the hot teen's bouncing ass.

“Look at that, Tits! I'm fucking your hot little girl! Haha!” He told Ms. Tigs, and grabbed her tits while Ana rode him as hard as

she could.

“Thank you so much for using her for your pleasure, master.” Ms. Tigs said.

“Beg me to fuck you like I fuck your daughter.” He told her.

“Please fuck me, master. Please use my cunt like you're using my daughter's worthless pussy. We exist for your pleasure, master!” She said, making Tim increase the rhythm of his banging of the young and barely legal Ana.

“You were always such a fucking hard-ass bitch. I think you need to properly tenderize your ass before I fuck you. Spank your worthless ass until I tell you to stop!”

“Yes, master. I will smack my hard ass for your pleasure, until I earn the right to be fucked by you.” She said, lifted her tiny skirt, turned around to give Tim a good view of her ass, and started spanking herself hard.

It was an amazing feeling, fucking his bitchy boss's daughter while watching her spank her ass for him.

“Tell me what you are, Ana!” He ordered her.

“I'm your slave-bitch, master! Your cumslut! Your brainwashed fuck-puppet!” She moaned as she uttered the truths she hoped would please her master.

“I'm your slut-doll, master! I'm a soft tight piece of ass for you to enjoy!”

“I'm gonna cum!” Tim said “Beg me to cum inside you.” He told the tight teen riding his cock.

“Please, master, cum inside of me. I exist to please you. I'll spread my legs for you whenever you wish. My cunt, my ass, my mouth, and my tits are all yours! Please, cum inside of my tight and obedient pussy!”

With that, Tim blew his load inside of Ana, with a happy groan.

“Thank you, master.” Ana said, as Tim stood up to give Ms. Tigs a few spanks of his own, discarding the hot teen after using her, and dropping her to the floor. She didn't mind at all.

Just then, seven other hot women came in, ready to follow his every command and fulfill his every desire.

“No need to kneel” Tim told his new slave-bitches as they began to bend their knees.

“Just show me your tits. All of you.” He said.

“Yes, master.” Seven voices said in unison, adding to the spanking of Ms. Tigs in the background, making Tim's cock shoot up again almost immediately.

He started with Heather, fondling and squeezing her tits, and then grabbing her by the cheeks with his hand, bringing her face close to his.

“Now, then, Ms. High and mighty, I think you should revise what you said about my idea to use a woman to advertise that dishwasher soap”

“Yes, *nn!* Master.” She said, finding it hard to speak normally with her cheeks clenched in his hand.

“Women are nothing but pieces of ass to be used to advance the status of men, master. I would be honored to be walked down the street like a trophy bitch for you, master.”

“And what are these for?” He asked, squeezing her tits with his free hand.

“For your pleasure, master. My tits are yours.”

“And what about your salary compared to men? Huh?!” He asked.

“Pieces of property don't need a salary, master.” She said, as Tim moved to Meredith.

“What do you think, Meredith?” He asked.

“It would be like paying your couch a salary for sitting on it, master.” She responded.

“Hah! Couldn't have said it better, You were always a great voice of reason, Mer.” Tim mocked her.

“Thank you, master.”

“Get on your knees, slaves, all of you.” He commanded.

“Yes, master.” This time there were nine voices responding in unison, as young Ana and her mother also knelt, Ms. Tigs never

stopping her spanking, even for a second.

“You all have such perfect tits. So round and large. It's the best thing about you, really.” He said, as he placed his cock between Katy's boobs.

“Thank you, master.” The former aspiring model said “My body exists for your pleasure.”

“Make sure to lick the tip while I titfuck you.”

“Of course, master. As you wish.”

Tim continued his round and fucked all of their luscious boobs, enjoying the verbal humiliation as well as the physical one.

It was only then that he noticed slithers of blood running down from Ana's wet and well fucked cunt.

“Holy shit! You were a virgin?!” Tim was positively shocked.

“Yes, master. I was.” She answered casually, as if he asked her if she was ever at a pool.

“Why didn't you tell me?” Tim asked.

“I'm sorry, master. I'm your sex toy. I didn't think it was relevant.” She responded.

“Oh, it was.” He said “But I forgive you, just because you were nice to me before. Unlike these bitches.” He said, causing a moan of worried arousal among his devoted whores.

They were obviously quite regretful at the way they treated their master before, and he loved seeing it.

“Speaking of someone who wasn't totally mean to me.” He said, standing before the kneeling Monica, his cock touching her lips “But I've got a feeling that's just because of your shyness.”

“Here's your reward.” He said “Tongue out.”

“Yes, master.” She took her tongue out.

Tim started slapping her tongue and cheeks, having fun with using her face like his own cock pleasing device. Then, Tim shoved his cock in Monica's mouth, and started face fucking her ferociously, feeling her nose on his crotch every time he thrust in. Tim really enjoyed looking at her face, and hearing her gagging

as he ravaged her. Spit quickly covered the floor from her sloppy mouth.

Tim shoved her head away with a wet plop, and moved to Ms Tigs.

“Maybe you still haven't earned having my cock in your cunt, but I feel like fucking your dirty mouth right now.”

“Thank you mash-*mmh!* *Mlp!* *Umph!*” She started saying, but found verbally adoring her master quite difficult with a mouth full of cock.

“Oh, yeah!” Tim exclaimed while giving her the fiercest face fucking possible “This is what you get for all the bitchy insulting things you told me with this sloppy mouth!”

With that, Tim pulled out of her mouth and came all over her tits.

“Tina, you ass kissing bitch, lick the cum from her tits like you always wanted to do.”

“Yes, master. I exist to please you, master. I'll do anything for your pleasure.” Tina said.

“Hah! Even as a slave you're trying hard to be a better kiss-ass. Your lack of spine in front of this bitch always pissed me off!”

“I'm *\*Lick\** So sorry *\*Lick\**, master.” She said, slurping the cum from her boss's tits.

Tim then had Ana and Jennifer make out a little bit, before realizing their flight is leaving shortly.

“Damn, I lost track of time. Get some presentable clothes on, bitches. We've got a plane to catch!” He said, thrilled by the idea of spending a weekend in a private house in snowy Aspen, with his brand new harem of previously bitchy sex toys.

They all wore yoga pants that emphasized their perfect asses. Tim remembered to tell Ms. Tigs to stop spanking herself right before leaving the lounge. He had his hands on Ana and Katy's asses as they walked to their gate, telling the other bitches to walk before him, and to shake their asses to give him a great view. On the plane, Tim helped his “co-workers” join the mile-

high club, taking them to the toilets in turn, and fucking their already mindless brains out.

Except for Ms. Tigs. He used her ass that time, still undecided if she deserved having her needy cunt fucked. He also enjoyed having her clean her ass off of his cock with her mouth when he was done.

It was the best flight he ever had. And the best day, to boot!

## Chapter Three

Tim promised to be the driver on the trip, but things changed dramatically since then.

“Go get the car.” He told Gina and sent her off with a spank.

“Yes, master.” She whispered, and walked away, shaking her ass from side to side.

“I'll never get tired of hearing that...” Tim said, still with his hands on two hot asses of his choice.

“We'll never get tired of saying it, master.” Ana said cutely. Tim decided to have Ana blow him throughout the journey, and fed her his load right before they arrived.

The cabin had no TV or internet connection, but Tim had a feeling he had enough to entertain him throughout the weekend.

“Okay, bitches I wanna see a pussy fight.” Tim told his bitches as they walked in. He had them choose sexy outfits and then fight each other in pairs for his enjoyment, occasionally telling them to make-out or sixty-nine each other, before returning to the fight.

The point wasn't to beat the other girl unconscious or something. It was to shake their luscious bodies, be sexy, and put on a great show for him. After an undetermined amount of time, Tim decided the winner, who gets to lick his balls and suck his cock while he watched the next match, while the loser was on her hands and knees, being a sexy spankable chair for her master.

Ms Tigs didn't participate in the contest, though, she was still spanking herself naked, outside in the cold, to make the swats even more painful. Katy and Ana were the top two bitches in the end of the game. For the final match, Tim decided they'll compete in sucking his cock.

So they knelt before him and gave him the best double blowjob they could. Having two sets of devoted tongues and lips on his cock was amazing, especially considering who the mouths belonged to. Well, they belonged to him, now, of course.

He came in Katy's mouth, marking her as the winner. She gulped his reward down, thanked her master profusely, and started cleaning his cock with the loser eighteen year old. After that, Tim was in the mood for another hot make-out session between the two, and had them lick and finger fuck each other on the bed, before joining them, fucking them, and falling asleep.

He woke up Saturday morning to the constant sound of spanking coming from outside.

"Oh, shit! I left that bitch naked outside!" He said, with three of his slaves giving him a morning wake-up blowjob.

"Tits!" He called for her "Come back in!"

The door was unlocked, of course, and she was exhausted and freezing. Regardless of the pain and discomfort she felt standing naked in the freezing cold, spanking herself, the thought of stopping and getting inside never crossed her mind.

She walked in with her lips vibrating uncontrollably. Her crimson colored ass in complete contrast with her pale frozen skin.

"sheesh, you're freezing." Tim said, squeezing her tits and pinching her steel hard nipples.

"You should thank me." He continued "If you weren't constantly spanking yourself, keeping you warm, you might have died of hypothermia."

"Thank you, master. My life is in your hands." She said, still shivering.

"I guess giving you a good fuck might warm you up. You still have to beg for it, though."

She got to her knees, and gave his cock a passionate kiss with her ice cold and shivering lips.

"Please, master. Fuck this freezing sex toy, she needs your cock to keep her warm."

"You were always an ice cold bitch." Tim said, but decided it was time.

"Bend over, whore."

"Yes, master!" She said happily.

He fucked her from behind, his hips smacking against her throbbing ass. Then, he had Ana kneel beside him, and alternated between fucking Ms. Tigs in her ass and pussy, and feeding his cock to her eager daughter. He ended up cumming on the freezing woman's ass, and had Katy lick her ass clean

Tim wasn't cruel enough to send Ms. Tigs outside right away. He had his slaves warm her up with their lips and tongues for a time, while he had Ana and Meredith lick his feet, and finger themselves while doing so.

After his slaves warmed up enough, he sent Ms Tigs to crawl around the forest and search for a proper stick to permanently shove up her ass while he spent a calm day of fun in bed with his other eight slaves. He really enjoyed cumming in their mouths and telling them to kiss each other and share his cum. It was even more fun to do the same with their pussies.

On Sunday, Tim decided to take care of some business. Luckily Ms Tigs was a premium customer at her bank, and could perform actions even on weekends.

“Yes, master! Please fuck me harder, master!” Ms. Tigs moaned, her legs spread on the kitchen table.

“Yes! *Ah!* Hello, this is Rachel Tigs, account number 45281876. I'd like to transfer control of my account to Mr. Timothy Vinegold, account number 27265156.” She said, trying not to sound as if she's being fucked hard.

“Yes, I'm sure. Get it done! My password is Ana1997Tigs and my mother's name was Alecia. Get it done already!” She screamed, and hung up the phone.

“Thank you for fucking me, master.” She moaned again.

“You're welcome, bitch. Come here, Ana, I wanna glaze your pretty teen face with my cum.”

“Yes, master.” The beautiful teen said, and got to her knees, waiting for her master to grace her with his load.

Later that day, Tim decided to take the time and go outside. He was never into skiing, but you can't spend a weekend in Aspen and stay indoors the whole time, even with a bunch of hot sex slaves. First, he had the girls make naked snow angels while he fucked their tits to warm his cock up.

Because now they were all quite cold, he took them all to the gigantic hot tub in the cabin, and checked how long they can breathe under water while sucking him off, among other things.

After that, he took his slaves to town, wearing more than just their birthday suits, of course. They wore the same yoga pants and tube tops that made their bodies look awesome and their asses seem nude. In town, he saw a flier calling for like minded women to join a feminist movement, which reminded him of Heather. He decided he didn't humiliate her enough just yet.

“Look at that, Heather.” Tim spanked her to get her attention.

“What, master?”

There were a bunch of young men hanging around, and Tim decided to teach those boys something about life, and teach Heather a proper lesson.

“I think you should put on a show for these boys over there. After all, what good are you if you don't have men to please with your young and tight body?” Tim told her, knowing such words would infuriate her old self.

“Yes, master. Thank you so much for letting me fulfill my purpose in life.”

She came closer to them, and started stretching, trying to touch her feet with her hands, so her bent over ass was right in their line of sight. They certainly noticed.

Tim watched the show while touching Katy's ass, and thought about the old Heather saying that women who wear tight clothes and bend over for men are slutty tramps.

One of the young men had the guts to approach her and spank her ass. He was about to run away when he noticed she started

wiggling her ass from side to side now.

“Don't be shy.” She said “I don't know what they told in school, but in real life women know the only way for them to survive is by shaking their merchandise until they get hitched by a man.”

“Dude! She's a fucking slut!” One of them said, and spanked her as well, before starting to dry hump her.

“Being a slut is a part of being a woman.” She said with a smile “Look at me. With a body like mine, why would I do anything other than shake my ass for men, and put my tits on display?”

They took Heather to the forest and stripped her. Tim followed with Ana and Meredith to keep him company. It was actually fun watching Heather being gang banged by a bunch of strange men, while she constantly declares how worthless women are, and how meek and obedient they should be. While watching, Tim stuffed Meredith's face with his cock, and fed her some of his cum.

By the time they were done it was early evening, and they simply left Heather lying naked in the snow with cum oozing from her every hole and sprayed all over her body.

Tim stood above her, and stepped on her cum covered tits with his boot.

“Well, I think this is a great ending to a fantastic weekend.” He said.

“Yes, master.” Heather said weakly “I'm glad I could please you. It's the most important thing in my life. I'm your property. My ass, cunt, tits, and mouth belong to you.”

Tim had her crawl back to the cabin slowly, and he watched her ass shake as the exhausted slave made one heavy step after another. When they arrived, he told her to wash herself.

He sat on the sofa and watched Tina lick Gina's cunt, while fucking Heather's face.

“You know, I really like Aspen.” He said, as he came in her mouth.

She held it, waiting for him to tell her where to put it.

“Keep it in your mouth the entire night.” He said “If you spill any or swallow any, I'll sell you to a pimp on skid row.”

She nodded meekly, and crawled away.

“Yeah, Aspen is great.” He said and fell asleep.

## Chapter Four - Epilogue

The weekend passed by quickly for Tim, for obvious reasons. And before he knew it, it was Monday and they were all back at work. There were many changes, obviously.

Tim now owned the company, and all the employees, of course. The dress code was very different. The female employees had to make sure to wear clothes that emphasize their best physical attributes, and must not wear anything that is too hard to remove or penetrate. They also must be shaved down there, of course.

Tim did end up hiring Ana Tigs, as a corporate dictation assistant, which was a fancy whitewashed way of saying office cock sucker.

His enacted a severe pay cut on his employees, which was officially reduced to minimum wage, so the authorities won't raise an eyebrow. Unofficially, they gave him all their "earnings", and moved in to live with him in his new house, which used to belong to Ms. Tigs. The women were all in the process of selling their houses, which promised to provide Tim with more than enough money to cover for his loans and mortgage.

Tim sat in his office, reading the company's financial records while wetting his cock with Ana's mouth, when Tina walked in, her boobs out.

"Would you like your eleven a.m. tit-fuck, master?" She asked.

"Wow, time flies." Tim said "Sure, it's properly lubricated thanks to Ana, you should thank her."

"Yes, master."

Tina knelt down next to Ana, and gave her a wet kiss on the mouth "Thank you, cock sucking slut." She said, and continued to perform her tit-fucking duties.

Later, as Tim walked around the office, he had fun telling Katy to twerk for him while working, and then found Heather at

the copying machine, fucked her ass roughly, and sent her crawling to Ms. Tigs so she can lick her asshole clean. He followed her to watch the show, obviously.

He decided to make the weekly meeting early to discuss a change in some of the advertising campaigns. Around the conference room sat one man, and six topless sex slaves. Ana was busy working on her master's cock under the desk, while Ms. Tigs and Jennifer used their tits as elbow cushions for their master. He enjoyed pressing his arms down and hearing their grateful moans of pain, as he used their tits like furniture.

“Okay” Tim started “First of all, the T&M clothing commercial. I called a model agency and got two hot ass bitches to promote it. The commercial will show an ugly version of them, and show them change to beautiful fuckable babes after putting the clothes on. Simple and straight forward.” He finished.

“What do you cunts think?” Tim said, pretending to care.

“Master,” Heather said “If this worthless cunt may speak freely. Do you really think such an approach will increase their sales?”

Tim got a little angry. Even now this bitch is trying to talk back.

“Of course, you stupid big boobed moron.” He said “It will make men buy the clothes to their women, and we all know that men make more money on average, right, bitch?”

“Yes, master, but...” She started

“But nothing, cunt.” Tim interrupted her “Tell me, are you a strong, independent feminist, or my personal sex toy meant to provide me with pleasure and entertainment?”

“I'm your sex toy, master. I'm so sorry, master!” She said with tears in her eyes.

“Good girl. Now go get me some coffee, and then I might fuck your ass on the table.”

“Yes master. Thank you master.” She said, and left the office to bring her master's coffee.

“What do the rest of you think?”

“Only what you want us to think, master.” Jennifer said.

“It's a brilliant idea, master.” Monica said.

“Men deserve seeing hot girls show some skin for their pleasure, it makes perfect sense, master.” Meredith added.

“Excellent. I've already talked with T&M and they were happy about the change.”

“As for the dishwasher soap commercial, I had a discussion with their CEO and we agreed on a better approach. A woman will be shown frustrated while washing the dishes, saying it takes so long and she already needs to make dinner. Then, she is given the product and shown happy and glowing while serving her man dinner. Any objections?” Tim asked.

“Will she be wearing what I wear when I'm washing the dishes at your home, master?” Gina asked.

“Oh, I think they will wear more than a skimpy apron, slave.”

“Yes, master.” Gina said, seeming disappointed.

“We also took up a body spray for men commercial. We will show a dork spraying it all over him, and have hot women fawn over him afterward.”

“Ingenious, master.” Heather said, and placed the coffee before her master.

“Thanks, bitch.” Tim said, and spanked her sharply, sending her to sit back down.

“Now, Jennifer and Heather, you'll come up with a new promotion for the J700 commercial. Gina and Tina, take the Squaker commercial. Monica and Meredith, you'll take a new client of ours, selling sex toys for men. And no, not your type of sex toys, the plasticized mechanized kind. Katy, you're fired.” Tim finished.

“Yes, master.” They all said. Katy wasn't even able to question Tim's decision.

“Katy, from now on, I'll keep you in my home as my pet. Go there now, and put on a leash.” He added.

“Happily, master.” She said, and left with a spring in her step.

“Before we start this meeting, I'd like to instruct you in your creative process. Show me those tits.” He told the already topless girls, and they all pushed their chests out proudly and emphasized their boobs for their master.

“Good girls. Remember, these soft bouncy cock pleasing toys are money makers, make sure to use them when advertising. And for another lesson, bend over the desk.”

The eight remaining girls bent over the desk, and wiggled their shapely asses seductively.

“These,” He spanked Tina and Meredith “Can also be good in luring customers.”

“Yes master.” Meredith said “Hot fuck meat like us will always be used to please men.

“Excellent.” Tim said, and continued to fuck the bent over girls one at a time, promising a raise to the girl that makes him cum. A meaningless raise, of course.

Tim decided that was a great way to end the weekly meetings from now on.

“Oh, how I wish I could advertise The Spiral Lounge as thanks for their service.” Tim said while fucking Ms. Tigs and pumping the stick in her ass in and out.

“I guess I'll have to find other ways to express my gratitude.” Tim said and laughed out loud, before he came deep inside his former bitch of a boss, heard her words of mindless adoration, and dismissed her like an overused sex doll.

He closed his eyes, and immediately came up with a fantastic slogan for the lounge that changed his life. The Spiral Lounge: For when you want your vacation to last a lifetime.

###

**Spiral Air – Rowdy Driving**

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter One

Jill and Willow sang along with the radio, ecstatic and thrilled on their way to the airport. The stereo was so loud that they probably couldn't hear themselves speak, but that was okay. After all, they'll be spending the next three weeks together, and the music made the adrenaline already coursing through their veins go into hyper-drive.

Willow, sitting in the passenger's seat, suddenly felt her phone vibrate. Looking at it, she immediately lowered the stereo's volume to a whisper.

"Hey, mom!" She answered enthusiastically.

"Yeah, I'm so excited for this trip!"

In a flash, her face went from smiling to begrudging.

"Yes, mom, I'll be careful." She said.

"Of course I won't do that! Come on, mom, have some faith in me!" She gasped, and Jill snickered at her with a mischievous smile.

Five minutes later, and many exasperated sighs from Willow, and she hung up the phone with a cheery "Love you too, mom."

"I can't believe she still doesn't trust me..." Willow said, shaking her head "I mean, what does she think we might do at your father's place, anyway?"

She placed the phone on her lap.

"Maybe that you'll finally cash in that V-card of yours, Willow." Jill said, looking at her friend from beyond her sunglasses. Willow responded with a shy frown, and looked down to her knees.

"Oh, come on, if you don't do it now you'll get to college a virgin, and nobody wants that! Well, except for your mom. It's time you meet the proper handy *Man*, and have that little issue sorted!"

"You're talking as if being a virgin is an affliction..." Willow said, rolling her eyes and staring out the car's window.

“Yes! And like many such things, denial is never the answer, Willow!” Jill said, looking at Willow and chuckling. Willow turned her head to smirk at her best friend, but then suddenly made a frightened gasp.

“Watch out!” She screamed.

A black car cut them off at the intersection, causing Jill to grab the wheel with both hands and jerk it right, mashing the breaks with her foot. She barely managed to balance the car in the lane before crashing and causing an accident.

Jill honked the horn frantically, yelling in blind rage.

“Fucking jerk! Did you see that?!” She turned to Willow.

“Yeah, that dude is fucking crazy! I can't believe he just cut us off like that...We could have died...”

The black car sped off as if the driver owned the road, and Jill stepped the gas pedal, accelerating well beyond the speed limit.

“What are you doing?” Willow asked nervously, as Jill cut between the lanes after the speeding black car.

“He's not getting away with this!” Jill said with madness in her eyes.

“What are you going to do, follow this maniac over the speed limit until we crash into him?! Are you insane?”

“I'm not going to crash into him, I'll just wait until he stops the car and...”

“And what?! We're going to the airport, and I'd rather not die in a fiery inferno before we've made it to London!”

That made Jill stop the craziness. She brought herself back to a proper driving mode, allowed the black car to escape, and looked at Willow from the corner of her eye.

“Right...London...About that...” She said.

“What about it?” Willow asked, breathing a sigh of relief as her life stopped flashing before her eyes.

Jill looked over to Willow, and spotted her phone, still on her lap. In a flash, she reached over to her friend on the passenger's seat, grabbed the phone, and threw it back.

“Hey! What gives?!” Willow asked, her phone out of her reach.

“Thing is, we're not really flying to London.” Jill said, trying to sound casual.

“Say what?” Willow asked, dumbfounded.

“You know how I told you and your parents and my mom that we are going to London, to spend our summer vacation with my dad, at his place?”

“Uh-huh...” Willow said, getting worried.

“And how I said I'll take care of all the arrangements, plane tickets, everything, and wouldn't let you even look at our itinerary?”

“Oh, no...” Willow said, burying her face in the palm of her hand.

“Well, it was a lie.” Jill finally said, looking sideways to her friend who seemed to be on the border between silent resignation and indignant fury.

Willow squinted her eyes at Jill, and took a deep breath.

“So where are we going?” She asked, her lips barely moving and her jaw clenched.

“See, I thought - Since this is our last summer vacation before college, and I've always tried to get the dormant party animal out of you...”

Jill smiled, but stopped when she saw Willow's face.

“Where. Are. We. Go-ing.” Willow said slowly, angrily pronouncing every syllable.

Jill swallowed hard, and opened her mouth to answer.

“Ibiza.” She said silently “You know, the greatest freaking party island in the whole world!”

Jill tried to infect her friend with her enthusiasm.

“What?! When were you going to tell me?”

“Umm...Right now?” Jill said innocently.

“My parents will never allow me to...” Willow started.

“I know! Which is why I had to lie! Look, we are starting college, and you are not ready for spring break, not by a long shot!”

And I know you might argue that college is for studying and stuff, but come on, we both know that's bullshit, right?"

Willow stared at her friend, speechless.

"Okay," Jill said with a smile "I'm glad we got that out of the way, we are going to have so much f..."

"*Are you out of your fucking mind?!*" Willow exploded.

"How do you expect us to even get away with this?! Did you just assume I would follow you to a 'party island' without question? What happens when we don't reach London and your dad calls your mom?! Do you have any idea the kind of trouble we'd be in?"

"Okay, Willow, just relax."

"Did you just ask me to *Relax?!?*" Willow erupted again.

"Yes! First of all, my dad is in on it, and he'll cover for us, so calm the fuck down."

"Oh..." Willow said "Talk about father of the year."

Jill smiled.

"See? So we won't be in any trouble. As for assuming you'll just come with me. Well, I've known you ever since I can remember, and yeah, I'm pretty sure you'll follow me down the path of party and booze. You know, we're allowed to drink over there, since we're over eighteen." she winked at Willow, who seemed to calm down significantly.

A moment of silence later, and Willow sang an entirely different tune.

"We're going to Ibiza?" She asked, and Jill nodded happily "Holy fuck, we're going to Ibiza! It's going to be so awesome!"

"And I'll make sure you meet a nice man to finally fuck your brains out before college! And you'll thank me!" Jill said.

"In your dreams!" Willow mocked.

"Oh, don't flatter yourself, Willow."

"Even when you plot a scheme like this, you have some ulterior motives. You would have made a great movie villain..." Willow said.

“Hold on, Jill, I spent the last two weeks planning our trip to London. I downloaded guides and checked opening times for all sorts of attractions, and...” She frowned.

“Oh, I know.” Jill smiled wickedly “It was quite enjoyable.”

“I take it back, you're worse than movie villains.”

“Oh, relax. Where we're going we don't need to do any day planning, other than sleep all day, wake up, and find the biggest party around!”

“If our parents find out, we're dead...”

“You are, maybe.” Jill said smugly “My dad is an accomplice, and you can be sure he'll take the heat from my mom, if we're found out.”

“Sometimes I'm jealous at you for having divorced parents, you know?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“You're enjoying it, aren't you?”

“More than you can imagine.” Jill said with a smile, and took the airport exit.

“It's good we had this talk, it took my mind off of that asshole who cut me off...”

## Chapter Two

Roger drove around the airport's parking lot, searching for a place to fill his black Jaguar.

“Oh, just like that, bitch...” He heard Vernon say on his phone's speaker.

“You were saying, Vern?” He said, rolling his eyes “Not that I don't enjoy hearing your moans of pleasure while your new toy blows you.”

“Heh, sorry about that, she gives the best head I've ever had. Stop it for now, slut.”

“Yes, master.” Roger heard a faint feminine voice.

“I'll give you a go at her when you're back. Anyway, I need you to go through those documents and make sure pages seven and eight aren't missing. We had a little mishap at the office and seems some of the copies came out with missing pages. Can't have you show up to the meeting like that, it would seem unprofessional.”

Roger stopped near some parked cars, still half into the road of the parking lot.

“And if I'm missing them, can't you just email them to me?”

“I could, but those are top secret, corporate documents, lots of bureaucratic hoops to jump through.”

“I see...”

Roger found the papers in question, and started flipping through the pages.

“You know, if I end up getting on the plane before visiting the lounge, it's on you, Vern.” He said.

“I always tell you, prepare some pussy in advance. You'd be surprised how easy it is to get loose college girls to just follow you on a weekend business trip across the world, as long as you dangle some money before their eyes and promise it won't cost them a thing, that is.”

“Nah, dude, I like scouting the airport for hot bitches, just about to get on a plane themselves. Nothing is easier, and I just love changing their plans for them.”

“Don't blame me if you can't find any, then.”

“Heh, whatever. Okay, I found it. Seems to be in order, Vern, all pages are present and accounted for.”

“Perfect. Have fun in Paris, and make sure to seal this deal.” Vernon said “I'm going to stuff my new toy's face with my cock.”

“Too much information, man...” Roger said “Hello?” He realized Vernon had already hung up.

“Wow, he's eager - Maybe I will try his new girl once I'm back...”

*\*BOOM\**

“Whoa! What the fuck!” just as Roger was about to move on, someone bumped his car from behind. He put the car in park, and got out, ready to explode.

“I don't fucking believe it...”

In the car that hit him sat two young women who couldn't be older than twenty. The black haired one opened the driver side door and got out in a rage. Her blonde friend seemed quite distressed, it was obvious she was the more introverted of the duo.

“Are you blind, girl?!” Roger shouted before she could say a single word.

“Me?! Do you think you own the road?! First you cut me off and almost make me crash, and now you sit in your car in the middle of the fucking road!”

“Cut you off...” Roger said, and then remembered “Ohh, you're the bitch who honked her horn and followed me for like five miles on the way here!”

“You'd better watch your fucking mouth...”

“Or what? You'll hit my car from behind? Do you have any idea how much that car is worth?! It's not a piece of third hand garbage college students buy for five-hundred dollars!” He said, looking at her car.

“Just so you know, this is my dad's car, and he will fucking kill you if...”

“Jill, come on, let's just exchange insurance information and move on, okay?” her blonde friend, just as nubile and petite as her, got out of their car and said, meekly. She obviously didn't enjoy the confrontation.

“Yeah, I hope you have insurance, wouldn't want to make your friend cry.” Roger said with an angry huff, and went to get his information from the glove compartment.

“Oh, trust me, the only one who might cry is you!” The back haired girl, Jill, shrieked after him.

“Do you know where the insurance stuff are, Willow?” Roger heard Jill ask the blonde.

“That's what I want to hear...” Roger mumbled as he took his papers out.

Both girls bent into the car to search all the compartments. His blood cooling a bit, Roger realized he might be able to make something good out of this ordeal. He stared at Jill's perfect ass wiggle as she frantically searched for the papers, and Roger casually moved to the other side of the car to check out her friend, Willow.

The blonde was just as lewd as her combative friend. It was as if the girls didn't realize how suggestive their bodies were at that moment, with their long legs straight as an arrow, and their pert behinds bent over, showing their subtle, soft curves to the world.

“Are you college students?” He asked, trying to pass the time, and maybe cool them down after the rather heated exchange.

Jill would have none of it, though.

“Shut up!” She screamed.

“Feisty...” He chuckled to himself.

“Yeah, we are.” Willow answered courteously, obviously preferring to be friendly, unlike her friend.

“We're starting next year. We just graduated high school.”

“Ohh my, well congratulations. It's the biggest step of your life, trust me on that.”

“Shut the fuck up!” Jill said in response, glaring at him.

“Jill, will you relax!” he heard Willow whisper to her friend.

Roger smiled to himself.

“fresh out of high school. Talk about hitting the jackpot. Well, if I ignore the massive dent to my car's trunk, that is...”

“Oh, fuck, my luggage is in there...” He realized.

“Maybe you should call your parents to ask...”

“Shut up you fucking asshole!” Jill didn't even let him finish the sentence.

Roger was starting to lose his temper.

“Hey, Jill, was it? You'd better learn some manners now that you're an adult, or I'll have to teach you a lesson the hard way!” He said, trying to remain calm.

“Sorry about that, sir, I'll get my phone and call them.”

“What are you calling him 'sir' for?”

“This accident was your fault, dummy!” Willow hissed.

“No, it wasn't! He's the one...”

“You hit him from behind, it doesn't matter what you say, Jill! According to the law, it's your fault, so just pipe down and let's handle this properly, okay?”

“At least one of you has brains...” Roger said out loud, in response to Willow's wise words.

Jill managed to find the papers before Willow made the call, and the girls decided to tell their parents about the accident from the other side of the Atlantic ocean. Roger couldn't really blame them for it.

Once everything was sorted out, and Roger told the two teens what they needed to do, the two girls got in the car. It was their first time dealing with such a situation, which put Roger in a weird tutoring position.

He watched them wiggle their nubile bodies back to the car and drive away.

“You won't get away so easily, little twats.” He gritted through his teeth with lust filling his eyes, and drove after them.

“I just hope I can convince that hot headed Jill to mellow down a bit...”

## Chapter Three

Jill continued driving down the lane, looking for an empty space while trying to ignore the clanking sound the car kept making.

“He's still behind us...” She said, looking in her rear view mirror.

“What do you think he wants?” Willow asked, concerned.

“Oh, don't be so paranoid, Willow.” Jill asked “He's looking for a space, just like us.”

“Maybe he still wants to yell at you...” Willow mumbled.

“There we go, finally.” Jill said as they approached a row of empty spaces.

“He'll end up parking right next to us...” Willow said “With our luck, he'll sit next to us on the plane.”

“I find it hard to believe that guy is going to Ibiza, Willow.” Jill smiled as she parked the car.

As Willow expected, the man who cut them off earlier parked right next to them, and seemed weirdly happy about that.

“Small world, right?” He winked at them as they locked their respective cars.

“Unfortunately...” Jill said, rolling her eyes.

“You're not flying to Ibiza, by any chance, right?” Willow asked awkwardly.

“No, Paris. But I have a feeling you girls are heading there, huh?” He said cheerfully “I'm Roger, by the way, Roger Burton. I figured I'd introduce myself since I already picked up both your names. Willow, and Jill.” He nodded at each of them as he said their names.

Jill huffed angrily, and started walking over to the international terminal.

“Hey, wait up!” Willow called out, and ran after her friend.

“So, girls.” Roger came up to them, breathing heavily as he tried to keep up with their fast pace.

“Fuck off!” Jill called out and increased the pace.

“Hey, now, that's not nice. Just because we met under...\*huff\*...Such circumstances...Oh boy...”

He had to stop and sort his breathing.

“I just wanted to apologize for being so rude!” He called out to Jill who kept walking at a brisk pace “But I think it's understandable...” His voice trailed off as they distanced themselves from him.

Jill figured they lost him, but he somehow managed to stand right behind them, on the line to check in.

“You know, it's not very nice to ignore a man who's just trying to make things right.” He said.

“It's not nice to cut someone off in the middle of the highway.” Jill said.

“What about ramming someone from behind in the parking lot, is that nice?” He said, and Jill's blood boiled.

“I'm joking. Wow, you have a short fuse. Listen, I realize this is probably your first trip alone, and I may have put a damper on the experience. Let me make it up to you.”

“Go on.” Jill said, narrowing her eyes.

“I happen to have a membership to The Spiral Lounge, ever heard of it?”

Both girls shook their head, indicating they didn't. “I figured as much.” He said “Airport lounges are places where people can get a five star treatment as they wait for their flight. For a certain amount, you get food, drinks, and rest for as long as you want until your plane takes off.”

Willow glanced at Jill, and knew her friend liked what she heard.

“Of course, there are different lounges, for every pocket depth. Some will only give you muffins, coffee, and a nice armchair to lounge on. The Spiral Lounge, however, is the most luxurious there is. Have you ever been to a presidential suite at a five star hotel?”

“No...” Willow said, wide eyed.

“It sounds like you're advertising the place...” Jill mocked.

“Trust me, it's worth all my praise, and more. And, well, I can get you in. Gourmet food, the finest drinks, and even massage services. They have everything in there, you can almost spend an entire vacation without ever leaving the airport.”

Jill may have been a hot-head, but she wasn't unreasonable.

“Wow, that is so generous, Mr...Uhm....Roger.” she said with a warm smile, working her charm on him.

“Mr. Burton.” He corrected her “But you can call me Roger.”

“I'll just go to the first class line to deposit my luggage, and wait for you on the other side.”

“First class people get a faster check-in line?” Willow asked innocently.

“It's all faster when you're flying first class, doll.” He started walking away “And for the money my ticket costs, it better be!”

Willow and Jill waited for him to walk out of sight, and turned to face each other, jumping giddily.

“See? Assertiveness pays off!” Jill said.

“Oh, please, don't tell me you're that naive! I bet he has ideas...” Willow said.

“Let him have all the ideas he wants. I don't mind leading him on, especially after what happened on the road here.”

“I guess...”

“For the record, we're not going to...Uhm, you know, flirt with him and...”

“Oh, Willow, now who's naive? Just be quiet until we're in the lounge, okay? I'll do the talking.”

“O...Okay...” Willow said, blushing red hot.

It took them twenty minutes longer to get their luggage going, and finalize their check-in, but Roger Burton waited patiently for them on the other side, a wide and slightly sleazy smile on his face.

“It's right this way, girls.” He said, and started walking.

“Good thing I'm the only one who knows the way, that way we can walk in my own pace. I almost lost a lung following you through the parking lot.”

He said, and Jill made a rather unnatural giggle.

“Sorry about that, I'm a little hot headed, like you said. But...” She gave him a steamy look “I'm just a little hot, now.” She said with a sexy whisper.

Willow blushed so brightly at her friend's behavior that she had to look away. Roger, on the other hand, seemed to enjoy Jill's change in attitude.

*Poor man.* Willow thought. *He has no idea how cruel she will be, once she gets what she wants. These things always have to balance out, with Jill. The guys at our class used to call her the she-devil, and she wasn't even upset when she found out!*

They came to an inconspicuous door that bore the name of The Spiral Lounge. It certainly had an upscale feeling to it. At a glance, it wasn't a place that drew the eye and begged people to enter, but it certainly seemed like a place two college girls would never be able to afford. Fortunately for them, they were with a man that could.

Roger walked over to the desk, where the old receptionist recognized him at a single glance.

“Mr. Burton, a pleasure to see you again. Another business trip?”

“Something has to pay for all the pleasure, right?” Roger joked.

“And who are your lovely guests?” The old man eyed them lecherously.

Roger smiled at the receptionist.

“These two are Jill and Willow. We had a slight, shall we say, encounter on the road here, and I figured I owed them a little relief.”

“Is that so?” The old man said.

“So, can we go in?” Jill said, obviously growing impatient “I'd love to try that spa treatment you boasted about, Roger.” She added suggestively, but Roger seemed to read her like an open book.

“There's no need to be so flirty, Jill, I'll pay for your entrance even if you assume your previous mantle of contempt and derision.”

Jill blinked a few times, staring at him.

“He means that you can act norma...” Willow started, thinking Mr. Burton's words flew a little too high above her often ditzy friend.

“I know what he meant! I'm not stupid!”

“If you say so...” Willow resigned.

“Well, we're going in then.” Jill said coldly.

She nearly got to the entrance door, but the receptionist stopped her.

“Sorry, miss, but that is the men's lounge. Women have their own lounge, follow me. I'll return in a bit to sort out the payment with you, Mr. Burton.”

“Take your time!” Roger said, and picked a cookie from the selection on the counter, taking a sweet bite.

The old man led them to a side door, with no special marking to it. He fished for a key to unlock the door.

“You'll have to excuse me, you are the only ladies visiting our lounge at the moment, and so the door is locked. I assure you the facilities are more than ready for you, however.”

“It's alright, sir.” Willow said politely.

“Just get on with it...” Jill said impatiently, tapping her foot on the ground.

He finally found the keys, and opened the door for them.

“Go right in, girls.” He smiled, baring a few golden teeth, and motioned them in like a butler would a royal princess. Jill certainly liked the treatment, and gleefully bounced into the room, with Willow in tow.

The next room was certainly not what they expected. It was so dark Willow couldn't even see her own hand, or the floor. It made her feel like she was floating in space. She expected the kind old man to flick a switch and turn on some lights, and when that did not happen, she got a little agitated.

“Umm, mister? Are you there?” She asked out loud, but there was no response. Then, she heard the sound of keys turning. Shocked, she realized they have been locked inside.

“Jill?!” She cried in terror.

“I'm here, Willow! What the fuck is going on here, old man? This isn't funny!” Jill said and banged on the door, or perhaps it was a wall – It was so dark, she had no way of knowing.

Their questions were not answered, but at least something disrupted the darkness, shedding some light on their surroundings. A screen lit up before them, and it being the only source of light in the pitch blackness, Jill and Willow could not help but stare at it.

What they saw was a mesmerizing array of colors and bright light, blinding at times, and pleasant at others. They both grew silent before it, not capable of looking away. With their gaze transfixed upon it, the image of a naked, kneeling Willow appeared before her eyes, whilst the image of a naked and kneeling Jill enveloped her own vision.

They did not feel the flow of time, but they stood there for several minutes, and suddenly the door opened. Somehow, Willow was distantly aware of it, but she could not bring herself to look away from the screen.

“What is the meaning of this?” The stern voice of a woman came from the door.

“Hey!” She screamed as she was pushed inside.

“Let me out! What is going on here?” She approached Jill “Are you okay, girl? Are you hurt? What did they do to you?” She asked, but Jill did not appear to hear her.

Both teens would most likely agree that Jill was stronger willed than Willow, with her fierce and oft combative demeanor. And so, if they had half a mind left to ponder such trivial matters, both young women would probably be surprised Jill was the first to accept the subliminal messages pumped into her brain through the speakers.

“I am a sex toy.” She said weakly, her eyes moist and her cheeks flushed, as she saw her master use her on the screen, and saw herself submit to him, in full.

“What did you say, honey?” The older newcomer asked “What are you watching, anyway?”

With that, the beautiful brunette was caught in the screen's entrancing embrace as well. Her brown hair was long and silky, and she wore a smooth gray skirt that went down to her ankles.

“What...the...” She managed to say, but then the image of her, in her birthday suit, kneeling before the strong man who owned her, appeared on the screen.

The younger women had already synchronized their mantra of submission, their voices filling the empty, dark room, though their voices did not bother the brunette anymore. In fact, she didn't even hear them.

“I am a love doll.” Both Jill and Willow said in unison, their breath hot and their pussies moist. Willow had to fight the urge to touch herself, and Jill rubbed her legs together uncontrollably.

“I am a worthless sex slave.”

“I will spread my legs whenever my master wishes.”

“My master can enjoy my body whenever he wants. My master can fuck me whenever he desires.” They chanted together.

In one profound moment of acceptance, the strong willed and bull-headed Jill dropped to her knees, and stretched her hands before her, as if worshiping a deity.

“My master is Roger Burton. I live to serve, please, and obey him.” She said, her conditioning complete. The dark haired teen never thought she would stoop to kneel and submit before anyone, but she no longer had a choice in the matter.

Willow followed suit mere seconds later, and when a door opened behind them, both girls stood up, and walked towards its light, forgetting their past lives behind. They entered a wardrobe room that had outfits in all colors of the rainbow, and each one was sexier and more racy than the next.

A bespectacled naked woman with a metal chain connecting her tits stood before them, with a blank face and a mellow look in her eyes.

“This one is in charge of dressing new slaves to fit their master's preference.” She said “Your master enjoys his toys clothed in outfits that are tight, easily removable, and emphasize his ownership.”

She handed them a pair of tiny, tight shorts, with no panties to accompany them, and a top which was more like a single broad strand of fabric, enveloping nothing but their perky chests. Willow, the blonde, received a pink matching set, whilst Jill received a black set, complimenting her dark hair. The slave who gave them the clothes made sure to arrange their tops so their tits practically popped.

Finally, she gave them collars that would normally adorn the necks of dogs. They even came with a bell dangling from the front.

“Your master prefers his slaves to crawl towards him.” The woman said, and the two teens went to their knees, their collar bells ringing as they dropped.

Not needing to be told anything else, the helplessly obedient Jill and Willow began crawling into the main lounge. They passed a couple of serving slaves, tending the bar, and a topless waitress nearly dropped the drinks on her tray as she maneuvered past them.

They saw their master, looked at one another with hungry eyes, their tongues dangling from their mouths, and averted their eyes to look at the man their world revolved around. Without saying a single word, they continued crawling, moving their asses

from side to side, their painted-on tight shorts emphasizing the curves of their shapely, pert behinds.

They passed next to a blonde, as young as they were, being spanked by a man who must have been four times her age.

“That'll teach this bitch to bully my grandson! \*Spank\*” The old man said, and Willow and Jill kept on crawling.

“It will also teach your grandson an important lesson.” Roger said, fucking the face of a pretty lounge employee, cupping her tits with his free hand.

“When a man of wealth and power wants something, he fucking gets it!”

“Right you are, sunny boy.” The old man said.

Roger looked at his two teen slaves who settled beneath him, on their knees.

“Speaking of getting what I want.” He said, and threw the serving girl off his cock and away, like a used handkerchief.

He glared down at Willow and Jill, and motioned them to come closer, with his fingers.

“Now, Jill,” He said, patting the head of the obedient raven haired beauty “is there anything you want to tell me, regarding our little parking lot mishap.”

He nudged her head over to his erection, and she kissed it passionately.

“Yes, master.” She said, tickling his manhood with her lips “I'm so sorry I got so ang—Mbbhh”

Roger pushed her face on his cock, and his cock into her mouth, before she could finish apologizing. He pumped into her until he heard her gagging and choking, and then let go, allowing her to plop her wet lips off his cock, take a deep breath, and continue.

“I'm so sorry I was so impudent and disrespect---Mbh! Mmh!” And again, he interrupted her before she could verbally display her sorrow for her past sins.

This game went on for quite a while, until Jill's face was red and tears fell from her eyes, adorning her flushed and over-sexed cheeks. She never stopped trying to apologize for her bad behavior, and she knew she never would. Finally, Roger got a little tired from the game, and told his two little slaves to use their mouths together.

For Willow, it was a first and unique experience, so she made sure to follow Jill's lead, mimicking her best friend's soft licks and kisses on her side of his cock, until sharing a wet kiss with her, his tip between their luscious lips. As the two learned to work together for their master's pleasure, his hands crept to their behinds and shamelessly grabbed, fondled, pinched and squeezed.

Willow jumped in surprise when the first spank landed on her ass, whereas Jill seemed more familiar with the notion. It was clear and obvious which of the young women was more experienced in the bedroom.

He sent both his hands down to Willow's bottom, lowering her tight pants and revealing her virgin twat.

"Mmm..." She whimpered as she felt his fingers caress her pussy lips, and winced when another sharp slap adorned her slightly pink buttock.

If he had noticed the blonde has never been with a man before, perhaps he would've continued playing with the now moist and ready virgin. Instead, Roger moved on to play the same game with Jill.

"Ohh, she's tightening her lips every time I stick my finger in her cunt. This is fucking awesome!"

With a content sigh, Roger placed both hands on their heads, patting them, and closed his eyes until his third acquisition arrived.

"Oh, Julia, good of you to finally crawl your hot ass over. Show me those big tits and take those pants off."

He told the brunette who just crawled from the reprogramming room.

“I saw her outside the lounge right after the two of you got into the dark room.” He said, gently patting his little cock suckers.

“Talk about great luck, I hardly needed to convince her to join me in the lounge. Of course, the allure of VIP treatment is something most women find hard to resist.”

“How may I serve, master.” The young businesswoman said, her breasts and pussy bare.

“Well, my little kittens here are doing a fantastic job on my cock, so why don't you just get on your hands and knees before me – I could use a proper foot stool.”

The young brunette nodded, and positioned herself vertical to his legs, so her back could provide a proper leverage for his feet. He grabbed Jill and Willow's heads, pressed their lips on his cock, and lifted his legs to neatly lay upon Julia's straightened back. Folding his fingers behind his head, he sighed once again, closed his eyes, and smiled to himself.

The sounds of footsteps interfered with his nirvana. Roger saw a young man accompanied by two of the lounge's employees. He looked like a kid on his first visit to the candy shop, looking around with bewilderment and glee, disbelief and shock in his eyes.

Roger knew a green boy when he saw one.

“Hey, you!” he called out “You're a first timer, aren't you?”

The young man looked at Roger for a few seconds, clearly nervous, and nodded shyly, blushing at the attention Roger gave him. Nevertheless, he started walking over to him, slowly and surely.

“Have a sit and have some fun.” Roger told him, patting Jill like the willing little pet she was.

“Nothing takes the shyness away better than a blowjob from a hot girl. But I'll let you give your slaves your own orders.”

The young man sat down, and almost immediately seemed to gain more confidence.

“You.” He told one of the hostesses, a brunette with a face that could sell beauty products “Blow me with that perfect face of yours.”

“It will be this one's pleasure, master.”

She dropped to her knees, and the young man's eyes rolled to the back of his head, as her tongue and lips began tenderly servicing his erect manhood.

Roger chuckled, and took a moment to enjoy the two sets of lips making him happy, belonging to the meek Willow, and the feisty Jill.

“Oh, wow...” The young man moaned deeply.

“Them being mindless adoring sex slaves really increases the blowjob quality, actually.” Roger said, as if imparting words of ancient wisdom.

“Ohhh? And why's...ohhh...that?...ahhh” The young man asked, head in the clouds.

“Think about it.” Roger said, guiding the cock sucking novice, Willow, to wrap her lips around his cock.

“As much as the devoted mind fucked little sex toys want to focus solely on their master's pleasure, they still get all tingly in their wet cunts when you fuck them. When they blow you, there's nothing to distract them from fixating on pleasing you. Isn't that right, little bitch?” He tickled Jill under the chin like one would a puppy.

“Yes, master. I am eternally devoted to pleasing you. My own pleasure is meaningless.” She replied, the fun she could have had in the party island of Ibiza long forgotten.

“I guess you're right.” The young man said, regaining his senses within the sea pleasure.

“Hey, your slave didn't refer to herself as 'this one', why's that?” He asked Roger.

“Oh, that's just for female lounge employees. I don't really understand why, but they get stripped of all their memories and individuality, as well as their free will.” Roger explained.

“I see...” The young man said.

“Oh damn! I wanted this load to go on that annoying bitch! Ahhhh...” His face contorted as he unloaded into the lounge employee's angelic mouth.

“This one is sorry, master, she will accept any punishment.” The hostess said, cum dripping from her chin. The young man told her to wipe it clean, and chose not to punish her. Roger wouldn't have been so nice, but only because humiliating beautiful girls like her was a hobby of his.

Roger guided Willow to lick his balls and had Jill choke on his cock. She stared up at him submissively, with moist eyes. He took a moment to remember how fierce the black haired sex toy had been, after hitting his car from behind.

“So, who did you bring for your first time in the lounge.” He asked the young man.

“My boss and seven coworkers, and my boss's teen daughter.”

Roger stared at the young man in shock, Jill salivating on his manhood like a cheap whore.

“Whoa! Nine bitches for the first time! Usually first timers bring two girls, at most.” He felt his arousal build to a climax, pushed Jill and Willow towards each other so their perky tits met, and sprayed his load all over them. The two best friends stared up at the man who changed their vacation plans, and their lives, and happily caught his cum between the valley their four lewd boobs created.

Roger settled back onto his chair, his legs still resting on Julia's back, and watched the spicy Jill licking his cum off her tits, and licking it off of Willow right after.

“Where did you get the money?” He asked the young man “I mean, don't get me wrong, but you don't seem like you have the money for nine cunts at one go. Although I suppose everything's possible....”

“Oh, I sold my car and took a second mortgage on my house.” Said the honest young man, but Roger somehow felt he was only sharing part of the truth.

“Okay, okay...” The young man said, after Roger shot him a doubtful stare “I took an extra loan from the bank, as well. I figured my boss and the other girls have enough money and assets to cover for my expenses. They're all single and live alone. You know, except for my boss who lives with her eighteen year old daughter.”

Roger smirked.

“Smart kid.” He said “Most newbies fail to see the financial potential in owning slaves. The first thing I do is have them deplete their accounts to mine. Usually it's enough to cover for my next visit here. Actually, that reminds me, you bitches need to transfer ownership of all your money and assets to me.”

He told his three slaves. Jill and Willow stared deep into each other's eyes, pressing their tits together and moving their shoulders from side to side, with Julia looking at them with jealous eyes, her master's shoes weighting on her back.

“Anything you say, master.” Julia said, Jill and Willow seemed too preoccupied to actually register his words.

“In fact, let's go do it now. I've already used you, and my flight takes off in an hour, come on bitches. And make yourself presentable for the outside world.”

“Yes, master.” The three said, and immediately stood on their feet, gathering the limited clothing the lounge provided them. Roger took a moment before he lifted his legs from Julia's back, and the brunette quickly dressed herself back up in the matching tight shorts and extra revealing blouse. Her own color was gold, which made her appear quite flamboyant.

Roger checked his three new toys, Jill in her black, Willow in her pink, Julia in her gold, and smiled ear to ear, as he feasted his eyes on the three warm bodies standing next to each other, their minds occupied with nothing but his own well being and pleasure.

“I'm sure I'll be seeing you again, buddy.” he said, and got on his feet “My name's Roger Burton. Have fun in here, eh.” He

smiled at the young man.

“You too.” The young man said “And I'm Timothy Vinegold, but you can call me Tim.” He added, not forgetting his own courtesy.

Roger spanked each of his dolls in turn, enjoying their cute little bodies jerking in surprise, and prompting them to start walking. “See you some other time, Tim.” He called out one last time to his new young friend, placed a hand on each of his teen slaves' behinds, gently grabbing their pert butts, and walked towards the exit. He had Julia walk ahead of him, shaking her ass with each step as if she was a Vegas showgirl.

## Chapter Four

Jill and Willow informed their new owner that as much as they would love to give all the money in their bank accounts to him, as a show of their endless, undying devotion, there was no way they could.

Both girls had accounts filled with what their parents managed to save for them in the years of their childhood, and they could not withdraw from those savings without raising red flags for their parents.

Jill could already feel the spans she deserved hitting her owned behind, and almost offered her master the car she used to get to the airport, until she realized that was also owned by her parents, and that the car was wrecked, anyway. She vowed to find another way to make amends.

Julia was a different story. She gave her master a subtle lap dance as they sat at their flight's gate, waiting for the boarding to begin, all the while conversing with her bank on her phone, demanding her bank account drained into Roger's account.

Roger nearly forgot he had to get tickets for his three new toys, and rushed with them to the airline counter when he remembered. By the time the three girls received their first class tickets, it was nearly the last call, but Roger had enough experience to know they won't be leaving without them.

There were always free seats in first class, although Roger was almost worried he won't find three, and considered bribing the crew to let one of his girls get on and sit on his lap, or the floor, or the baggage compartment. It didn't really matter where his property was stored during the flight, after all. Fortunately, there were just enough seats, and soon enough the four of them got on the plane.

Their seats weren't next to each other, but once they were up in the air Roger had an easy time convincing the nice men on the seats next to him to switch seats with his sex slaves. Most men in first class were married business men flying alone, and giving

them a squeeze and a fondle of fresh high school graduates was enough to convince them to be generous.

One of them actually needed a little more convincing, especially once he saw what Willow was willing to do to please her master. She spent the first few hours of the flight in his lap. The innocent blonde wasn't used to being treated as a piece of meat, but she did her best and made sure to learn, so she could later please her master in the same capacity.

Her best friend, Jill, just as lewd, petite, and nubile as her, occupied Roger's lap just the same.

“I think it's time you join the mile high club, bitch.” He whispered in her ear. Jill nodded and pushed her tits on him, before standing up and shaking her ass over to the restroom.

By the time Roger opened the door, Jill's pants were already at her ankles, her fingers busy making her pussy as ready as it could be, her cheeks flushed and filled with lust. Roger didn't need any other invitation – He sprung his dick out of his pants, grabbed her ass with one hand, and guided his cock into her with the other.

Halfway into her tight twat, Jill stopped playing with her clit and gently held his rod, helping guiding it as deep as possible into her. Once he was fully in, he did not hold back. With a low grunt, he wrapped his hands around her and started pumping in and out, fast and furious.

Jill bit her lip and tried to be as quiet as she could, but anyone standing outside did not need to guess what the two were up to. Not that she cared, she would go into the cockpit and inform the entire plane of her true purpose in life – To be her master's little fuck-puppet.

“What was it you said after rear-ending my car? That I don't own the road?” Roger asked the whimpering teen as he fucked her.

She nodded with sorrow in her eyes, her pussy weeping for a whole other reason.

“Maybe I don't own the road, but I do own your hot little ass.” He said, as he gave a fitting “rear-ending” of his own, as payback for her insulting words.

It didn't take him long to cum deep inside of her warm cunt, groaning with a low voice and pinching her pink nipples.

“Thank you, master...” She whispered with a smile, happy to be of use. It was the only thing she felt could ever give her life meaning.

He left her there and returned to his seat. It was certain people found the four of them a strange sight, especially considering the doggy collars adorning the necks of the three lewd young women, the bells attached jingling with every move they made.

Roger didn't mind. He knew no one would ever suspect the truth. At best, they'll assume he is so virile that his slaves chose to play the submissive servants for his benefit. At worst, people likely figured they were doing so for the money, which of course meant they thought he was rich enough to pay for such a magnificent treatment.

Most people likely preferred to ignore it, and probably surmised him and his toys simply shared a fetish. That, of course, made the men noticing their little group quite jealous of his luck, for which red blooded man would not enjoy such a fetish, allowing him to be served hand and foot by three hot young women.

Jill returned after sorting herself out and saw Willow took her place on her master's lap. The jealous look in her eyes was truly priceless.

Roger found a good movie on the plane's entertainment system, and watched it while fondling Willow's perky tits.

He had no idea that he was the first man to have the privilege of touching her like that. Jill was actually quite proud of her innocent, prudish, best friend, so naturally accepting her master's advances, like a true born sex toy.

A few minutes after the movie ended, one of the men who originally sat next to Roger decided he wants some extra care.

“Hey man,” He said “can I borrow that one for a little while?” He tried to look confident, but Roger could tell it was just a show.

“Borrow? You think she's an object or something?” He said, pretending to be shocked.

The man started stuttering and sweating. Roger decided to calm him down before the beads from his forehead blinded him.

“I'm joking, dude. You were nice enough to move seats, and we're all reasonable business men here, right?” Roger gave him a suggestive look, and the man knew exactly what he meant.

“How much?” He asked with a sigh.

“How about a hundred bucks for the next hour, and two hundred for every extra hour. But I want her back two hours before we land.”

“How about I tell the stewardesses you took my seat?”

Roger knew how to play hardball, when he needed to.

“Go right ahead, I'm fine with it. She can still sit on my lap, right, honey?” He said and cuddled Willow like a fluffy toy, squeezing her tits. She nodded, cute and sexy, understanding that she should be quiet while the men talked business, especially considering she was the product being bartered.

The man gave an angry grunt, and looked around, rubbing his hands together anxiously. Roger knew he had him on the ropes.

“Okay,” He finally said “But I can take her to the restroom for some private time.” He suggested.

“No way in hell.” Roger debunked him immediately.

The stranger had no hand to play anymore, and he knew it, so he just agreed and paid Roger a crisp one-hundred dollars in advance.

“Well, now I'm hard.” he said, Willow's petite body already gracing another man's lap with its sexy presence.

“Come on, Julia, time for another mile high club inauguration.”

“Yes, master...” The tall brunette whispered sexily, and followed him to the surprisingly spacious first class restroom.

“Let's start things off with a kiss.” Roger said and shoved her to her knees, taking her top off and unbuckling his pants in a matter of seconds.

“Yes. *Mmmmm*. Master.” Julia said, kissing his hard-on passionately.

With her big breasts, she was ideal for some nice tit-fucking, and before long Roger leaned back on the restroom's wall, closing his eyes in ecstasy while Julia rubbed her soft jugs around his hard wood, licking the tip whenever she had the chance.

Roger tapped her forehead and had her look up at him with begging eyes while she moved her entire body to comfort him, but he needed more.

“Get up here.” He said and pulled her up to him, spinning her around and bending her ever so slightly forward.

“Ah, master!” She yelped as she felt his cock prod between her ass cheeks.

“Shhh, there are other people on this plane, you know.” He whispered in her ear.

“Sorry, master, but...” She said quietly “That hole...I never...”

“First time for everything, slut.” He said casually and pushed into her ass, inch by inch.

Julia could barely stifle her moans of pain and pleasure, even while biting on her own fist. She wasn't going to deny her master pleasure, however, there was no way she would allow herself to commit such a sin.

Roger looked at her in the mirror, grabbing a handful of her big boobs as he started slowly pumping into her.

“I never asked you, where were you originally headed, bitch?” He asked.

“Alaska, master, my company sent me on business there.” She said “I'll of course quit, if it pleases you!” She added, desperate to please.

“What company is that?” he asked, picking up the pace.

“Oil. *Oh!* Oil drilling, master.”

“Hah! How ironic!” He plastered his waist to her ass “Speaking of drilling, I think it's time to drill your final hole.”

With a swift motion he stuck his cock in her wet and sloppy cunt. Her lower lips accepted his cock with great ease, compared to the previous hole he fucked, and that meant Julia needed something a little sturdier than her fist to stifle her horny moans. Her top, crumpled up into a ball of thin fabric, did the trick brilliantly.

He spanked her hard, an act which was most likely heard throughout the plane.

“No need for you to quit, an insider in an oil firm might be a good investment.” She nodded at him with the makeshift ball gag in her mouth, and started moving her own hips back and forth, to compliment his own motions, and increase his pleasure. Julia never thought forgetting her own joy, and focusing on the carnal needs of another could feel so right.

When he was done with her, Roger pulled out of her cunt and placed his manhood on her bubbly butt cheek, shooting his load all over her lower back and ass. He left without even saying a word, just sighing contently, zipping up, and moving along.

The enthralled business woman dressed up, not even bothering to wipe the cum off of her back. She returned to her seat with cum running down her shapely long legs, eliciting dirty looks from one overly judgmental flight attendant.

The man who rented Willow's hot ass gave her back once his first hour was done, apparently not wanting to actually pay the extra money for any additional hour. Roger wondered if he could have squeezed more money out of the poor dope, had he set a different pricing system.

Either way, the blonde teen was back in his lap, working her nubile, soft body for his benefit.

“I think he creamed his pants after the first ten minutes, master.” She giggled in his ear.

“Well, that's quite understandable.” Roger said, running his hand between her pristine legs.

“I would've as well, if I hadn't fucked those two sluts.” He looked over to Julia and Jill, exhausted but still staring at him with adoring eyes, hoping to be given the honor of replacing Willow on his lap.

“Julia has cum running all the way to her feet.” Willow said with another dumb giggle, using her sweet innocence to arouse her master, making Jill realize Willow was smarter, and possibly not as innocent as she once thought.

“She sure does.” Roger said, flicking her nose with the soft of his forefinger, and kissing her neck passionately.

An exasperated sigh disrupted their harem-like reverie. It came from the same stewardess, who now shook her head in derision.

“Is there a problem?” Julia asked her with fire in her eyes, taking the flight attendant's reaction as an affront to her master. It was clear that an angry rant about feminine dignity was stuck in the young woman's throat, just aching to be set free.

“No, miss. Can I bring you anything?” She said, with the most obviously forced smile Roger has ever seen. He enjoyed the spectacle as he fondled Willow from top to bottom, more than willing to allow his slavegirls do his fighting for him.

“Because if you have something to say.” Jill joined in, after glancing at her master and seeing the approval on his face.

“Then by all means, say it.” She gave her a scolding look.

Julia adjusted herself in her seat.

“It sounded to me like you disapprove of our servile attitude towards our master.” She spat angrily, as if the stewardess broke the ten commandments.

“Master?” She repeated with a disbelieving frown “How much could he possibly be paying you floozies, to degrade yourselves like that?” She couldn't hold back her criticism any longer.

Both Jill and Julia gasped, and even Roger couldn't tell if they faked their outrage for his benefit, or not.

“Money? How dare you?!” Julia said, getting in the shocked stewardess' face, as if she's in one of those theatrical professional wrestling matches.

“I'll have you know that everything I own is his, by right! I will never be so disrespectful as to even ask a penny from my beloved master!”

“How dare you imply such an atrocious thing!” Jill stood up as well, standing next to Julia “I bet you're jealous of us!”

The flight attendant stood there, shocked out of her wits, staring at the two women ganging up on her.

“Wh-What...?” Roger smiled so broadly, that his cheeks started to hurt.

“Jealous? Why would I be jealous?! Are you two insane?”

“Oh, now we're insane, are we?” Julia shrieked “Just because we realize our purpose is to grovel at our master's feet?”

“I think you're the crazy one here! You ought to drop to your knees and kiss his feet, just like any proper bitch should!” Jill added, and Julia decided actions spoke louder than words.

The brunette business woman dropped to her knees, and lowered her head towards his feet, giving his shoes short, sharp pecks, making hilariously exaggerated kissing sounds. Somehow that managed to make Roger horny, as well as making him laugh out loud. Willow, the blonde little doe on his lap, felt his erection and moved her young body to accommodate it.

It took Jill a second to mimic her older counterpart and drop down to kiss his other shoe, her cute ass up in the air, wiggling fervently.

“Does this make us crazy?! Huh?!” Jill shouted between kisses. No one in first class could stay indifferent to the display anymore, although most of them tried their best to ignore it.

The poor flight attendant stood there, helpless, not knowing how she came to be in this fix, let alone how to get herself out of

it. An older woman, who Roger assumed was her boss, came to see what the commotion was all about.

“What's going on here?” She asked, raising an eyebrow as she saw the two young women groveling at Roger's feet.

“I. I...” The stewardess mumbled.

“Nothing, miss, everything is perfect.” Roger said with a gleeful smile, running his hand up Willow's torso, inches from her perky breasts.

Jill and Julia stopped kissing his feet and looked up at him, happy to see him smiling. They understood the game was over, though, and quietly returned to their seats, pretending to sleep.

“Umm...” The younger stewardess was speechless at the two loud mouths who suddenly sat in their respective seats, closing their eyes.

“I'll just...Go...” She said, clearly in need of a long break. The older woman looked at Roger for a few seconds, and then at the two young women pretending to sleep, narrowing her eyes suspiciously.

“Let's just pretend nothing happened, shall we?” She finally said, and Roger nodded, and laughed as his three young slaves nodded as well, even the supposedly sleeping ones.

Alone in their aisle again, Roger grabbed Willow's tits and decided one last trip to the restroom was warranted, before they touched ground.

“Let's go, Willow, this flight won't be complete before I fuck you into the mile high club, as well.”

“I was hoping you'd ask, master.” The blonde said with moist eyes, and started shaking her pert behind over to the rest room, often stopping so her master could bump into her with the bulge in his pants.

In the time it took for Roger to turn around and lock the door, Willow was already nude, coiling her lustrous blond hair around her finger, lifting her leg up and inviting her master to fuck her virgin pussy.

“I bet Jill didn't think I'd give out my v-card so early in our trip.” She mumbled.

“What did you say?” Roger asked.

“Nothing, master. Where do you want me?”

Roger lowered his pants and took a deep breath, holding his hard-on in his hand.

“I'm a little worn out.” He said “How about I just sit right here, and you do all the work.” He made it sound like a question, but Willow knew better.

“Your wish is my command, master.” She said, wiggling her hot ass at him.

He sat down, and Willow writhed her slender body over to him, like a flexible kitten. She had heard the first time usually hurts, but she wasn't about to deprive her master's pleasure by paying attention to a little pain in her cunt.

The servile blonde placed her hands on his shoulders, spread her legs above his cock, and started lowering herself on him. She missed on her first try, his erect snake patting her butt cheeks instead of entering her cunt, so she gently took it in her hand, and successfully guided his rod into her

It felt pleasant at first, and she smiled at him with wet, needy eyes. It was when she felt her hymen tearing that she let out a cute yelp and bit her lower lip, in pain. That didn't stop her, though. Roger grabbed her ass from behind, sniffed at her perfect hair, and said “Start riding me, sweetie.”

“*Mmf*. Yes master.” She said meekly, resting her chin on his shoulder, wrapping her arms around him, and spearing herself onto him without mercy.

Her body jerked awkwardly with every sharp thrust and every lovely bounce, shivering from the tingly feeling of pain mixed with arousal in her deflowered pussy. Her moans echoing in the room, and most probably the entire plane, but Roger couldn't care less.

“*Ohh wow! That's so fucking tight!*”

“I'm, *Mhh*, happy master. *Mm!*” She said, her voice trembling, and practically bit his shoulder, a bite that soon turned into a soft kiss.

Roger grabbed her ass and decided to bounce her on his cock, himself - His pace was much faster than her own. He pierced the petite teen on his cock at a blinding speed, feeling her warm breath as she moaned into his shoulder, suckling on it like a pacifier. He was so deep in his own pleasure, that he didn't notice the puddle of blood trickling down into the toilet bowl, emerging from his nubile teen slave's popped cherry.

His rough fucking helped Willow get over the initial pain, and when he left her to ride him on her own, she finally managed to straighten her back, look her master right in the eyes, and bounce like the little sex doll she knew she had to be, going even faster and deeper than before.

“Turn around.” He suddenly said “I want to see your cute ass bounce.”

“Anything you say, master!” She said, her voice still a little shaky from the ordeal.

It was only then that he noticed the blood on his cock and on the metal bowl below him.

“Holy shit, you were a virgin, that explains a lot...”

“Explains what, master?” She asked innocently, already turned around and guiding his cock back into her, so she could ride him in a reversed cowgirl position.

“Heh. Nothing. Oh fuck, that feels great.” He said, squeezing her tits hard “No use for crying over popped cherries.”

“No, master.” She said, fully content, and happily riding him hard “No use.” She smiled, and rode her master's cock until he exploded in her young pussy, filling her up to the womb.

## Chapter Five

Willow, being the devoted slave she was, proceeded to lick her master's cock clean, all the while rubbing her cum-filled, blood dripping, sore pussy. She apparently did such a good job, that he adorned her tongue with another small load, providing her with a nice dessert to swallow.

Roger was so exhausted that he spent the rest of the flight sleeping in his chair, with his three toys keeping him warm until they touched the ground. The good thing about having such obedient women at his disposal, other than the obvious, was that trivial things like waiting for his luggage to arrive and waiting in lines was easily avoidable.

He was so tired that he just sat on the side while his slaves held a spot in the passport line for him, and snoozed off while they searched for his luggage on the conveyer belt. Their own luggage arrived at Vancouver and Ibiza, so there was no need to search for them.

A limo was sent by his company to pick him up, and he enjoyed a sleepy Julia blowjob in the back of it, while Jill and Willow made out for his entertainment.

“I'll be spending most of tomorrow on business meetings. Make sure to wake me up at seven a.m. with a nice triple header.”

“Yes, master.” Jill and Willow said before Willow exposed her best friend's tits, sucking on them seductively. Julia would have responded, too, but her mouth was quite busy.

“The flight back leaves at eleven-twenty a.m. the next day, so we won't have much time at the hotel, anyway. Just two nights, really.”

He looked over to Julia's ass, and spanked her.

“We'll make the best out of those nights, though.” He said, and spanked her again.

By the time they finally reached their hotel room, Roger was half asleep, which was good since he had to wake up early, anyway. He casually fucked Julia from behind while Jill and Willow made his bed. As an extra treat, the two teens lay on the bed, on their front, slightly pushing their asses up. They made themselves into his bedding accessories, just waiting for their cunts to be filled while their master slept on them.

He fell on top of Willow, who lost her virginity to him just a few hours earlier. The whole “cock pillow” idea unraveled quickly when Roger realized he didn't like sleeping on his front, so he moved to lying on his side, taking Willow with him, cuddling her like a teddy bear.

Julia covered them up with a soft, silky blanket, and Jill hugged him from behind, pressing her soft, perky tits on him, her nipples hard and pleasant on his back. He spent quite a warm night inside of Willow – So warm that he almost didn't want to wake up.

Even their morning shower was just another way to arouse and excite their master, which is why the three young sluts got in the shower together, with him watching of course. He watched them frolic and splash water at each other, rubbing soap all over their own pristine bodies, and also rubbing each other's wet cunts.

It didn't take him long to join in and shower them with a different sort of thick liquid, after drilling their pussies so hard even Willow's tight cunt became a little looser. Roger joked that since his is the only cock that ever fucked her, and since he was going to do her so many times, her pussy was going to reshape in the form of his cock.

“I hope you're right, master.” She said, cum dripping from her tight fuck-hole.

After his slaves dried him off, he left for his day of business meetings, taking Willow with him, just in case he needed the services of a woman who couldn't say no.

“Julia, I want you to spank Jill's ass red until I return. I still haven't forgotten how rude she was when we first met.”

“Yes, master!” Julia said and turned to Jill, who hung her head low, in shame, turning around to present her behind for the punishment she deserved.

By the time he came back it was already dark, and Willow had lost another virginity, a much more painful one. Jill's ass was red and almost swollen, but Julia's palm was just as sore and red as the younger slave's behind, and Roger decided to award the two by pinning them to the mattress one by one, making them squeal in delight as he fucked them.

After another bestial romp, the three slaves graced their master's flaccid cock with some triple tongued licking. Jill's father called at about eight-thirty p.m., thinking he was catching his daughter right before heading for a wild party.

She pretended everything went as planned, and that she was having fun with Willow in Ibiza, He told her that her mother suspected nothing, and she thanked him for being such a great dad. She kissed her master's cock while he spoke about boring things like college and her future.

Jill wasn't surprised her dad used the fact she owed him one, to lecture her about stuff, but her life changed so much over the past couple of days, that she didn't even need to get angry at him. She had gained perspective since they last spoke, and not the sort her father would have liked.

Roger enjoyed himself so much, that he had the formerly innocent Willow ride his cock while calling her mom, just for fun.

“Yeah it's really great here in London.” She said, bouncing on her master while he squeezed her tits.

“I'll make sure to catch that, mom. Tomorrow? Oh, I think we have plans for tomorrow...”

She settled with his dick deep in her and writhed her hips in circles.

“Don't worry, Jill isn't being, *Mfff*, bad at all.” she almost lost it as her master started moving his own crotch up and down.

“I promise I'll be good, mas-I mean, mom.” She said, smiling at her master mischievously.

“Bye.” she said, and hung up, just as her master shot his load deep inside of her.

He fell asleep before she could thank him for playing with her, so she just placed his hand on her behind, and lay her head on his chest. Julia and Jill were busy eating each other up in a sixty-nine position on the floor, but they stopped for a second to cover their master up with a fabric blanket, adding to the flesh and blood blanket Willow already provided.

When morning came, Jill and Julia were so exhausted from a night of constant pussy eating, that they nearly fell asleep during their daily shower orgy.

Their trip seemed to end almost as soon as it began, though it was never meant as anything other than a short business trip. Before long, the four of them were back on the plane back to the states, and to make things interesting, Roger took them two at time, to reacquaint them with the infamous mile high club.

Roger made sure his car was taken from the airport parking lot to be fixed while he was away, and so they used Julia's car to drive over to his place. When they got there, he sent Julia over to get on a plane to Vancouver, hoping she could still get back on her previous schedule. He didn't want to tell his company he had an inside cunt in a big oil company, before he was actually sure she will keep her job.

As for Willow and Jill, their trip to Ibiza was supposed to last three weeks, and so he had more than enough time to prepare them for their new lives in his service. After all, they didn't really have time for college, anymore, now that their duties towards Roger demanded every shred of free time they had, not that the word free existed in their lexicon.

They weren't alone, Roger had a bunch of hotties serving him, with bouncy tits and bubbly behinds. As they wiggled their bare

asses in a line of half a dozen sex slaves, begging him to fuck them, Jill and Willow realized they were finally truly home.

“Just think, Jill,” Willow whispered “if you weren't such a hot headed, road raging bitch, we may have never even entered the Spiral Lounge.”

“I know.” Jill said “We are so lucky.” Willow nodded at her, just as she felt her master's cock drive into her cunt, reshaped to fit him perfectly, just like every other aspect of her life.

###

### **Taking A Compliment**

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter one - Prologue

“Hey there, sis.” Jenna answered her phone as she walked over to the bus station “So, are you nervous?”

Jenna wore a white blouse, and short jeans pants, that left her legs fully exposed to the warm breeze of the morning.

“Not at all.” Her sister answered coyly “I mean, why should I be nervous? It's not like I'm getting married today. Wait! *Yes I am! Ohmygod!*” She shrieked, forcing Jenna to distance the phone from her ear.

“Yeah, well, you could have had the wedding at some other time, you know! I'm going to miss a full day of classes because of this event.” Jenna mocked her sister, trying to take the tension off.

“Oh, I'm so sorry.” Her sister responded sarcastically “I suppose the bride's little sister is just never getting enough say on the date of the wedding, huh?”

“You said it, sister.” Jenna said “Besides, I'm the maid of honor!”

There was a pause, and Jenna didn't like it.

“Ugh...Yeeeeeaaah...Jenna, I was meaning to talk with you about this.”

“No way! Don't you dare say it! You said it would be me! Today is the freaking day!” Jenna made an outburst.

“Hey! Have some perspective, little sis! I'm the one getting married...”

“Yeah, yeah, big whoop! I'm missing a ton of classes today, and probably tomorrow, too!”

“Oh, please, Jenna. You're a smart girl, I'm sure you'll ace the exams even if you miss the entire semester.”

Jenna blushed red, and mumbled a “don't be ridiculous” at her sister.

“You were never good at accepting compliments.” Her sister giggled.

Jenna reached the bus stop, and sat on a bench next to a guy in his mid thirties. She was nineteen years old, and she immediately saw him check out her slender, smooth legs. Well, she did reveal quite a bit of them, after all.

“Okay, if it's not me, then who is your bridesmaid?” Jenna asked angrily.

“Katy. Who do you think? We've known each other since preschool.”

“I'm your sister...” Jenna said with pursed lips and narrow eyes.

“And I still actually know her longer...” Her sister said.

Before Jenna could respond, there was a loud hustle, and her sister's rather hurried voice said

“Listen, sis, I'm sorry, but let's talk about it when you get here, okay? I've got a lot of last minute preparations to make! Bye!”

“Yeah, yeah, bye...” Jenna said, hung up the phone, and stared at it with scorn, shaking her head sideways.

“Well, aren't you a hot specimen. I tell you, it's been a while since I saw a young woman as sexy as you.” The man sitting next to her on the bench suddenly said. Even though his words sounded sincere and gentleman-like, they could not hide the clear misogyny behind them.

*What did he just say?! Does he think I will just take this obvious harassment sitting still, just because he seemed polite?!*

'First of all, who are you calling a specimen?!' Was what she wanted to say, but then she felt something a bit, well, odd. Her toes started tingling warmly, and the warm tickle rose up to her ankles, and legs, all the way up to her nether regions, that suddenly became slightly moist. The warmth didn't stop there, even though she hoped it would, for a fraction of a second.

As the pleasant feeling passed her torso, and settled on her head, a smile formed on her pretty face, and it was as warm as she felt.

*Wow, that feels so good...* She thought.

*Wait, what was I about to do?* She asked herself absentmindedly.

She looked back at the man, who was still staring at her, grinning, and waiting for her response to his honest, and quite forward compliment.

*Oh, right!*, She remembered.

“T...Thank you. You're too kind.” She said meekly, and stared at her bare knees, blushing a bit.

“You have no idea how much I appreciate polite, respectful girls like you, who know how to properly address their betters.” He said.

*Bettters? What....?*

The warm feeling spread throughout her body again, and she smiled at the nice man.

“Thank you...umm...” She frowned, trying to think of a proper way to address him. Giving up, she raised her head, stared at him, and pleaded with her eyes for an answer.

“Sir would be a proper title.”

“Thank you, sir. I appreciate the compliment.” She said in a docile manner, giving him a little bow, like a Victorian lady she once saw in a movie.

“You said that beautifully, my dear.” He said, beaming at her.

She blushed again, and whispered her gratitude to him.

“You have such marvelously smooth legs.” He said, looking at her crossed legs, which were bare from the waist down.

“And it's so lovely of you to allow me to touch them.”

“I, hmm, T-Thank you, sir.” She said, and she felt his hand rest on her knee. He gently uncrossed her legs, and started moving his hand up her inner thigh.

“So lovely.” He said again, as his hand nearly reached the fabric of her short pants. She felt his fingers inches away from her pussy, and took a deep breath of anticipation, but he just took his hand away, once he felt her jeans.

She frowned, and realized how strange it was for her to actually crave his touch on her most private places.

*What's going on...?* She thought.

“Your breasts are spectacular, even under those flimsy clothing.” He said, distracting her from her concerns.

“Oh!” She said, looking down at her chest, smiling “Thank you, sir. They're natural, too!”

“I bet the boys just love them.” He smiled coyly.

“My boyfriend did, the only time I let him see them. I like taking things slow, and I don't just go and show them to 'the boys’” She said, matching his coyness, and adding a bit of flirtation, though for the life of her, she couldn't understand why.

“Well, of course you don't.” He said “Such wondrous tits must be protected like priceless gems, and only be put on display on special occasions.”

“Wow.” her eyes gleamed in the sunlight “That's the best compliment I've ever heard, sir. I can't thank you enough!”

She arched her back just enough to emphasize her breasts more, smiling as if she was receiving an award for 'best rack'.

“You're such a good girl.” He said, patting her cheek gently “It's so nice of you to offer to show me your tits, just like that. I bet they are splendidly perky.”

He stared deep into her eyes with hungry lust, and she knew just what to do.

“Of course, sir.” She smiled, and reached for her shoulder straps “I'm a good girl. Showing you my tits is the polite thing to do.”

Somewhere, deep inside, the whole thing seemed a little weird, but she didn't want to disappoint the nice man, who gave her such lovely compliments, so she ignored her doubts.

She hooked her dainty fingers in her blouse's shoulder straps, slid them off, and then simply allowed her shirt to fall to her waist. She looked deep into the man's eyes with smoldering

passion, eager to please. He stared at her bare breasts, and smiled.

“Do you like them, sir?” She asked.

“Do I like them?!” He repeated with emphasis.

“Well honey, they're quite perfect. Firm, yet soft. Perky, and petite. Not too small, but not too big. I seldom come across such fantastic boobs.” He said, filling her with pride.

“And, look at that! your nipples harden for my benefit. You're such a wonderful and kind young woman.”

“Thank you so much, sir!” She beamed at him.

“Such lovely nipples deserve a loving pinch, I'd say. You are so kind to allow me to fondle your tits, at my leisure.”

She blinked a few times, and then held her tits in her hands, pushing them together, and up, serving them to him on a silver platter.

“At your leisure, sir. I'm a good girl!” She smiled happily.

He didn't waste a single second, and began exploring her chest with his probing hands, and with extreme gusto. He squeezed, fondled, and pinched. He even poked a bit, but only to tease her. He would poke one of her tits while fondling the other, and smile at her mischievously, like an enthusiastic child. She would remain quiet, and return a happy smile.

Then, he would press her nipples like buttons, with his thumb, and twist them like a knob on an old radio. She would moan in response, and then he would bring his face down to her tits, and suckle and nibble on her funbags, as much as he wanted to.

She lost track of time, and her breathing became heavy, as her arousal grew. She never allowed a man to play with her like that. She never saw the merit in being played with like a blow up doll.

Now, however, she changed her tune entirely. She hoped it would never end. She almost wanted to just be his toy, and forget the world.

The kind man taught her quite a lot, she realized, and she was so grateful.

So grateful, she had to express her gratitude somehow. *But how?*, She wondered.

She didn't have long to wonder, though. After another dive into her perky tits, he raised his head and gave her another of the compliments she was beginning to hunger for.

“Such a good girl.” He said, gave her tits a final squeeze, and moved his hands away. She was a little disappointed.

“I really think it's wonderful that you agree to abandon your plans for the rest of the day, and follow me to my car, so I can show you my home.” He said, slowly putting her shoulder straps back on, covering her tits.

“Umm...” She hesitated.

*He's such a nice man. Screw the wedding! I must never displease him. Heh, and my dad always said I can't prioritize properly.*

“Of course, sir. I'll happily follow you to your car, and let you drive me to your home.”

“And it's so kind of you to walk to the parking lot ahead of me, so I can watch your perfect ass sway as you swing your slender hips. You are such a good girl, after all.”

“Oh, yes, sir! I'll swing my ass for you, like the good girl I am.” She smiled at him, and stood up.

She took a few steps, stopped, and turned her head back.

“Are you coming, sir?” She said, wiggling her ass for him, invitingly. He just smiled, and got up. She waited until she felt his crotch touch her butt, and happily noted that there was a rather rigid bulge in his pants.

*I'm so happy he likes me, She thought, He's what I've always been looking for.*

For some reason, an image of her boyfriend passed before her eyes, but she whisked it away immediately. There was no need to consider such trivial things in front of such a wonderfully kind man.

By the time they got to his car, her bus had come, and gone. She didn't mind, though. She had no reason to get on that bus,

anyway.

## Chapter two – His Home

The drive to his home was rather event-less. Well, other than the stop light where he got bored and asked her to kindly flash a nipple. He complimented her tits, so how could she say no? Other than that, she spent the car ride casually rubbing her pussy through her tight jeans. She couldn't help herself, especially after he complimented her tight pussy, saying it 'must be out of this world', and told her how adorable it was that she wanted to rub her lower lips, as he drove.

Funny thing, she didn't remember wanting to do that, but the desire to touch herself flooded her the moment he reminded her, and she couldn't stop even if she wanted to. The nice man parked in the driveway of a secluded house. It was only a few miles away from the nearest town, but there was nothing else out there, and the only dirt road passing by ended there, so no one other than the residents of the house had any reason to even come near.

That should have worried Jenna, under normal circumstances, but the house was large, and clearly built to hold more than a lone man. Not to mention, the man was so kind and pleasant to talk to. His constant compliments made her feel elated, even euphoric, and she wasn't the kind of person who liked constant praise.

They got out of the car, and stood before the door to the small mansion.

“Well, go ahead, honey. Get in.” He said, unlocked the door, opened it, and invited her in.

She walked through the door, and he spanked her ass as she walked past him. She would normally take offense to that, but he already complimented her for not making a fuss just because he wanted to touch her, and she didn't want his praise to be in vain. The last thing she wanted was to disappoint such a nice man...

That's why she slightly bent over by the window, when he told her what a hot piece of ass she has, and wiggled it for him when he asked. She didn't even mind it when he asked what kind of panties she was wearing.

"A black silk thong, sir." She responded with a smile, hoping he would approve.

"Oh that's lovely. I bet it looks fantastic. I love girls who don't mind showing off their assets by wearing thongs, and I bet it complements your hot booty."

"Thank you so much, sir!" She said, giving her ass a fierce shake, still bent over and pointing it towards him.

"Can I see it?" He asked suddenly "How about you take those restricting pants off, huh?"

"Umm...I'm not sure..." She said, biting her lower lip sexily.

"Come on, be a good girl for me. I would be quite upset otherwise." He said casually.

"Oh...Umm..." She still struggled with the idea of undressing before him, but she really wanted him to be happy, after all the nice things he told her.

"You already showed me your lovely tits, and, I can tell you it was heavenly to fondle, squeeze, and suck your cute nipples." He smiled at her.

"So, what's the problem?" He asked.

Her whole body buzzed with warmth at his recent comments. It's really rare for a guy to be so forward with her, telling her how lovely her breasts are, and how much fun it was to play with them.

*He said my br...My tits are heavenly...Why am I even thinking about this?!* She no longer hesitated. In fact, she was a bit mad at herself for taking so long to comply with the nice man's reasonable request.

*Another thing I need to make up for...* She thought. The only silver lining she saw was that this seemed like the beginning of a lengthy relationship, so she'll have a long time to make up for her rude behavior.

“Of course, sir, I'm sorry. You're a hundred percent right!” She smiled, hooked her thumbs into her jeans shorts, and started moving them down her shapely ass, slowly. She made sure to move her ass sideways as she lowered her pants, making sure his eyes had something to feast on as more of her perfect behind was revealed.

Once her ass was fully out, and she held her jeans above her knees with her hands, she wiggled her ass for a few seconds, and smiled when she saw it pleased him. Then, she simply let go of her pants, and they dropped to the floor.

She stepped out of her jeans, turned around, and stood before him in a sexy pose.

“So, what do you think?” She said, hooking her thong with her thumb, and pulling it slightly upward, wedging it to emphasize her pussy lips.

He sighed, smiled, and approached her. While squeezing her tits through her shirt with one hand, he used the other to grab her ass, and then run it down her leg, bringing it up to his waist. He pressed his forehead to hers, and moved his hand from her tits to her ass, while she made sure to hang on to him with her long, smooth leg.

There she was, standing half naked on one leg, with the other one raised around his waist, looking into his eyes adoringly. He gave her a peck on the lips, and then moved to her neck, kissing it like a hungry vampire. Funny thing is, at this point, she probably wouldn't have minded if he was a vampire, and was about to bite her bloody.

*I think I'm falling in love!* She thought to herself.

He spent a few more minutes making out with her, and fondling her body. She let him do anything he wanted with her, never trying to take charge or restrict him, which wasn't really like her usual make-out etiquette.

This was different, thought. She was a good girl for him, and she was just fine with him touching her in any way he wanted.

After all, that's one of the things he liked about her. He told her that plenty of times, in the short time since they met.

She felt like a doll at his disposal, and surprisingly enough, she liked the feeling a lot.

“You're so sexy it's making my cock throb.” He said, squeezing her ass.

“Oh, thank you, sir!” She said with a happy giggle.

“It's getting a little uncomfortable”. He said, making an agonized face. She felt it, too. The throbbing hard-on in his pants, that is.

“Is there anything I can do, sir?” She asked, willing to do nearly anything to alleviate his tension.

“You have such beautiful, luscious, and wet lips” He said, bringing his index finger to her mouth. She didn't hesitate for a second before opening her lips, and puckering them around his finger, happily sucking it.

She stared at him with moist eyes when he added another finger, and started licking around the two fingers, moaning gently. She knew what he wanted her to do, and even though she usually refused, somehow she knew he would find the right words to make her get down on her knees before him.

“I bet you're a pro at sucking cock.” He said, pulled his fingers out, and touched her nose gently. She tried to lick his fingers some more, but then realized she had better respond to his kind words.

“Oh, sir.” She said with a giggle “I don't really do that a lot, so I don't know if I'm that good.”

“Oh, don't sell yourself short, honey.” He said “I bet you can give fantastic head, if you apply yourself. You're such a good girl.”

She wanted to tell him how good his words made her feel, but he put his finger on her lips, shushing her, and used his other hand to push her shoulders down, nudging her to her knees.

*I'm a good girl*, She thought as she fell to her knees with a thump. She wasn't used to dropping to a kneel before men, so she

buckled down a little too fast, bruising her knees a bit. She didn't mind the pain that much, though.

*I just need to learn, She thought as she unzipped his pants, I'm sure I'll get better with practice, and my knees will be just fine.*

She looked up at him and took his underpants off. His hard cock sprung before her smiling eyes. Taking his cock with her gentle hands, she kissed the side passionately. She never considered kissing a man's member with the same love as she would kiss her lover's lips, but she wanted so much to please him, that she was willing to try anything.

She increased the pacing of her movements, running her lips across the side of his cock as if she was playing the harmonica, and using her tongue from time to time like a kitten drinking water. He buried his fingers in her hair, and she knew he was indicating he wanted more than just that. She happily complied.

Grabbing his cock with her hand, she took the tip fully in her mouth, and swirled her tongue around it, teasing him a bit, before giving him all she had to offer. Once she could taste his pre-cum, she started moving her head back and forth, moving her hand before her lips, making sure the full length of his rod enjoyed her service.

She made some gagging sounds as he told her to go deeper, and mentioned how beautiful she looked with a cock in her mouth. Not used to taking a cock so deep in her throat, she found it harder and harder to avoid gagging, and looked up at him with pleading eyes.

“You have such pretty eyes.” He said, and the pleasant feeling that spread through her body, after hearing that, relaxed her throat completely, her gag reflex seemed to have vanished entirely.

She thanked him by going even deeper. So deep that her hand had no place to grasp at his member anymore.

“Why don't you fondle my balls a bit, like the good girl you are.” He said.

*Oh, of course! Why didn't I think of that?!* She scorned herself remorsefully.

As she continued to move her head back and forth, she moved her hands lower down his shaft, and started gently massaging his balls, hoping to pump a full load of his cum into her hungry mouth.

He grabbed her hair again, and pushed her head forward with force. Her eyes popped as he mercilessly impaled her face, and in her shock she dropped her hands to her side, and gagged hard. She felt her lips touch his balls, and his pubic hair tickle her nose.

She almost pushed herself away from him, when she looked up at him and saw him smiling.

“Such beautiful eyes. I would give anything to see those eyes plead for air as I fuck those perfectly full lips of yours.” He said.

The pleasant warmth returned immediately, and she was willing to stay there forever, if need be. He didn't need to give anything to see her pleading eyes look up at him. All he needed to do was praise her for being such a good girl. She needed nothing more than his praise.

Well, he apparently also needed to plug her nose with his other hand, blocking her final breathing pathway. She choked up on his cock, and made sure to look up at him, begging him with her eyes to release his hold.

She knew she could have just pushed him away with her hands, but she thought that would displease him, and he might never speak to her again. So, she just kept her hands at her sides, and continued to swirl her tongue around his cock, an action that became harder and harder the more time passed.

Besides, this was just a fun game for him. It's not like he would actually choke her out until she died, right?

*And even if he did, would that be so bad?* She found herself thinking, as she became a bit delirious.

*I'm so happy right now, is there a better moment to die?*

She didn't die, though. He saw her face reddening, her teary eyes shake in their sockets, and released his hold, pushing her head back off his cock. She coughed a bit, and sloppy streams of saliva fell from her mouth, as she struggled to breathe normally again.

“This was fun. You're a great cock sucker, for sure, and I think you can be better with practice.” He said.

She smiled weakly, and looked at the puddle she left on the floor. She tried wiping it with her hands, feeling guilty that she made a mess on the nice man's marble tiles.

He sat on his sofa, rubbing his wet rod with his hand.

“You can use your shirt to wipe it off.” He said.

“Oh. Right...” She hesitated, but took her shirt off nonetheless. She wasn't wearing a bra, so her perky tits shook as she worked to wipe her own saliva off the floor, on her hands and knees, like a lowly servant. For some reason, she didn't like the notion of ruining her shirt like that, but she had to clean up the mess she made.

He noticed her frown, and decided to mend the situation.

“Your shirt looks much better soaked, I bet.” He said, and suddenly she smiled, and happily rubbed her shirt on the floor with great gusto, shaking her ass as she moved her hand in a circular motion.

After she was done, she went to the kitchen sink and really soaked her shirt.

“Do you think it would look better like this, sir?” She asked.

“Oh yes, I'm sure! Put it on.” He said. She didn't mind being commanded. She just nodded, smiled, and obeyed.

The soaked shirt was really cold, but the warmth within her fought the chill easily.

“Your nipples look great through your shirt, bitch.” He said. For a second, she was bothered by what he called her, but when she realized it was a compliment, she felt happy and pleased again.

“Thank you so much, sir.” She said, and twisted her nipples for him.

“You give such great blowjobs,” He said, making her yelp happily “that I think I didn't have enough before.”

He still rubbed his cock with his hand, and Jenna knew exactly what to do.

She knelt before him again, this time without hitting her knees hard, and took his hardened shaft in her hand, allowing his own hand to pat her head gently. Without hesitation, she took his cock in her mouth, and went as deep down as she possibly could.

After showing him what she learned in the deep-throating department, she continued to give him her regular service, using her hands to fondle his balls and rod, while bobbing her head up and down at a steady pace.

“Oh, my show is about to start. You don't mind if I watch some TV, right?” He half asked, half said.

“Not at all, sir.” She said, and immediately went back to sucking.

“Good girl.” He said, patting her head, and reaching for the remote.

He watched some silly sci-fi fantasy show. It was never her cup of tea, but on the other hand, neither was giving sloppy blowjobs to guys while they watched TV. It's not like she had to pay attention to the show, anyway.

He would give her instructions while he watched his show, helping her improve her fellatio skills.

“Jerk the shaft, and lick my balls, for a little while.” He said, and with a happy “yes, sir.” she did as she was told. She kissed his balls, and licked them like ice cream, while moving her hand on his cock, only sometimes bringing her mouth back to the tip, to spit on it and keep it moist. She knew her way through hand jobs, that's for sure. It was usually a good compromise with her boyfriend, but she never used her mouth to lubricate his shaft before. Nor did she ever lick a man's balls like that...

Her shirt was dripping on the floor throughout the blowjob, and it clung to her body so tightly, that she was practically nude.

“I bet you give outstanding tit-fucks.” He started, and she already knew where this was going.

She didn't even need to hear the rest of his praise, and even though she never used her breasts like that, and never liked the idea of it, she immediately removed her wet shirt and threw it aside, letting the man enjoy her funbags to the fullest.

She hugged his cock with her tits a few times, and then started pumping them up and down. She continued lubricating his shaft with her mouth, making sure not an inch of his manhood felt neglected.

His show went to commercials, and he grabbed her head and pushed her on his cock again. She heard him moan and whimper, and felt his cock throb. She knew he was about to cum, and instead of pushing him out and shying away, she moved her tongue more rapidly, and welcomed the first jet of semen deep in her throat.

“Ohh yeah!” he moaned, and pulled himself out of her, to spray the rest of his big load on her face, tits, and neck. She held her tits up for him, like a target for his pleasurable release, and once he was done she squeezed her tits together, rubbing his cum between them like lotion.

“Such a good girl.” He said, patting her cum soaked head. She looked at him happily, and mouthed a silent thank you, before showing her gratitude by licking his cock clean.

He mentioned how good it felt to have her lips and tongue cater to his semi flaccid cock, and since she had nothing better to do at the time, she figured it was the least she could do to thank him for his hospitality.

And so, he sat on the sofa and watched an hour long episode of some show she wasn't interested in, while she knelt before him, wearing only her black thong, keeping his cock warm with her mouth. In her wildest dreams she would not have considered

spending an afternoon like this, but now nothing seemed more reasonable.

She wasn't even bored by it. Perhaps if she was, her mind would've trailed off and she would consider the weird influence this man seemed to have on her. Somehow, though, keeping his semi-erect cock wet and warm seemed to take most of her mental faculties.

As the show he was watching was about to end, his cock was pretty much ready for action again, but she kept her service gentle and slow. She didn't want to disturb him while the show hit a possible cliff hanger. All she wanted was to keep him pleased and content.

*All to keep him pleased. That has a nice ring to it...* She thought.

Just as the show's ending credits came up, a naked woman crawled into the living room from the hallway, on her hands and knees. She was about Jenna's age, or perhaps a little younger. Judging by the size of her boobs dangling as she slowly crawled toward them, she was certainly fully developed, and old enough to attend a proper frat party.

She moved closer to them, slowly shaking her ass from side to side, sliding near the sofa and rubbing her side on it. She sat next to Jenna, and licked the back of her hand slowly, with full and wet licks.

"Meow..." The girl said just as Jenna thought of how cat-like she was.

Still with his cock in her mouth, Jenna gave the nice man an inquisitive look. She wasn't angry, or jealous, or anything. Actually, she was just really curious. And, can she really be blamed for that?

She did find it odd that the fact he had a fully naked young woman in the other room didn't bother her at all, considering she just spent an hour servicing his manhood with her mouth and tits.

He did say he admired how cool she was with being the 'other woman', in the car ride before. Although she couldn't remember

how they got to talk about such a silly subject, since she never actually dated a man who was involved with other women.

*Until now, I guess.* She thought to herself and smiled a bit, with his dick still in her mouth.

*I better break up with Frank as soon as possible. Wouldn't want to lead him on, or anything...* - She decided.

He saw her curious eyes, and immediately answered her unspoken questions.

“Ah, this is, uhm...” He rubbed his chin, trying to remember “Well, it doesn't matter what her name is, actually. She's the daughter of the woman who previously owned this place. I told her what a wonderful pet she would make, for someone like me, and she just got on all fours and started barking and wiggling her, well, 'tail'. Hehe.”

Jenna felt compelled to chuckle at the bad excuse for a joke, which wasn't easy with a now rock hard cock deep in her mouth.

“Of course, I meant she would make a perfect kitten, not a puppy. I told her, and she changed her demeanor immediately. She's been my good little pet ever since. She's a wonderful cock sucker too, so the two of you must have a lot in common.”

Both of them moaned a bit at his heart felt compliment. The pet-girl rubbed her tits against his knees, like a kitten would rub its head on its master's legs. Jenna had a feeling this had to do with a compliment he gave to the nice kitten's big tits, and how they would feel rubbing against his bare legs.

“You know,” He said “I bet my cock will feel even better in your tight cunt. I'm sure you can be a great sex toy.” She flinched a bit at that sex toy remark, and she never really liked the word 'cunt', but she knew he meant it as a compliment, and after sucking him off for such a long time, the happy warmth she felt, whenever he complimented her, also managed to make her pussy tingle a bit.

She wasn't going to argue about terminology, not in her present state. She kissed the tip of his cock one last time, with

passion and happiness, and got to her feet before him. In a flash, she took her thong off, and kicked it aside. He lay down on the couch, and threw a tennis ball that just rested there. The ball rolled into the hallway, with the pet-girl chasing it, with glee.

“That should keep her busy for a while.” He said, as Jenna positioned herself above him, and guided his cock into her.

He grabbed her tits, but then stopped her descent.

“You know what? I think I want to see your hot ass bounce as I fuck you. Turn around for me.” He said. Her pussy moistened at his praise, and she was happy to turn around and show him her hot ass, hoping he would give it more praise.

She massaged his balls gently, impaled herself on his cock, and started bouncing at a steady pace.

“Ahh!” She moaned, and shook her ass for him. She tried to make sure he enjoyed looking at her bare ass bounce, as well as her tight, lightly used pussy. Feeling a spank on her ass, she increased the pace of her movements. Desperately trying to make him feel better, she buried her knees in the sofa and started shaking her ass violently.

She never even allowed her boyfriend to fuck her this roughly, and now she was doing it to herself, with no mercy on her tight cunt.

“Ahhhhh....Good pussy...” And yet, it was all worth it just to hear him say those simple words that made her feel so fucking good, especially when he added a strong spank on the ass she was shaking just for him.

“Ohh, sir!” Jenna moaned “I...I...” She stuttered in the midst of the overwhelming passion, trying in vain to form a coherent sentence.

“What is it? What do you want to say?” He asked her, holding her thighs with both hands and guiding her back and forth on his cock, dictating her pace on his own.

“I'm just so thankful, sir!” She shrieked as she neared orgasm “You've been so good to me since we met, earlier today. I don't

know how to properly show my gratitude for your kind words, and hospitality!”

“Well,” He started, spanking her hard “I did shower you with compliments ever since we met, didn't I? You're right, it's gonna be hard for you to show enough gratitude, but I'm sure a smart and horny girl like you can think of something.”

He then rose up and grabbed her tits from behind, ravaged her neck for a few seconds, and brought her down with him. He held her neck and tits as she lay on him, and squirmed as she pumped her wet cunt around his hard shaft.

“You know what? By the time I cum, I'll think of a way for you to thank me for everything, okay?” He said.

“Thank you so much, sir! I can't bear the notion of not returning all the favors and praise you've given me!” She moaned, and proceeded to bounce her ass up and down as she lay her back on him, giving him access to everything she could possibly offer.

Just as he started thrusting into her, making loud slapping sounds as he pounded into her warm snatch, a blonde woman with a petite physique and B-cup tits walked in. She stared at the couple having sex on the sofa with dazed eyes, and started undressing without saying a word. The blonde was left topless, with only a white garter belt and thong covering her crotch area. She knelt beside the sofa and availed her perky tits for him to fondle and squeeze.

He extended his hand to pinch the blonde's nipples, taking full advantage of her silent invitation to use her as a squeeze toy.

“You know, honey,” He said, reaching Jenna's clit with his other hand, teasing her pussy as he pounded into her hard

“I think I know exactly how you can properly show your gratitude.”

He smiled at the topless blonde, flicked her erect nipples, and continued rubbing Jenna's clit as he fucked her, eliciting wet moans of lust from the thankful young woman.

The blonde just stared at him vapidly, with dim-witted eyes that understood his pleasure alone, and nothing else. There was something extremely arousing in the stupefied adoration in her eyes, and it drove him ever closer to finally releasing his load.

“What, sir?” Jenna finally managed to ask “How can I show my, *Nhhh*, gratitude?”

He shifted them both so they lay on their sides, grabbed Jenna's thigh and lifted her leg in the air, fucking tight cunt between her opened wide legs. As he kissed her neck, and his hands probed both her clit and her tits, Jenna felt like mere putty in his hands. His to mold, and use as he pleases.

“You see, this blonde hottie here was my nurse at the hospital, after I got hit by lightning.” He said, panting a bit as he pumped into her.

“Bad luck, ain't it?” He chuckled.

“However! That lightning strike was the best thing that ever happened to me. Do you know why?” he asked the well fucked young woman, whispering the question in her ear.

“N...No, sir.”

“Once I woke from a week long comma, I discovered something remarkable has changed. I had this hot blonde as my nurse, and instead of being my usual shy self I decided to just go for it and tell her I think she's fucking hot.”

He reached over to pinch the nurse's perky tits while he fucked Jenna.

“Call it a post near death experience resolution. I decided to live life to the fullest, seize the day, and all that crap.” He continued.

“Now, I obviously expected her to shoot me down, anyway. I mean, look at her!” He pinched the nurse's cheeks together, and then continued fondling her tits. She made no attempt to resist.

“Natural blonde, blue eyes. She's a freaking super model!”

“And yet,” He returned his hand to Jenna's clit “I decided to just go for it. To my surprise, she not only took it well, she actually smiled and thanked me!”

“It took me much longer to have her hot lips on my cock than you. I guess you're just a better slut than her, or perhaps it's because it took me a while to realize my influence worked best when I gave her compliments.”

He kept talking, but Jenna had a hard time listening. Her arousal nearly blinding and deafening her.

“Anyway, it wasn't long before I told her what a lovely obedient sex slave she would make. And by that time, she was eager to thank me for my previous praise, just like you.” He spanked Jenna hard, bringing her back to coherence.

He brought his mouth to her ear with a wicked smile, nibbled her ear lobe a bit, and then whispered.

“And I'm certain you'll be a marvelous sex slave for me, as well.”

Jenna heard him, and came hard. Not only did his latest praise make her feel so good, but she started to understand the only way she can show how much she is in his debt, for all his wonderful words.

“Oh my. As my slave, you won't have the privilege of cumming whenever you want, you know?”

“I-I'm so sorry, sir!” She whined.

“It's okay, I'm sure you'll still be a great life-long piece of owned property.” He said, and her pussy quivered, but she wasn't going to orgasm without permission again. She had to show him his trust in her abilities was justified, if she was to be his sex slave.

“You'll be completely submissive to me. You'll do what I want, when I want, and with no hesitation. You will not even think unless I specifically tell you to. You will be just like this hot piece of ass, kneeling right here.”

He pointed at the blonde.

“Docile, subservient, and infinitely patient. Just waiting for me to command you, and you'll love it. No matter how poorly I

treat you, you'll never even consider disobeying me, or betraying me, because you'll be my property, and I will be your owner, and it's an owner's right to do whatever he wants with the objects in his possession.”

He slowed his hips down, so she'll be able to focus on every single word he spoke.

“And I bet you'll be the very best little sex slave I've ever had, bitch. With your cute tits, perfect ass, and tight fuck hole. Yeah, you'll be so good for me.”

Her mind interpreted his last words as a heart felt compliment, and she couldn't help but to tighten her cunt, and hope she'll become his property, as soon as possible. Her prayers were answered almost immediately.

“So, go ahead and swear your life to me. Everything you are, everything you will be, and everything you ever were. You belong to me, heart body and soul. When I cum inside of you, you'll become mindless and obedient. My mindless, obedient sex slave.”

He stopped his movements completely, and gave her a few seconds to catch her breath. Then, she said the words that sealed her fate, and did so wearing the biggest smile she ever had on her face.

“Oh, sir...” She moaned “Everything I am, everything I will be, and everything I ever was, I dedicate to you. I belong to you, sir, heart, body and soul. When I feel your cum in my tight owned cunt, I will become your mindless and obedient sex slave. Just a piece of property that you own, and can use in any way you wish....Ah! Sir!” She yelped again as he started ramming into her hard.

“Sir won't do anymore. You're about to become my slave! And I think you know just the proper way to address me.”

She really didn't have to think hard, and that was good, since she already felt ready to give up on every shred of free thought she ever had.

“Yes *Nnghh* Master!!!” She screamed so loud that birds flew off from nearby trees, but nobody would ever hear her moans, so

far off from the main road.

“Oh, I just love the way you said it, bitch.” He said, and just as his final praise hit her with a wave of happiness and warmth, her pussy was filled with an even warmer load of cum.

When he was done, he just remained inside of her, corking her cream-filled pussy with his cock. He hugged her like a teddy bear, squeezed her tits tightly, and went down for a nice nap. Jenna had a lewd and lust-filled smile on her face, and a single tear dropped from her eyes. It wasn't a tear of sadness, but one of pure joy. As she felt her master fall asleep next to her, she allowed the last of her unnecessary thoughts to dwindle away into nothingness, and devoted herself to her master's current needs of her.

She was his nap-time squeeze toy, and a repository for his discarded load of sperm, and she saw no reason to ever be anything else.

### **Chapter three – His property**

Jenna spent the rest of her first day in slavery doing house chores befitting of a servant of her status. She had the blonde nurse to help her, and teach her the ropes of her new position. The third woman in the house wasn't much help in that regard, since the former college freshmen was now nothing but a sexy kitten, availing her holes and purring at her master whenever he wanted her to. The blonde nurse was like Jenna, though, so she didn't feel alone at all.

Of course, even if she was alone, she wouldn't have minded, since she would be there serving her master. From the moment he woke up, his demeanor towards her changed, and he longer praised her and complimented her as much as he did before her enslavement. It didn't matter to her, not even a little bit. In her mind, the praise and nice words he had already bestowed upon her, with his never ending generosity, was enough to buy her entire existence a thousand times over. Even if she could serve him with her young body for the rest of eternity, it wouldn't be

enough, but at least it was something she could give her wonderful master.

As they went about washing, dusting, and sorting, her fellow sex slave told Jenna the most important rule of being a servant of the master. They always had their holes available, and no matter what chore they were busy with, they must never deny their master his pleasure, nor are they allowed to let his musings interfere with their work, unless he expressly orders them to stop.

Jenna had no idea how often it would happen, but she was thrilled to find out he used pretty much any excuse to stick his rod in her honeypot. He fucked both of his horny slaves while dusting, and then again as they shined his shoes, after having them lick his feet, of course.

He tossed a bucket filled with soap water on Jenna when she was cleaning the floors, and then fucked her wet pussy while fondling her wet slippery body. All the while she tried her best to keep wiping the floor with the water he poured on her.

He certainly no longer saw a reason to give her any praise, or compliments. He replaced

“good girl.” with “good fuck toy” or “good, little, worthless cunt.”

Most of the day went by with him just fucking them, having them declare their undying obedience, and cumming on them, or in them, right before going back to watching TV, or playing video games.

It was no different when Jenna washed the dishes. She wore only an apron that left her ass fully exposed, and stood topless before the sink, making sure to push her ass slightly backwards, inviting him in, even though he wasn't there most of the time.

When she heard him walk in, Jenna responded with a wiggle to her behind. She wasn't even surprised when she felt him casually slide into her, and start pumping while she diligently worked to clean the dishes.

“Yeah! You stupid worthless fuckhole!” He said, spanking her as he fucked her pussy.

“Yes, master. I'm so happy to be your worthless fuckhole.” She answered the way the blonde told her to, and continued to rub the plate in her hand clean.

He grunted, grabbed her neck, and started ramming into her with full speed, and force. It was hard for her to continue concentrating on her work, but she bit her lower lip, moaned, and continued nonetheless.

“You pathetic cum-dump.” he whispered in her ear as he came inside of her yet again. She had already lost count of the amount of loads her obedient hungry pussy received. One thing was certain, her tight cunt had already gotten used to the shape of her master's cock, as if it has been molded specifically for his use.

“Good bitch.” He said, spanked her ass, and left. She moaned, and thanked him profusely for his compliment. Those rare cases when he actually praised her fuck holes were the highlight of every day - That's what the blonde slave told her.

Jenna was pretty sure her master didn't even know her name, considering she couldn't remember actually introducing herself, at any point. She didn't feel any need to do so, though. After all, names like 'cum dump', 'cunt-doll', and 'fuck-hole' befitted her much more than 'Jenna' did.

The day after her enslavement, her sister called, outraged that she missed her wedding. Jenna completely forgot about that, and honestly couldn't care less at the time. She was about to tell her sister she interrupted her while she was giving her master a blowjob, and that she should never call her again, but then her master asked to see a picture.

Jenna asked her sister for a picture of her in the wedding, and showed it to her master. Sure, the wedding gown wasn't very revealing, but her sister's assets were quite obvious. He told Jenna to tell her sister that she found the love of her life, and she's so sorry for missing the wedding, but that if she met him, she would understand.

Her sister made an expected joke about missing Jenna's wedding, if they get married, but she was still curious enough to postpone her and her husband's flight to their honeymoon, by a day, and sneak over to meet Jenna's "mystery lover."

Needless to say, she soon called her newly wed husband and demanded a divorce, and once he got to the remote cabin to get his new wife back, he quickly saw the light, and realized that 'a man like him shouldn't bother with a whore like her.'

After making amends, and after the young man gave Jenna's master all the cash him, and his young wife received as wedding gifts, they parted as friends, with the man promising to send his sister over to Jenna's master, at the first chance he gets.

That night, Jenna learned her master made her sister a sex toy, and decided to keep the bride concept a bit longer. He had the nurse drive to the city and bring sexy white lingerie that did not cover the crotch. She had to go to the city, since the nearest town barely had a normal clothes shop, let alone one that sells sexy undergarments for ladies.

The blonde came back from the long drive right when their master was about to go to sleep, which was fortunate. She only received fifty spanks to end the day, instead of the hundred she would've received, had she been late.

He had Jenna's sister wear the white lingerie, and her veil from the wedding.

Like the sex toy she was, Jenna's sister lay motionless on her back, with her legs spread wide open. She even opened her mouth with widened eyes. It was amazing how much her sister looked like an inanimate sex toy. Jenna was so happy her sister found her calling in life.

Jenna stood beside the king sized bed and watched as her master slapped her sister's pussy lips with his cock, tickled her clit a bit, and then pushed into her with full force. He grabbed her sister's open legs and screwed her hard. Not that the blushing bride gave any notice to the fact she was fucked so hard.

Her face remained sealed, her mouth open, and no sound escaped her mouth, at least until he told her what a good sex toy she was, to which she responded with a doll-like “Thank you, master.”

After spraying his cum all over her, and having Jenna wipe the cum off with the shirt she wore when she met him, he collapsed on his obedient sex doll and fell asleep. Jenna was not told to go to sleep, so she just stood next to her master's bed, smiling dumbly – A mindless sentry at her owner's bed-post.

As time went on, Jenna and her sister got used to their new lives. Every now and then, their girlfriends, and some female relatives came to check what happened to them, or even to 'rescue them'. A weird notion to a sex slave like Jenna, and even more odd to a motionless sex doll like her sister.

They came, and fell under their master's spell one by one, and before long the house had over a dozen young beauties serving him head to toe, and especially cock. He even came to a point in which he sent new slaves away to work the streets because he simply had no room for them. Sometimes, he just sent them back to their old lives, as reserve in case he got bored of one of his live-in slaves. Those would call daily to beg him to take them away from their fake lives, and serve him instead.

The hookers didn't call, because they worked day and night fucking other men. They were ruined for their master, worthless even as sex slaves. His harem was so big at that point, and Jenna felt he may have gotten bored of her pussy a bit.

She didn't mind. She was happy he had other hot slaves to use, and she knew her pussy was still molded to fit his cock perfectly. She was always ready to please him. Every day, all of his slaves stood in front of the TV, trying their best to be the ones to suck him off as he watched the evening news.

In those days when he ignored her, Jenna found comfort in her former friends, having lesbian orgies with them. Sometimes their

master stopped to watch the lewd mass of nude nubile sex slaves lick and kiss each other's every crack and crevice.

Those nights, as she fell asleep on the floor, in a pool of young female flesh, completely devoted to the man who owned the house, she remembered the morning when she met her master, and how he praised her pristine, lewd body. She would dream of that day, smile in her sleep, and affirm her submission, and her eternal servitude to him.

Jenna was so lucky to be one of her master's first slavegirls, and she showed him the proper gratitude for choosing her.

Whenever, wherever, and however he wanted her to, every single day.

###

**Spiral Air – A Rich Gift**

\* \* \* \* \*

## Chapter One

Clyde was a proud geek. Hailing from a long line of wealthy businessmen, he was expected to share his family's savvy adherence to the almighty dollar, and follow in his father's and grandfather's footsteps up the ladder of astronomical economical success.

He was different, though. Unlike his older brother, who learned very quickly how money can replace social skills in the race to high school popularity, Clyde was content with having his small group of like minded friends, debating the latest superhero movie and whether 'paper and pen' Dungeons & Dragons is still superior to D&D video games.

While his brother was still the undisputed king of their high school, he made sure Clyde wasn't bullied too much. Unlike the stereotypical older brother, Clyde enjoyed one who actually tried to protect him, as well as he could.

All of that changed as Clyde went into his sophomore year. With his brotherly protection gone, him and his friends learned what it means to be more into chess than football. Yes, during the past two years he has suffered enough bullying to last a life time. He has seen it all, from the classic wedgies, to things so original and horrible that he wouldn't wish them on his worst enemies - Who just so happened to be the ones inflicting such methods of torture on him, in the first place.

It was nearly over, though. He was eighteen for a few months now, and him and his flock of newly adult geeks survived the worst and reached graduation day. But all that didn't matter to Clyde, these days. For months, he had one thing on his mind. Well, one person. He had never skipped a single class, until he saw her.

Ana Greener, head of the cheer squad, queen of their realm, and the epitome of all things unattainable. He would skip classes

just to see her in her little cheerleader uniform, jumping and swaying to the sound of the music, hoping against hope nobody will spot him glaring at her, in her short skirt and tight blouse. He has been watching her from afar ever since their first class together, and has fantasized about her ever since that very first night.

She, on the other hand, seemed content in dating the captain of the football team, as if that's new.

“Seriously, head cheerleader and the captain of the football team, can they be more cliché?” He asked for the millionth time, as he shot derisive looks at her and her boyfriend, to the exasperated sighs of his friends, telling him to 'fucking drop it already'.

For some reason, the thing that made him finally drop his dream of having Ana, was a rumor he had heard about something that had apparently happened on the night of her eighteenth birthday. They said she had lost her virginity to her douche of a boyfriend, who happened to be one of Clyde's most fervent tormentors and bullies.

He swore a long time ago that he would get by on his own, without using his family's money. That was the first time he actually considered breaking that vow, and maybe buying some friends, and especially girlfriends. He knew there were some sluts in school who would be with him, had he promised the right stuff.

“If they don't me for myself, they can get bent” He always said.

Clyde was content to skip prom, and just have their own little party at his home, with the friends he knew will not make the day into a nightmare for him.

Something, however, changed his plans.

Ron stared at him with pity and shock.

“Please tell me you're not serious, man...” Clyde's friend begged.

“Why? Maybe she had enough with stupid jerks like Will. I think she'll want to try a good, honest, and smart man.”

“You're dreaming, dude...” Ron said, shaking his head.

“Yeah, well, I'm doing it.” Clyde insisted.

“Your funeral,” Ron said “but I won't be here to watch you fall. See ya man.”

He gave Clyde a pat on the back and walked away.

“Yeah, bye, talk to you later.” Clyde was barely listening, anyway, his gaze fixed upon his prize – Ana and her two friends, giggling on the park bench in their school's yard. When he heard Ana and Will broke up, Clyde's hopes got rejuvenated. He knew he was probably lying to himself, but he also knew that if he never tried he would take that regret to the grave.

At least that's what he told himself, as he took one excruciatingly nervous step after the other, hoping to at least reach her before becoming a puddle of sweat. The girls noticed him, and pointed at him with a smirk. That was his cue to take a deep breath, and double up, before he faints.

“Umm...Uhhh...” He couldn't help but stare at his feet, his lips growing drier and drier.

“I think his parents forgot to teach him how to talk.” Ana's fat friend, Wanda, mocked, and the other two laughed.

“Can. You. Make. Words?” She emphasized every word, as if talking to a monkey.

She didn't know it, but her derision was what gave Clyde a bit of his confidence back. He wasn't going to be mocked by that obscene, stupid bitch - That's for damn sure.

“Ana...” He swallowed, and looked her right in the eyes “Would you like to go to the prom with me.” His voice's pitch grew higher with each word, but he knew he had to let it all out, before he loses it completely.

He stood there, desperately needing to pee, and stared at his would-be paramour, waiting for any reaction, his cheeks growing more pink and flushed with every passing second. He held his

breath, and Ana suddenly let out a chuckle. She looked kinda cute, and Clyde almost allowed his hopes up, thinking she appreciated his courage. He imagined her, in that moment, finishing her little smirk with a warm smile and saying “You know what, Why not? Pick me up at eight!”

That didn't happen...

Her sweet little chuckle was only the beginning, and the rest of it certainly didn't make Clyde feel any love, or dignity. She erupted in a fit of laughter that her two friends hurried to join. Clapping her hands and hitting her thighs, Clyde was mad at himself at how arousing that demeaning gesture had been to him, even though it was her way of showing how ridiculous she thought he was.

“You?!” She laughed, resting her head on her fat friend's shoulder.

“Go to the prom, with you?! I'd rather go with a spastic chimp!”

Clyde could feel the tears dropping, and turned around. He wouldn't give her the satisfaction of seeing him cry. In hindsight, running straight to the men's room and letting out a wail of agony may have been the wrong way to go about it, but as he bawled in the small stall, cursing to oblivion the hot blonde he wanted so much to be with, he simply didn't care anymore who heard what.

Or so he thought...

By the time he got to the next class, news of his pitiful attempt reached the ears of every breathing being in a five mile radius. Even the janitor knew, somehow. The 'cool kids' were relentless that day. It was as if they've enacted some secret nerd retaliation plan, set forth to counter any brave geek who might raise his head and attempt to socialize with them. Clyde would love to act as if he didn't care, but he just didn't have it in him.

Instead, he tried his best to find solitude, and thought he'd actually managed to, at a small and unoccupied classroom. Only

two minutes into his silent sobbing, and the door opened. Lo and behold, into the room entered the one who started it all - The tall, thin, gorgeous head cheerleader, Ana Greener.

He looked at her with eyes that were red from crying.

“What do you want?” He asked, sniffing miserably.

“That's rude, you idiot.”

“Rude?!” He got up with such force that his chair fell to the ground with a loud clank “Do you have any idea how hard it was to muster the nerves to ask you out? And to have you shoot me down like that.”

He glared at her, and his heart nearly leaped when it seemed like he was actually making an impact, fracturing the icy shell around her.

“Hey, look, I'm sorry. You're not such a bad guy.” She said with kind eyes “But you know I can't associate myself with you, right? I have my reputation to think of.”

“What about my reputation?!” Clyde said angrily. Ana just stared at him, blinking.

“Yeah, okay, that was a silly thing to say...” He admitted.

“So, what are you saying? The only reason you won't go out with me is because of what people might think.”

She nodded shyly. Clyde probably preferred his first reaction to be something along the lines of “perhaps I shouldn't go out with someone who is so damn shallow”. Instead, the next thing that came to his mind was a resounding “*I fucking knew it!*”

She took two steps towards him, walking very suggestively, her slender hips swaying, her dainty fingers gently patting a table as she passed next to it.

“You know, I think I have an idea.” She said, biting her lip alluringly

“An idea?” He said, swallowing, his manhood already starting to react.

“Yeah, something that will allow us to go to the prom together, and also keep my reputation intact.”

She came even closer to Clyde, and he nearly lost his cool. Or, well, what he considered to be his cool.

“Wh...Wh...What plan?” He asked, his bottom lip shaking.

“Well, it's simple, really.” She said, straightening his neck line with her gentle, seductive touch “If I can tell my friends and everyone else that I had to take you as a part of some, shall we say...” She brushed herself on him, and he whimpered in joy “deal, then people are sure to understand. We just need to figure out what you can give me, in return.”

She batted her eyelids at him.

Clyde took a deep breath.

“What...What can I give?” He asked, his cock stiff as a board.

“You can do my math homework.” She said casually.

“Oh, yeah, sure. I can help you with...”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk.” She put her forefinger on his lips.

“Not help,” She said “Do.”

All Clyde could do at that point was nod, sit down, and embark on his task. He knew there's a good chance she was bluffing, but what's the worst that can happen? He was going to waste this time on moping, anyway, and the math home assignment was a piece of cake for him. Clyde tried to tell himself not to get his hopes up, and quickly realized he wouldn't listen to himself no matter how hard he tried.

He finished doing her homework, trying to avoid thinking of his doubts, or the cliché of the geek doing the prom queen's homework, and handed them to her. He even made sure to write it in a different handwriting than his, just to be on the safe side.

“Great job, thanks!” Ana said, and turned to walk away.

Clyde grabbed her hand forcefully.

“Hey, where are you going?” He said. He wasn't going to let her use him, or at least he wasn't about to let her do it so easily.

“What?” She said, trying to yank her hand away.

“Are we going to the prom together, or not?” He asked harshly.

She laughed again.

“What are you stupid? I can't believe you fell for that! You should be happy I was willing to even talk to you!”

His hand tightened around her arm, but he felt like he was about to cry again.

“Oh, learn to take a joke already!” She suddenly said.

He looked up at her.

“What?”

“I'm only joking.” She said with a low, breathy voice, her face nearing in for a kiss.

Clyde closed his eyes and puckered his lips. He almost couldn't believe it, and a mere second later he wished he had been smart enough to know better.

“*Argh!*” He screamed as instead of feeling her soft, full lips kissing his own, he felt her knee bash his groin.

He fell to the ground clutching between his legs, and curled up in a fetal position. His only regret was that she didn't hit him hard enough to make him faint. Instead, he was fully conscious, and couldn't help but hear the bitch mock him with her friends, as she told them they had the coveted solution to the math home assignment. It appears they were all waiting for her, just outside of the so called 'solitary' classroom.

“Fucking whore! Fucking...Beautiful...whore...” He mumbled.

It took him time to waddle to his feet and head on out. The day was already done, and he had half a mind to drown his sorrow in the latest War Axe expansion pack, once he got home. Nothing better to cool those nerves than to hack and slash at some slimy monsters.

“Clyde! Hey, Clyde!” someone called out to him.

He searched for voice's origin, and saw his grandpa, standing beside one of the many cars in his collection.

“Gramps? What are you doing here?” Clyde asked.

“I'm retired, rich, and have only two grandchildren.” He said with a shrug. Clyde looked at him, raising an eyebrow.

“Do I really have to spell it out for you? I came to give you a lift home from school, kiddo. Come on, get in.”

Clyde sighed in a depressed sort of way, and climbed to the passenger's seat.

“So, how was school? You only have a week before the very last day, right?” His gramps asked.

“Nothing...” Clyde said, barely listening, staring through the window, and into the distance.

“School was nothing? What does that even mean?” his grandad asked with a chuckle.

“Hey, Clyde!” He bumped his shoulder to get his attention.

“What?” Clyde shook his head “Oh, umm, it was...Okay, I guess.” He lied.

“That sounded very believable, sunny boy, and I would certainly fall for it, if you didn't have that somber look on your face. What happened, son?”

His gramps was always good at getting information out of him, and Clyde didn't even feel like playing the usual game of trying to hide his cards. He told his grandad everything – About Ana, her douche boyfriend, and how big of a demon she has shown herself to be, earlier that day.

As he was done pouring his heart out, the old man behind the wheel had a mug on his face that Clyde couldn't decipher. He had never seen his grandpa so mad, he realized. The old man was seething

“Are you telling me some worthless little blondie tuts is bullying you?! Why didn't you tell anyone? Sunny boy, you are fortunate to be the son of one of the wealthiest families in the city. Why do you think we got so rich? To make sure these tarts grovel before us, and not the other way around!”

“I don't want that! I don't to use my money, I want them to like me for me.”

“Oh stop that idealistic bullshit. Your older brother, he has it right.”

“Let's stop talking about this...” Clyde said, looking away.

“Done and done, sunny boy. It's time for action, not talk. You said her name was Ana, right? The head cheerleader?”

“Yeah...Wait, what are you talking about?”

“Don't you worry about it, Clyde, I'll take care of it. I never did give you a proper eighteenth birthday present, anyway.”

“Please, don't do anything, grandpa, seriously. I've had enough trouble today, as it is.” Clyde got a little worried. He was never able to tell when his grandpa was being serious.

“Your troubles are soon to be done, sunny boy! Nobody bullies Carl Spencer's grand-kid and gets away with it, especially not some blonde floozy!”

“I never told you she was blonde...” Clyde said with wide eyes.

“Oh, I know your type, kiddo. I'm your grandpa, after all!”

And with that unsettling notion left to sink slowly in Clyde's head, he decided to just pipe down and hope the old man won't do anything that will make his situation worse.

“Maybe he forgot to take some pills or something...” Clyde mumbled to himself “I mean, what could he do, anyway...?”

## Chapter Two

Ana looked at herself in the mirror, wearing a pink tube top and matching red jeans, and put the finishing touches on her make up.

“Ana!” Her mom's voice came from the living room “The limo is here.

Ana clapped her hands excitedly, twirled one last time in front of the mirror, gathered her luggage, and off she went.

“Oh, honey, I'll miss you.” Her mom said, giving her a farewell hug and kiss. At their doorstep stood a man with a black cap and a serious look in his eyes.

“Hello, Ms. Greener, I am here to take you to the airport.” Ana couldn't wipe the smile off her face even if she wanted to.

“Woo! I can't believe this is happening!” She squealed.

Her dad still had a concerned look in his eyes.

“You'll make sure she's safe, yes?” He asked the man.

“Not me, personally, sir. However, she'll have supervision throughout the trip, I assure you.”

“Dad, you're embarrassing me!” Ana hissed.

“What? In front of a limo driver? What do you care what he thinks?”

“Your father is right, Ms. Greener,” The limo driver said “and he wasn't embarrassing you, trust me.”

“I guess I'll have to trust you, and any other person you'll hand my little girl off to afterward, huh?” Ana's dad said.

“With all due respect, sir, Spencer industries is the leading name in...”

“Yeah, yeah, I know, I just never heard of a company handing out random vacation prizes.”

“Come, now, Robert,” Ana's mom said “We've checked this thing nine ways to Sunday, it's legit.”

“I promise you that your daughter will get a treatment worthy of a queen, Mr. Greener.” The limo driver said.

Her father reluctantly said his farewells, as well, and before she knew it, Ana was sitting in the back of a limousine, on her way to the best vacation she could ever dream of.

“It's too good to be true!” She exclaimed, the limo driver being her only audience.

“A vacation at a five star beach resort, all expenses paid, not to mention free tickets to a Lady Cleopatra concert! I love her music!”

She paused to take a breath.

“I'll get a presidential suite, all the gourmet food and drinks I want, and a chauffeur to take me everywhere I wish! Free massages, too!”

“And best of all, I'll be in line for an internship at the biggest fashion outlet in the world! This is every woman's dream! Are you hearing this?!”

The driver just sighed, and rolled up the black glass dividing them.

“Maybe I went a little too far...” She considered.

“Silly little bitch, soon the boss will teach you some proper manners.” The driver gritted through his teeth.

“Hehe, if only she'd known.” He added with a smile.

Ana spent the rest of the way watching TV in the back of the limo. She had never seen a car with a TV screen built into it, before. When it was time to go, she almost didn't want to leave, at least until she reminded herself what awaits her beyond the limo.

Instead of going through the proper check-in, the driver whisked past the line, and had her bags given to some airline employee who was waiting for them. She didn't even have to delay a single second.

“How do you like getting VIP treatment?” The driver asked her.

“It's fucking fantastic!” She screamed, making people around her stare.

“I mean. It's okay...” She said quietly. Ana wanted to practice restraint, she didn't want people at the resort to find out how unused she was to receiving such luxurious treatment.

Ana has learned that the best way to get all that she wanted from life, was to act as if she naturally belonged in any place she truly wished to be. That was her philosophy – If you want to be a part of something, act as if you already are.

She wanted to start her duty-free shopping, but the driver informed her there was a place he had to take her beforehand. A place called The Spiral Lounge.

“What's that?” She asked.

“A VIP lounge.” The driver said “You've never been to an airport pre-flight passenger lounge?”

“Let's pretend I haven't.” She said with a half smile.

“It's a place you can go to get a full service treatment, for a reasonable price, of course. Many airlines offer their own lounges, for frequent fliers and such.”

“So they give food, drinks, and entertainment, all in the same place?” She asked.

“Pretty much. Some people prefer it over roaming the airport looking for the better quality fast food joints, especially when they get it for free, as a benefit from work, or their airline.”

“How much is it, normally?” Ana wondered.

“Ohh, it really depends. Some lounges fit pretty much every pocket, at least ones that can afford air travel, while others are more, shall we say – Deluxe.”

“And the Spiral Lounge?” She pried.

“Oh, no lounge is more luxurious and caters to customers of a deeper pocket, Ms. Greener. The Spiral Lounge makes most five star hotels look like road-side motels.”

“Are there gonna be celebrities there?!” She asked, her voice high pitched and thrilled.

“There might be, if they happen to be flying today.”

That was enough to give her goose bumps.

They reached the coveted lounge, and Ana immediately understood the difference between that place and any regular venue. Although the exterior never screamed its presence, the interior had an undeniable lux to it. It was the sort of place that would make most people shy away – most likely ignored by the masses as the inner sanctum of those who can afford a private jet.

And now Ana Greener was about to go in. She couldn't believe her good fortune. An old decrepit man sat behind the counter, reading the newspaper.

“Delivery for Mr. Spencer.” The driver said, and the old man jerked his head up.

“Ohh, I didn't see you there. Mr. Spencer, was it? Yes, he's already inside, waiting for her.”

“Delivery? What am I some...”

“Hush girl, no need to get huffy.” The receptionist stood up and walked around the counter, slowly and surely.

“Come here, let's get you in. I am certain the nice man here told you the kind of treat that awaits you within the lounge.”

There was something strange, almost creepy, about the way he said that, but Ana wasn't about to be woken up from her fairytale by some lecherous old man. Before she could even rethink and consider the driver's weird choice of words, the old man briskly guided her to one of the three doors in the lobby. A side door, one that didn't seem like the entrance, but Ana figured it's so that the rich and powerful won't be found out so easily by unwelcome intruders.

At least until the old man said “This is where women go.”, unlocked the door, and opened it.

“It's not mixed sexes?” Ana inquired, standing in front of a room that seemed to be completely dark

“No.” The old man said, and swiftly shoved her inside, locking the door behind her in an instant.

Ana fell on her hands and knees, and quickly got back up on her feet.

“Hey! What's going on!” She cried out, engulfed in darkness. Before she could say anything else, a huge screen lit up before her eyes. In the depth of darkness, any reprieve was a blessing, and Ana could not help but embrace the new source of light, looking into it with squinted yet grateful eyes.

Sooner than she expected, the swirling colors before her managed to calm her down. For some reason, she found herself less and less concerned about being in a weirdly dark room, at the mercy of some clearly nefarious individuals.

The more she stared at the screen, the better she felt about, well, pretty much everything. It made the whole dream of reaching the exclusive resort and enjoying a VIP-style vacation abroad seem moot, and almost uninteresting. She felt at piece with the world, and sighed with a zoned-off smile, her eyes weirdly unfocused.

It was when the random colors on the screen turned into an ever spinning spiral, that Ana began feeling uneasy again. Not about where she was, or the severity of her situation. No, she started having doubts about who she was.

Ana started feeling as if everything she had ever wanted in life, was wrong. She felt lost, dazed, and confused, and soon started breathing heavily, desperate to find an anchor to her existence, something that will tell her what she must aspire for, a goal to replace her misguided dreams.

Somehow, she knew the answer to her questions could be found at the center of the spiral. She just had to focus on it, never let her eyes stray away, and eventually, she will see it. Sure enough, her pleas were heard, and the center of the spiral opened to show an image that would seem absurd to her, at any other juncture of her young life.

Now, however, in her desperation, Ana knew she would accept anything the spiral had to offer, even if it was a life of enslavement, and blind servitude. That is exactly what the answer was. On the screen, Ana saw herself, naked as the day she was born, kneeling before a faceless figure.

It was the most perfect thing she has ever seen, and even that was surpassed, when the submissive Ana on screen began sucking the rod of the darkened silhouette before her. She knew at that point, that the figure she was born to serve was a man.

She sucked long, and she sucked deep, taking limitless pleasure in indulging the man before her, and before long there was nothing Ana would not give, to be in the same position as the imaginary Ana on the plasma screen before her.

It just seemed so right, that Ana couldn't help but open her own mouth, and fantasize about servicing the powerful man that her life belonged to. Ideas that would seem far fetched, before she entered the room, appeared natural, and whatever she thought she knew before blew away into a colorful haze.

When the Ana on screen was done pleasuring the man before her, guzzling his sperm like a starved kitten, she looked straight at Ana, as if the image on the screen knew where she was.

“I am a sex toy.” She said with a cum stained smile. Ana nodded. Even the notion of resistance escaped her mind like sand through open fingers, and the words that redefined her very being sunk in like boulders in the ocean, and were absorbed like water in the desert sand

“I am a sex toy.” She repeated with servile glee, almost impatient to begin her new life, serving her new purpose.

“I am a sex slave.”

“I am a sex slave.” She repeated.

“I am owned.”

“I am owned.” A smile formed on her face.

It was so easy to bravely and remorselessly accept the shackles of slavery, now that even the events of that very morning seemed like scenes from someone else's life. Someone free, and arrogant. Someone ambitious, and defiant. Someone with a future which does not revolve around the wiles of her master.

Someone sad and misguided. It was not her, and it would never be her, ever again. It used to be her, indeed, but now that she has seen the light, Ana was content in scattering her past like dust in the wind.

The dust cleared, gone and forgotten, and the young blonde rose from it to embrace her new existence. And she fell to her knees, and kissed the ground her master so gracefully allowed her to tread. She knew his name, now, and she knew who he was.

More importantly, she knew who she was. As she declared her devotion to he who possessed her, a door opened behind her, shedding light across the small, dark room.

Ana turned around, and crawled towards the glimmering light, her eyes flooded with tears of joy.

She was ready to meet her master, and start her life anew.

## Chapter Three

Ana crawled into a dressing room with many outfits, each more revealing than the next. She came to a halt before the smooth legs of a bespectacled, naked woman, looking down at her with blank eyes.

“You are Mr. Spencer's new slave.” She said in a drone-like voice, looking up a chart in her hand, as if asking herself for confirmation.

The woman remained silent for a few seconds, while Ana wiggled her behind like an impatient puppy.

“Your master usually prefers new toys to be clad in tight leather, but he decided you are to be different, stating that you must 'learn a lesson about how you should treat his grandson'. Disrobe of all your clothes, your master wants you to crawl towards him naked, and settle on his lap for a proper spanking.”

“I understand.” Ana said simply, and started removing her red jeans, followed by her red thong and her tube top, all without even standing up.

The naked slave with the chart told Ana to wait until she verified her readiness, and Ana took the time to rub the smooth lips between her legs, moistening her pussy up, in case her master felt like using it.

By the time the bespectacled, enslaved lounge employee allowed Ana to start crawling towards her master, she was dripping juices on the floor, and when she finally lay eyes on her master, she nearly squirted a full blown orgasm on the floor.

Mr. Spencer saw her crawl.

“There's the little bratty bitch. You finished your reconditioning in record time, I'd say.” He said with a wrinkly smile.

“My grandson told me a lot about you. He's a good boy, you know!” He chuckled “You'll regret being so mean to him, you hot piece of tight pussy on legs.”

Ana looked up with a grateful shimmer in her eyes, and gently climbed up to her master's lap, her front on his knees, and her tits grazing his chair. Her ass stuck out like a perfectly smooth, symmetrical mound, ready to be spanked.

“I am yours, master.”

He smirked, and lay his hand on her petite behind.

“That's a good girl.” He said.

*\*SPANK\**

“*Ow!*” She yelped, feeling a sharp slap hitting her butt cheek.

“But you're actually not mine, per-se .”

*\*SPANK\**

“*Ow!*”

“I got you for my nephew, and after I teach you a proper lesson, I'll take you to him. I'm sure he'll find a use for you.”

Another spank adorned her ass, this time on her other cheek.

“I'll be happy to be his sex toy, master.”

*\*SPANK\**

“I'm sure you will. You know him – His name is Clyde.”

*\*SPANK\**

An image of the nerd she so loved to hate and humiliate appeared before her eyes, and her heart filled with sorrow.

“You will be the best present he had ever gotten.”

*\*SPANK\**

“Ah! Yes, master!”

She will have to work so hard to make it up to him. Ana never knew Clyde was her master's grandson. If she had known, she would've started every school day by kissing the soles of his shoes, and told all those morons bullying him to back the hell off.

As her master rained slaps upon her ever reddening behind, Ana knew the spanking will never be enough to absolve her of her sinful behavior towards Clyde. Becoming his property, and begging his forgiveness while worshiping him for the rest of her life, that was the only way she could ever be redeemed.

A middle aged man walked into the lounge with his pants down and his cock inside of a lounge employee. He sat on a chair near where Ana received her spanking, and instructed the girl he was fucking to wrap her lips around his cock, and start sucking.

“Ohh, that's good.” The man moaned, and then said something else, but what he said was unintelligible beyond the sound of the spanking on Ana's ass.

He looked over to Mr Spencer.

“Spencer! I haven't seen you in quite a while. How's the family doing?” The man said. He was at least twenty years younger than Mr. Spencer, but still old enough to be twice Ana's age.

“Pretty good, Roger. My grandson had a bit of a problem with this tight twat on my lap, here. I took care of it, though.”

*\*SPANK\**

“And she'll apologize properly, once he owns her cute ass, isn't that right, bitch?”

“Yes, master!”

*\*SPANK\**

“Who do you have here?” Mr. Spencer asked Roger, who was still busy face fucking the pretty lounge employee.

“Three little bitches. Two of them fresh outta high school. They crashed their car into mine in the airport's parking lot.”

“Is that so?” Ana's master said.

“Yeah, literally. Made a huge dent on my trunk, so now I'll be shoving my own trunk into their tight little holes!” He said and laughed out loud.

Both men sighed contently and proceeded to discuss recent events in the business world, things Ana knew she shouldn't be listening to. What she focused on was the pain on her rear-end, taking her righteous punishment into her very core.

Ana was probably the first to see the two teens crawling over. They were clad in tight and extremely revealing outfits, wiggling their asses sexily as they crawled, their bubble butts shaking and hitting each other, every now and then.

A topless waitress nearly dropped her tray, trying to maneuver around the two crawling twats. They looked to be about Ana's age, and were most likely recent graduates from a different high school.

The crawling girls passed next to Ana just as another spank landed on her behind.

“That'll teach this bitch to bully my grandson! *\*SPANK\**”

“It will also teach your grandson an important lesson.” Roger said ““When a man of wealth and power wants something, he fucking gets it!”

Roger made the young lounge employee gag on his manhood.

“Right you are, sunny boy.” Mr. Spencer agreed, and graced Ana with another sharp slap on the rear.

“Speaking of getting what I want.” Roger said as he saw his two new toys, and tossed the young woman he was face fucking aside.

Ana stopped listening to their conversation at that point, giving her full attention to the punishment her master dished out to her. Her buttocks were warm, almost scalding, and every new slap took the sensations further from the painful realm, and into that of numbness, until it felt almost as if her ass fell asleep. Ana had fun trying to guess the current hue of her well beaten behind, wondering how far it is from the red of the jeans she wore when she arrived.

While she obediently took her spanking, a younger man, in his mid to late twenties, entered the lounge. Him and Roger, the middle aged businessman had a conversation about the lounge, and the best ways to use their slaves. Ana only heard parts of their conversation, since her master ordered a leather strap, and used it to spank her harder.

“You're going to be such a good little doll for my grandson *\*SPANK\**.” The leather strap brought fresh pain to her numb behind.

“Yes, master, I will be his good little sex doll, master! Thank you master!”

While Ana got used to the leather strap painting her behind with lines of dark crimson, Roger left with his three slaves, and the young man, named Timothy, nervously gave a lounge employee directions on how he wanted his slaves to be dressed.

He asked to see something he dubbed 'the process' being done on his new acquisitions, and the young woman informed him that he can watch it on the lounge's TV.

“Do you mind?” He asked Ana's master, Mr. Spencer.

Mr. Spencer let out a bellow of laughter.

“Not at all! Go ahead, son.” He landed another barrage of slaps on Ana's behind, which she gladly received, with a loud and high pitched moan. Her pussy was literally never wetter

Ana couldn't see the TV from where her head was, and only barely heard the sound of a few women repeating a certain mantra, which sounded oddly familiar.

“I am a sex toy.”

“I am a sex doll.”

The young man's jaw dropped to the ground.

“Beautiful sight, isn't it?” Mr. Spencer said “Which of these are yours?”

“All of them.” The young man replied with pride.

“Impressive.” said Mr. Spencer, and spanked Ana once again.

The young man looked over at Ana's bare and reddened behind.

“Will her ass ever return to its original color, after all this spanking?” He asked Mr. Spencer with a smirk.

“From my experience, yes. And trust me, I've got lots of experience! Haha!”

“I'm sure you do.” Tim said “So, who is she, anyway?” He asked.

Ana knew what was coming. Her master was about to recount her greatest shame, once again.

“Oh, just some little bully bothering my grandson. She's his birthday gift.” He said, and spanked her again.

“And you will be a very good sex toy for him and his friends, won't you?”

“Yes, master. Thank you for punishing me. I hope to be a good sex toy for your grandson and his friends.”

She said with a slutty smile on her face.

“And I'm sure he'll be making new friends, once the head cheerleader becomes his adoring girlfriend.”

“It seems two of your new toys are ready, sunny boy.” Mr. Spencer suddenly said, looking at the TV.

“What?” Tim asked and turned around to watch the screen.

“Getting on their knees like that means the process is done. It takes longer for some bitches to comply with their education than others.” Ana's master told the much younger man.

“This one” He spanked her again “She went down in like three minutes, the worthless little bitch. Record time, I tell you!”

Once the young man's new property arrived, he no longer had any attention span to spend on Mr. Spencer, nor on Ana.

As for her, Ana couldn't wait to be with Clyde, her true master. She couldn't wait to display her tight cunt and her heavily spanked ass to him, and beg him to use her like the little bimbo-slave she now was. She knew she could be a good sex toy for him, and nothing ever seemed more important to her.

Her very life depended on the approval of the man she kneed in the groin a short week earlier, and Ana would not have it any other way.

## Chapter Four

Clyde walked up the stairs, fearing what he might see in his room. His grandpa was being strangely mysterious, claiming that a graduation present was waiting for him in his room, and his brother and father smiled at him, egging him to go upstairs. Something wasn't normal, and Clyde's mind started racing with possibilities.

Nothing could ever prepare him for what he saw when he opened the door to his room.

Ana Greener, the hot blonde head cheerleader, knelt nearly fully naked on his bed, a wide smile plastered on her face.

“Hello, master. I am your devoted sex toy, for as long as you wish me to be.” She said, her eyes looking at him with adoration, where before there was only scorn and disdain.

Her words could barely compute in his brain. He didn't know if he was dreaming or not, but the sight of her perky, perfect breasts, and her neatly shaven cunt between her long, smooth legs – It was the same as seeing a fairy ride a unicorn during an eclipse.

His mouth had gone dry, and he moistened his lips with his tongue, hardly blinking. Whatever the explanation was, he intended to tattoo the image of the naked Ana into his brain, just in case it was a fleeting, momentary glimpse. His senses slightly returning, Clyde realized she had two gift wrapping ribbons, around her slender waist, and around her neck.

“What's going on...?” He managed to ask with a coarse voice.

Ana adjusted herself to a seductive sitting position, and gently caressed her hips.

“I am your sex toy, master. Your grandfather got me properly trained and re-educated to serve your every whim. “

Clyde couldn't believe what he was hearing. He walked over to the bed slowly, and Ana crawled over to the edge, to meet him.

“Trained? Re-educated? What are you talking about?” He asked, dumbfounded, his cheeks blushing red.

Ana lay flat on her lean belly, and swiftly unbuckled his belt, lowering his pants and underpants and letting his cock spring out. Considering the circumstances, it wasn't surprising that he was rock hard.

“Thank you so much for allowing me to suck on your hard cock, master.” She said, and gave his tip a full, wet french kiss.

“*Ohhh* My.” He moaned and closed his eyes, lost for words. Blood was quickly moving from his cheeks to his manhood.

“Wait...Ana?”

“*\*Slurp\** Yes, master?” She asked, looking up at him with puppy eyes, and licking his shaft gently.

He looked down at her, and took a deep breath.

“Tell me what's going on, Ana.”

The hot blonde took his cock in her mouth, and nodded.

“Yes, master.” She plopped her mouth off of his rod to say, and deep-throated him again.

“Your grandfather took me to The Spiral Lounge, where my mind was reprogrammed to be your obedient, submissive, and servile sex slave.”

She downed his cock a few times, making him groan.

“*\*Lick\** And now that's what I am.”

Ana knew she had a lot to make up for. She was in her master's bedroom, which was her new home for as long as he desired her. What better place to make up for her rude behavior.

“Please, master, forgive me for being so mean to you, in the past. This worthless cunt will do anything you wish.” She declared, and sucked him deeper still.

Clyde still had plenty of questions, but he understood the gist of it.

“I can't believe this is even possible.”

He wanted to be mad at his grandpa. After all, he told the old geezer to not get involved, and that he didn't want to use money to solve his problems. At that moment, however, there were stronger urges in play.

It was the first time he received a blowjob from anyone, and getting such an enthusiastic and loving head from Ana was more than he could handle for more than two minutes. He couldn't even tell her he was about to cum and maybe divert his load elsewhere, and so it landed straight in her beautiful mouth, glazing her perfectly pink lips.

*"Ohhh."* He moaned.

Feeling jets of thick liquid emerge from her master's hard cock, Ana's head jerked backwards, and so the last creamy spurt adorned her beautiful face.

"Thank you so much, master." She said, with a mouth full of cum "What shall I do with your precious load, master."

"Uhm. Swallow it...?" Clyde said uncertainly.

"Yes, master!" She exclaimed, and gulped loudly, proudly showing Clyde her clean tongue after the act. She even gathered the final spurt which landed on her face onto her hand, and licked it clean as well.

"I can't fucking believe this." Clyde said, touching her ass, pinching it, to see if she's real. Her bottom was rather pink, he noticed, as if it was repeatedly hit, or something.

"Maybe I should pinch myself." He considered "Nah, if I felt what she just did to my cock, I would definitely feel pinching pain. He spoke to himself, almost forgetting she was actually there. Ana didn't mind, she remained where she was until told otherwise. Clyde looked down on her again, and with a wicked smile took his cock and slapped her across the face with it. She took the slap, but then immediately wrapped her lips around it.

*"Ohh fuck, that's nice."* He said, pulling out and dick-slapping her lips again.

"You can do whatever you want with me, master." She said with a meek voice which was so unlike her. Clyde needed some

answers, and he didn't think he could get them from the single-minded nude slave on his bed.

“W-Wait here, okay?” He told the sexy blonde on his bed.

“Everything you wish, master.”

He put his pants back on and buckled his belt on his way down the stairs, where his older brother, father, and grandfather still waited.

“Hah! Less than five minutes!” His brother bellowed “I told you, pay up.” Clyde's father took a crisp hundred dollar bill and handed it to his eldest son with a curl to his lip.

“Shouldn't have taken that bet, Roy.” His grandfather said to his dad.

“Yeah, you should have known little quick-draw here a little better.” Clyde's older brother mocked.

“Now now, it's his first time, and it's with the girl of his dreams. Don't be so mean.” The eldest in the room told the second youngest.

Clyde couldn't take it anymore.

“Okay, one of you had better tell me what the heck is going on here, and do it now!” He demanded.

“Not you!” He told his older brother, when he opened his mouth to answer.

“Allow me.” Clyde's grandfather said.

“There are certain places where people with money and knowledge can bring unsuspecting young trinkets, like the cute little blonde upstairs, and they use methods whose very existence is a top secret, in order to usurp their free will and subvert it under, let's call it 'new management'. One of these places is at the airport, called The Spiral Lounge.”

Clyde stared at them, shocked.

“Translation:” His older brother said “Gramps took that little hottie and had her mind fucked to be your eternally obedient sex slave. By the way, can I have her at some point? You know, once you have your fill with her, that is.”

“What?! No!” Clyde said in a knee-jerk reaction.

“Now now, Fred, this isn't the time to offer your brother a cunt exchange. Let him settle in, first, you know, get used to it.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. Remember, little bro, I protected you on your first year of high school, right? Just remember that, it's all I'm saying.” He said, and sighed.

“Well, it's been fun, but I have to go meet friends. See ya, dad, gramps. Have fun, little bro!” And he whisked out of there.

Clyde still stood there, awestruck.

“I don't know what to say...”

“Look, son, I know you never liked using money to get perks, but you know what? I won't have a son of mine not enjoy the money I toiled to make. I worked hard so you would have these luxuries, comprende?”

Clyde nodded, liking the recent turn of events more and more. He had her, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen was ready to be everything he wished her to be. And under many covers of denial, he really wanted to pay her back for all she had done to him.

“Excuse me, you made the money?” his grandpa protested.

“Ever since you retired, old man.”

“That's better.”

Clyde stood in silence for a few moments, thinking of what he can do with his new toy, and realized he was more than ready for another go at her.

“I...I'm going to my room.” He said awkwardly “Umm...Thanks for the...Uh...”

“Don't mention it, son.” His father said.

Clyde started walking up the stairs, but then paused.

“Hey, why is her, uh, rear-end so...Umm...Pink?” He asked.

“Ohh, you noticed that, huh?” His grandpa said “Let's say I already gave her my own punishment for being so mean to you. I hope I did not cross any line.”

“Oh no no, of course not. It's...It's fine.” Clyde nodded awkwardly and continued up the stairs, a shiny smile on his face.

“I'm almost jealous.” He heard his father say “I can't remember the last time I was ready to go again so soon.”

“Haha, it's the power of youth, Roy, my dear son. I don't remember either, but I think silent movies were still debuting.” His grandfather said, and the two men laughed.

Clyde got back to his room, and locked his door. This time, he felt much more confident. He walked over to her with a broad smile, and towered over her. With force, he buried his hand in her blonde mane, and shoved her face on his crotch.

“You'll have to give it a lot of wet kisses to make up for that kick last week!” He said assertively.

“Yes, master! *\*Kiss\**”

“I'll give your cock as many kisses as you wish! <KISS>”

He tugged at the ribbon around her neck, and unraveled it. Then, he lay on his back on the bed, and unraveled the ribbon around her waist. In a flash, he removed all his clothing, and lay naked on his comfortable bed. He gave her ass one squeeze, and then proceeded to fondle her tits. All Ana did was slowly jerk him off, with that same happy smile on her face, keeping her master's cock warm.

“I want you to ride me.” He said.

“Of course, master.”

In one swift motion, Ana came to lie atop him, her face inches from his, her hard nipples tickling his chest, and his cock in her hand, slowly guided to the tight snatch between her legs. She kissed his chest, made certain his cock was in place, and slipped it into her.

“Is my pussy wet enough, master?” She asked, starting to ride him slowly, whimpering cutely.

“Can you make it wetter?”

“Of course, master!” She said, and he suddenly felt her tighten up on his member, and she moaned, kissing his chest one more time.

“Am I tight enough, master?”

“Oh, definitely.” He answered, half way into heaven.

He closed his eyes for a second, and then opened them up again.

“Wait, stop for a second.” He said, and his obedient slave stopped her movements, staring at him with blind subservience, his hard cock deep inside of her. He placed his hands on her ass, made himself more comfortable, and looked in her eyes.

“You'll just stay on me like this until I say otherwise?” He asked, already knowing the answer.

“For as long as you wish, master.” She confirmed with a sweet half-smile and a slight nod.

All good things must come to an end, especially if they make way for better things.

“Keep riding me.” He said, his hands squeezing her ass.

Ana continued grinding her hips on top of him, writhing her entire body for his pleasure. He squeezed her tits, softly at first, but as his arousal grew, so did the pressure he applied on her breasts. It was like he wanted to check how much she can take, and she was determined to prove she can take everything he wished to throw at her.

It didn't take long for Clyde to get into it, rise up from his pillow, and use his hands to move her body back and forth at his own chosen pace, all the while sucking her perky tits and nibbling on her hardened nipples. Ana moaned like a wanton slut, telling him how much she loved being used by him, and begging him to think solely of his own pleasure, because that was the only thing on her own limited mind.

He even spanked her at some point.

“Ohh, master! You spank harder than Mr. Spencer! Thank you so much, master!” She moaned at him.

*\*SPANK\**

“Are you saying my grandpa isn't strong enough?” He said with a sadistic grin.

“Ohh, of course not, master. I'm....Ungh....Sorry, master!”

“Ride me faster, slut!” He commanded and lay back down.

“Yes, master!” She said, dropping down on him for a second, her warm breath like a breeze on his shoulder.

Ana moved her perfect ass up and down so fast that Clyde's eyes nearly popped out of place. Just like that, he felt himself starting to throb.

“I'm gonna cum!” He said, a little concerned about cumming inside of her, until she spoke.

“Please, master, cum in my tight pussy. Fill me up, master!” She moaned and begged, and her master began shooting into her like a canon, flooding her pussy.

Both Ana and her master breathed heavily, and Ana slowly got off of him, spreading her legs so he could see the cunt he just creamed in.

“Thank you, master.” She said, cum oozing from her young twat “Thank you so much for fucking me.”

Clyde was actually about to say you're welcome, but then he saw a different color on the sheets, her cunt, and even on his cock – Red.

“What the? Is that....Blood?” He asked, looking at the red stain on his bed.

“I'm sorry, master. It's from my pussy. You just popped my cherry.”

He stared at her with shock, her long legs still spread wide open.

“What do you mean?” He asked “I thought you lost your virginity to Will, after your eighteenth birthday.”

“No, master.” She shook her head “He spread that rumor. It's one of the reasons I finally dumped him.”

Clyde was again amazed with his good luck. He lost his own virginity together with Ana, who rode him with thrilled submission, ignoring her own pain to give him pleasure. It was better than even his wildest and most erotic dreams.

“It's not luck, though.” He mumbled to himself.

“What, master?” She asked.

“Uhm...Go wash up in my shower.” He said, sending her to his private bathroom “And later you can change the sheets here.”

“Of course, master.” She said, and shook her cute ass over to follow his commands.

He lay there, taking it all in. He had her keep the door open, so he saw her wet body as she soaped up and rubbed her cunt, her tits, and her entire body clean.

“It has nothing to do with luck. It has everything to do with fortune.” He decided “My family's fortune. My grandad was right, I shouldn't have shied away from it.”

“One thing is certain – From now on, I'll enjoy the benefits of being wealthy.” He declared as he watched the angel showering in his bathtub.

“Hmm...” he looked down at his cock, and felt the cold sweat covering his body.

“I could use a shower, myself.” He said with a smile, and ran over to join his sexy slavegirl, nearly falling as he hurried across the marble tiles of his private bathroom.

He wondered what his dad would say if he knew his son had it in him for a third consecutive go.

“Give me that tight cunt.” He said, squeezing her tits under the hot water, and bending her over.

This time, he was the one doing the moving. He banged her so hard that her head accidentally hit the wall a few times.

“Wouldn't want my little bitch to have a concussion, now, would I?” He said, pulled her head up to him with her hair, and wrapped his palm around her neck, whispering in her ear.

“You are so fucking tight! Not that I have a reference point, yet! At least until I fuck some other cunts!”

She moaned so loudly at the hard fucking she received that the scalding water falling on her mouth bounced back, and steam came out of her throat with every high pitched squeal. This time, it took Clyde longer to cum, and he actually got tired of banging her himself, telling her to move her own ass back and forth on his cock.

Seeing her so diligently move her entire body at an upright standing position, back and forth to accommodate to his wishes, was so much fun, that it made Clyde even more power drunk. He felt close to cumming, wrapped both hands around her neck, and started banging her so hard he was worried he might break her.

He didn't break her, and the young whore took it so naturally, that Clyde began to think it was always her true purpose. His third load of the night came with much more control on his part, and he managed to pull out of her and glaze her lower back and ass. His load swiftly washed off by the water. Still, it was quite a steamy hot sight.

In one last act of superiority, he had Ana soap him up and scrub him down. He was completely depleted at that point, but it was still fun to use her as an interactive bath toy.

When he felt the two of them were clean enough, Clyde had her prepare his bed for the night, and slipped under the covers with her at his side. Then, he had a great idea.

“You know what? You don't deserve to be on my bed.” He said “Go and sleep on the carpet.”

“As you command, master.” Ana said, and silently felt herself a failure.

Clyde enjoyed the notion of having her sleep on his floor, until that very notion made him hard again, for the fourth time that very night. She jumped back into his bed with glee once he so gracefully and politely invited her, telling her to “Get her hot piece of ass over here”.

He came in her again, and it wasn't even the last time that night. He would occasionally wake up with a hard-on in the middle of the night, sleepily fuck her, fill her up once again, and go back to sleep.

“It's fortunate we're done with school already,” He said after the sixth load, not that he was counting “There's no way I'd be able to get up on time tomorrow.”

He yawned, and fell back asleep, his obedient slave smiling to her pillow. Ana, by the way, did count, and felt more in her place every time the number went up. She finally felt like she truly belonged, with no need for charades and pretense. This was her place in life, and nothing could ever change that.

## Chapter Five - Epilogue

Clyde learned that Ana was supposed to be “on vacation” for two weeks, so her parents wouldn't even look for her. It didn't matter, either way, since she was more than ready to fool them while being his full time sex slave, anyway. Still, it was nice to have her, naked in his room, through all hours of the day.

In the course of those two weeks, he fucked her in every way a man can fuck a woman. He fucked her face on his own sometimes, and other times had her give him a slow and pleasing blowjob. He fucked her tits, sometimes squishing them around his cock with his own hands, and other times having her do all the work, moving her body up and down for his pleasure.

Needless to say, he fucked her pussy so many times he was afraid he may fill her womb to the brim. He did get her the morning after pill, so pregnancy wasn't a concern. He even tried anal with her, and found it certainly had its merits. All in all, Ana became his willing canvas, her entire body showered by her master's cum.

Every time he found some original way to degrade her. Cumming in her hair, glazing her pussy lips, spraying his load on the bathroom floor and having her lick it. Life for Ana became almost a treasure hunt, only the treasure was her master's sperm, and even more importantly, his pleasure. They always showered together, and Clyde always gave her the roughest fucking while surrounded in steaming hot water.

Their high school always had a late prom, much further into the summer break than most other schools. When the big day finally arrived, forklifts were needed to haul the countless dropped jaws from the floor. Everyone gawked at the sight of Ana Greener, the majestic swan in her gorgeous dress, walking hand in hand out of a limo next to Clyde, the school's top nerd.

It didn't take long for the rumors to fly, about how Clyde must have paid her money to prostitute herself for him. He didn't

mind, at least until he heard that douche-bag, Will, say similar things about his former girlfriend.

“Hey, bitch.” He whispered in the ear of his devoted slave, hanging onto him like a piece of arm candy.

“Yes, master?”

“I want you to do something for me when the music pauses.”

“Anything, master.”

When the music stopped, she left his side, walked to the middle of the dance floor, and caught everyone's attention.

“I just wanted to say one thing to everyone.” She said “I am here with the best man in the room, Clyde Spencer! He fucked my brains out, yesterday!”

Some of the girls gasped, while the guys just stood, mouths wide open in shock.

“And he fucked me again this morning, and again before we got here. And, just so you know, I am asking nothing in return! It's just nice to be with someone who's not a total loser, for a change.”

She stared at Will, so everyone would know who she was talking about.

“bitch...” Will gritted through his teeth.

“Oh, by the way.” She said, holding her glass of strawberry juice up “Will never fucked me, we barely ever reached second base. The stud who popped my tight cherry is standing right over there!” She gave Clyde a loving look.

“Cheers!” She said, and downed her juice in one shot.

Ana returned to hang on his arm like the good little servant she was, silent and obedient. The look on Will's face, at that moment, literally turned their world upside down. On their prom night, Clyde was the winner, and Will, captain of the football team and the top bully of the county, stood defeated, and then ran out with his tail between his legs.

Clyde found Ana's little speech to be the pinnacle of the night.

Their teacher, Mrs Lerner, didn't like it so much, however, and she approached Clyde and Ana with the school's headmaster.

“Young lady, I don't know where you think you are, or perhaps you think you're allowed to say anything you want, now that you've graduated. However, the prom is an event held under the school's jurisdiction, and I will not have you sully it with your...Debauchery!” She spat at them.

“I request that you both leave this place immediately.

“Really? And are you in agreement with that, principal Sherwood?” Clyde asked his headmaster.

“Certainly, young man.” Mr. Sherwood said with a stern glare.

“Because I believe my father promised this school a substantial donation for bringing yet another of his sons to fruitful graduation. I'd hate to have to tell him things which may cause him to change his mind.”

His smile turning wicked, he shamelessly grabbed Ana's ass.

Mr. Sherwood turned nervous and sweaty.

“Well, uhm, there's no need for that, young m...Mr. Spencer. It's your prom.” He said

“Just...have fun.”

Mr. Sherwood's smile was crooked, awkward, and dishonest, but Clyde didn't mind. He wasn't a cruel man, just one who finally knew how to take what he deserved. Clyde learned the benefits of using his wealth to further his goals, and he found it was quite an easy learning curve.

Mrs Lerner huffed and walked away. She was pretty young for a teacher, Clyde realized.

“Maybe she'll be my next owned cunt.” He wondered aloud.

“Anyway, this got me hard. Come on, toy, I need you to blow me.”

He led Ana to the bathroom for a nice break from the exciting evening. None of them knew how the evening would progress, but Ana knew the choice wasn't hers, anyway. She was there to please her master, as always.

Clyde, on the other hand, knew one thing for certain – His prom night would end with his erection deep inside of Ana's sloppy cunt, just like he always dreamed it would.

###

### **Dig it!**

\* \* \* \* \*

“So he just left?!” Lily gasped, holding the phone to her ear. An old lady standing next to her looked her way and smiled. Apparently Lily was being a little louder than she intended to be.

“Sorry, ma'am.”

“Oh it's no problem, I'm more interested in who it is that 'just left'.” The old woman said.

Lily blushed and let out a nervous chuckle, lowering her eyes and looking at her feet. The green light couldn't have come at a better time, and when Lily noticed everyone were walking forward, she bolted off at a pace the older woman could not follow, intent on not looking back.

“Who are you talking to?” Daisy asked.

Lily pressed the phone to her ear again.

“No one, just some old lady.”

“What old lady?”

“What's the difference?!” Lily raised her voice again, and looked around nervously to see if she drew some more undue attention.

“Please tell me you are done with that creep, Daisy.” Lily said, almost begging.

“It's more like he's done with me...” Daisy said with sorrow in her voice.

“Why did you even take him back? You know he's a douche-bag!”

“I wasn't thinking...”

“I mean, it's bad enough that he cheated on you the first time you were dating, and then dumped you after *you* gave him a second chance.” Lily said.

“I know Lily, you really don't need to remind me.”

“Apparently I do! Because now after getting back together for one night, he just used you and left you with a fucking note!”

“Really not necessary...” Daisy mumbled.

“I mean, for fucks sake, who does he think he is?!” Lily was furious, and for a good reason. She hated guys who took advantage of girls and then left the morning after, pretending it was just some kind of meaningless one night stand, and she hated it even more when it was done to her best friend in the whole wide world.

“Well, the thing is...” Daisy hesitated “I think I might give him another chance if he...”

“*What?! No!*” Lily yelled, this time making everyone in the crowded street turn their heads in her direction.

“Just hear me out!” Daisy begged.

“No way!” Lily flailed her free arm.

“But he's just such a...” Daisy started.

“Liar? Asshole? Cheater?” Lily snapped at her seemingly deluded friend.

“Charming man.” Her friend finished with a fawning sigh. Lily could almost see the animated hearts in her eyes “And I know he's not bad. He's just, uhm, confused...”

“Confused?!” Lily couldn't believe what she was hearing “Look, Daisy, you're obviously still drunk or something. Call me again once you've sobered up! *\*Click\**”

Lily hung up the phone, nearly shattering its screen with her forefinger.

She stared at her phone with fiery eyes, debating within herself whether she should call Daisy back, and apologize.

“No, no way. Tough love is what's needed here. She'll thank me eventually.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Came a voice from behind her.

She turned around only to see Donald, or Donny as everyone usually called him.

“Sorry, I couldn't help but overhear.” He whispered with his trademark mix of smarmy smugness and inexplicable forwardness

“How is Daisy doing?” He inquired

“Fuck you!” She shot at him right off the bat, her teeth grating and her jaw tightened.

“How dare you treat her like some bimbo you can just bang and dump and ignore!?” She lashed at him, hitting his shoulder with an open handed slap.

“Heh, I reckon Daisy is just fine with it.” He said with an obnoxious smirk.

That was more than Lily could handle, and she felt well beyond her bursting point.

“*Argh!*” She screamed, and lifted her right arm to slap him across the face.

What he lacked in manners, Donny more than made up for in swift agility. He lifted his own arm like a bolt of lightning, and blocked her before she could even dream of making contact with his punchable face.

“Hey, babe, come on! I'm only joking. Relax, sheesh. Besides, before you try decking a guy, make sure he didn't go to seven years of karate. I don't like bragging about it, but I'm pretty quick.” He said, firmly holding her arm in check.

“Fuck you!” She yelled again, forcefully pulling her arm away from his grasp, enraged.

“You already said that.” He chuckled and said, clearly mocking her.

She breathed heavily, seething at the conceited man, who used her friend like some blow-up doll and then tossed her away like a used sponge.

“I don't get it!” She finally said, looking away from him “Why does she even give you the time of day? You're nothing but a...”

“Yeah yeah, I heard your insults. Hey, I'm just looking for a good time. Daisy knows full well that I'm not looking to settle

down. Why are you taking it so personally?"

"She's my friend, douche-bag." Lily said, looking back at him "And you're playing with her heart!"

"Yeah, and you should be an actress, with all this drama coursing through your veins." He said, his lips curved in a half-smile. Lily huffed at him.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" She asked

"Just walking around." He responded "What? I'm not allowed to walk the streets anymore? Just because I had sex with your friend and then dumped her like a used condom?"

"Twice." She gritted her teeth "And this time you didn't even wait a week before ending it. Heck, you didn't even wait a day!"

She took a deep breath, but couldn't calm herself down.

"Do you have any idea what she went through, the last time you broke up with her?!"

"Well she seems to be okay now, doesn't she?" He asked.

"Yeah, because she's deluded herself into thinking you'll come back for her!"

"Hey maybe I will. She's got a nice rack, and she knows how to work it, if you know what I mean." He said, elbowing Lily in jest.

Lily pushed him away, fire re-ignited in her eyes.

"You're a pig!"

"Then I suppose Daisy is a sow?" He joked.

Lily clenched her fists, ready to attack, but she really didn't want to be humiliated again when he easily counters. He was bigger than her, and clearly stronger. He was even trained in some martial arts nonsense.

Worst of all, She couldn't even beat him with words, the only weapon left to her. Her clumsy insults slid past him like a fat man on a banana peel, and his sly tongue managed to anger her every single time.

He received a message on his phone, and looked away from her to read it. Lily actually considered cold-cocking him from

behind, while he wasn't paying attention, but decided it was a bad idea, not to mention it would make her look like a bitch.

“Damn, I forgot I had a double date with George and his new squeeze tonight.” He said.

Lily rolled her eyes at him.

“First of all, Diana is definitely not a 'squeeze', and at least now the chickens come home to roost.” Lily said with a smile, finally feeling triumphant.

“You break up with Daisy, and now you'll be embarrassed in front of Diana and George.” She said with a mocking tone.

“I can't believe George is still friends with you.” She added.

This time she managed to strike a nerve. George and Donny have been best friends since elementary school.

“What is that supposed to mean?” He glared at her angrily.

“It means, *you*, Donny, are such a douche-bag, and George is such a nice gentleman with Diana, agreeing to wait until she's ready to move their relationship to the next level, you know, physically. You two are just very different people, and he is much better and kinder.” Lily simply said, not concerned with Donny's feelings at all.

Donny smiled again, but this time his teeth showed. He looked a little like a tiger eyeing his prey. It was quite menacing.

“Oh I see, so because he's dumb enough to let this chick dictate the pace of their relationship and walk all over him, he's a good man? Do you even know the meaning of hypocrisy, Lily?”

“Do you know the meaning of trust and respect?”

He stared at her for a few seconds, and then held his tongue between his teeth, shaking his head sideways, looking pissed. Exhaling one angry breath of air, he started typing a message on his phone, and read it aloud as he typed.

“I'll be there, mate.” He said slowly as he typed “I broke up with that Daisy bitch, but don't worry, I found someone else to bring.”

Lily laughed out loud.

“You think you'll find a woman dumb enough to join you on a double date in the next few hours?” She asked, unable to stop chuckling. “Are you that dense?” She added.

Donald ignored her.

“In fact, I think you and Diana know her. Lily Sanders.” He said and typed on his phone.

“*What?!*” Lily gasped and tried to reach for his phone, but he was too fast for her.

“There's no way I'll ever be seen with you in public! Don't you dare send that message!”

He clicked send, and showed her his phone's screen, making sure she knew he wasn't bluffing.

“Too late.” He said “Now, what will you wear? I'm fine with your current outfit, by the way. Looks hot.”

He remarked on her mini-jeans and baby-blue crop-top.

She stared at his phone and gasped.

“I can't believe you fucking did that!”

In that second, Lily realized something horrible. George will tell Diana, who will tell her friends, and eventually it will circle back to Daisy.

“I've got to call Daisy and tell her about this.” She said, and pulled out her phone.

“Whatever.” He said “So, when do I come to pick you up.”

She stared at him incredulously.

“You don't actually think I'll go on a double date with you, right? You must be crazier than I thought!” She said while writing a message to Daisy, explaining the truth of what happened.

With the same lightning speed motion, Donald grabbed the phone from her hand, and put it in his pocket.

“Jerk! Give it back or I swear I'll scream!”

“You're already screaming!” He said, almost laughing “And on a rather crowded street, I might add. You really think some knight in shining armor will show up and be all 'is this man bothering you, young lady?'. Come on, be realistic.”

Lily stomped her foot on the ground.

“Give me my phone back!” She demanded.

“I see you're serious about your decision, huh?” He asked, pushing her hands away with every attempt she made to reach his pocket.

“I have to say, you trying to reach in my pants is really sending me mixed signals.”

She stomped her foot again, furiously.

“Argh!” She exclaimed.

She flailed her hands and stood before him like a snake ready to lash at a mouse.

“I'll say it again.” She said, trying to be calm “There is *NO* way in *HELL* I will ever go on a date with you! Do you *FUCKING* understand me?!”

He sighed in a resigned sort of way.

“And I can't convince you to change your mind?” He asked.

“Is this a fucking joke? Are you being serious right now?”

“What if I could do something which will convince you to be my happy little squeeze?” He asked, unlocking his phone, and clicking on it a few times. He kept one arm before him, to make sure she doesn't attack again.

“I'll never be anyone's squeeze.” She gritted through her teeth.

“So you say, Lily.” He said with a big smile “Luckily, there's an app for that.”

Before she could even respond, he pressed a button, and his phone flashed in her eyes.

“Did you just take a picture...of...me...” She said, her voice getting weak as her vision blurred.

“Not really.” He said, lowering his phone  
She stood before him, blank faced and glassy eyed.

He looked around to make sure no one was paying attention. People were rushing in and out of cars, blazing past the two of them, and entering and leaving the stores on the busy street. Nobody stayed for too long to realize the young woman before him was entranced out of her wits.

He looked at her again.

“It's called DIG, or Disposable Instant girlfriend. I'd tell you what it does, if you weren't getting a first hand example at this very moment.”

“Disposable...Instant...?” She droned off, her mind in the clouds.

Her reaction elicited a smirk from him. Somehow, his small chuckle made her all warm and fuzzy inside, instead of angry and hateful.

Lily didn't know how long has passed by the time her vision cleared, but she didn't really care. She saw Donald stand before her, with his magical smile and beautiful eyes, and she couldn't help but smile as well. An exceedingly happy, and care-free smile.

She recognized him perfectly. He was Donald, her wonderful, charming, and perfect boyfriend. The one she would do anything for, if he would just spend some time with her. Only one thing bothered her a little bit.

Lily knew exactly who the man before her was. She was just missing one tiny, yet vital detail. Who was she? She knew her name, but somehow nothing else about her came to mind. It was like she didn't quite know who she was, even though she remembered everything about herself.

She looked at her trusty boyfriend with innocent eyes, begging for answers.

“Great.” He said, and looked at his phone's screen again.

“I've been toying with the idea of using a different setting with my next DIG, but for a huffy bitch like you, there's only one setting I'd be content with. 'Submissive, compliant, adoring, and obedient”

He said, and clicked a button.

In a flash, everything came back to her. She was Lily, or whatever her boyfriend wanted to call her. His squeeze, his slut, his whore, or his slave, she'll gladly take any name if it meant he will be with her.

She will adjust her entire life for his benefit. He can tell her how to dress, how to act, who to talk to and how to behave. She will spend every possible moment to adore him, in any way she can. If he tells her to jump, she will ask how high, and if he tells her to crawl, she will fall to her knees before he can even blink.

Lily smiled as she realized her place.

“What do you want me to wear for our double date today, honey?” She asked, batting her eyelids, and closing in for a kiss.

He stopped her by touching her chest, in a very shameless manner.

“First of all, you will call me Donny in front of other people, and sir when we're alone.”

She looked around to see no one was looking, and said “Yes, sir.”

He responded by lightly squeezing her tits through her shirt, and smiled at her. Seeing him happy warmed her heart, and also tingled her in a different way, a little lower than her heart, somewhere below the equator.

He took her to a deserted alleyway, and kissed her passionately, before pinning her to the wall, and lifting her leg to wrap around his waist. She did nothing to resist him.

“Now, where were we?” He said.

“Wherever you want us to be, sir?” She said submissively, staring into his eyes with moist adoration.

He felt her up from her chest to her shapely behind, and then grabbed her smooth leg, pushed it down, and walked two steps back.

“Oh right, I remember now. I was considering whether you're hot enough to be my new girlfriend.”

He said.

Lily felt like a ton of bricks just hit her.

“C...Considering, sir? I...I thought...”

“First of all, the last thing I need from my girlfriend is her thinking, understood?” He said sharply, clearly enjoying every moment of it.

“Yes, sir.” She nodded, biting her lower lip nervously.

He walked forward towards her again, and cupped her breasts with both hands.

“Mmn...” She whimpered.

He kissed her again, his eyes glinting with feelings of absolute superiority over her – Feelings she had no problem nurturing, since in her mind she was inferior to him in every conceivable way.

He tightened his hold of her tits.

“These are lovely. Squishy, yet perky and gravity defying. What size are they?” He asked, shamelessly staring down her cleavage.

“C-cup, sir.” She said meekly.

“Oh, the perfect size!” He said, his hand creeping to the hem of her shirt.

“Big enough for a proper tit-fuck, but not too big to be an eyesore.”

He spoke about her like she was a piece of meat, and that made her happier than she had ever felt. She somehow knew her reactions were out of whack, but she couldn't care less. Her smile was genuine, and honest, as she thanked him from the bottom of her heart.

“Well, let's see them.” He said and pulled on her shirt.

“Yes, sir!” She said enthusiastically, and peeled her top right off of her, unclasping her bra and tossing it aside, almost as an afterthought.

He looked down on her tits, and fondled them joyously.

“No more bras for you, if you are to be my girlfriend.” He said “When I talk to you, I want to see your nipples tear through your shirt. And I will be mainly speaking to your tits, from now on, just so you know.”

He lowered his head, and wrapped his lips around her nipple, suckling on it and nibbling the rubbery tip like a chewing gum.

“Yes, sir, I'll get rid of...Ohh!...All of my bras as soon as I get home!” She barely managed to say through the sensations of his tongue teasing her tits.

Lily let out another weak moan.

“D...Does that mean I can be your girlfriend?” The hopeful young woman asked.

He raised his head to look in her eyes, and a sadistic smile appeared on his face.

“It means you're a step closer, slut.” He informed her, and she took a deep breath, happy to be closer to her only goal in life, but also worried she may fail the next tests.

He took a few steps back again, and stood before her in all his glory, staring at the topless young woman aching to be his submissive girlfriend. She arched her back, pointing her chest up and out, to emphasize her tits, hoping it will help increase her chances.

“Turn around and put your hands on the wall.”

“Yes, sir.” She said, and did as she was told.

He walked over to her again, and spanked her ass, leaving his hand to rest on her mini-jeans, after hitting it.

“Pop that booty for me, bitch.” He said, and she arched her back, pressing her tits on the brick wall, and wiggling her ass ever so lightly.

“Nice.” He said, pressing himself onto her, moving one arm around her to touch her lean belly, and up to her under-boob, using the other hand to pinch and squeeze her behind, smacking it playfully every few moments.

He kissed her neck, grabbing her ass in a way she never allowed anyone else before.

“That's a wonderful piece of ass.” He said “Nice and bubbly. Soft and squeezable, and just the right size.”

He finished his praise with a spank which was stronger than the previous ones.

“Ah! Thank you, sir.” Lily said meekly.

He started laughing maniacally, and took a few steps back. Lily remained in her position, wiggling her hips from side to side.

“You are so much better like this, Lily. All curves and no mind, or will to resist.” He said, enjoying her present state to no end.

Lily just stayed quiet, this time. The anger, and intense will to fight completely drained away from her.

“Turn back around.” He said, and the aspiring girlfriend obeyed immediately, sticking her bare chest out for him to feast his eyes upon.

He rubbed his chin between his thumb and forefinger, pretending to ponder on something.

“Well, I'd be lying if I said you're not hot enough to be my new squeeze.” He said “I mean, looking at your perfect body, I can't help but thinking about bending you over and ramming my cock in your cunt until I cream in your fuck-hole.”

Her pussy quivered as she heard his words.

“Thank you, sir.” She said with a smile “That's so romantic. Do you want to do that right now? I'm always available for you, cunt and everything!”

“The thing is, you were so rude to me earlier. You called me so many nasty names. It really managed to insult me, you know.”

Lily's world collapsed around her.

“I...” She stuttered “I’m so sorry, sir! I...I don’t know what came over me. It’s not like me to be so rude, I swear! I...I’ll do everything to make it up to you, sir!”

“Hmm, I don’t know...” He played coy, having fun toying with the helpless, submissive woman who couldn’t help but adore him.

“Please! I’ll do everything for you, sir! I’ll clean your apartment naked. I...I’ll be your pet, you can collar me and everything! You can tie me up and...And...And You can keep me gagged and tied to your bed and use me like a fuck toy, sir!”

“Ohh, are you into BDSM, Lily? How kinky.” He said.

“Not really, sir.” She said, looking down with sad eyes “But I will be, if you want me to be!”

She looked back up at him, begging with every fiber of her being.

He stared at her with his usual smug glare, curving his lips into a sly smile.

“Well, that all sounds really fun.” He said, and Lily almost jumped with happiness

“But I still think you need to do something to make amends for that filthy mouth of yours.”

He added, touching the bulge in his pants with his hand.

“I’ll do anything, sir.” She said again, aching to discover what she can do for the benevolent god standing before her.

“What can I do, sir?” She asked.

“Do I have to spell it out for you, cunt?!” He asked harshly.

She gasped at his harsh words, her body flinching and her bare tits bouncing lightly.

“Here.” He said, and unzipped his trousers, letting his cock slide out. It was already hard, but of course Lily knew that already, as she felt it when he pressed himself onto her, earlier.

“I’m sure you know what to do with that dirty-talking, hot mouth of yours, to appease me.” He chuckled.

“I mean, I don’t need my girlfriend to be much of a thinker, but there are certain things that a hot pair of tits with a cunt on legs should be able to intuit, on her own.”

Lily stared down at his cock, and smiled as she realized what the man she loved so much really wanted. Her mouth salivated uncontrollably, but the last thing she wanted was to make a mistake. After all, she was such a stupid bitch for even allowing herself to be so mean to him, in the first place.

“May I suck your cock, sir? I need to redeem myself for the bad things I said to you earlier. May I wash the sins of my mouth with your precious erection, sir?”

She asked in the most respectable way she could muster.

He sighed derisively, shaking his head negatively, but with a smile on his face, as if it was all a game for him.

“Just get down on your fucking knees already, bitch!” He said fiercely, making her jump.

“Yes, sir!” She yelped, and dropped to her knees with a merciless thump, not even using her muscles to control the rate of her fall. She scraped her knees on the dirty alleyway floor, and walked on her knees towards his crotch, her eyes fixated on his cock.

She knelt with his cock right before her face, crossing her eyes to stare at it, her tongue dangling from her mouth. She knew she had to do a good job, if she had any hope of being his girlfriend. She started by giving his cock one meaningful lick, and a wet kiss on the underside.

Lily looked up at him with her pleading eyes, happy to see his face contort in pleasure. The second he looked down on her with a smile, she wrapped her lips around his helmet, and wasting not a second longer, took his manhood deep into her throat, going as far as she could while still maintaining eye contact.

She wasn't used to giving blowjobs, but she knew most guys liked seeing the woman's eyes staring up at them while her tongue was servicing them, and it seemed like Donny was not different. He arched his head upwards, enjoying the sensation of her tongue twirling around his member, and then she pulled her head back.

She swirled her tongue around the tip a few times, and took his shaft back into her throat, even deeper than before, squashing her nose on his crotch, and stretching her tongue lightly to lick his balls.

With his cock sufficiently wet, she started polishing it diligently, moving her head back and forth at a steady pace, making small gagging sounds between loud slurps.

“*Ohhhh!*” He moaned “See, now that's a proper use for your mouth.” He said as her saliva dropped in gallons on the floor – A likely result of such a gratifying cock sucking, with Lily barely taking the time to breathe.

She didn't stop to vocally agree with her master. There was no need, as his righteousness was clear, and her acceptance was obvious. Besides, pleasing him sexually was the most important thing, at that moment.

He buried his fingers in her hair, and then gripped the back of her head with his other hand.

Looking down on her with popping eyes and a bestial smile, he started pumping into her face at his own pace, which was faster and fiercer than she had ever thought possible.

“Ohh, fuck, that's nice! How did men live without apps before, hahahaha!” He said as he rammed into her throat, hearing her constant gobbling, slurping and gagging.

He pushed into her one last time, and knocked on her head mischievously.

“That's what I like in a girl's head, more cock than brains!” He said, and left her mouth.

She backed away, taking a loud breath of air.

Lily did not allow herself the privilege of rest, as long as the cock before her was hard and throbbing. She just took one deep breath, and plunged right back in, sucking his cock at the same rapid pace he dictated before, eager to please.

“Fuck, that's fucking amazing!” He said, unable to stop his knees from buckling, and taking a step back to balance himself.

Lily never thought she'd kneel behind a dumpster in an alleyway, sucking a guy off. She was somewhat proud of herself at how naturally she did it, once the right Adonis of a man poked his cock between her eyes and told her to fulfill her duty as his blowjob machine.

He stretched down to pinch her nipples, and smiled slyly.

“Let me see how sorry your boobs are for insulting me earlier.” He told her, and she needed no second explanation.

“Yes, sir!” She talked so close to his cock that her tongue fondled it with every syllable.

She held her bare breasts up for him, and he took his cock and placed it between the tits which were served to him on a silver platter. His manhood secured between her firm fun-bags, she started working them like dough around it.

Just moving her breasts wasn't enough for her – She wanted her tits to be the best things that were ever wrapped around his cock, and moved her entire torso up and down towards that end.

She stretched her tongue out and flicked it on the tip of his cock, wanting to increase his pleasure beyond even her own physical capabilities.

Unfortunately, she was still bound by the physical world, even in the service of the one she loved more than anything in existence. She made up for her shortcomings with a horny, flushed face, looking up at him with a slutty, lewd demeanor.

Seeing how changed she was brought happiness to his face and warmth to his heart.

“This proves there's a subservient slut in every woman out there, just aching to use her tits for the better of man kind.” He said, his cock throbbing.

“Ohh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!” He said “Keep doing that. Don't stop till I'm all drained out!”

“Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! Whatever you wish, sir!”

Her instantaneous confirmation served to heighten his arousal, and he started exploding between her tits. Jets of white

liquid shot between her perky jugs, reaching all the way to her chin and lower lip, but mostly gathering between her firm, C-cup tits.

She continued moving her body up and down until his cock was a dormant rubber snake between her tits, and then backed off and looked up at him.

“Thank you so much, sir.” She said, squeezing her tits together so his cum can't escape the valley between them.

She had one final, important duty. She let go of her tits and allowed the sperm to drizzle down her slender body, all the way to her mini-jeans, leaving a white trail from her tits to her waist, and started cleaning his cock with her mouth.

Once his shaft was sufficiently clean, she looked up at him with an apprehensive glare.

“Was that good enough, sir? Did I redeem myself for my previous rudeness.”

She swallowed nervously.

“May I be your subservient, compliant, and adoring girlfriend?” She asked.

He could barely hold himself from rolling on the floor, laughing.

“Yeah, Lily, you can be my girlfriend tonight.”

She got back on her feet and jumped up and down, her tits jiggling wildly, the sperm still stuck between them like glue.

“Thank you so much, sir!”

“You're welcome, my new squeeze.” He said, enjoying how her eyes glowed, remembering the angry flare she had before, when he dared to mention the word 'squeeze'.

“Put your shirt back on. Don't wipe the cum off, I wanna see it stick to your body.”

She bounced to find her shirt on the floor, and put it back on. Wet marks immediately appeared on the lightly hued fabric, and sperm still peeked from between her cleavage, for everyone to see.

Well, everyone staring squarely at her tits.

“That's pretty good.” He said “Kind of like marking my territory. Guys looking at you with the wrong ideas will see the cum between those tits and know you're taken.”

“That's brilliant, sir. You're so smart!” She said, kissing up to him.

She stood before him, patiently waiting to be told what to do.

“Okay, I'll come pick you up at nine-twenty p.m.” He said “Wait outside, and wear something hot, but not too slutty. I want men to be jealous that I get to tap this hot ass of yours.” He spanked her again, grabbing it with both hands.

“But I don't want you to look like some fucking whore I hired, got it?”

“Yes, sir.” She nodded, her eyes shimmering as she gazed upon the man she adored.

He gave her one last sharp spank, and sent her on her way.

“I'll see you later, Lily.”

“Bye, sir. I love you, sir.” She walked away and waved back at him, shaking her ass seductively until it was out of his line of sight.

Lily spent the rest of the day trying on outfits, making herself as pretty and desirable as she could for her wonderful boyfriend. An hour before her date, she got in the shower and cleaned herself up, primping herself with pleasant odors and sensual scents.

Her phone rang as she left the shower, naked and wet, wrapped only with a small towel. It was Daisy.

“Umm, hey, Daisy. Listen, I know you probably heard that I'm going on a date with Donny.” She started thinking of a way to explain her sudden change in mind, and apologize to her best friend.

“I want you to know that we just got together today. We were never together when you and him...”

“Hey, it's okay, Lily!” Daisy said with a cheerful voice “I called to congratulate you. I'm so happy you get to date him, and I'm even happier he found a new squeeze to replace me, so quickly.”

Lily smiled happily.

“You're such a good friend, Daisy.” She said. She would've kissed her best friend if she wasn't on the phone with her.

“Thank you so much for not making a big deal out of this.”

“I'm just a little surprised. I mean, the way you talked about him earlier.” Daisy said.

“Well, let's just say he has ways of explaining himself.” Lily said coyly.

“Oh, I know, right?” Daisy agreed “He's so wonderful and charming, and he really knows how to shut his woman up, if you know what I mean...”

“Oh, trust me, I do.” Lily said with a giggle, licking her lips.

“You already gave him a proper, shall we say, kiss between the legs, then?” Asked an amazed Daisy.

“Yeah.” Lily said proudly “A long, wet, and slurpy kiss.”

“Wow, I never thought you'd go down to your knees so fast.” Daisy said.

“Well, he's different, you know.”

“Trust me, I know.” Daisy confirmed dreamily.

“Well, I bet you've got some preparations before the big date! Talk to you tomorrow!” Daisy said with a cheer.

“Bye, Daisy!” Lily said and hung up.

“She's such a good friend...” She said quietly, fondly staring at her phone.

After trying on a few more outfits, she finally found something that fit her boyfriend's wishes. She wanted her boobs to pop, but since her boyfriend banned bras, her pushup bra was out of the window. Literally, she threw all her bras away the second she returned home. She had no more need for them.

Instead, she found a nice pink top that got shrunk in one of her laundry cycles. She was going to throw it away, but now it

served as the best top for her current needs. It snuggled her tits tightly, pushing them up and forward, and her nipples were so visible within the flimsy pink fabric, that she may as well have been nude up top.

As a bottom, she chose a skirt which stretched just above her knees, giving a slightly less whorish look, but also allowing her to skip wearing panties over her now shaved pussy. She hoped Donny would appreciate the easy access to her cunt, whenever he needed it.

All in all, she looked desirable, but far from whorish, and that's exactly what her boyfriend wanted. Lily finished applying her make-up when the clock ticked nine-fifteen. She made her way downstairs, five minutes early because if someone was going to wait, it wasn't going to be her perfect boyfriend.

She ended up waiting for over twenty minutes, and began to wonder if he was going to show up at all. It was nine-forty-two when he finally arrived, although she felt no resentment towards him. He surely had a good reason to be late, after all.

She smiled as he stopped next to her, and looked at him with sparkling, adoring eyes.

“Well, get your ass in here.” He said “We're already late.”

“Oh yes, sir. Sorry, sir!” She said, and moved her pert behind into the car, sitting next to him.

He checked her out, smiling broadly.

“Nice top.” He said pulling at the pink fabric to reveal her nipple, and then cupped her breasts.

“Thank you, sir.” She said dutifully.

His hands moved down to her skirt, and then blatantly under it.

“Nice touch, not wearing panties under your skirt.” He commended her.

“Thank you so much, sir, your words honor me.”

“We have to go. I'll blame you if we're too late.” He said.

“Of course, sir.” She agreed with his reasonable decision. Who would ever believe it was his fault, anyway?

He started driving to the bar where they were to meet Diana and George. He didn't apologize for being late, but Lily didn't need him to, especially when she felt his hand pat the back of her head, like one would pat a submissive pet. When they reached an intersection, his other hand drifted towards his crotch, and he fidgeted on his chair uncomfortably.

Lily felt him nudge her head down.

“Suck my cock.” He told her, and he didn't need to say so twice. It pained her to see him in such discomfort, having to drive her worthless ass around, and thus being unable to properly alleviate his own tension.

“Yes, sir.” She said as she lowered her head, and took his shaft out of his pants.

Lily had a chance to think about giving road head in the past. Well, not her doing so personally, but she thought about it. It seemed so ridiculous and dangerous to her. What if the guy loses focus and crashes the car? Obviously the girl is in a dangerous position in case of an accident, and the guy is safe behind the wheel. Besides, what if someone sees them from other cars, or the street?

She always figured if she ever did such a thing, it would be with the love of her life, someone she trusts beyond reason, and only if they were in a car with tinted windows.

Well, his car didn't have tinted windows, and people most likely noticed what she was doing, especially when they stopped at red lights, but that didn't matter to her any longer. The love, respect, and trust she felt for him exceeded any reservation she may have had before, and she gave it her all, just to bob her head up and down, and move her tongue around his shaft as best as she ever could. Nothing else mattered.

She knew she could trust him to not crash the car, and besides, she would love nothing more than to die sucking him off.

That was the true depth of her devotion to him.

*"Mmm! Mmff!"* She whimpered and moaned as she slurped and gobbled his manhood, making sure not to soil his pants in the process.

She couldn't get him off by the time he parked the car outside the bar, so he grabbed her hair and started drilling into her hard, using her mouth to jerk the cum right out of him. Lily didn't relent, and continued moving her tongue around his rod, even as she gagged and choked. Her efforts paid off, because he started cumming not long after they parked.

"Swallow it." He told her as streams of spunk shot into her mouth.

Lily gulped hard and lifted her head.

"Thank you, sir." She said, a strand of cum running down her chin.

"You have some here." He told her, and she dutifully wiped it off with her hand, and licked it clean.

"Okay, let's go in." He said.

"Yes sir."

On the short way inside, and up until the point they sat down, he had his hand resting on her pert ass, occasionally squeezing, asserting his dominance and ownership over her body.

Guys around them did turn to look at her, especially since the top of her nipple still peeked from the top of her shrunken blouse, but upon seeing Donny's hand firmly grabbing her ass, they knew she belonged to him.

Donny and Lily found their friends, and after the pleasant greetings were out of the way, both George and Diana stared speechless at Lily. George's eyes fixated on her nipples, until Diana elbowed him with a stern glare.

Diana then turned her eyes back to Lily, looking concerned.

"So, you and Donald, huh?" She asked, curling her lip.

“Yeah,” Lily said, looking at her boyfriend with moist eyes “I love him so much.”

“You love him?!” George asked, his eyes widening in shock.

“Yeah.” Lily said “I'm not sure if it's mutual, but that's okay. If Donny ever comes to love me, I'll be there, waiting for him.”

Diana frowned. She didn't know Lily very well, but she saw something was a little odd.

“Are you sure everything is okay? You seem...different, somehow.”

“Of course I'm different.” Lily said, not taking her eyes off her boyfriend “I'm in love.”

Donny just gave a glance, smiled, and turned back to the other couple.

“So, how's work, George?” He asked his friend.

“What? Oh, it's okay. Look, you have to explain this a little better. Yesterday, you were with Daisy. Today, you break up with her and date her best friend, and she's...Well, madly in love and head over heels for you?”

Donny chuckled.

“I can't tell you anything I haven't told you before, George. I'm just *That* good with the ladies, do you *Dig* my meaning?” He said, winking at his best friend.

George's eyes widened, as if he just realized something. He looked at Donny, and then over to Lilly's fawning, blushing face, and back to Donny.

“I...I see. Uhm, well, heh, that's interesting.” George mumbled, looking down at his knees, embarrassed.

“What is?” Diana demanded.

“Oh nothing, honey.” George said quickly, covering up for his friend.

“No, you know something!” She insisted.

“Diana, if your boyfriend says it's nothing, then it's nothing. Jeez, learn some respect.” Donny told the curly haired blonde.

Diana was so angry she nearly chugged her beer mug in Donny's face

“You stay out of this. Just because your girlfriend doesn't seem to mind what a jerk you are, that doesn't mean I'll take your crap.”

“Hey!” Lily turned her head to Diana, true anger in her eyes, and lifted a threatening finger on her.

“Don't you dare talk to Donny like that!”

“Donny?” Diana huffed “Might as well call him master with the way you're behaving.”

“*Ohh*, that has a nice ring to it, doesn't it Master?” Lily said with a coy smile and turned to Donny.

“But that doesn't mean I'll let you call him a jerk, you bitch!” She turned to Diana, and said fiercely.

As much as Donny was enjoying seeing Lily protect him against the same kind of insult she herself dished his way earlier that very day, he decided to step in.

“Now, now, Lily, let's not get carried away. We are here to have fun with our friends, after all.”

Lily immediately calmed down, smiled, and turned to him.

“Yes, Donny.” She said with a gentle voice, and turned back to Diana.

“I'm sorry. Diana, I was out of line.” She said with a light bow of her head.

“I don't get it.” Diana shook her head, frowning “Why are you behaving like this, Lily?”

“What's the matter?” Lily asked “Just because women have rights nowadays, does that mean I can't choose to be a submissive girlfriend to my man?”

Diana took a few seconds to process Lily's baffling words.

“No no. I mean, you can do whatever you want.” She back peddled.

“And,” She frowned “I'm also sorry for being rude, Donald.” She added with slight resentment, just wanting to bury the hatchet.

“Water under the bridge!” He said, and lifted his cup “Cheers!”

After they surpassed that little hurdle, things went easier. Especially since both Diana and George did their best to ignore Lily, and the three of them just chatted among themselves. It worked well for Lily, too, since all she really wanted to do was to fawn over her wonderful boyfriend and stare at his greatness. She didn't want to talk to anyone, anyway. She simply sipped her drink occasionally, and kept her eyes fixated on the one she loved and adored.

The guys started talking about sports, and Diana felt bored and out of place, so she tried getting Lily's attention, to no avail.

“Hey, Lily!” She nearly came to a scream, out of frustration.

Lily shook her head and looked at Diana, as if waking from a dream.

“Oh, sorry. What is it?” She asked.

“Umm...” Diana said, flustered now that she had the attention she wanted.

“Did you see last night's fashion week recap?” She asked awkwardly.

“No sorry.” Lily said curtly, and turned her gaze back to Donny.

“I'm going to freshen up.” Diana said “Join me, Lily?” She extended an invitation, being as gracious as she could possibly be under the circumstances.

“Uh...” Lily said uncertainly “May I, Donny?” She asked the love of her life.

“Sure, go ahead.” He permitted.

“Okay, let's go.”

Both girls got up and headed towards the ladies' room for some freshening up. Donny decided to take advantage of Diana's

absence and stared at George meaningfully.

“I don't understand how you cope with that prudish bitch.” He said, shaking his head.

“Hey! That's not nice...” George protested, pretending to be insulted in his girlfriend's stead.

“Yeah well, nice or not, it's the truth! Did she at least open her legs for you already?” He asked.

“No...” George said with a disappointed sigh.

“She wants to wait and get to know me better.” George's resentment towards his teasing girlfriend was finally starting to show.

“I would've spanked her sorry ass out the door ages ago, if I were you.”

“You're not me. Besides, you can't claim she's not worth the wait.” George said with a sly smile.

“I don't know. I'm not really into curly hair. But she's got a smoking body, I'll give you that.”

George sighed and stared at his half-drunk cup of beer.

“How about we change the subject?” He suggested desperately.

“How about you grow a pair and download the DIG app, already!” Donny countered with his own suggestion.

“Did it really turn Lily into that gushing blubbering bimbo I just saw?” George asked, still astounded.

“You better believe it.” Donny confirmed.

“Trust me, it's not easy believing that.” George admitted.

“Well, try it on your own! The app handled Lily in a matter of seconds!” Donny insisted “Get your little blonde toots to learn her place.”

“No, I'm not gonna do that!” George said, blushing slightly.

“Why?!”

George leaned his head forward, and started to whisper.

“Think about what you're doing! You're messing with people's heads in hopes that it's permanent and irreversible. What if some

girl, somewhere, manages to fight the changes off?!" He exclaimed.

"It doesn't have to be Daisy, or Lily. Once this gets out they're gonna go after every guy who ever downloaded and used it!"

Donny responded with a derisive shrug.

"Dude, you only live once!"

"And I'd like to live outside of jail, thank you!" George argued.

"Who do you think will find out, seriously? It's completely discrete. You don't even need to give your name or anything."

"What world are you living in? Nothing is discrete nowadays."

"George, I just don't want you to wake up in twenty years and realize you missed the best thing that happened to men since, well, ever, that's all..."

Donny could see he was finally cracking George's shell of abstinence, and he wasn't going to relent.

"Come on, give me your phone." He quickly snatched George's phone from the table.

"Hey! Give me that!" George tried snatching it back, but Donny was already with his back turned to him, shoving his hands off whenever he tried to reach for his phone.

"Damn your lightning reflexes!" George said, annoyed.

"I recall telling you when we were kids that you should join me in karate, and you didn't listen, and now you're a sluggish turtle. You really should have learned that my ideas are gold, by now. I won't have my best friend missing out on this fun, no siree!"

"Come on, man, the girls will be back any moment."

"Oh, please, they can stand before the mirror and powder their faces for hours in there, especially since your bitch girlfriend is probably trying her best to convince Lily of what a huge mistake she's making."

George gave up on trying to get his phone back, and drowned his frustration by downing his beer completely.

“There, downloaded, installed, and ready for use. You don't have to use it, buddy, but now at least you have the option, if that little cock-tease pisses you off too much.”

He showed George the app's main screen.

“Here, you just need to point the camera to her face, and press this button. I got you the basic thirty dollar package, which allows for just one girlfriend at a time.”

“Wait, thirty dollars? You didn't mention that!” George complained.

“It's nothing! Think about what you're getting in exchange. Besides, you only have to pay if you actually use it.”

“And what if I use it on a second girl?” George was curious.

“It won't work. You have to unhook the original one, first.” Donny said, and George frowned at him.

“Relax, once you unhook a girl, she forgets everything and goes on with her life. I mean, she remembers being with you, but thinks it was all her idea.”

”Mind you, when I say 'unhook', I don't mean breaking up with her. She'll stay your bumbling sex-toy even if you told her to take a hike in the most disrespectful way. She'll wait for you to want her again, and won't ever get another boyfriend till you actually unhook her. Real unhooking only happens when you press the unhook button next to her picture, and then you and her both can move on to better things.” Donny smiled.

“Good to know.” George said and took his phone back.

He stared at the app's main screen for a second.

“Not bad, I guess. Wait, so you mean Daisy is now back to normal? Because Diana spoke with her and said she's still willing to get back with you, if *you* want to. Diana yammered about it all day.”

“Well dummy, I already upgraded to the premium package. It costs fifty dollars for the first two girls, and another fifty for a third one, a hundred for the next, and then two-hundred, and then four-hundred, and so on. Of course any girl I release means I can get a different one for free. If I have the cash, I can

theoretically get as many cuties as I want, and build my own private harem.”

“As many as you want? Do you even know what exponential growth means?” George mocked him.

“I do, yes. I did say theoretically, right? Basically, the size of your harem of obedient girlfriends is dependent upon the amount of money you can spare. It's not just the money, it's so guys won't get too greedy and obvious, you know.”

“How many did you think of?” George asked, starting to like the idea.

“Eight, or so. You know, it's a few G's, but I can handle that. Of course, you'd need millions if you want to pass the twenty girls.”

“And billions for over thirty women, I know the math.” George said “Well, I'm not sure if I'll use the basic package, anyway.”

“That makes one of us.” Donny said with knowing eyes. He had no doubt that George will use it.

The women returned and Donny pretended to still talk about football, but all the talk about his adoring, submissive girlfriends got him really hard, especially when he saw Lily's nipples nearly tear through her pink top.

“Hey, I think I'll go to the men's room to take care of something. I'll need your help, Lily.” He stood up, and smiled at her.”

Lily jumped to her feet.

“Of course, Donny!” She said.

“Wait, what?” Diana asked, aghast “Don't tell me you're going to...”

“Stay out of this, prude.” Lily said coldly, and shook her perfect ass over to the men's room.

“Prude...??” The astonished Diana repeated.

“I guess you had a nice talk.” Donny said to Lily as he caught up to her, and grabbed her ass.

“Yes, sir. She's a prudish bitch who doesn't know how to properly behave with her boyfriend. I tried to tell her, but she wouldn't listen.”

“Well, as long as *you* know how to be a good girl.” He said, and pinched her ass.

Back at their table, Diana was busy ranting about pretty much everything.

“That Lily is a real weirdo! I mean, did you ever see someone acting so weird?!”

“Nope, never.” George agreed, slowly sipping beer from his refilled cup.

“Why did you even bring me here. Your friend, Donny, is a fucking piece of work, too. I never want to see him again, even in my peripheral vision, seriously!”

“Diana, he's been my best friend for years.”

“Yeah, well, maybe you should just keep those fond memories, because right now, I can't even believe you can bear his company.”

“Don't be like this. He isn't that bad.”

“Isn't that bad?! You know, if that's what you think about that sexist pig then maybe we shouldn't even be together!”

“You're thinking of breaking up with me because you hate my friend...fucking bitch...” George gritted between his teeth, taking another sip.

“What?” Diana asked.

“Nothing...”

“Don't drink so much, you have to drive us home.”

“You can drive. You had less to drink than I did.”

“I'm too tired. Stop drinking, I said!” She grabbed the cup from his hand, and slammed it on the table.

George stared at her like he wanted to choke her, tightening his jaw and angrily biting his lips.

“Is anything wrong?” She asked, feeling a bad vibe from him.

He changed his demeanor immediately.

“Not at all. Listen, there's this new photo app that I wanted to show you.”

“Is that the one that shows you how you'll look twenty years from now? Cause I tried it at work, and I don't think I want you to see the results.” She said with a cute smile.

“Nah, it's the one that takes a pic of two people and shows how their kids would look.” He made up, off the top of his head.

“Thinking about kids, are we?” She said, surprised.

“What?! No, I was just...”

“I'm kidding. Okay, take a picture of me.”

George smiled, and pointed the phone's flash on her face. In the men's room, inside a stall, Lily was busy giving Donny a nice, sensual lap dance, grinding her hips on him and humping his crotch. She already hung her top on the stall's hook, and he enjoyed suckling on her nipples, and squeezing her tits as she danced

“Time to fuck that tight cunt of yours.” He said “I drank a few beers, so you ride me and do all the work. And don't make too much noise, we are in a public place, after all.

“Yes, sir.”

Lily was already in the process of spreading her slender legs above his cock, and guiding it into her fresh pussy.

“Ah!” With a sweet, muffled moan, Lily lowered her hips all the way down, taking his manhood into her wet pussy with one pleasure filled motion.

She started bouncing on him eagerly, with a big smile on her face. Donny groaned as he played with her bouncing tits, enjoying them as much as he enjoyed the slutty look on the face of the girl who started the day hating him.

“Do you like it, sir?” She asked, desperately seeking approval.

Donny reached for her bouncing ass and grabbed it with both hands, spreading her cheeks and spearing himself into her.

“It's not bad.” He said “Writhe your hips a little more.”

“Yes. *Nngh!* Sir!” She immediately implemented his desires, and started flexibly moving her hips in perfect circles.

“Ohh, fuck! You're much tighter than Daisy, that's for sure.” He said, making her cunt even wetter.

For a couple of moments, the only sounds in the men's room were of Lily's bouncing, and her boyfriend's happy grunts of pleasure. Then, the doors opened with a strong force, startling the both of them.

Lily realized it was just the door, and returned to her duty of quietly riding her boyfriend.

“*Ohh yeah!* Get in the stall, you bitch!” George's voice came from the stall next door.

“Yes, master!” They heard Diana moan, and then a powerful spank pierced the room.

What came next was a barrage of powerful smacks, as George started pumping into Diana in the doggy style position, fast and furious, letting his aggressions out on the bent over blonde before him.

“George?” Donny huffed as Lily increased the pace of her riding, not wanting to lose to the blonde bimbo next door.

“*Ohh fuck!* Donny? Heh, I forgot you were here. Silly me...” The sound of constant fucking stopped, but Diana kept moaning, George merely slowing down his ramming into her cunt.

“Is this pussy not good enough, master?” The mesmerized Diana asked, responding to her master's slowing down.

“It's great, bitch.” George said “Move that ass for me.”

*\*Spank\**

“Yes, master!”

Donny couldn't help but spank Lily as well.

“I see you went with the full sex slave mode, huh?” He called out to George.

“Yeah, I figured I'll give it a shot. Which mode do you use?”

“The one right under it. It's pretty much the same, anyway.”

“What are you talking about, sir?” Lily asked, still diligently riding his cock.

“Not something a brainless little pair of tits like you should be concerned with.” He said, and spanked her again.

“\*Spank\* Ow! Yes, sir!”

Lily struggled to muffle her moans as she felt his cock throb within her. She pushed herself down to his hilt, and he started spraying the inside of her pussy white, all the way to her womb.

“*Ohhhhh...*” He moaned as he released his load into her.

“Good girl.” He said, pinching her nipple as the last hot spurt shot out of his cock, and into her cunt.

“Thank you very much, sir. My pussy is always available for you.” Lily said with adoring wetness in her eyes, happy to receive his praise, and his load in her muff. She never allowed any man to cum inside her, even though she was always on the pill, but there were no rules with her new boyfriend, other than the most important one: Whatever he says, goes.

Donny stayed in his seat, enjoying the helplessly obedient Lily, still balanced on top of him with a slutty smile on her face. The sounds of rough fucking increased from the next stall, and their moans made Donny wonder why he even told Lily to be quiet, in the first place.

“Take this, and this, and that! \*Spank\* *Ohhh, fuck!* You bitch, take it all!” He heard George moan, and then the constant smacking stopped suddenly.

“Thank you for cumming in this cunt that you own, master.” Diana said, and yet another spank was heard through the surprisingly acoustic room.

Donny heard the re-buckling of pants, and then a door opened.

“I'm going back to the table. Stay like this so my good friend Donny can see what you became, Diana. I'm sure he'll enjoy the view. I'm waiting at the table, Don!” He said.

“Yes, master.” Diana acknowledged George's command.

“Okay!” Donny called back.

“Get off of me, slut.” He told Lily, and she got up and let his cock slip out of her aching pussy, immediately fingering it to cork

his spunk and secure it in. She liked the idea of being his cum reservoir.

Donny walked over to the next stall, and his heart leaped at the sight he saw. The arrogant Diana was bent over, her ass in the air pointing at his direction, and thick white liquid adorned her bare and shaven pussy lips. Her curly hair covered her face, and she wiggled her ass for all to see. If there was any other man walking in, he would get a peek of the degrading display as well.

“Well, who's the submissive slut now, huh?” He said.

“I am, Donny” Diana said “I exist to please and obey my master.”

“Wow,” Lily said, looking at her “And here I thought she was a bitchy prude. I'm sorry I misjudged you so much, Diana.” Donny's dimwitted girlfriend apologized to the bent over blonde sex slave.

“I forgive you, fellow sex toy.” Diana droned out, shaking her ass vibrantly.

“I'm starting to like her.” Lily said with a giggle

Donny had an idea, and took his phone out.

“Lily, suck the cum from her cunt, and make sure to look at the camera, I wanna make a nice little feature film of it.”

Lily's first impulse was to refuse. Putting her face in the cum drenched fuck-hole of another woman seemed so vile. She would never disobey her boyfriend, though. After all, good, obedient cunts like her were a dime a dozen, and if she failed him, he will just move to the next tight pussy.

“Yes, sir.” She said, and lowered her head to the blonde's cum-filled muff.

Without hesitation, and with no holding back, she shoved her mouth in the other girl's cunt, licking and nibbling and kissing the folds of her tight pussy, making her squirm.

“*Mm! Ahh...*”

Lily still made sure to keep her wonderful boyfriend's cum in her own cunt, rubbing it in and making her wet, but the most

important thing she focused on was to lick Diana's snatch clean of spunk, and make sure she does it in a way that looks good for the camera.

When Donny felt she was done, he told both of them to dress up, and took them back to their table.

“Check this out.” He sneaked his phone over to George, with the video he just took just waiting to be played.

George took Diana, sat her on his lap, like a doll, and watched the video.

“Woah! I should have stayed there.” He said “Can you send it to my email?”

“Yeah, sure.” Donny said, putting Lily on his lap, as well.

The two friends continued talking, this time without Diana's constant interruptions. Diana and Lily embraced their place as arm candy, sitting silently on the men who owned their asses, having their nubile bodies squeezed and fondled while the men talked about politics, sports, and current events.

Finally, the men decided it was time to go.

“Oh, wow, I completely forgot this blonde bimbo on my lap has an important exam tomorrow morning. I guess we'll just have to sleep in and change the curriculum to 'how to properly open your legs', huh, Diana?”

“Yes, master.” Diana smiled and nodded, standing up and walking to the exit with George's hand on her ass.

Donny and Lily left behind them. Both men were too drunk to drive, so the women got behind the wheel.

“Well, I'll see ya, Donny.” George said, and walked away.

“For sure. Have fun with your 'new' girlfriend!” Donny called back.

Donny sat in the passenger's seat in his car, and put his seat belt on.

“We're going back to my place, and you're staying the night.”

“Yes, sir.” Lily said, making a mental note that she will have to cancel her own plans for the early morning.

They got home, and moved into Donny's bed, slipping under the covers together. Donny was in his boxer shorts, and Lily was properly naked. Lily was tired enough, but Donny was in the mood for one last blowjob, to close the day. Like the submissive girlfriend she was, she dove under the covers and took care of his erection as best as she could, sucking him off with all her heart.

Donny turned the TV on, and watched some porn. Lily would usually be insulted if some guy used her mouth as nothing but a masturbatory tool while watching porn chicks get fucked. Not with Donny, though.

She knew her place was beneath him, and him watching porn only served to increase his pleasure, so she was more than happy to accept it. Not that he asked her permission, or her acceptance, anyway. No, he just took her silent obedience for granted, and Lily wouldn't have it any other way.

In no time, he was pinning her to the mattress and fucking her as hard as he could in his tired and drunk state. He actually pumped into her ass a few times by accident, but she thought it would be rude to correct him, so she just kept her mouth shut as he filled her ass with his cock.

Eventually, he turned her around, spread her legs, and fed her pussy with another load of cum. He fell asleep immediately after, his head buried between her tits. He didn't even say good night.

“Good night, sir. Thank you, sir.” Lily said, and fell asleep with his cock still inside of her.

Lily woke up before him, but dared not wake him up. A couple of hours after she awoke, she felt his cock harden inside of her, and a few seconds later, she heard him groan. Without even a 'good morning', he started pumping into her again, fucking her until he woke up to full consciousness.

She stayed as quiet as she could, not wanting to mess with his hangover.

“That's a good cunt...” He said as he fed her with a third load of cum over the span of twelve hours, pulled out of her, and got out of bed.

“I'm going to take a shower.” He said, fully awake.

“I'm done with you. Get out.” He told her.

Lily made a saddened face.

“What?”

“We're breaking up.” He said with a wicked smile “I dated you for a day, fucked your mouth, your tits, and used you as a mattress. It's time to move on. I only wanted you for your tight holes, after all.”

“My holes are still tight, sir.” She almost begged.

“Yeah,well, maybe I'll fuck you some other time. Right now, I've got better things to do than to look at your hot piece of ass. I told you yesterday, I'm not looking for something long term, I just want a squeeze to do my bidding and sate my sexual urges. If you can't handle that, then we might as well say goodbye forever.” He said.

“Daisy was fine with this arrangement.” He added with a grin.

It's not like Lily could even think of anything other than agreeing.

“Of course, sir! I'll just shake my ass out of here and wait for you to call. You don't have to, of course. I'm at your beck and call, sir, whenever you wish.” She got out of his bed and scurried to retrieve her clothes, smiling at him contently, wanting him to feel as good as he could about dumping her.

Wam, bam, thank you, ma'am - It was never an attitude Lily liked in guys, and Donny didn't even say thank you. And yet, all she hoped as he sent her out of his apartment with a final spank, was that he will call her for another romp in the sack, or even just to have her improve his life in some way. She wasn't much, other than his sex toy, at that point, but she still had some other skills he may benefit from.

With that thought, she started walking down the sunny street, a smile on her face and cum still dripping from her horny, and full cunt.

She decided to call Daisy, her best friend.

“Hey, Lily. So, how was it?” Her friend asked.

“Great!” Claimed an enthusiastic Lily “I spent the night at his place, and he fucked me like five times!” She over embellished to make her friend jealous.

“And now he dumped me like yesterday's garbage.” She added with the same happy tone.

Daisy sighed contently on the other side.

“He's wonderful, isn't he?” She asked Lily what was clearly a rhetorical question.

“I remember what I felt when he dumped me, as if it was only yesterday.”

“It was yesterday, dummy.” Lily laughed.

“Oh, right!” Daisy said with a dumb giggle “Isn't it nice how he makes us feel like such worthless cunts? It put my life in such great perspective.”

“Yeah...” Lily agreed “I can't think of anything other than pleasing him, even now.”

“I hope he takes me back at some point.”

“If he doesn't, we can always meet up and reminisce about our time as his devoted girlfriends.” Daisy suggested.

“That sounds like so much fun!” Lily said.

“Anyway, I'm getting on a bus, and then I have to lie in bed with my legs spread open, and rub my cunt while thinking about him.”

“Same here, only without the bus part.” Daisy responded “Bye, Lil.”

“Bye, Daisy.”

Lily canceled all her plans for the next day, and spent it in bed alternating between masturbating while thinking about him, and sleeping - Dreaming only of him, of course.

The fateful call came much sooner than she expected, at the afternoon of that very day.

“Hello, sir.” She answered giddily, her pussy wet and ready, as always.

“Hey, slut. I'm horny. Get your tight twat over here.”

“Yes, sir!”

Lily hung up the phone and put on the first clothes she found in her closet. It's not like she'll be wearing much at his place, anyway. She had at least three orgasms during the bus ride there, just from the anticipation, and she could barely hide them from the bystanders.

At his door step, she found her best friend Daisy, and frowned.

“What are you doing here?” She asked.

“Donny called me to be his squeeze. He's horny.” Daisy said with a proud smile.

“No! He called me!” Lily shrieked.

Before Daisy could respond, Donny opened the door and smiled.

“Get in.” He said.

“Yes, Donny!” The girls said in unison, and immediately looked at one another with resentful eyes.

He locked the door, and looked at the two of them, standing before him.

“Why are you standing?” he asked.

Daisy and Lily looked at one another, and gasped as they realized what he meant.

“Sorry, sir!” Lily said, and dropped to her knees. Daisy followed suit almost immediately.

“I must have called the both of you by accident.” He said “Sorry about that.”

If they had any brains left between them, they would've realized he was joking about the so called “accident” that brought the two of them there, at the exact same time.

“It's okay, sir!” Daisy whined.

“You can do no wrong, sir!” Lily agreed.

He walked forward and towered over them.

“To be honest, I've been thinking of having you wrestle to decide which of you is better, but I figured you two are best friends, so you'll probably refuse to fight each other.”

Daisy spoke first.

“No, sir! I'll fight her till tomorrow, if it pleases you! I'll kick her ass! Her friendship is meaningless compared to my love for you!”

Lily was annoyed, not by her best friend's words of betrayal, but because she was too late in her own similar answer.

“I'll do whatever you wish, sir! I don't care about this bitch!” She said, giving Daisy a stern look, ready to pounce on her violently, at his very whim.

He just chuckled, and unzipped.

“Don't worry” He said with a smile “I found a better solution.”

The two young women looked up at him with puppy eyes and defeated smiles.

“Oh, you're so smart, sir!” Lily said as his cock sprung out of his trousers.

He put his hands on both their heads, and nudged them towards his cock.

“Instead of choosing right now, I can just have fun with both of you.”

They started licking his cock together, devoting every aspect of their being to his pleasure.

“And maybe I'll let the better cock sucker stay.” He added wickedly, and prompted the two subservient sluts to squeal in surprise and start ravaging his cock, fighting for every inch with their tongues and mouths, each determined to prove her cock sucking superiority.

“*Ohh fuck!* that's right, you're my two little BFF sex dolls.” He mocked.

“*Mmh! Mm! Mm!*” Lily and Daisy responded with moans of acceptance and acknowledgment.

“Hehe, sounds like you really *Dig* your new place in life.” He patted both their heads as they worshiped his erect manhood.

His ironic mocking of their fate went well above their dimwitted noggins.

“And it's all thanks to a little smart-phone application. It's truly a great time to be alive.” He said, already thinking of who his next 'girlfriend' ought to be, while Lily happily choked on his cock, and Daisy giddily serviced his balls

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Will B. Gunn thanks you for your support, and hopes you had fun!