

# Imprints of Desire

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# Who is John Woods?

# 1

The alarm buzzed with a depressing cheer of a Tuesday morning after a three-day weekend. The discordant rise and fall of a simulated clock came out of his phone's speaker at just the right frequencies to give him an almost immediate headache.

With a groan, he reached over to grab it but missed. The narrow side table rattled before he could snatch it off the top and flip it over to snooze. The phone caught the end of the table and he heard the thud of it hitting the floor.

Muttering, he opened his eyes enough to reach down and grab it. His small bed, only a cheap twin mattress, squeaked in protest until he rolled back over and turned the phone on instead of going back to sleep.

In a half-sleep, he wandering through social networks while his eyes struggled to focus. He didn't post anywhere, there was nothing to say, but he read through a couple threads of indignation, requests for money, and the general dumpster fire spread out across five different networks.

He was about to toss the phone aside to enjoy the last five minutes of his snooze alarm when his dick woke up. Stiff with the morning, it was also sensitive and a little jerk would make the day a lot more pleasant. With a grin, he reached down with one hand to wrap his fingers around his cock while using his other to start up the LovingFans. He had a couple subscriptions and the daily drip of puffy nipples, shaved pussies, and up-close dildos was the right way to start the day.

John worked himself up as quickly as he could, getting to the point where the pleasure caused his pre-cum to reduce the friction and he could pump faster.

The alarm went off.

Still stroking, he tried to thumb it off.

A notification for a meeting in an hour popped up.

He almost considered snoozing that also but it was an important meeting with his doctorate advisor, Professor Hannah Simmons.

His shaft throbbed when he thought about her. Even with her brusque manner, she was a pleasure to watch: voluptuous and curvy with breasts that threatened to burst out of her bra every time she bent over. More than once, he had walked into her office and was blessed with a view of her amazing ass as she opened up a cabinet. If he was in a porn movie, it would have been the perfect change to shove his dick into something besides his hand.

Sadly, John didn't live in a porn movie.

With a groan, he switched from the video on the screen and into the music. Hitting play on a little John Coltrane, he threw back his covers and forced himself out of bed.

His apartment was a tiny place in downtown Hanover, a one-bedroom flat dangerously close to the student bars and places to hang out. It gave him plenty of views of beautiful women out his window, but it also ate up most of his salary.

While he brushed his teeth, he wandered between the stacks of boxes. He had only been in the States for a few months, but even the meager possessions he had brought with him from London felt overwhelming for the cramped quarters. He tapped on the box with his gaming systems and wondered if he would be in the mood to play but then quickly dismissed it when he saw his first copy of *Vermont in the Making* jammed between two boxes.

"Bloody hell," he muttered again, "that's where the bastard went to."

The book was cracked and sported countless post-it notes. They were of different colors, but since he lost the book three months ago, he had forgotten his system or the notes he wrote in the margins of the book. There were no digital versions of the book—why would anyone digitize an obscure history book about Vermont

—and the replacement copy cost him plenty, but he needed the book to finish.

A new plan arrived. He would go down to the corner coffee place, get a decent cup of tea, and then go over the notes to see how much of his thinking had changed since he lost it. He grabbed one of his cloth masks without thinking—policy at the school still demanded it.

He made it through the front door before he remembered his phone and his appointment with the professor.

“Okay, new plan, tea, meeting, and then a long lunch.”

*t'Sade*



# A Cup of Tea

# 2

Foggy's was a local coffee shop that tried to buck the trend of overpriced coffee stop franchises for a more friendly feel. It had pictures of local bridges and rivers, had names like "big" and "medium" for sizes, and sported a massive colored chalk menu that changed daily.

Naturally, it barely made ends meet compared to the Bucks down the street connected to the big box store, but that also meant that John didn't have to wait in line to get his morning tea.

He thumbed through his book as he automatically headed down the stairs from his apartment and took a right toward the coffee stop. Even though it had been only three months since he lost the book, he had already found two points that he had accidentally edited out of his latest thesis draft. With a groan, he dog-eared the page.

So focused on his work, he only had a brief flash of yellow before he rammed into a construction barrier. The heavy plastic jammed him in the gut and he almost fell over it into a gaping hole where the sidewalk used to be.

Someone nearby laughed.

Blushing hotly, he looked up to see that the walk had been torn up down the entire length of the block. The debris and construction also blocked every store front: the coffee shop, a dry cleaner, a cash-checking business, and a place that sold flannel of some variety.

John dreaded the idea of going to Bucks for tea. He walked around the construction and onto the street between the curb and parked cars until he found a narrow strip of piled up dirt that made a trail leading to Foggy's. A small sign said "We're Open!" but there

was no chance anyone would see it with some asshole with a massive SUV parked in front of it.

But, the lure of cheap tea called to him and Foggy's was along the way to work. He threaded his way across the path, tested the door to make sure it was open, and then headed inside.

Foggy's looked like every other coffee store in America. But, this one had a cozy feel to it with a glass counter with muffins underneath. The menu for the day had a "Construction Sale!" as a nod but the prices were the same as they were every other day.

Behind the counter was a willowy beauty with curly red hair. His eyes flickered automatically to the swell of her breasts underneath the blue apron. Helpfully, right above the bump of her nipple tenting the fabric was her name tag: Olivia.

"Good morning, how may I help you?" asked Olivia. She said the same thing every morning since she started working a few weeks earlier. She wore a blue mask that matched her apron. The mask hid her lips but her smile didn't quite reach her eyes. He was pretty sure serving coffee was not her first choice in life.

"Good morning. I'd like a large English Breakfast and... one of those blueberry muffins."

"Sugar... and milk?" She held up a finger as she made a show of remembering him.

He smiled at her, though it was hidden by the mask. "I'm feeling special today, how about cream instead."

Unresponsive to his smile, she went about making his breakfast. He tried not to stare at her, but there was little else of interest in the coffee shop than watching her firm ass in her black slacks.

It had been a long time since John had broken up with his only girlfriend. A long time and a different side of the ocean. But that didn't mean he couldn't appreciate the woman in front him. Though he knew that she no doubt had many people hitting on her constantly and didn't want to be a bother; he wasn't in the mood for rejection either.

Olivia set down his tea before bending over to fetch his muffin from the cabinet.

He forced himself to look at the pictures on the wall instead of leering at her. Part of him wondered what her breasts would look like underneath her apron; actually, he'd like to see her wearing

nothing but the apron. His dick pulsed and he tore his thoughts away while wishing he had finished wanking before leaving his apartment.

“Here you go, that will be \$5.23.”

He smiled at her as he paid.

She didn't respond.

With a quiet sigh behind his mask, he headed to the school and his meeting with the professor.

*t'Sade*

# Getting Into Work

# 3

The Old History building had an aura of age and faded prosperity but it smelled like rotted wood left out on a British beach for a decade. The stench clung to his clothes at night and did nothing for the papers that sat steeping day after day on his desk. The only thing that could make it worse was the air conditioner that blasted his desk with slightly cooler air and powerful fumes every time he sat down. A handful of small statue replications stood across his desk like some sort of general's invasion plan as they bravely fought against the wind that tugged at his flapping pages.

He picked up a bust of Robert Walpole and retrieved one of his post-it notes. Puzzling through his handwriting for a moment, he turned to his computer and added it to the digital notes before finding a place where it would be appropriate to add to his thesis.

"You were late," came an sharp voice from the door. It was Hannah, the Associate Professor and his supervisor.

He looked up. She was a beautiful woman with large breasts that begged to be spilled out into his hands but her prickly attitude made it impossible of even jerking off to her image at night. He cleared his throat and gestured to the computer. "For the meeting? I was here like you asked."

"I said to meet me in the boardroom."

She was wrong, the meeting said his office. He tapped the keyboard to unlock the screen. "The meeting invite said to meet here—"

"No, I clearly said the boardroom," she interrupted with the tone of voice that didn't acknowledge reality. Her wire-frame glasses

sparkled in the light and her hair quivered under the breeze that blew away from his desk.

He glanced at her, fighting the urge to prove her wrong and risk another screaming fit. He sighed and pulled his hands away. "Sorry," he said, hating that she was always finding something.

"Well, you wasted most of my morning. Let's see what you've pulled together since last week."

The meeting was only scheduled for an hour, but he didn't think it mattered to her at that point. He unlocked his computer to print it off.

Hannah came around. "Move out of the way," she snapped.

He tried to back up but the only place to go was up against the wall next to his desk, trapped unless he was willing to touch her; something she stated in no uncertain terms would get him thrown out of the program and school in an instant.

Her phone rang out. She pulled it out of her pocket and looked at the screen. With a huff, she swiped to ignore and bent over to page through his document. Occasionally, her body would shift closer to him as she lifted herself up to type directly into his document without using a comment or track changes.

John couldn't help notice that she wore a skirt that highlighted the beautiful curves of her ass that were dangerously close to his hand. He turned his head away from her and took in a shuddering breath that brought the sweet smell of her perfume to dazzle him. It was difficult to concentrate with his natural urge to look at her perfect ass or the legs presented by her heels.

Hannah's phone rang again. She straightened up, her breasts looming over his seated position. Pulling it out, she sighed. "What is wrong with that girl?" she muttered before smacking it on his desk.

One of the busts toppled and papers began to slip off the page.

John reached out but then caught himself as his hand almost brushed the back of her thighs. With a gasp, he yanked his hand back.

Hannah glared at him. Then jammed one fingers against the screen. "What the hell is this? I thought you cut the section about Mark Hunking? No one cares about how his younger brother cheated on him."

John sighed. "I think it's important in showing the parallels to his brother's actions. Benning would later use the same justifications as his brother did in his letters to his creditors after his bankruptcy."

"It isn't useful at all. There is nothing similar between the two."

John struggled for a moment. He made the note before and still felt it was right, but Hannah's demands were difficult to resist. She was his supervisor and was also responsible for him getting a doctorate, but she obviously didn't care for Benning Wentworth or John's study of his reign of corruption.

Her phone rang out again.

"Oh, for God's sake." Leaning against his desk and giving him no quarter to escape, she answered sharply, "What is it, Ester?"

The annoyed look on her face faltered for a moment, then came back with a surge of anger. "What the hell?"

More speaking, higher pitched and rapid. John knew that Hannah had two twin daughters, Ester and Ruth, but he hadn't met them and Hannah only kept the photos on her phone, not on her desk.

Terrified of getting caught, John stared down at his feet as he listened to his supervisor's phone. It went on for a moment.

"Oh, for God's sake," muttered Hannah again, "let me call the school."

She hung up on her daughter and called another number while glaring at John.

He folded his hands and waited, wanting to get back to work or escape but she made no effort to get out of his way and he wasn't going to suggest anything in the foul mood that radiated from her in a palatable field.

"Yeah, give me the damn principle. ...I don't care, get the bitch out and answering the phones! You have protesters outside of the school and you don't report it to the parents! We have a right to know what's going on and I shouldn't be hearing it from my daughters!" A tinny response. "I don't care if they are exercising their free speech shit or not, I don't want my children at risk because those cops in the school decided to keep out of the way. What are you paying them for? What if it turns ugly with those plague rats outside!?"

She stood up, bumping John as she spun around. Her ass shoved him up against the wall for a moment, crushing him in the soft

cushion, before she stormed out. “Of course I’m going to get them out! If you can’t do your damn job, I’m coming right over there and getting my girls away before they get hurt!”

Hannah stormed out of his office. “You will be hearing from my lawyer too!”

John let out a sigh of relief. At least he wouldn’t be facing the brunt of Hannah’s answer for a little while. He listened until he heard her leaving while still yelling into the phone before returning to his computer. A quick “Save As…” and then holding down the Undo button let him use Track Changes to figure out what alterations she made and if they made sense.

Still stinging about the disagreement about the entry about Mark, he decided to leave that and just focus on the other criticisms.



# Surprise Delivery

# 4

Even with Hannah nearby, her words continued to haunt John's work as he struggled through expanding the new sections. Everything felt wrong, but he managed to push it aside at least to fill in the sections with the rough ideas before going back to refine them.

He had just gotten into a groove of writing when a knock on the door interrupted him. He jumped in surprised as an instant feeling of dread draped over him. He didn't relish being insulted by Hannah again.

"You got a package, John." It was Erin Porter, the Assistant Professor and another member of the department.

"Thank god," John muttered underneath his breath. Then he spoke louder. "Come on in."

It could be a lack of girlfriends, but Erin was another distraction of John's. She didn't have the voluptuous figure of Hannah, but her beauty looked more like a painting: smallish breasts that pushed up from her blouse, full hips that begged to be grabbed from behind, and a warm smile that drew his eyes to her lovely mouth. She wore a button-down shirt and a pair of slacks, a conservative outfit that matched well with her reddish hair.

She carried a heavy-looking box. With a grunt, she leaned it to the side and stared pointedly at his desk.

"Oh, sorry." John carefully relocated his piles of papers and statues away from her to give her room setting it down. When she bent over to place it, he caught a hint of her nipples sticking out from the thin material of her blouse.

"This just came in. The label is hard to read, but you're the only John in this building so I assumed it was the books you ordered last week."

He frowned momentarily. "Yeah, but I never got a shipping notice."

"Maybe they forgot?" She tapped the box. "It's really heavy, it has to be books. Nothing is heavy as books. Anything good?"

"I hope so. A bunch of letters during the era from Yale's collection: pretty much the entire section of books that indicated they had writings in the margin, a third edition copy of *Letters From the River*, and what I assumed was another copy of *Vermont in the Making* but some annotations from the original writer." He chuckled. "Though, I found my original copy this morning."

Erin pushed her short hair over her left ear. "Yeah, that would make it a heavy box of books. You want empty it and let me take it recycling. I was about to meet my sister before she finishes her lunch hour and heads back to Foggy's and I can take the empty box on the way out."

John thought about Olivia and then up at Erin. To his surprise, there was a resemblance between the two of them. "I... I didn't realize anyone else went to Foggy's."

"Well, she got a job there a little while back. Since she's so close, I try to visit her to keep her spirits up."

"Olivia?"

Erin's smile could light up the room. "You know her?"

He thought about she barely remembered him. "Not really, she was there when I got tea earlier today. She knew I liked sugar and milk."

"She's a good girl girl, just having a little bad luck. I mean, no one wants to be a barista for a living." Erin grinned and then tapped the box. "Well, open it up."

John grabbed a pen from his desk, jammed it into the seam, and tore it down the middle.

"No grace there. I thought you British people were supposed to be graceful."

He shrugged. "It works. Besides, we are responsible for most of the atrocities in many countries. I doubt grace is something I would use to describe us."

Reaching down, he pulled it open and then stared at the particle board underneath. It appeared to be a wooden box inside the cardboard one. “What in the bloody hell?”

Erin leaned over. She had a fruity perfume that teased him. “How much did you pay for shipping!?” she gasped.

“Apparently too much.” He tapped on the corner that had been cracked. “And yet not enough. Good thing I wasn’t paying by the stone.”

John tugged on the cracked corner of the wooden box and it came off in his hand. Inside, there was black foam that was also crushed. Some of it glistened. Curious, he reached out and pulled it open. It was sticky and wet on his fingers as he pried out a chunk.

Instead of books, there were bottles of something. The one in the corner looked like it had been cracked with the contents spilled out into the foam. He leaned to the side and then reached it to pull the bottle free.

Something sharp cut into his fingertip. “Shit,” he muttered and yanked his hand back. It was only a moment but blood was already welling out of shallow cut. “Bloody hell.”

Erin let out a sudden shuddering breath that sounded strangely like a moan. He looked up to see her eyes had gone unfocused for only a second. Then she shook her head. “Oh... you smell nice....” Then her eyes drifted down. “Oh, blood. Let me get a bandage, I know where they are!”

She spun and hurried out of the room.

John stared at her in confusion, what was that comment about smelling nice? Then he grabbed a napkin from his drawer to wrap his finger before returning to the box. Gingerly, he pulled more of the foam apart until he could ease the broken bottle out of the container. His hand glistened with the liquid that had soaked into the foam and he worried that he was pulling out acid or some neurotoxin.

When he didn’t start screaming in agony or just drop over dead, he carefully rotated the glass bottle to read the neatly printed but soaked label. It was just a lot of written symbols arranged in a chemical formula that required a higher level of chemistry than he had ever taken. At least, he knew that nothing good came of a

formula with that many parts to it. The corner of the label caught his attention, "Dr J Woods, Dartmouth College, Medical Sciences".

"Well, that explains it," John said to himself. "The wrong John Woods."

Even as he said it, sweat prickled his brow and his chest began to ache. The feature of poison rose up. He rubbed his fingers on his pants to try getting off the moisture while he sat down to bring up the staff directory. His mind helpfully started into doom scenarios as he found the other John and then dialed his number.

As he listened to the ringing, he kept rubbing his hand on his pants. He tried to think if he had hand sanitizer or something stronger.

Erin came back. "Here you go."

She came around his desk, with the bandage in her hand. Then, she stopped and did a double take.

John looked up, a phone in his hand and his cut finger pressed against his jeans. There was something about her eyes, a glassy look that somehow took on a different tone as she took in a deep breath. Her nostrils flared for a moment and then her lips slowly parted.

"Here," she said in a much softer tone. Then, to his surprise, she slowly sank to her knees in front of him. "Let me get that."

Maybe it was his recent thoughts or a lack of girlfriend, but seeing a beautiful woman kneeling in front of him brought a surge of inappropriate thoughts flooding through his mind. There was no way he was living out a porn video, but for a brief moment, all he could think about was her lips on his now-hard cock.

Erin reached up and rested her palms against his knees.

His cock surged painfully against his jeans, bulging out his pants.

She rested the bandage and antibiotic on his knee and then carefully unwrapped both. Her movements were slow and she kept taking deep breaths. Even from his vantage place, he could see her eyes drifting toward his crotch, thought it was hard as he watched her tits rising and falling.

The door at the end of the hall opened up and Hannah's voice came bouncing down. "I don't care if you were in the room, those idiots are one step away from an active shooter scenario and I'm not going to put my babies in there."

“Mom,” said a younger woman, “we’re sixteen.”

“We aren’t exactly babies anymore,” said another woman.

Even though John had never met them, he could tell Hannah’s twin daughter’s voices almost immediately. They were softer and more musical, but they had the same accent and quality.

Erin’s fingers brushed against his inner thigh, well away from his hand but dangerously close to his aching hardness.

He tensed as he looked down. Her head was bowed over him, almost as if she was blowing him, as she carefully wrapped his finger in the bandage.

Hannah stopped in front of his office, did a double take. “What the fuck!?” she snapped before storming in. “What the hell is going on!? Who’s feet are those!?”

John’s cheeks burned as her daughters squeezed in after her. Both were younger versions than their mom, though one had her mother’s large bust and soft curves while the other was a slimmed-down version. All three wore the same type of wire-frame glasses.

Still on her knees, Erin looked up with a gasp. “Professor?”

“What in the hell are you doing on your knees in here?”

John’s cock should have shriveled at the accusing tone, but it only got harder. He wanted to cover it, but it would have been too obvious.

Erin held up the remains of the bandage. “He got cut on a bottle.”

“And you had to blow him while putting it on?” Hannah’s voice beat against the walls, shrill and piercing. She came around. Her padded hip bumped Erin as she reached down and grabbed John’s wrist. With her fingers digging into his skin, she pulled it up.

John winced as he shifted in his position. Her rough yanking pulled him closer to the edge and his face was almost dragged into her cleavage.

One of her daughters, the slender one, giggled.

“You call this a cut? Please, a piece of paper does worse when...” Her voice softened as she stared at it. Then, her chest rose as she took a deep breath. The barely hint of her top rubbed against his nose, bringing the flowery scent of her perfume. “Then... then....” Her voice trailed off.

Her finger tightened on his grip.

John winced. “Could you let go? That hurts.”

Hannah didn't move. Instead, her eyes grew more unfocused as her body seemed to freeze. Her sudden deep breath caused the front of her breasts to bump against his face, a soft padding that brought a new surge of heat to his length and a burn on his cheeks.

John glanced over to the door to where the two daughters were standing. Both of them had the same look on their face as they stood there, the air from the conditioner plucking at their hair and clothes. They were almost breathing in unison, taking it deep as if they were sniffing perfume.

Hannah's fingers relaxed and slid down his arm. He started to pull, but then she drew it back up. The motion was unusual, but then she stroked down as if she was pumping his hand.

With Erin's hand on his knee and Hannah jacking his arm like a cock, he couldn't help but think about sex. His cock grew even harder, grinding against his jeans. He tried to squirm, but he was just as transfixed at the other two women.

The door at the end of the hallway creaked as it opened again. Olivia, still in her Foggy's outfit, and another woman came in. They walked forward, slowing down to peer into Erin's office, before they looked up.

Closer, it was easy to see how both of them were related to Erin. They shared the same hair color and facial features. The newcomer was almost as curvy as Erin; compared to her, Olivia was a slender beanpole.

Erin's fingers curled over his knees, gently increasing the pressure on the inside. He could feel his leg starting to part and he found himself in a position where he desperately wanted to be somewhere else at the same time wishing no one was wearing any clothes.

Olivia leaned into his office. "Have you seen Erin... oh my god!" Her eyes were wide as she stared at her kneeling sister in front of him. Then she reached out and grabbed the newcomer's hand and pointed to his desk.

The newcomer looked around, somehow missing Erin as she looked over Hannah and then to her daughters. The front of her blouse strained at her breasts and he could see how the wrinkles accented her hips in the trousers. She had some sort of badge on her waist but he could only read "Veterinarian" on it.

Olivia smacked the other woman again. “Look!”

“At what?” snapped the newcomer.

“Christine, our sister is blowing that guy.”

The entire room gasped at the words that filled the room. Then Christine’s eyes widened as she stared. “Oh my god, Erin!”

“I’m helping him with a bandage! He cut himself,” she said but made no effort to stand up or take her hand away from his upper thigh. Her hand kept the pressure on his knee, drawing it further apart.

Hannah finally stirred as her eyes came into focus. She shook her head and stepped away, the heat from her breasts fading with the distance. “I-I... I need to get to my office.”

She pushed her way past the four women at the door to his office.

Her daughters started after her but the curvier one stopped to wave at him with a smile on her own.

“Ester!”

Ester rolled her eyes and then gave him a smile. “I like your cologne,” she said before trailing after her mother.

“Oh,” Olivia said as she took a deep breath. A ghost of a smile cross her face. “I... never noticed that before. It smells really good.”

Christine didn’t say anything, but she leaned on the door with her eyes half-closed. She licked her lips as she stared at her sister who said nothing as she leaned back on the door.

Erin’s hand inched up toward his aching hard-on.

Christine finally stirred. “Erin, not work appropriate.”

Erin froze.

“You don’t see me jacking off my coworkers.”

Olivia snorted. “You work with three women and your customers are all dogs and horses.”

“Maybe I like women too?”

“Yeah, that’s the day. My half-sister munching on rugs. You like the cock and you know it.”

Christine gasped. “Olive!” Then she looked sharply at John as her cheeks colored. Slowly, she reached up and pushed her hair over her ear—it was a gesture much like Eric, her apparent sister.

The ribbing somehow broke the tension. Erin stood up and tugged down on her shirt, giving him a brief view of hard, puffy

nipples. "You... I should probably be get going," she said with her cheeks burning.

Without waiting for his response, she hurried out.

Her sisters followed after her, not without both of them giving him appraising looks. They smiled at each other before following after their sister.

In a matter of seconds, John was alone with a hard-on and a fresh bandage. He looked around and then sighed. "What the bloody hell is going on?"

He groaned and mentally prepared for the inevitable visit from human resources that would do doubt happen right before he was fired.



# Good News

# 5

Hannah kept her daughters in her office as she threw herself into calling anyone related to the school and yelling at them. Her foul mood from rescuing her daughters from school set her off and he was glad that she wasn't focusing her dire attention on him.

That didn't stop her daughters from walking in front of his office. Every time he spotted movement, one of them was strolling by while looking at him. It feel like he was in a zoo as their eyes focused on him but as soon as he made any sign of acknowledging them, they hurried past.

It was flattering but, at the same time, kind of creepy. They were sixteen, he was in his twenties. If he did anything besides peek, his supervisor would have his balls and he would be stuck in another country with a black mark to his name.

Grinding his teeth together, he tried to focus on his work but he kept having the image of Erin kneeling between his legs and looking up at him or the heat and softness of Hannah's breasts as they bumped against his face. Each time, a surge of heat and lust flooded his thoughts and his typing ending.

A knock at the door startled him. It was Olivia. "I'm heading back to work," she started.

John had no reason why she was telling him.

Smiling, she leaned her head against the frame. "If you want to come over in the morning, I'll give you better service than before. I'll remember everything properly this time."

Sweat prickled his brow. "You remembered?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice, "you like milk."

For a moment, he wondered if she was hitting on him. His eyes drifted down where she had one hand against her small, but firm-looking breast. A hard nipple stuck out between her knuckles. His thought turned instantly to sex.

"I'll see you tomorrow," she said with a sultry smile and then headed down the hall, swaying her hips. Halfway down, she paused to look over her shoulder.

He was still looking, he wasn't dead.

She bent over, sticking her firm ass out, and toyed with her shoe for a moment before straightening and going along her way.

As discretely as he could, John pressed his hand against his cock. It was still hard from below, but it felt like every sultry look and strange behavior made it harder. He groaned and promised himself a good wank the second he got home.

The phone rang.

He jumped again. "Bloody hell."

John answered it. "John Woods."

"Well, hello, this is Doctor John Woods over in the Medical Pavilion." He sounded like a doctor. "You left a message and said it was important?"

"Um, yeah, John, I think your package got sent to me here at the Old Union Building. From Yale, but I can't read the label and they sent it over to me."

"Oh dear." The tone didn't encourage John.

"Should I be worried? The corner of the box was damaged and it's dripping all over my desk."

The doctor didn't respond.

"John? Doctor?"

"Sorry, just checking my notes. It's just a bio-chemical neural enhancer, but as long as you don't take intravenously, you should be okay."

"Intravenously, you mean through the blood?"

It sounded like the doctor was moving. There was a scuff of something and then the creak of a door and the whistle of outside air. "Not quite but close enough. Just keep it out of your blood and you're safe. As for god's sake, don't swallow it. Well, you're safe even you did. It's just a neural enhancer; it makes it easier to concentrate

on your job. Phase two trials are going really well with a pretty good...”

The doctor continued to speak as John looked at his bandaged hand. Sweat prickled his brow as he stared at it, wondering what had happened. He didn't feel like he had the ability to concentrate any better, if anything the constant thoughts of the women's eyes and the touches near his cock made it impossible to do his job since all he could think about was feeling their lips wrapped around his shaft.

“—John?”

John shook his head. “Sorry, got distracted.”

“I'll be over there in a few minutes. Why don't you just leave it on your desk and get a cup of coffee or something.”

John gulped. “S-Should I be evacuating the building?”

“No!” The phone vibrated from the doctor's yell. “Let me just get it, no reason to get anyone else involved. I'll hurry in, grab it, and be out before you ever notice.”

“Are you sure—?”

“Yes. Trust me.”

John thought about the coffee shop and Olivia's perky breasts pushing up against the apron. He wanted to see her again, if anything for another chance to admire her tits. But, if he came running after her, he would be nothing more than a creep and a stalker. Most likely, it was just him misinterpreting her signals.

He shook his head to himself. “All right, second floor of the building, end of the hall. My room has all the busts and paperwork on it.”

“Great! I'll be there in six minutes.”

Nervous, John kicked off a print of the new section of his paper. Circling around the still wet box, he gathered it up and headed down to Erin's office near the door.

Eric was staring at the screen. She had one of her shoes off and one hand on her lap.

He knocked.

She jumped and yanked her hand up. “John!”

“Yeah, mind if I ask some questions?”

Erin surged to her feet and shook her head. Her fingers trailed along some papers and it looked like she was leaving a moist mark on them. "Come in, come in."

"Your sisters?"

"Christine is my younger sister. She's a vet about an hour out of town but she's been visiting lately. Life has gotten pretty chaotic and I think she misses the company."

"Olivia?"

"Half-sister. She's had a nasty bump of luck and had to take a job at Foggy's. Why? Is there a problem?" She discretely wiped her fingers on her slacks. A faint, sweet smell drifted through the room.

He sank down in a chair. "Nothing, just curious. Usually it's just us three every day for weeks and then suddenly there were nine women crammed into my office. Kind of like a comedy show."

Erin giggled and pushed her short hair from her face and hooked it over her ear. "Yeah... comedy."

He found his attention drawing toward her lips. He had a closer view when she was kneeling between his legs, but they were no less alluring. He wanted to kiss them or have them wrapped around his dick. He struggled for a moment, wondering if the other John's chemicals were just a aphrodisiac or something because he was straining to keep his mind out of the gutter.

She bit her bottom lip and sucked on it.

John wished it was his cock that was on her tongue. He turned away before he blushed. "I... I had to get out of my office for a few minutes. Mind if if we talk about a second of my thesis?"

"Oh, sure!" Erin looked around for a moment and then pulled papers away to give him a clear spot.

He set down his papers. It took him a moment to gather his thoughts.

Erin squirmed in her seat for a moment and he heard a quiet thump of her knee hitting the inner wall. Then slowly, she dropped her hand onto her thigh and out of sight.

John berated himself for not focusing. He stared at the paper, but couldn't think of what he wanted to ask.

"You have a girlfriend, John?"

“What?” He stared at her in shock. “What... no. We broke up before I moved from England. She wasn’t into the long-distance thing.”

“That was months ago?”

He wasn’t sure the line of questioning, but it was something besides fumbling with his paper. He really couldn’t focus and it was worrying. “It’s been a while. A long while.”

“Been looking?”

John shrugged. “I guess so, but I’m type that wants something that will last.”

Her eyes seemed to flash. “Someone you can see yourself getting really close and knocking up?” The last question came out almost in a moan as she did something with her hand out of sight. Her shoulder moved slightly as the sweet smell grew stronger.

It took a second to parse her question with his distractions. Yeah, he wouldn’t mind finding someone to fall in love, get married, and eventually have some kids. Maybe it was an American think to be so forward. He tried to find the right words.

Erin didn’t say anything, just sat there staring at him as she rocked back and forth. He thought he heard the faintest of wet noises.

A knock on the door behind him caused him to jump. Turning around, he saw an older man with thinning hair leaning against the frame. “Excuse me, do you know where Mr Wood’s office?”

“Doctor Woods?” At the nod, John leaned back and gestured toward his office. To his surprise, Ester was standing at his door looking inside. He stared for a moment in confusion, and then pointed. “Right at the end, where that young lady is standing. You can’t miss your box.”

The doctor was already down the hall.

Ester turned around. She wore a frown. Their gazes met and she smiled before strolling toward him.

John pulled back, feeling uneasy but also strangely excited. An image flashed through his mind of Ester in Erin’s place at his knees and his manhood surged at the thought. “Fuck,” he muttered to himself and then forced himself to attend Erin. “Sorry. The box was supposed to go to Doctor Woods.”

She was still working her hand under the table. The desk shook underneath his hand along with the quiet thumps of her knee hitting the side. If he didn't know better, he could have sworn from the blush on her cheeks and her movements that she was masturbating right front of him.

John shook his head. "Sorry, I'm having trouble focusing."

"Me too...." Erin said. She rested chin on her other hand and draped a finger along her lip. Then slowly bit on the top of it as her other shoulder moved faster.

"E-Excuse me?" It was Ester.

John looked over his shoulder. "Yes?"

"Mind if I hang out in here? Mom is screaming at the phone and it's getting a bit loud."

Erin let out a shuddering breath.

John glanced at her before gesturing to the other guest seat. "Go ahead."

Behind her, the other John hurried past carrying the box. It looked like he used some of John's tape to seal it up. The man didn't even look to the side as he shoved the door open and flooded out.

A waft of the strange liquid washed past them.

Ester's eyes glossed over as she took a deep breath. Then, she arched her back and smiled. "Oh, you smell good."

"T-Thanks? I guess."

Ester came between the two chairs. She was a lot like her mother, soft and curvaceous. Her ass brushed against his shoulder as she turned around and he found himself focusing on the sensation as her jeans grazed his cheek before she sank into the seat. When she finally settled into place, he noticed she had turned it toward him.

"I heard your name is Ester?"

Erin let out another sigh. "Ester is one of Hannah's twin daughters. They've been coming to the building for years. They were such adorable babies. I could hold them for hours."

Ester's eyes softened for a moment and then arched her back again, pushing her generous breasts up into his view. "That's my family genes there. I've heard all our babies are beautiful." Her eyes never left John's.

John needed to adjust his cock so badly but didn't dare. Instead, he looked between the two women who were staring at him with

glazed eyes. Both of them were moving, Erin's hand was back to moving underneath the desk while Ester arched back as she spread her legs. He couldn't help but look down at the seam of her jeans before he guilty look away.

Ester dropped one hand to her thigh, her fingers pointing directly at her sex. "You have a wife?"

Erin answered for him. "Not even a girlfriend."

"Thought about one?" purred the sixteen year old trouble.

John nodded as guilt bubbled inside him. "Of course. I wouldn't mind settling down some day."

"Having 2.1 kids? The American dream."

Erin let out a little moan.

The air seemed to grow tight around them. John squirmed for a moment but he couldn't do anything to relieve the growing ache in his shaft and balls. "I guess, I always thought I would be a good father."

Ester grinned and her hand slid further along her soft thigh until she almost had her thumb against the seam and her fingers were holding herself apart. "I always thought that was hot, a man who wanted to find a woman to bring beauty in the world."

Hannah cleared her throat.

Ester jumped and yanked her hand away.

Erin's knee thumped against the side of her desk as she pulled her hand back into sight. John noticed it was dripping with juices before the older woman covered it with her other hand.

"What's going on?" Hannah asked.

Ester looked up and gave a bright smile. "Just asking what John's plans were for marriage."

Hannah's eyes narrowed. He watched as her attention move from her daughter to Erin and then back to Ester.

The muscles in his back tightened as he prepared himself for a screaming fit.

She shrugged but there was a hardness in her eyes. "Probably not the best conversation for here. Why don't we invite Mr Woods over for dinner tonight?"

Ester smiled brightly. "Would you join us, John?"

"We eat late, about eight," Hannah said. "Just bring yourself."

It was almost John's personal horror. Hannah had always been strict about him and spending hours in her house would feel like being stranded beyond enemy lines. But, with two of them asking, there was no polite way to disagree. He nodded. "I... I would be honored."

Ester squealed and launched herself off her chair. She spread her arms wide and then pulled him into a tight hug.

Before John knew it, he had her breasts smashed up against his face. They were soft and beautiful and just a bit suffocating. He gripped the sides of his chair as she ground against him, surrounding him with her musky perfume and the softness of her tits.

"Ester!"

The teenager pulled back and gave him a wink. "Just thanking him."

Hannah snapped her fingers and pointed back to her office. "That is now how we thank people in public and you know it."

Ester rolled her eyes as she got up. Instead of going around the table, she squeezed up against John and gave her one last feel of her bottom before she passed.

"Dear god, child, don't you listen?"

"I'm going, I'm going. Sheesh, mom. It isn't like he's going to bend me over—"

"Don't you dare finish that sentence."

"Sure, Mom." Ester said with a smile he could hear even if they were out of sight.

Even more uncomfortable, John discretely adjusted himself before he remembered Erin was still there. He looked at her with surprise to see that she was smiling while sucking on her two fingers; the two that were previously underneath the desk.

The sight of her fingers sliding into her mouth brought a renewed hardness.

He groaned and squirmed.

Her smile grew wider before she pulled her fingers out with a pop. "Looks like you are getting popular."

"I... I don't know what is going on."

"Well, I'm hoping you agree to have dinner with me tomorrow night."



He stared at her in shock.

“Looks like your calendar is getting full and I want on.”

John stammered for a moment before the words started to make sense. “Y-Yeah, sure.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Yeah. I-I should probably go.” He pushed himself up, turning away so she wouldn’t see how hard he was.

“John?”

He peeked at her.

“Your papers?” Erin said with a smile.

“Sorry.” He grabbed them and fled back to his office. At least there he could adjust himself without... whatever was going on in the office continued to happen.

*t'Sade*

# Coffee Break

# 6

“John?” Erin started at the door.

He looked up. “Yes?”

She was leaning against the door, back arched and held luscious breasts straining her bra. One leg curled on the frame as if she was posing for him. “I know you said dinner tomorrow, but want to take a break and get some coffee and sandwiches for lunch?”

The idea of getting away from the computer was a good one. And seeing Olivia would have been a bonus, if anything for another shot at seeing the nipples sticking through her shirt. He internally berated himself for considering that when he would be with her sister.

“My treat.”

Hormones and his stomach won. He saved his file, locked his screen, and then headed to the door. “You’ve sold me.”

“Well, I’d rather do something else to you.”

He did a double-take but she only smiled sweetly at him.

Together, they walked. She was closer to him than ever and occasionally their shoulders would brush together.

John had to admit, it was nice to have the attention. And Erin was beautiful and distracting. Not to mention, he couldn’t help but notice the sway of her hips and the bob of her breasts in his peripheral vision.

He didn’t remember most of the trip down to Foggy’s, not until they got to the door. Due to his British roots, he rushed forward along the narrow dirt path to hold open the door. His action required him to balance on the edge of the construction for a moment.

“How sweet,” Erin said as she passed him.

He smiled and followed after her.

The coffee shop only had two other people: Olivia and Christine.

Olivia looked up from behind the counter and then smiled broadly. She was holding a plate with two muffins on it. “John!”

Christine turned in her seat and she grinned. “Already bringing him down here to meet the family? Very well, let’s—”

“No!” snapped Erin. Then she stepped up to him and grabbed his arm, squeezing it firmly as she pulled him tight against her soft body. Her crushed breast was almost impossibly to miss and he stumbled. She started with him but he managed to catch himself by grabbing a nearby table and wrapping his arm around her waist.

She made a soft coo noise and nestled closer.

Christine’s eyebrow raised. “So, hoping to use Olivia’s back room for a nooner?”

“Chris!” Erin straightened up primly, her body shaking as she held herself close to him. “I’m not going to fuck him here!”

“Why not? Those bags of coffee beans are pretty comfortable. And just about the right height.” Christine winked.

John’s cheeks burned almost the same intensity as Erin. His thoughts were almost lost on his humiliation, but a small part of him focused on Erin’s words. She didn’t say she didn’t want to have sex with him, just that she didn’t want to have it in the shop.

Olivia grinned. “Not that I would know—”

Her eyes seemed to bore into John. “—but I’ve sat down on them more than a few times myself. Had a few thoughts of my own, actually.”

He shivered at the look. More and more, the women who were in that hallway seemed to have gained a strange fascination with him. He wondered if it was the chemical that he had touched, maybe the other John was wrong and it was causing unintended side effects.

Christine leaned back in her chair, her breasts rising up as she hooked her knees on the table. Her name badge flipped over. “Come over here, John, sit with us. Olivia is going on break and we were getting this morning’s muffins.”

“Do you want anything?” asked the beautiful lady behind the counter.

Erin clutched John tighter and guided him to the table. “Whatever he wants, it’s on me.”

“That’s not the only thing she wants on him.”

“Shut up,” snapped Erin before she smacked her sister on the head.

Christine giggled and then scooted her chair. “Sorry, I just like teasing my big sis. I mean, it’s also not the first time we’ve been interested in the same guy.”

Erin started to sit down next to her sister, but Christine shoved her over one step and turned the chair to John. “Come on, sit between the Porter Sisters.”

“Hey, what about me?” asked Olivia as she came over with a heaping pile of treats. “I’m a Porter too,” she said while glancing at John.

Christine grinned. “You can sit on his lap.”

Olivia blushed and looked at him with a look of growing excitement.

His manhood twitched the intense looks he was getting from all three sisters.

“No,” Erin said, “she can’t sit on his lap.”

“On the table in front him. I’m sure he’d like to see her with one leg on each—”

“Chris!”

John’s ears were ringing with Christine’s words. She was also interested in him and, judging from Olivia’s blush, the third Porter sister had also gotten a recent interest in him, a definitely carnal one. Once again, he wondered if the doctor’s formula had something to do with it. Would he have to worry about attracting every woman who came near him?

Even with the distinctly sexual attention, a worry rippled through his thoughts. He could easily imagine how much trouble he would be in if every teenager, student, and woman decided to get closer to him. If anything, he would be crushed under the onslaught of attention. His eyes glanced over to Erin’s sizable breasts. Suffocated might be a more accurate word if there were more than ten of them.

Olivia leaned over his shoulder, her breasts impossible to miss as they were squished against his skin. She set down a heaping plate

with four muffins. It was followed by a large cup of tea, the milky brown almost the exact color he liked it. "Here you go."

He turned. "Thank—"

Her mouth was only inches from his.

"—you."

Olivia winked and pulled away. Her hips swayed as she returned to the counter and grabbed a second plate.

"So," Christine said from behind him. "You have some interest in the Porter sisters?"

He jumped as the blush returned. She was smirking as she stared at him, the same probing desire that he had seen before. Leaning forward, she rested one hand on his thigh. "It's okay, we don't bite."

"Chris!" snapped Erin. "Stop trying to crawl into his pants!"

Christine's gaze slid to the side to regard her sister. "Like you aren't interested. I saw how your tits just keep popping up ever since you were blowing him."

"I was not giving him a blow job that time!"

That time? John found himself smiling. The shock was beginning to wear off and he found himself enjoying being buffeted by three beautiful women around him.

Across the table, Olivia sat down with a steaming cup of her own and a pastry. He could seem the dark coffee almost instantly. Her eyes flickered between her two sisters before she sighed and grabbed her snack.

Christine's hand rested on his thigh. "So, John, interesting in taking one of us out tonight?"

Erin reached over and picked up her sister's hand. "Down, Girl. My boss has already invited him to dinner?"

"The cow with the big tits?"

"You know who Hannah is."

Christine shrugged, then she turned her attention back to John. "Want to blow her off? I promise I'll make it worth your while."

"I-I..." he stammered.

"You do not piss off Hannah. She would have his balls in a wringer before noon tomorrow."

Christine's eyebrow rose.

"Chris, you can have him in two nights."

“Why not tomorrow?” Christine’s hand rested on John’s thigh again, only centimeters from his crotch.

His cock jumped at the closeness, but also the pressure as Erin leaned over his shoulder.

“Because I have him tomorrow night.”

Christine’s smile grew predatory. “Want to share?”

“No!”

“Why not! Not like we didn’t share everything else.”

“Borrowing my jeans is not the same as borrowing a boy.”

“It did when it was Ger—”

Erin grabbed Christine’s lower hand and pulled it away. “Quiet.”

John leaned back and looked at Olivia.

She watched him with the same hungry look at the others. When their eyes match, she shrugged. “I was the half-sister. They were both like this before I got into the story. I hope you don’t mind, it’s like being fought over by cats.”

Some of John’s tension faded. “They are more like kittens right now.”

There was a sudden silence.

He looked at the two sisters flanking them, they were both smiling but the look in their eyes was intense and hungry. He wondered if he had just made a mistake.

Christine leaned forward, her hand sliding up to cup his hard cock. Her lips teased his ear. “I’ll show you what a kitten I can be. I like to lick my milk right from the source.”

His shaft throbbed with her closeness and forward. It had been a long time since he had a woman’s touch on his cock. Or mouth. Or anything else for that matter.

Christine’s thumb traced his length and her smile broadened.

Erin yanked her sister’s hand away. “Stop dry-humping him!”

“Just because you aren’t making a move, doesn’t mean—”

“You don’t have to rape him in public, Chris!”

John cleared his throat.

They both stopped to look at him.

“Why don’t we just enjoy some food and a good drink? I’m happy to be with all of you right now.”

That seemed to placate the two sparring sisters. They leaned back in their chairs, but his words didn't stop the occasional wink, stray innuendo, and private smiles that promised a lot more.

John was both frightened and aroused like never before. He was afraid that he would say the wrong thing and somehow cause whatever was building around him to shatter. At the same time, he kept reliving the firm grip that traced his length through his trousers with a promise of far more.

As soon as he got back, though, he was going to call Doctor John Woods and ask him exactly what was in the formula.



# Ad-hoc Testing



John spent most of the afternoon trying to contact the other John but every message he left remained unanswered. As the hours passed by, his anxiety only ratcheted tighter around his chest. By the end of the day, he couldn't even appreciate when the two teenage girls strolled past his office giving him plenty of views of their tight asses and firm tits.

As he reached the end of his day, he decided to slip out before any of the prowling ladies waylaid him. He took the back stairs down and fled out the back door.

Out in the open, he took a deep breath. It was a quiet day, the crowds were mostly centered around downtown the more popular buildings. The historical quarter was not exactly a mecca of night life or even student life.

That gave him hope. He was still worried about whatever chemical was in his blood. Even his brush at Foggy's worried him, what if a lot of women were attracted at once, what if they all came for him.

His mind spun furiously. It seemed to be smell. More than one of them said he smelled nice and they all sniffed near him.

John dug his hands in his pockets and lifted his head to the breeze. At least he only had to worry about women downhill.

Or was it also men?

The muscles in his back tightened. He was straight and wasn't really into the idea of having hard cocks pressed against him. Even if they were submissive. Though, he had to admit, he enjoyed fingering his ass sometimes while masturbating and he enjoyed the idea of rimming, though he had never had it done to him personally.

John squirmed and ducked his head. He headed straight for his apartment hoping a shower would wash off whatever was on him. Though, if it was in his blood, he probably needed to also chug a liter or two of water and see if he could flush it out.

To his relief, he made it to his apartment without entering anyone. Rushing the last few steps, he yanked open the door to find himself staring at one of the other tenants in the building, a thirty-something mother. She was standing at the mailbox, shuffling through her mail.

She looked at him just as a breeze blew past him and directly onto her.

John cringed.

“Can I help you?”

No comment about his scent. John relaxed. “I... I live on the third floor.”

“Oh yeah, the British guy, right?”

“Yeah.”

She gestured to the door. “Mind if I get out?” It was a narrow hallway leading up to the stairs.

“Oh, yeah.”

He still tensed when she walked past him but there was no hesitation or sniffing or even a glassy-eyed stare. Instead, she passed him just every other time.

John let out a sigh of relief before he entered the apartment. He'll be wary for a few more times, but if he only attracted the attention of the six... beautiful... women, he would be happy.

As the door to the outside closed, he grabbed his cock and adjusted it. He didn't exactly know what was going on, but he had a feeling that work was going to be a lot more enjoyable until the formula wore off.

After grabbing his mail, he headed up to his apartment. He managed to make it to the door before a new fear rose up, what if taking a shower would ruin the effect? Was he ruining it by wanting to wash up? Or should he figure out how to prolong it.

His phone beeped from a text message. Thumbing it on, he saw it was a text from Hannah:

See you around around seven, dinner is at eight. No earlier than six thirty.

There was also an address in town, her primary home where she lived with her two daughters. He knew that she had a second, much nicer, place in East Corinth but he had never been there or even knew where the village was.

John stared at the message. It had all of Hannah's mood, strict and commanding without a hint of politeness. It was hard to read her intentions through the text, but he could imagine the formula would have failed and she would turn him aside; or he could find himself at her mercy away from the public eye.

His cock twitched.

Glancing at the clock, he guessed he had about an hour and a half. Enough time to roll the dice with God and take a shower. He could hope to maintaining it forever, but he wasn't going to be a guest without cleaning up. That would be rude. If he lost whatever had happened, then it would be gone.

Stripping and tossing his clothes on the couch, he headed for a shower while thinking about what wine he should bring.

He had standards, after all.

*t'Sade*

# Into the Den

# 8

John had to admit, Hannah had an impressive house. It was closer to the edge of town. Driving up, he passed through tightly packed American Squares. But between one block and another, there was a sudden expansion of space and the architecture turned to the more classically “rich person” styles. Hannah’s home was a classic Colonial with seven windows along the second floor and Ionic pillars framing the door. The entire thing was a shining white except for the front door which had been painted a deep red. It felt somewhat like entering some sort of beasts cave. He pulled his car up around the circular driveway and parked just beyond the stairs leading up to the porch. Getting out, he looked at the acres of neatly cut grass around him and shaped hedges that would have put most English gardeners to shape and realized he was a little overwhelmed.

Tugging on his tie and straightening his dark blue, button-down shirt, he tried to calm himself. The vague fantasies of have Hannah throw herself at him continued to dance in the back of his head. Once he was done preening, he reached in and pulled the bottle of mid-priced red wine from the brown paper bottle. The receipt clung to the edge and he pried it off. No doubt, his professor would have far more expensive bottles but he felt naked visiting without at least some gift. It wouldn’t be proper.

John stalled as long as he could. Then he took a deep breath, mentally prepared for the worse, and headed up to the front door. His shoes tapped loudly against the marble stairs. At the door, he hesitated with the knocker or the doorbell.

Ruth opened the door before he could decide.

“Oh, hello, I—”

Ruth was wearing a white miniskirt and a pink cropped sweater. The sweeping curves of the sweater seemed to hang off her small, perky breasts before spreading open to reveal the thin, draped material of her blouse underneath. He saw no hint of bra or even a corset, just the rippled of skin along naked teenage flesh and the swell of breasts that begged to be touched.

His throat suddenly dry, he glanced down and followed the curves to the stretchy material of a skirt that clung to her hips and delved delightfully between her legs. A pair of high heels arched her legs, causing them to steal his breath away as he stared at her in shock. It was nothing like the jeans she wore earlier and he found himself already aching to have her brush up against him. Ruth smiled and leaned on the door, a movement that caused her sweet tit to squeeze against the wood and a puffy nipple to tent the sweater. "Hello, Mr Woods."

His mouth hung open in surprised.

Rush grinned and used her figure to gesture himself. "Come on, everyone is waiting for you."

"I-I brought this," he said holding up the wine bottle.

Ruth's eyes glittered. She gave him a wink as she ran a hand down her side, briefly cupping her breast before sliding down to her hip. "You don't need to get me drunk, Mr Woods."

Distinct aware that he was looking at girl who could get him arrested, John cleared his throat.

She grinned and then stepped back. "Mom!"

Somehow, the way she yelled for her mother was so typical of a teenager, it almost caused him a headache with the comparison of the tight clothes around her slender and utterly forbidden body.

Hannah called out from the the side. "Bring him into the kitchen and then go tell her your sister we have our guest!"

Ruth smirked at him and rolled her eyes. "Is she this bossy at work?"

John shrugged and then nodded.

"Go on, through the dining room and then first left."

"Thank you."

Ruth headed toward a large staircase leading up to the second floor. At the bottom, she paused and looked over her shoulder at him and then bent over.

Her skirt rose up her trim thighs and he was unable to look away. Like a train accident, he was frozen in place as the bottom hem stretched around the bottom of her cheeks and then popped over the edge to reveal a pair of firm buttocks.

And between them, uncovered by neither underwear or any cloth, was a pair of hairless pussy lips. They were pink and swollen. Each one looked like a fat finger pressing together, except for a little fringe of labia that peeked out along the middle and a noticeable bump of her clitoris at the top.

John's cock almost exploded in his pants.

Ruth smirked before she straightened. Her hips swayed as she continued up the stairs, slowly pulling the skirt down over her cheeks.

"Oh," John said, "I'm going straight to hell. Straight to bloody hell."

He gripped the bottle tightly and followed her directions. The dining room table was a large, glass-topped table with four plates already set up. Three of them were on the near side, which seemed a bit off, but he guessed it was the heavy-looking credenza on the other side that made it uncomfortable. Passing through, he hurried to the kitchen. He pushed the swinging door open, right in time for his second surprise.

Hannah wore a black dress that was tighter than anything he had seen his advisor before. Even though her back was to him, there was no question about her perfectly plumb ass as the ripples of material moved with every step she made. A white belt hung off her hips, the back of it dangling down as an arrow into the valley of her cheeks almost as a guiding light.

He had never seen her in anything less than stern and his brain almost exploded, the sight of Ruth faded but wasn't forgotten.

Then she turned around. The front of her dress had a deep scoop that framed her large breasts almost perfectly. Her large tits, almost white against the black material, were snugly held in place but gave the impression of some fathomless depths of a trench. They were the breasts he could worship at, ones that he wanted to grab, to fuck, or simply press his face into.

Hannah looked at him up and down. She was appraising him, measuring him like a hunk of meat. It was both exhilarating and also terrifying at the same time.

He couldn't move as he stared at her body. She was intensely beautiful, even twenty years his senior. He didn't know if the formula still had its effect, but he silently prayed to God that it would be. Though, he couldn't imagine how he could have a chance at seeing more of her body with her two daughters upstairs.

"That for us?"

"Y-Yes, it's a Merlot."

"Bring it up, we can open it up. I have some cheese that would be perfect for it." Hannah's voice was softer and more sultry than ever. She opened up the fridge as he approached and then bent over again, the material of her dress tightening around her buttocks and framing the valley between her legs delightfully.

If he was chased out of the house at that moment, John would have had masturbation material for years.

When she straightened, the cool air of the fridge had caused her large nipples to tent the material of her dress. They were dangerously close to the edge of her collar, close enough he could reach over and "accidentally" tug them down. Not that he would, he was a proper gentleman.

"Let's see what we have here," she purred. She walked around until her back was the door and up against the island that stood in the center of the kitchen. She plucked the bottle from his hand and gave it a cursory glance.

Hannah set it aside and turned back to him.

John tensed.

She looked straight into his eyes.

Then reached down to cup his cock.

He froze as her fingers trace along his hard length. Images of being humiliated, fired, or raped all flashed across his mind.

Hannah smiled but her eyes never left his. "Good size, I was hoping but good to confirm." Her fingertips explored his helmet through his trousers and then traced down both sides of his aching shaft. "About how long?"

His throat almost refused to let the words out. "Seventeen centimeters. Um, seven inches?"



Her smile grew more hungry and he could see a fierceness fighting the glazed look in her eyes. “Just the perfect length, not too much to hurt me but just enough to fill me up.” She let out a moan as she cupped his balls. “Think you could come more than once tonight?”

He wasn’t exactly multi-orgasmic, but with a beautiful woman stroking his manhood, he was sure he would have two. “Y-Yes.”

Hannah’s grip tightened on his balls. “Say it like a man.”

He cleared his throat. “For you, yes.”

“Well, not just for me.” Her gaze glanced up if she was thinking. “There is twenty years apart between us and I’m a bit on the mature side. But the girls—”

His cock grew painfully hard even as a surreal feeling draped over him.

Hannah grinned. “Like the idea of shoving this into my little girls?”

She stroked his length as he struggled with the words.

There was nothing he could say. It was illegal and he knew it, but Ruth’s pussy lips were still burned into his memory and her mother was pumping his cock.

It was a trap, it had to be.

“You ever stare at my tits, John?” Hannah said, her eyes still locked on him. She brought her other hand forward, pushing up her large breasts as she dug for his zipper.

He couldn’t help but stare at them.

“I know you have. I bet you’ve thought about putting this hard rod between them and fucking them, haven’t you?”

He let out a shuddering breath as she pulled his zipper down and fished out his cock. He didn’t need to look down to know it was hot and swollen, almost the point of bursting. The familiar smell of his excitement, the musky sweetness, rose up.

Hannah took a deep breath. Then, she lowered herself to her knees.

“Oh fuck,” John gasped.

“Later,” said his advisor. She got on her knees and then finally broke the gaze to look at his cock, pumping it slowly as her fingers grew slick with his pre-cum. “It’s beautiful. Perfect.”

The words escaped him. There was too many things happening at once and he couldn't concentrate with her stroking his shaft.

"You want to fuck my tits, John?"

He looked down at her, seeing a beautiful woman with the perfect breasts just begging to be fucked. He nodded. "So much," he said before he realized the words were coming out.

Hannah used her free hand to tug the bottom of her collar down, pulling them off two puffy nipples. Then, she lifted herself up enough to angle his cock down into her valley.

At the first touch of her soft, hot skin, he let out a moan. His knees started to buckle until he grabbed the edge of the counter behind her.

"Push in, John."

He had to obey, his hormones and her command drove him without his logical thoughts being involved. His cock slipped into the tight valley of her tits. His pre-cum smeared the way as he felt the firm pressure enveloping his length. He went as far as friction would allow him and then stopped.

"Keep going. I want to feel your balls on my nipples."

John grabbed the counter with his other hand and then angled himself to pry himself out of her tight valley and then slide it back in. It was just as tight before, but slick with his juices. His cock sank deeper into the valley.

She moaned and reached up to stroke his legs, pulling him closer.

He shoved his cock deeper into her valley, burying his entire length into the tight vice until his balls ground against the incredibly soft skin of her tits.

"Oh, perfect. That's it, fuck my tits, John. I want to feel your cum all over them."

His length pulsed with the thought. Breathing hard, he pulled back and thrust again, smearing pre-cum everywhere as he plunged his length back into her cleavage. Every stroke made it slicker and the wet sounds and her moans drifted up from the the island.

It didn't take long before he felt himself getting close. It had been so long since he had a woman and he had never shoved his dick between a perfect set of tits before. He thrust harder, grinding his balls into her valley before pulling out.

Her moans continued to rise and fall but her hands never left the back of his thighs. She was pulling him into her as much as he was fucking her.

The kitchen door creaked open. "John?"

It was Ester.

John froze, his cock half buried in her mother's cleavage as he stared at her in shock. He tightened his grip on the counter and inched closer, pinning Hannah against the island.

"Have you seen my mother?" Like the other two, Ester wore a fancy dress. Hers was bright red with a plunge V-collar that showed off her equally large breasts. It had a swoop of fabric that parted just at her thighs, giving hints of her beautiful legs higher up than he thought was possible to see. Her brown hair had been teased up and there were jeweled pins sparkling in the light.

John struggled to contain his breathing. He couldn't explain that he was buried in Hannah's breasts.

Below, Hannah stroked his cock, pumping him as if she wanted him to cum into her cleavage even as her daughter watched.

"John?"

"Uh... I haven't seen... she stepped out."

Hannah pulled his cock from his cleavage. Inwardly, he despaired at not being able to cum between perfect tits. Then his cock head was enveloped in a wet heat that could only be her mouth.

Intense pleasure flooded through his body as she suckled at the end. He gripped the counter tighter.

Ester looked at him curiously and then stepped forward, her body swaying. She approached from the other side of the island.

Afraid of being caught, John pushed himself up to the island. His cock slid deep into Hannah's mouth and the back of her head thumped against the island. He blushed hotly.

"Is there something wrong?"

"No!"

Hannah didn't push him away. Instead she pulled him even tighter against her body, forcing his cock deep into her mouth until his entire length was swallowed up by her lips and he could feel the back of her throat tickling his cock.

The pleasure was overwhelming and he fought back his moan.

Ester trailed a finger along the bottom of her collar, exposing more of her teenage breast to his view. "Well, since she's not here. Think you could sit next to me tonight? I'd like to get to know you more."

Hannah gulped at his cock and he sank deep into her lips. She pulled him close and held him tight, not letting him draw back.

"S-Sure!"

"Good. Trust me, I think you're going to like desert." She winked. "It's finger licking good."

John's mouth opened but he was fighting the cum that threatened to explode from him. He didn't know how Hannah would respond to him blasting directly into her throat, but he strained with all his might to keep from finding out.

He nodded. "Yes, I'd love it."

"Good," she purred. Then she pulled the fabric away from her generous, full breasts and he was given a second look at forbidden flesh. Her tit was perfect, large enough to spill out of his hand but with a puffy nipple that was standing and begging to be sucked. "Trust me, you are going to love it."

It was too much for him: the idea of Ruth's bare pussy, Ester's naked breast, or his entire length plunged into Hannah's mouth. Three beautiful woman. He came hard, spraying into Hannah's mouth even as he ogled her daughter's body.

"I'll see if she's in the garage."

He watched as she left, his cock spraying again and again into Hannah's mouth. As soon as the swinging door closed, he let out a gasp and stepped back. Too late, he didn't realize he wasn't done coming and a rope of his cum splattered against Hannah's face.

She grabbed it and aimed it down as the last strand splattered against her cleavage, the bright white cum joining with the two streams that oozed out from the corners of her mouth to puddle into the valley of her pre-cum slicked tits.

John panted as he stared at her, his cock surging in her grip.

Hannah's eyes flashed for a moment.

He tensed.

She smiled brightly and stroked his length, squeezing out the rest of the cum until it splattered against her tits. The thick ropes were

already beginning to liquefy, oozing out of sight as they dribbled into the depths of her cleavage.

Hannah licked his tip and then let out a sigh. "I can't tell you how badly I want to take you up to my room and have you breed me."

The words caused his cock to surge.

"But, one of the girls should have it instead."

John stared at her for a long moment, the glow of his orgasm dulling his thoughts. "I-I'm sorry, what?"

Hannah ignored him for a moment, reaching up for a drawer and pulling out a cloth napkin. She used it to dab her face and then wipe her mouth. She held out a hand for him.

He took it and she stood up.

She squirmed. "Oh, dripping."

"I'm sorry."

"I am too..."

He tensed again.

"... you're going to need it later."

"W-What? Why?"

"To breed them, of course," she said if she was explaining a historical point to correct him. "I'm being greedy, but your cock is so perfect and I want it inside me so badly."

He found himself still hard at the idea of fucking Hannah. He bet she would moan perfect when he buried his length into her cunt.

But the moment also caused a headache. "You want me to... breed your daughters?"

Hannah nodded. "Of course. Why wouldn't you, they are the right age to bear your children and both of them are more than willing. Hell, I'd call them sluts for what they are wearing." She smiled. "But for you, it's perfect."

"They are sixteen."

She shrugged as she dabbed her cleavage again. "They aren't going to tell anyone. Neither will I. I mean, you don't think they are attractive?"

The words were coming out of his mouth before he could stop them. "Well, yes. They are amazingly beautiful, but—"

Hannah straightened. "No buts, John Woods. I expect you to be balls deep in one of them by the end of the evening. Both, if

possible. That's your job, that's their duty, and I will not hear anyone disagree."

The sharp tone stopped him. He didn't know what to say, but his manhood knew exactly what it wanted. It wanted to be sheathed into both of those nubile, illegal bodies. He could almost feel it and his cock stood up straight with anticipation.

Hannah smiled brightly. Then she squirmed. "Your cum is seeping faster than I thought. Open up the bottle of wine and take it out. They can have half a glass each until I come down."

Then, as if the matter was settled, she strode out of the room.

He followed, trying to figure if his hearing was completely going or if he had somehow missed a difference between English and American phrasing. At the door, he adjusted his cock and took a long, deep breath to calm down.

When he headed toward the dining room, he promised he would just pretend whatever Hannah said didn't happen. It was for the best for everyone.

# Sibling Rivalry



Entering the dining room, it was obvious to John which seat was intended for him.

Ruth sat on the chair nearest to the kitchen, her legs angled together and showing off a generous amount of naked thigh and her skirt that looked like it had been painted onto her legs. She had removed her sweater. The blouse underneath had spaghetti straps that strained to hold her firm-looking breasts underneath the satiny material. Two hard nipples peaked underneath the fabric and drew his eye to her cleavage between her breasts that were lifted and separated; he suspected for his enjoyment.

The seat next to her was empty and her sister was on the chair next to that. The red dress was a shock among the dark colors of the furniture and her sister dressed in white. The deep collar gave him a generous view of her large breasts. Unlike her sister who had a deep valley, Ester's tits were pressed tight together and he was reminded of the softness of her mother's tits as they were wrapped around his cock only minutes before.

Ruth patted the empty seat between them. "Sit here, Mr Woods."

"You can call me John."

She smiled. "Mr Woods."

Ester rolled her eyes and patted the seat next to her sister's fingers. "Come on, John. I want—"

"We," interrupted her sister.

"We want to get to know you a little."

John was going to burn in hell. He already knew that there was nothing underneath Ruth's tight skirt except for a pair of perfect

pussy lips and a hot little cunt. On the other side was Ester and her fat tits with nipples he already knew he could suck for hours.

His cock grew harder despite coming so recently. His efforts to convince himself that “breed” meant something differently for Americans crumbled as he looked into their intense, hungry eyes.

He tried to silently will his manhood to soften up, but he was afraid there was no way to miss it as he squeezed himself past Ruth to sit down. There was no good way and he ended up with his buttocks against her.

Ester’s eyes lifted up from his crotch as he maneuvered himself to the front of the chair. She had a little smile, cute except for the naked desire on her lips.

“Sorry,” he said quietly as he sat down and scooted the table up. The table top was clear glass and he could see his swollen cock straining his trousers right underneath the translucent blue plate. Gulping, he arranged the seat.

Then Ester leaned against him, her breasts pressing to his shoulder. “So, John, what is it like working for mom?”

“It’s been an adventure.”

Ruth shifted lower and she rested one hand on his thighs. “Does she break your balls and gets picky about every little thing?”

His entire body grew flush as his senses focused on her hot hand sliding along his outer thigh. He swallowed at his dry throat. “She is... strict.”

Ester’s hand rested on his thigh, a few inches higher than her sister’s on the other side. Her fingernails stroked him through his jeans as she kept it there, only a few centimeters away from his aching manhood. “Poor baby. You know, if she busts your balls too much, one of us will kiss them and make them better.”

He fought back the moan.

She licked her lips as she leaned forward, grinding her breasts against his thigh as her hand inched up closer to his balls. “If you ask really nicely, maybe we’ll kiss them at the same time.”

John stared at her in surprise and then looked over at Ruth.

Ruth shrugged. She had a sultry look on her face as if she was considering it. “Why not? I’m sure you are able to handle both of us.”



She scooted her chair closer. Her hand slid up until her knuckles were brushing against her sisters. Then, as one, they both cupped his hard cock.

John jumped at the touch, but then the firm fingers were exploring his shaft. It was still wet from fucking their mother's face, but that didn't seem to bother either of them as fingers caressed along his entire length. It was far different than Hannah's exploration, there were two women touching him and their fingers felt like they were everywhere from his crown to his base to his balls and even up toward his ass.

He squirmed as he fought the urge to run away while also wanting to keep the feeling. Through the glass, he could see how they were working his zipper down.

John cleared his throat. "I-I think we should stop this before your mother finds out."

"What is she going to do?" asked Ester, her breath tickling his ear. "Get on top of you?"

"No! I mean, she's going to kill me."

"I doubt it," Ruth said with a grin as she pulled down his zipper. "I'd bet my allowance that she's anxious to ride this thick thing herself. She sniffing around like a bitch in heat too."

The kitchen door creaked open.

John whimpered and shoved his hands down to cover the two girl's manipulations while struggling to close up his zipper. Blind, his digits kept brushing against his slick cock and their fingers. They seemed to be everywhere.

Hannah brought in a platter of meat. She smiled broadly at all three of them before setting it down closer to her end of the table. "How are you three doing?"

A finger fished out the head of his cock and angled it away from the opening. It bobbed right on the edge of his vision with two sets of fingers pumping it lightly.

"F-Fine!" he stammered. He tried to cover himself before Hannah found out.

Hannah's eyes drifted down.

He tensed as a sick feeling grew in his stomach. The table did nothing to hide that her two daughters, her beautiful and underage daughters, were currently pumping his cock.

Hannah's eyes widened as she stared through the glass.

"H-Hannah, I swear—"

Then a smile curled her lip. "You got hard in a hurry. One would think you were a teenager."

Ester looked up with surprise. "You already had him?"

Hannah blushed and looked toward the side.

"Mom, you said we could have first shot." The whine in her tone would have been adorable, except for hand touching his manhood.

"I'm sorry, Baby, but he tasted so good."

"Oh my god, you were behind the island weren't you!?" Ester squeezed down on John's cock, but she didn't stop pumping. The heat and friction slid along the pre-cum they had been smearing down his entire length. Her fist thumped against his base before she stroked up. "Greedy slut."

The storm clouds returned to Hannah's eyes in a flash. She pointed directly at Ester. "Listen, young lady, either you watch your attitude or the only place he's going to be sticking his dick tonight is in your sister!"

A squeak noise somehow squeezed out of John's throat. No, the American word for "breed" was exactly what it sounded like. His cock surged hotly in the confines of Ester's pumping hand.

"Well, and apparently you," snapped Ester back.

Hannah smacked the table. "Ester!"

"What, he's not that young and you got the best shot." Ester's whine belied the hand still pumping his cock. She was almost frantic as she pounded, pushing him closer to an orgasm before he realized it.

Hannah's lips tightened into a scowl. Then she straightened. "That's it. John, stand up."

John froze.

"John, up, now!" Hannah's commanding tone was almost impossible to disobey.

He fumbled with his hands.

"Don't bother. You're going to be using it in a few seconds. Stand up and take off your pants."

John's cheeks burned hotly, but he obeyed. He pushed his trousers and shorts down before stepping out of the confines. His

cock was standing up full and dripping wet. He could feel the ache from his balls to his tip.

Ruth stood up behind him, her lips parted as she stared down at it.

Ester glared at her mother.

“Ester, on your knees.”

“That’s my punishment? Blowing him?”

“Get on your knees!” screamed her mother.

Ester’s stubbornness seemed to crack. She stood up enough to push back her chair. Then she hiked up her red dress from her knees and then slowly sank down in front of him. The look of naked lust in her eyes brought a surge to John’s cock as she stopped with her red lips close enough to his tip that he could feel her breath.

Hannah came around and then bent over. Her tits almost spilled out of her own outfit as she grabbed her daughter underneath the chin with one hand and wrapped her fingers around his base with her other.

His cock was so hard that he moaned.

“You see this beautiful cock? Do you?”

Ester licked her lips. “Yes,” she finally said. Her eyes were locked on his shaft, wide and hungry.

“You are going to suck on it until he’s about to blow. And then you are going to stay right there and watch as he breeds your sister right on the table. Now, open your mouth like a smart-ass little cunt and shove your face into it!”

Ester didn’t seem to resist much as she opened her perfect lips and leaned forward. Her hot breath heralded her mouth and then he was engulfed inside her. It was hot and wet with just a hint of suction.

John moaned and gripped the side of the table with one hand. His eyes fluttered as his world centered on the teenage mouth that slathered over his cock.

Hannah, on the other hand, had different ideas. She grabbed Ester by her hair and shoved her head forward. “No, like a fucking slut! Get it all down.”

John staggered back, but then Hannah grabbed his shirt with her other hand and pulled them together.

Ester was forced down on his cock until his shaft bumped against the back of her throat. She gagged and pulled back.

Her mother didn't give her more than an inch before she yanked John and her together. The force rammed his cock against Ester's throat with a hard bump. "All the way down."

John moaned as Hannah pumped Ester's face onto his cock, using more and more force as the pressure built. He could feel the resistance of the teenager's throat fighting his cock as he hammered against it, but he was stuck as her as he watched the young woman being debased.

Ruth's hand slipped against his own. When he clasped her, she squeezed and gave him a smile.

"This is how I'm going to treat mouthy sluts," Hannah hissed. She got a better grip on her daughter's hair and then shoved down hard. She stepped behind Ester for a better grip as she kept the girl's head down on his cock.

The pressure along his shaft increased but it was a mixture of pleasure and pain as the hot confines of Ester's mouth and the shakes of her gagging brought him rapidly closer to an orgasm.

His shirt began to tear from Hannah pulling him down.

Tears sparkled in Ester's eyes as she held out her hands, not touching him or anything. They only flailed for a moment.

Then, Ruth reached over and grabbed the back of her sister's head. Her fingers dug in as she added her own strength.

Ester's gagged whimpered rose up with John's moans.

He could feel the entrance of the poor teenager's throat beginning to give. He wanted so badly to thrust into her, but he didn't dare with two women forcing their own kin down on his cock.

Then, with a wet pop noise, Ester's face smashed down to his base as his cock tore into her throat. Her red lips worked along his base, leaving smears of her lipstick as she was impaled on his length.

His cock swelled with excitement.

"Don't come," Hannah said.

John squeezed Ruth's hand and the table tightly as he fought back. He had never had a deep throat in his life and the intense pleasure that flooded through him made it difficult to resist. It was so hot and tight, like he was embedded into a throat that massaged

his entire length with every gag and jerk of the helpless girl's depths.

Ruth released her sister's head and reached down to cup his balls. They were tensing from the rapidly approaching orgasm. "I think he's getting close."

"Up on the table, Baby."

"Yes, Mom." Ruth slipped away from John to crawl up on the chair and then on the glass table. The thick surface easily held her as she pushed aside the dishes and cleared a spot where he was sitting. The skirt clenched tight to her buttocks before it finally gave up.

He watched as the stretching material slipped up and over the curve of her buttocks to reveal her naked pussy. Her lips were glistening with her juices and a few droplets of her excitement clung to the smooth skin.

Still caught in Ester's clenching throat, he shuddered.

"Don't come, John," warned Hannah.

"I'm... not... but it's close. I'm close," he groaned.

"Ruth?"

Ruth pulled her skirt completely up to her waist and then settled down on the edge of the table. Leaning back, she rested her head on a pile of napkins next to the roast and lifted one leg. Her pussy lips separated slightly, thick strands of juices clinging to them.

"Okay, you're done," Hannah said as she pulled Ester off his cock.

His cock jumped with its freedom. It was completely slathered with foamy saliva. It dribbled down his length and off his balls.

"Fuck my daughter," Hannah said. "The good one."

Ruth reached down to spread her labia apart, revealing the pink of her pussy and the dripping entrance to her sex. "Please, Mr Woods. Please, I need you inside me so badly."

Knowing he was going to burn in hell, John guided his incredibly hard and hot cock into her sex. Everything was so wet as he rested it inside her entrance before pulling both of her legs up to his shoulders.

Ruth moaned as she arched her back, her legs quivering.

He stepped into her, his entire length sliding into her without even a hint of friction. John froze as he impaled his first teenager. The tightness of her sex was comparable to Ester's throat, but it was

so soft and tight. The smell of her pussy encouraged him as he pulled her up to the edge of the table.

“Fuck her,” whispered Hannah. She tugged up her own black dress. She, unlike her daughter, had a thong on but it was only a thin strip of material easily pushed aside as she plunged a finger into her sex. “Fuck her,” she repeated with a moan.

“Please?” begged Ruth.

Panting, John obeyed. He drew his cock out and shoved it back in.

His lover moaned and squirmed on the table, her blouse couldn't hold her breasts in and they slipped out from the sides. The perfect tits, perky even on her back, brought a surge of lust.

He shoved into her and quickly found a rhythm to drive into her. Every stroke pushed him closer to an orgasm that he was already near, it felt like he would never cum as he drove his cock into her again and again.

Wet smacks filled the room and he could see their combined juices were puddling on the table underneath them. It only added to the intensity as he grabbed her by the hips to hold her tight to the glass table and then drove into her with all his strength and might.

“Yes, yes!” Ruth screamed as her pussy clenched around him. “Come inside me! Please!”

“Breed her,” whimpered Hannah as fingered herself violently. “Breed my baby girl.”

Ester was fumbling with her own clothes as she stared at the junction of the two lovers. Her fingers were missing as she whimpered. Her mascara had run with her forced blow job and the black-rimmed eyes added to the tears that sparkled on her cheeks.

John thrust faster. He was coming close to an orgasm. He wanted to make it last, but it was more like trying to stop a storm. He was going to come into the beautiful young teenager and nothing could stop it, only slow it.

“M-Mom!” Ester suddenly screamed out.

John looked over to see Hannah pulled Ester by her hair and jamming her own daughter's face up against her pussy. There was a wet smack as Ester's lips ground against her mother's cunt, smearing juices and lipstick everywhere.

Ester was half pulled off her knees, but it didn't matter. Instead of fighting, she grabbed her mother's shins and then began to gulp loudly.

"Oh, fuck!" screamed Hannah.

Seeing the unexpected incest pushed John over the edge. He turned back to Ruth and stared into her eyes as he concentrated on every stroke. He slammed it home and ripped it out. Plunging it back in, he felt her orgasm as liquid squirted across his balls and splashed onto the table.

"Please?" whimpered Ruth. "Breed me. I need it. I need it so badly."

John groaned. He managed to pull out and impaled her again. Each thrust was accompanied by her pleas and the muffled moans of Ester's mouth against her mother's cunt. It was too much.

His orgasm was on the knife's edge of agony and pleasure. Hot jets of cum shot out of his crown and speared into Ruth's depths. He slammed his cock as deep as he could as he felt another searing blast paint her cervix.

"Yes!" screamed Ruth as she came again on his cock, her entire channel clamping down on his length as he pumped jet after jet of his seed directly against her womb's entrance. Each one was almost painful but it kept going, flooding her cunt until it poured out around his shaft.

Ruth screamed out in pleasure as every muscle in her legs tightened. She came again and again on his cock as he flooded her teenage pussy.

When he finished, he was dizzy. "Fuck," he gasped as he pulled himself out. His half-hard cock spilled out along with a flood of juices that pooled onto the table. There was a second puddle on the ground.

Ester gasped as she was released. "M—"

Hannah looked down sharply.

Ducking her head, Ester took a deep breath. Her entire face was wet with Hannah's orgasm. "I'm sorry."

Panting, Hannah straightened her dress. Then she took a deep breath of her own. "We should have eat before the meal gets cold. Ruth, Baby, why don't you go lay down on the couch and elevate your hips. Keep his seed right against your entrance."

Ruth cupped her pussy as she slipped off the table. She stroked his cock before kissing him on the lips. "Thank you," she whispered before she headed toward the living room on the opposite side of the stairs behind him.

Ester started to get up.

"No," Hannah said. "Stay down there and get under the table. You can clean John's cock."

"What about dinner?"

"You can eat later. Besides, you'll have plenty to drink and if you're good, I'll let you ride him tonight."

Ester gave him an intense look that bordered on feral. She looked down at his cock and then smiled. Then slowly, she crawled underneath the table and to the puddle. He got a chance to see below her dress; she was naked just like her sister but she had a bit of dark hair above her sex.

"Clean that up while you are down there," Hannah ordered. "John, sit."

The surreal feeling came back. He kept his pants off as he pulled up his chair and brought it to the table.

Below, he watched as Ester's beautiful body positioned herself between his thighs. And then she came up to lap at his cock a few times to harden it.

He hesitated, watching through the glass as her painted lips teased his sated cock.

Then, Ester took all of him in her mouth in a slow, sensual dip. Her eyes glistened through the glass surface, locked into his as she swallowed him almost to the root and then back again. It was slow, sensual, and teasing.

He moaned.

Hannah pushed a plate in front of him. "Enjoy. Recover. You'll be enjoying her properly soon enough."

Then, just like having her daughter blow a man was an every day occurrence, Hannah served them dinner.



# Penalty Chores

# 10

John had never been in such a surreal situation before. After dinner, they had moving to the living room where he saw on a wide couch that had obviously seen a lot of use. He had lost his trousers and underwear with dinner and sat with only his button-down shirt opened up and his half-hard cock resting on his leg. He felt sated and content, as any man would be after coming into two beautiful women in less than a few hours.

Ruth was sprawled out across half of it, her red dress still hiked up to her hips and her bare pussy only a few feet away from his hand. She had one leg hooked over the back of the cushions and the other stretched out across his lips. Occasionally, she would slide it along his leg up to his cock and use her thigh to stroke it.

She sighed contently.

Hannah sat in a recliner opposite of both of them. Unlike John, she had fixed her outfit and looked prim and proper as she did every day. There was only his memories of her yanking Ester into her cunt and forcing her own daughter to eat her out as she came in a screaming orgasm.

Ester was still in the dining room, gathering up dishes and bringing them to the kitchen.

His shaft twitched with the memory.

“A third time?” Ruth said. She lifted her leg enough to stroke him with the smooth bottom of her feet.

It felt good but John couldn't go another round. He shook his head. “I'm not quite that young. My body needs a bit of time to recover.”

She gave him a sweet smile. "Felt young enough to me. I mean, you did fuck me right—"

Hannah snapped. "Ruth, language."

Ruth looked at her mother. "His dick was balls deep in me before dinner."

"That isn't an excuse to be rude." Hannah's attitude seemed to be seeping out through whatever lust had consumed her. "I expect that out of your sister, but not you."

"Sorry," she said with a look that indicated she wasn't sorry at all. She draped a hand on her thigh and then slowly slid it down to her pussy. Glancing back at him, she ran her finger up and down her slit, spreading it open so he could see her glistening pink. There were a few strands of creamy juices—his cum—still cleaning to her lips.

He smile appreciatively. There was something knowing that he had come inside her. It was just the wet tightness of having his entire shaft buried into a girl that was under the age of consent but the knowing that his sperm was trying their best to knock her up with his seed.

"You are getting hard again," she said with a giggle.

John chuckled. "I mean, if you saw what I'm looking at, you probably would too."

"I see it ever day," Ruth said with an arched eyebrow.

He shrugged. "Does it make you hard?"

Her lip curled as she snorted. Then she turned her head to look back at the cushions. The muscles of her legs tensed, living her hips up as she plunged one finger into her soaked hole. "Maybe occasionally," she said before giving him a wink.

"See? So no wonder I'm hard."

"Think you could go another round?"

He looked down at his cock. It was standing up hard, but not quite the aching hardness. He was sure if he had the chance, he would come one more time but it would be an effort. Though, the idea of being inside her sweet pussy would be worth it. "I could probably provide another serving, if the needs demanded it."

Hannah stood up. "Then, you'll spend the night in her room. Serve her as much as she needs and we'll figure out arrangements in the morning."

He stared at in her as he tried to parse her announcement.

In the corner of his vision, he saw Ruth's eyes widened for a moment. He thought he saw real fear in her gaze before she turned away. Her leg muscles relaxed and she sank back down.

Concern flooded through him. He knew that Hannah was a slave driver and used to being in charge, but her daughter didn't seem as interested as her mother in him fucking.

He sighed and shook his head. "I really should be leaving. I have a long day and I don't want to get in trouble."

Hannah's eyes locked on to him. "I'm your boss. You'll be fine."

John knew he would be walking on eggshells, but he wasn't ready to spend the night at Hannah's house, even as tempting as it would be to fuck Ruth again. Whatever had happened that day could wear off and he would find himself naked in a teenager's bed with her mother no longer obsessed with having her baby girl bred.

He shook his head. "I know, but I should spend the night at my home."

"I don't accept that." Hannah said. She straightened her shirt. "You're breeding Ruth tonight and that's that."

He glanced at her daughter.

Ruth looked both interested and hesitant.

He thought for a moment. Hannah seemed to be obsessed with breeding as much as the others. Maybe he could use that as leverage to get away and clear his head. He tried to stand up but Ruth's legs were pinning him down. Lightly, he tapped her shin.

"Don't," warned Hannah. He planted her hands on her hips.

Ruth pulled her legs off the cushions and his and re-positioned herself into a sitting position.

He stood up, his cock still standing tall. "I'm going to go home."

"No—"

John held up his hand. "And tomorrow, if you want this dick inside that cunt of yours—"

Her eyes narrowed but a blush colored her cheeks.

"If you want to feel that hot... wet... feeling of my cum oozing out of your leg..."

Hannah inhaled sharply, her eyes glazing over.

"Then tomorrow, my advisor is going to come into my office, get on her knees, and suck on my cock."

The world spun as a rush flooded through him. He was either going to be getting head tomorrow or he would be fired. In that moment, nothing else mattered except winning the argument and his freedom.

She licked her lips as her gaze drifted down.

Ruth gasped as she tried to hide her smile. "Oh my god," she whispered.

On the other side, he could see Ester staring in shock.

Emboldened, he kept on speaking in a rush. "And, I want my advisor to go all the way down because that is what good sluts do, right? They take the entire cock."

A bit of Hannah's fight came back. "What makes you think—?"

"Are you on the pill?"

Hannah stopped, her eyes blinking. Then her flush came hotter. "No."

"Are you saying you don't want to feel all my cum oozing around that pretty pussy of yours? You don't want to think about all my sperm crawling up in your womb as they try to knock you up?"

The air grew still.

Then, Hannah tugged on her shirt to reveal more of her cleavage. "Fine. You can go home tonight, but I expect you here tomorrow for dinner and expect to stay. Bring clothes."

He almost said yes, but then didn't. "I can't, I have a date."

"Cancel it," Hannah said dismissively.

"It's with Erin, that would be rude."

"She's an assistant professor, she is used to disappointment. Cancel it or I'll fire her."

John bristled. "Then, I guess if my advisor wants my dick tomorrow, then she's going to have to lick my taint also." It was something he always wanted to try out. He wanted to see how far she would go.

Hannah pulled a face. "That's disgusting."

"You threatened my date... Hannah."

She tensed.

His chest tightened even more. "Want to go for more? I'm thinking you'd be willing to do a lot just to feel my cum inside you. That's what you want, right? To have your belly get all fat with my child?"

Her anger cracked and she let out a whimper.

“Then, tomorrow when you are done eating my ass and sucking my dick, I’ll be sure to properly fuck you right across my table. I’ll bend you half and dump my entire load into that pussy of yours. You’d like that, right?”

Hannah let out a sob. “Please. I need it.”

The rush almost caused him to orgasms again. His cock was so hard from just winning an argument with his advisor. He let out his breath in a rush and then smiled. “Then, I should be heading home.”

“I...” Hannah’s eyes flashed for a moment. “Let me see about desert. Why don’t you just sit down and I’ll talk to Ester about getting it from the garage.”

He watched as she left the room. He considered pulling on his clothes, but he didn’t want to. His cock was too hard and it was dripping now.

“Why did you do that?”

John looked at Ruth for her quiet question. “What?”

“You’re leaving tonight. You don’t want to spend the night?”

He sat down next to her. “Do you?”

She looked conflicted. “Every time I see you, all I can think about is having your cock inside me. I just want to feel you cum, to feel it growing inside me. I want your baby so bad it hurts.”

“But...?”

“I’m still a teenager, a little girl. A kid now? That could ruin my life.”

“And your mother?”

Ruth wiped a tear from her face. “She’s decided. Can you imagine her actually listening to us?”

He chuckled. “No, I was surprised she let me leave. I half expected her to pull out a gun and force me to fuck you. It seems like the properly American thing to do.”

She smiled and inched closer, pulling his arm until she could rest her head on his shoulder. “The only thing I want firing is your dick inside me again. Fuck, I need you so badly right now and I can’t stop.”

Ruth reached down to stroke it. “You got so hard taking charge. Are you really going to treat her like a bitch?”

She gripped his shaft and pumped it. "Are you going to collar her?"

His cock jumped.

"Oh, you do. You want to put her on a leash and lead her around the house? Or just tie her up and use her as a fuck toy?" Her hands move faster along his cock, smearing pre-cum and lubricating her palm as she took him from base to tip.

John moaned and stroked along her thigh. His fingers slid along her thigh, working his way up to the moist heat between her legs.

Ruth's breath came loudly as she pumped harder. "I wish I could see you see you order her around. Just having that bitch on her knees while you fuck her face, I would come just from that." Her voice was a whisper, quiet enough that her mother wouldn't hear it.

John cupped Ruth's pussy. It was still slick and his finger easily plunged into the hole that he had ravaged not long ago. The wet squirts only added to his growing pleasure.

Hannah cleared her throat. "Don't waste that."

Both of them jumped. John felt like a kid with his hand in the candy jar. Looking done, he noticed his fingers were glistening from Ruth's pussy. He grinned and sucked on them; she was sweet and salty. He knew he was tasting his own cum, but that was less important than the sweet taste of her cunt.

Hannah's glare was back. She had her arms crossed over her chest but she had gotten rid of everything but a black lace pair of panties and a matching bra.

Behind her, Ester stood wearing nothing. She had a few suds on her shoulders but she was otherwise utterly naked. He drank in her appearance, enjoying her large breasts and hoping that he would be getting her lips on her nipples soon.

Her pussy was also alluring. Part of him wanted to taste the difference between the two twin sisters, not to mention compare them to their beautiful mother.

"This is your desert," announced Hannah as she pushed Ester toward them. There was something calculating in her voice and he guessed she was going to try fucking him into unconsciousness to spend the night.

He may have cum twice already but he was already primed for a third one. He gently pulled Ruth's fingers away and then gestured to Ester. "Come on."

Ester smiled as she crawled up on the couch, straddling his hips. Her thicker leg slipped between his and Ruth's thighs as she settled into place. Her pussy was soaked and dripping. Her hot juices splashed onto his cock. Her pussy lips were thick and swollen, red as a cherry and ready for his cock.

He slid his hand up to her hips, enjoying the softness of her body as much as the anticipation that he was about to have his cock buried inside her. "You are beautiful."

"I'm sorry for back-talking," she said.

"I'm not. You gave me the best head of my life."

Ester blushed and smiled.

"And as much as I would love to blow a load in your throat, I think you'd rather have this up into that pretty puss of yours instead."

She nodded, a whimper. "I need you."

John pushed down on her hips. "Then take it."

Ester moaned loudly as she sank down on his cock. He watched as his cock head spread her lips and then sank inside her. She was just as hot and slick as he hoped.

She managed to get half of him inside her before she stopped. Then she drew up a few centimeters before sinking back down. "Oh, fuck."

Hannah stood behind her, looking proud.

He glanced at her.

"I'm second desert," she said. Yeah, she was hoping to fuck him into unconsciousness. She didn't like taking no for an answer.

He bristled and then looked at Ruth who was stroking her pussy. An idea crossed his thoughts and he grinned. Reaching down, he caught Ruth's hand and pulled it away. "Lift your left leg and put it against your sister's shoulder."

Confused, Ruth let him maneuver her until she was scooted to the edge of the couch with her ass and pussy out. One leg hooked on Ester and she had her hand rested on the back of her knee to keep herself exposed.

Ester held it firmly, using it for balance as she continued to impale herself on his cock. Her entire body was hot and slick, it was the third heaven he had enjoyed that night.

Hannah frowned.

Ester ignored everyone as she pumped her body up and down on his shaft. She moaned and caught her nipples, teasing them with her fingertips.

John stretched up to take one soft mound in his hand and bring her nipple to his mouth. He sucked on it, enjoying how her pussy clenched tight around his cock when he did.

He pulled off with a pop.

“Now, advisor—”

Hannah’s shoulders tensed.

“I think you should practice eating ass if you want my cock tomorrow.”

“I thought—”

“I said you need practice.”

Hannah scoffed and gestured to Ester’s body over his shaft. “No room.”

“Well, there’s one ass here that needs to be eaten.” He patted Ruth’s thigh.

Ruth gasped and looked at him with surprise.

Hannah’s jaw opened up. “That’s—”

“Well, then I guess tomorrow, I won’t be doing anything either.”

Ester shuddered. “Oh fuck,” she gasped. She was looking at her mother now, her eyes wide even as her pussy grew slicker. She was just as turned on as John was.

John moaned. “Ester? Why don’t you tell your mother what my cock feels like?”

“Oh... fuck. It’s so hard. And big.” Ester moaned loudly as she clamped down. “It feels like it’s going to explode inside him. Oh, fuck, I’m going to feel him, aren’t I?”

Ruth whispered back. “You are. It’s so hot and wet.” Then she winked at John who grinned back.

Hannah licked her lips and rocked her hips. A new smell of pussy flooded the air.

“Oh, oh,” whimpered Ester. “You got so hard. Oh, it’s right up against me. It’s almost in my womb.”



John stared at Hannah as he spoke. "I'm going to cum right on your cervix, aren't I? I'm going to flood you up and it's going straight into your womb, isn't it? All those baby makers filling you up?"

Ester let out a strangled cry as her pussy clamped down. Her face turned bright red as she orgasmed on his shaft. Her body never stopped moving as she continued to fuck him with sharp strokes that drove him deep into her cunt.

Hannah hissed.

He never looked away as he sucked on her nipples.

"Come for me... please," begged Ester. "I need you. I need it!"

John was dangerously close but he didn't want to surrender quite yet. "Not until your mother decides. What is it? I'm sure you'd want some practice

Finally, Hannah shook her head. "Fine, tomorrow I'll ask you nicely."

She turned and stormed out.

No one said anything as Ester rode his cock.

Then, Ruth let out a sigh. "Damn."

"You want mom to eat your ass?" Ester's pussy continued to shove John closer to the side.

He held her hips tightly, guiding her as he thrust up as much as she was shoving down. His cock felt so good in the tight sheath of her cunt.

"Well," Ruth said with a gasp. "I mean... it sounded hot and now I want to know what it feels like."

Ester kissed her sister's foot. "I'll eat your ass then."

Ruth gasped.

"Yeah... after he comes inside me. I need it. After he's done with us, I'll eat you out all night."

Ruth clutched John's hand hand tightly.

Upstairs, a door slammed shut.

John concentrated on Ester's cunt, shoving her down harder and faster as he quickly reached an orgasm. Then, with a loud grunt, he drove up into her and held it still. His cock blasted jets of cum deep into the teenage pussy, flooding it.

"Fuck!" screamed Ester as she came again, this time in a long wail of pleasure that beat against the walls.

*t'Sade*

# Coffee Service

# 11

John woke up with a start, sweat prickling across his skin. He was caught in the tangle of his blankets but he had no memory of anything from the moment his head hit his pillow and when he woke up.

He wasn't sure if he had dreamed the previous night. There was no way he would have fucked his uptight boss and her two daughters. That only happened in porn movies and stories, not real life.

With a groan, he managed to unwind his blankets from around his legs. He stared down at his limp cock for a moment, wondering if he had just experience an intense sex dream.

It twitched with his memories of soft skin and hot cunts.

Shaking his head, he fumbled for his phone and saw that he had a half hour before his alarm went off. Shrugging, he slumped back on the bed and scrolled through various networks to see what was going on in the world. Just the usual outrages at the last government actions and lack of actions; there was little difference on either side of the pond on those issues. He caught a couple sexy pictures.

It was only when he got to the LovingFans app that he hesitated. As much as he usually wanted to start his day with a good fap, he had absolute no desire to come. Not even as stress relief.

“Must have been a good dream,” he muttered to himself as he crawled out of bed and set to puttering around the apartment until he had to leave.

As he did, he thought about the previous day. He didn't know how to tell if it was a dream or not. He could see if he made calls to the other John Wood, but that would require going to work.

The other choice was to see if any of the women were still showing signs of responding to whatever was in that box. There was Hannah and Erin, but they would be interacting with each other. Not to mention if they were still affected, a work environment was probably a poor place to handle an increased libido.

That left him Olivia at Foggy's. With the construction going on and her previous indifference, it would be the perfect test case. If she dismissed him as the only customer, then he would know it was just a fantasy or something that had worn off. If she didn't... he wasn't sure what he would do.

His manhood had some other thoughts.

He forced it down and finished getting dressed. He had to know.

Curiosity got him clear to Foggy's front door. There, he hesitated as he looked into the empty store. Olivia was wiping down tables but hadn't noticed him. He, on the other hand, couldn't help but stare at her willowy body, long legs, and pert ass.

He took a deep breath and walked inside.

Olivia stood up. "Welcome to Foggy's...." Her voice trailed off.

John stood there, unsure of what would happen. He hoped it was a continuation of the day before but he was preparing himself for a curt dismissal.

"Good morning, John," she said as her voice grew softer. She arched her back slightly, pushing her delectable breasts up against the canvas of her apron. "I was hoping you would come in."

He let out his breath in relief. It wasn't a dream.

She strode up to him, stopping only when her body was pressed up against him. She was warm and soft against his body. "Are you looking to be..." She licked her lips. "... served?"

Her hand dropped to stroke along his pants.

His cock was hard in an instant.

She smiled broadly as she traced the length of his shaft with her fingers, trailing up and down as she measured him through his clothes. "How would you like some personal service?"

He gulped as he stared into her bright eyes. "How personal?"

"Something that requires the back room and my mouth."

His manhood answered as it grew painfully hard.

She gripped it tightly, wrapping her fingers near his base. "Don't worry, I'll use real cream for your Earl Gray. What comes out of here is all mine, I hope."

Heart beating rapidly, he nodded.

"Good. Come on, I'll get your drink started."

She tugged him lightly by the shaft before releasing him. Then she strolled ahead, her hips swaying back and forth as he stared at her ass. The idea of getting into her pants had skyrocketed and he wanted to feel her naked skin against his.

"Cream for a special day?"

He leaned against the counter. "Yes, please."

She smiled at him as she pulled it out. "I love your accent, by the way. Are you British?"

"Yes. My mum had a Sussex accent but we grew up near London, so I come off more as a Estuary than Standard."

She looked at him blankly.

"I sound British but I drop letters. Think of it like your Southern accents, as if someone's mum moved from Miss up to here."

"Oh, cool."

John smiled.

"You work with my sister?"

He nodded. "We're both under Doctor Simmons, working on our papers. Well, I'm working on my paper while your sister is doing something else." He could tell that Olivia wasn't interested in the details. He didn't keep speaking and instead focused on the way her lips pursed together as she finished pouring the hot water into a large cup.

When she finished, she gestured to the back room while the tea sat there seeping.

He fought the urge to run though apparently she thought he was hesitating and took his hand to tug him faster. "I can't take too long, but I want to make sure you enjoy this properly."

The back room was unremarkable, a small desk shoved into a corner with stacks of coffee beans in bags near the door. She pressed him against the canvas bags before lowering herself to her knees.

He moaned as he stared at her hungry eyes and parted lips.

“This is what I want for breakfast,” she whispered as she unzipped his pants. Her hands were deft and sure as she fished out his hard cock. For a moment, she stared at it before she brought it up to her cheek and sniffed deliberately. “Fuck, I love your smell.”

John clutched the bag of beans behind him.

“You jerk off already? I bet you have.”

“I have not.”

“Good,” she purred. “I bet you’ll enjoy it more if you just come down here and I handle that for you.”

He stared to say something but her lips on his cock head silenced him. With a shudder, he stared at as she drew his cock into her mouth. Her lips were full and hot. They slid up and down as she worked her way down his lengthy. The wet heat of her mouth was intense as was the soft tongue that explored him.

She popped his cock out of your mouth. “You taste better than anything we serve here.”

Without another word, Olivia sucked his cock back into her mouth and bobbed deeply. His cock heat teased the back of her throat, but she didn’t seem to even hesitate as she drew up and then down again.

John didn’t know what to do. He started to reach for her but then stopped.

Olivia slid to the top of his cock and then let it release with another pop. “You want to fuck my face?”

“W-What?”

“Do you want to steer? To grab my head and fuck me until you’re about to blow?”

His moan answered her.

She grinned. “I want you to do that, John. I want you to use me to get off. Just slap your balls against his chin and choke me on this beautiful dick,” she said with a hungry moan. She pumped his spit-slicked shaft with one hand. “But don’t waste it in my mouth, I have somewhere much better for you to stick this.”

His balls clenched with anticipation.

Olivia reached up to grab his hands.

The bell at the door rang out.

She looked tortured. “Shit, I have to get that.”

“It’s okay,” he said with disappointment. So much for his morning blow job.

Standing up, she straightened her apron. “Just a minute. I’ll be back.” She looked down and grinned. “Maybe stroke yourself because you are going to be coming before I let you out.”

With a wink, she pried herself out and closed the door behind her.

John panted for a moment. He grabbed his slick shaft and gave it a few pumped to keep it hard. He could easily imagine she would be busy for twenty or thirty minutes, but there was a small hope that he would be balls deep in her cunt before he had to go into work. That kept him hard as he listened to her polite voice and the sounds of the register.

Alone in the back room, time seemed to stretch out. Seconds felt like minutes and he couldn’t tell what was going on. He wondered how long before he slipped out to let her do her job.

Then the door opened and Olivia rushed in while calling behind her. “Let me get some more beans. It will just be a second.”

She was flushed as she closed the door and gave him a smile. “Okay, things are getting busy. I have a minute...” She dropped to her knees and sucked on his cock, driving her lips clear to the base.

He had softened without her presence, but the way she took him completely awoken his lust again.

She pulled off. “Now, fuck my face,” she commanded.

John couldn’t say no to such an order. He grabbed her head and jammed her back down on his shaft. There was something about being completely in charge as he began to thrust into her depths, driving his hips hard into her face and plunging his cock into the back of her throat. The rush of power, the intensity of being in control caused his cock to grow harder.

He grunted as he pistoned into her mouth, fucking her with the deep strokes that set him off. Soon his cock head was lodging itself into the back of her throat and she made wet gagging noises. Underneath his hand, her entire body grow tense every time he shoved himself into her her throat.

One of Olivia’s hands reached out to plant against the door to the small room. Her fingernails scraped into the wood but she made no effort to stop him.

The sense of being able to go as fast as he could pushed him closer to the edge. He thrust faster and harder, pounding her face as his pleasure rapidly grew.

She moaned between the wet choking noises. The erotic mixture of noises pushed him over the edge.

He panted as she kept on thrusting. "I'm... going to come."

Olivia tried to pull off, but he didn't release her quickly. His hands lingered, not wanting to lose his fuck hole. But she pushed hard and he finally yanked his hands back.

She scrambled to her feet. One hand pawed at her apron.

He pumped his cock, straining to keep the urge to come at bay.

Olivia shoved her apron into her mouth to hold it up. Her shirt went with it, revealing her bare belly underneath. She was beautiful, as was the gaping opening where she had unzipped herself. Then, as he watched, she shoved her pants down and pulled a pair of black panties away from her body. "Here," she gasped. "Come in here."

He looked in the depths to see her shaved, bare pussy pressed up against the black fabric. She was asking him to cum directly into her knickers, to let his seed slosh around at the opening of her sex.

"Come on," she moaned as she grabbed his cock and began to pump. "Come on, get me all juicy."

Her hungry words pushed him closer. He groaned as he stared at her bare pussy.

Olivia whimpered and then grabbed him by the back of his head. She pulled him into a kiss as she continued to pump his cock. Her tongue flashed out, thrusting as much as invading.

he kissed her back, stunned at first but then matching her intensity as he stepped into her. His cock pressed against her belly and then was angled down into the V of fabric and flesh, a place where his semen would pool right against her no-doubt fertile sex.

His thoughts pushed him over the edge. Losing himself in the kiss, he jammed his cock into her underwear as he came hard and fast. Jet after jet sprayed into her knickers, painting the black fabric white with his seed.

Her moan into his mouth was primal and hungry, an orgasm in a single sound. She shuddered as she squeezed his cock, direct the streamers of cum right where she needed them.

By the time his balls were drained, they were both shaking.



He broke the kiss with a smile. "That was... unexpected."

Olivia looked down and then made a happy sigh. He had come a lot inside her knickers, the black fabric was sloppy with his cum. He could see it pooling over the hard nut of her clitoris and coating her lips.

She let out a sigh and then shoved her hands into the sloppy mess. Her eyes fluttered as she used her fingers to shove some of it deeper into her pussy. An orgasmic moan escaped her throat as she gave herself a few deep strokes before pulling out.

Looking at her creamy, dripping fingers, she smiled and turned her focus on him. "This is what I like," she said before sucking on her fingers.

John felt his heart swelling at the sight of her tasting his cum. "Fuck, that's beautiful."

She popped her now cleaned fingers from her mouth. "You know, when you knock me up and I'll be swallowing everything."

He gulped.

Olivia gave her cum-filled panties another look and then let the elastic snap into place. She giggled while pulling her pants back up. "Hot and wet," she said while patting her soft belly. "Just the way it should be."

John got himself fixed up.

After straightening her apron, she kissed him again. "I took the tea bags out so your tea should be perfect. I'll let you know as soon as the customers leave. Just grab it and go."

He grunted in approval.

She hesitated at the door. "You'll come back, right?"

"Definitely."

"Good."

Then she was gone.

John slumped back against the coffee beans and caught his breath. "Fuck," he said. It wasn't a dream, not even close. He could still feel the afterglow of his cock deep in her mouth as he used her for his own pleasure. He could get used to that.

He wondered how Hannah would respond to be used as fuck hole. His cock gave a half-hearted attempt to get hard but he shoved it back into his trousers and zipped himself up. It was going to be a

good day, at least until that solution wore off. But he would deal with that problem when it came up.

Soon, there was a discrete knock on the door and it cracked open. "Safe," Olivia said.

He slipped out.

She giggled as she handed him a bag and his drink. He looked at the name on the cup and then gave her a quizzical look. "Sir?"

Olivia grinned. "I kind of like it... sir." She lowered her eyes and peeked through her eyelashes. "Do you like it, sir?"

His manhood stirred. "Yes, I think I do."

She bit her lower lip. "Then I hope to serve you later, sir. There is a pistachio muffin and croissant in the bag. I didn't know what you'd like."

Flushed and grinning, he headed out. He was almost floating as he made his way across the narrow dirt ridge and between two pieces of heavy construction equipment.

Then he noticed Erin standing next to one of them. She had a cup from Foggy's in her hand with steam rising up through the small opening. She also had a bag in her hand.

She turned and looked at him, one eyebrow arching.

He froze, his skin prickling. He felt like a little boy getting caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "Um, hello."

"Funny, I don't remember seeing you go in." Her voice was wary as it cracked slightly.

A blush crept up on his cheeks. He tried to come up with a plausible lie but nothing seemed to have a chance. Even pretending that he was in the bathroom wouldn't work since he didn't even know if Foggy had one for the public.

Looking into her eyes, he saw tears starting to form.

Inwardly cringing, he tensed as he gave her shrug.

"Damn... damn it," she said with a sniff. "I thought... I thought you would know that I was into you."

She and at least five other women in that office. He suspected that if he met up with Erin's sister, Christine, she would be just as enamored with him and his cock.

"I-I..." Erin turned away. She sniffed as she started toward their building.

John hesitated for a moment, staring at her as his mind spun furiously. As much as he was sexually sated by her sister, and the night's activities, he didn't want Erin to go away. He couldn't tell if it was the camaraderie that they had built up since he arrived, her magnificent ass, or just a greedy desire to have all the woman who had become suddenly enraptured with him.

In the end, it didn't really matter the reason. He wanted her for her mind as much as the desire to be balls deep in whatever hole he could have. He hurried after her. "Wait up!"

Erin took a few steps before turning around. There were tears on her cheeks and a growing anger. "What!?"

John stopped. "No, don't walk away."

"Why not! You made your choice! I'm not going to fight my sister for you, no matter how much I... I..." Her cheeks colored.

John felt a prickle of amusement and a growing rush of power over her much like he did with Hannah. "How much you want to feel me come inside you?"

A torn look crossed her face. She clenched her thighs together. "W-Why?"

"I don't know," he lied, "but it started yesterday. You, Olivia, and..." His voice trailed off as he realized he may have gone too far.

"Hannah? You f-fucked Hannah too!?" Her shrill voice beat against the walls.

He held out his hands. "Now listen—"

"No," she snapped, "you listen to me, you fucking asshole—"

John did the only thing he could think of. He stepped up to her sharply grabbed both sides of her head and pulled her into a kiss. Her lips were soft and tasted of fruit.

Her body tensed.

He steeled himself as he waited for hot coffee to be poured on him.

Then, a soft mewling noise escaped her lips. A sound that melted into a moan as she sank against him.

He broke the kiss to look into her glazed eyes. Her face was beautiful, lips slightly parted in lust and a cheeks colored lightly with her response.

“W-Why?” she whispered, the tears shimmering in her eyes. “Why don’t I want to hit you? You should be... you deserve it....” Her voice was soft and vague as her eyes slowly came back into focus.

“Because you want more than just a kiss.”

“You fucked that bitch. She’s a fucking snake you and you stuck your dick in her first.”

He did a lot more than just Hannah, but this time John managed to keep his mouth shut on that topic. He felt an intense rush of power over Erin, just like before with Hannah. He gave her an sly grin, “Yes, but I think she’s going to learn to be less of a bitch in the coming days and you might enjoy it.”

Erin’s eyes focused on him. “What? Why?”

“I told her if she wanted more, she’s going to have to be a lot nicer.”

“How... much nicer?”

John grinned. “For starters, I told her she’s going to have lick my asshole if she wants any more of my cock in her. And then deep throat me before I bent her over a desk and fuck her.”

Erin’s mouth opened in shock. “You... told her... to eat your ass? What did she say? How do you still have a job?”

“Not... entirely sure. I think she wants me inside her more than anything else.”

Erin squirmed. “I know the feeling,” she said. “Even angry at you and knowing you were fucking my half sister only a few minutes ago, all I can think about is you coming inside me. I would rip my clothes off and fuck you right here and now if I could.”

He leaned. “I bet you’re thinking about feeling me come inside you, filling your pussy with my seed.”

Erin whimpered and squirmed more.

“In fact, I’m betting that if you think about my little sperm sliding up inside your womb and finding your eggs—”

It was enough, Erin let out a little cry as her body shuddered.

John grabbed her coffee before she spilled it. Then held her tight as her beautiful body thrashed against him for a moment.

The smell of her sex, just a hint of it, wafted past his nose, and he smile. No matter what happened, he was going to be looking forward to the rest of his day.

Her orgasm was quick and shallow. Less than a minute later, she was blushing hotly as she retrieved her coffee. "I... wasn't expecting that. I mean, just from that?"

John shrugged with a smile. "Imagine what it would feel like when I do it for real?"

She closed her eyes as she moaned again. Then she opened up to look at him longingly. "Are we still going to have a date tonight?"

"I plan on it. In fact," he said with a grin, "the whole reason Hannah has to eat my ass is because she wanted me to cancel our date and I refused."

"Bitch. What happened?"

"Well, I put my foot down and told her what would happen."

"Good, she deserves it." She giggled. "I kind want to watch that bitch get what she deserves."

"Watch or experience?"

Erin stiffened.

"I'm curious to see how far I can push her. If you are willing to accept that I'm going to probably have my dick in both of you, then I'm more than interested in seeing her kiss your ass... and maybe more."

Erin didn't hesitate. "Yes. Fuck yes."

"Then let's see how today turns out, with me either being escorted off the ground or having Hannah on her knees sucking on my cock."

"And our date?"

"Well, I'm hoping to see a better side of you."

Erin bumped him with her hip. She was smiling broadly. "Every side of me is great looking."

John slipped his arm around her waist. "Then I hope to see every side of you tonight. I plan on using everything I have at my disposal in exploring your delightful body."

"The restaurant might have a problem with that. I don't know if I can resist you that long."

"Then get takeout?"

"Sushi at my apartment? Your treat since you're going to get lucky?"

John laughed and guided her toward their destination. "It's a date."

*t'Sade*

# Corrections

# 12

John hung up the phone. His attempts to contact the other John Woods has continued to be frustrating. It was as if the professor had promptly stopped going to work as soon as he got the box with the solution.

He leaned back and chuckled. Of course the other John would do that. He would have, and had, done the same thing as soon as the effects of the solution were clear; though the other John obviously knew what he was getting into judging from his frantic behavior. No doubt the other John was buried in cunts and tits.

Still, John wanted to make sure there were no side effects. More importantly, he wanted to know how long the effects would last since having the solution wear off while he was fucking an under-aged girl would ensure a long visit to America's personal hell hole prisons and he had no interest in going that far.

But, they were all so hard to resist. Hannah, Ester, Ruth, and Olivia. Four beautiful women throwing themselves at him simply because of a bit of luck and a mistaken address. He found himself thinking about their lovely bodies as much as the anticipation of seeing Erin later that night.

He rubbed his cock a few times and then sat back up. He needed to get at least another page written on his thesis before he got distracted. Looking at his notes, he steeled himself to working while horny and started typing.

To his surprise, the words flowed quickly and he found himself finding ways to tie his various observations together. Old arguments with Hannah fell apart as he wove a thread of greed and luck through Benning's life.

It was probably his best work since he arrived in America.

Someone cleared her throat. He looked up to see Hannah standing in the door, arms folded over her chest and a scowl on her face. She looked uncomfortable in the door instead of her usual barging in as she usually did.

That morning, she had decided on a skirt that clung to her hips beautifully, with the fabric straining to contain her soft belly and wide hips. Her blouse, a cream material with little flower patterns, struggled with her bust with the buttons pulling the fabric tight in ripples that highlighted her tits and caused her nipples to stick up from the material. Given the tightness of her outfit, he knew that she wasn't wearing panties or a bra.

"A word?" she said in a low, tense voice.

John wondered if he had pushed her too much. He glanced around her to see if the campus police were standing behind her, but the hallway was completely empty. He returned his attention to her. "May I help you?"

Hannah clenched her jaw for a moment. "I was wrong last night."

Intrigued and elated, John made a show of saving his document before turning to her. "And?"

"You have the right to date whoever you want." The muscles in her jaw flexed. "Though I disagree with your choices, I'm willing to look past it."

"Why?"

Hannah glared at him. The grip of her arms tightened and pushed her breasts up. "You know why," she said tensely.

"I want to hear it, Hannah. Out of your mouth. Be nice and clear. I mean, you did storm off last night after what was a simple request." He grinned. "I wouldn't want any misunderstandings between us."

She took a long, deep sigh. Slowly twisting her hips like a younger girl, she looked up at the ceiling. "Fine, I want you to continue to breeding my girls. They need it. They need you."

He almost came at the quiet, desperate words. There was a delicious power he had over her and he had no intent in letting it pass without a lot of fun. Leaning back, he chuckled. "That's it? You just want me to plant my seed in their bellies?"

She inhaled sharply.

"Hannah? Is there something else?"



“I hate it when you call me that.”

“I know, Hannah, but that’s where we are, right now, aren’t we?”

She shot a glare at him and then nodded.

“Now... Hannah... is the only thing you want me to do is drive my hard cock into your daughter’s pussies? Is that the only place you want me to penetrate? The only spot that needs my cum?”

She made a delicious shudder. “No.”

Behind her, John saw Erin peeking her head out of her office. The look of confusion quickly turned into a curiosity.

John forced his attention to her. “what else, Hannah?”

His uptight advisor screwed her face for a moment. “Fine, I can’t stop thinking about your damn cock. I want it in me.”

“You gave me head—”

“I want it in my vagina and you know it!” She jerked and glanced over her shoulder.

Erin ducked in her office before Hannah saw her.

Then his advisor turned. “Now,” she said in a lower voice. “There were... mistakes made last night and I’m willing to make amends. I just want it...” Her eyes softened. “Please, I need it. Every time I close my eyes, all I can think about is how you would feel inside me.”

She pushed her wire-frame glasses up her nose. “Please?”

Hard with power, John stood up. His pants were tented with his excitement as he came around his desk.

Hannah’s eyes widened as she stared at his package. Then as he stopped in front of her, she slowly drew her eyes up. She was breathing deep, each inhalation causing her lovely breasts to rise up for his enjoyment.

He breathed in her perfume and enjoyed the look of hunger in her eyes. “I’m going to fuck you, Hannah. Just like you wanted.”

“Oh, thank you.” She reached out.

“But first, get on your knees.”

She froze. Trembling, she looked up.

He gave her a serious look even though inwardly he was aching to fuck her hard and fast. “I told you last night how this was going to start. Now, before I do fuck you silly, you’re going to do exactly what I said.”

A torn look crossed her face before she looked down. "P-Please don't, that's disgusting."

John didn't want her to avoid his gaze. He reached out and caught her chin, levering it up until they were looking again. "Who's cock is it, Hannah?"

Behind her, Erin was once again peeking into the hallway from her voice. She had a blush on her cheeks and a wide grin on her face.

Hannah trembled against his finger. "Y-Yours."

"And you want it inside you, don't you?"

His tight-ass advisor squirmed. "Y... Yes."

"And you want it in your daughters?"

With a gasp, she looked at him. "You wouldn't deny them because of me?"

"You are their mother. If you aren't behind this, then why would I risk anything else?"

Tears shimmered in her eyes. "Fine, I'll do it."

John grinned as he fought the urge to stroke his achingly hard cock. "Do what, Hannah?"

"I'll suck you."

"There is more than that."

"I... I'll lick your asshole." He could hear the reluctance in her voice and it only made him harder.

"A little more. I want you to debase yourself and eat my ass until I can't take it anymore. I want you to remember who's in charge right now. Then, I'm going to bend you over my desk and fuck you hard and fast until I come in that beautiful cunt of yours."

She whimpered. With heaving breasts, she swallowed loudly and then nodded.

"Now, before I fill your quim with cum, what do you want to do first? Suck my cock or eat my ass?"

She licked her lips.

"Come on, you're the one asking for forgiveness. Either suck up or let me write. I'm on a roll with Benning's time in England while he's negotiating with his creditors." He grinned knowing that it was a sore topic of hers.

A flicker of annoyance crossed her face. "Can you come more than once?"

“Do you mean can you use my cum to wash out your mouth after eating my ass?”

She shuddered but then nodded.

“Yes, trust me. I’m barely holding on as it is right now. How are you going to start?”

Hannah panted as she nodded. “Your ass.”

John finally released her. “Well then. How about I run to the bathroom and give things a quick wash? No reason to be that disgusting.”

She let out a sigh of relief. “I’ll meet you in my office.”

“No.”

Her body tensed, her eyes widening.

“Sit here like a student waiting for the teacher. Right here, in my office.” He reached out and caught the top button of her blouse. As she tensed, he started to open it up to reveal the generous tits that were beginning to be sucked underneath. The button almost flew open underneath his fingertips.

“But what about others?” she whimpered.

“You made me wait enough times.” He unbuttoned the second row and tugged them apart. “Strangers will think you are just a hot MILF waiting to talk to me.”

She turned to look down the hall.

Erin ducked her head back into her office.

“What about... her?”

“Well, you better hope Erin doesn’t catch you on your knees. That would be embarrassing, wouldn’t it?”

The look of fear sealed her fate, there was no question that John was going to pull Erin into his torture of his uptight boss. Maybe a little pussy licking would calm Hannah down. He grinned and released the third button before trailing his fingers up along the smooth curves of her cleavage. “I’ll be right back.”

It took him about ten minutes to clean himself up. As much as he wanted to feel her mouth on him, he wasn’t cruel and didn’t really want there to be a mess. He just wanted a debased advisor submitting to him before he got what he also wanted, to be balls deep in her pussy.

When he came back, the anticipation felt alive in the air. He slowed down briefly to look in Erin’s office.

She had one hand underneath her desk and a flush on her cheeks. She looked up with surprise and started to say something but he held up a finger to indicate to wait. She smiled curiously and pulled her hand up to reveal dripping fingers.

Loving the sexual energy that had taken over their quiet building, he took his time walking to his office. He could see Hannah sitting in one of the guest chairs, her bare knees pressed together and her tits sticking in sight. She looked nervous and scared at the same time, something that he didn't think he could imagine before his luck changed.

She stood up as he entered his office. In one hand, she had one of the cushions from a couch outside of his door. Sweat glistened off her brow as she looked at him pleadingly.

John chuckled. "I'm not a monster. Come on, around the other side of my desk."

She reached for the door but he held up his hand. "Open door policy, remember?"

Hannah ground her teeth.

"Your rules, Hannah. That door stays open at all times."

"What if...?"

"Don't worry, I'm not going to make much noise."

Hannah glanced nervously down the hallway as she led the way around his desk. The office was cramped and there wasn't much space on the other side. "H-How are we going to do this?"

"Well, let's move this chair out of the way," he said as he pulled it out. It rolled into the wall with a little bump before stopping. Taking the cushion from her hand, he tossed it where the chair was.

Hannah took a deep, shuddering breath.

"Scared?"

She nodded, blushing hotly.

"Don't worry, I'm not interested in being in the news any more than you. So, we're going to have a little illicit but very fun time together. And I promise you, even if I come in that pretty mouth of yours, there is going to be plenty of cum in your cunt by the time you leave this office again."

Hannah giggled nervously. She stepped over to the cushion, turned once, and then nodded.

John came to her and palmed her breasts. Her nipples were puffy and hard, soft mounds that were a delight to touch. He ran his fingertips along the flowered fabric before unbuttoning her shirt. “Wouldn’t want you to get messy.”

She smiled hesitantly.

“I don’t hate you, Hannah.”

“It feels like it.”

“You’ve been a bitch.”

She stared at him and he could see thoughts flashing in her eyes.

“But right now, you are the most beautiful woman I see.” At one point, he just wanted to see her suffer for being a bitch, but he was honest with his words.

Hannah smiled, blinking at the tears in her eyes. She held up her hands and he took them, balancing her as she sank down to her knees. The sight of her below him, her blouse pulled aside to reveal her voluptuous breasts and hard nipples almost pushed him to come.

She gulped. “Be nice.”

“Just enjoy it, I promise I’ll make it worth your while.” Then with a wink, he turned around and unbuckled his pants. Pulling them down, he let his aching cock free and stepped out of them to spread his legs.

It felt surreal being naked from the waist down, but it was almost exciting as he gathered up his notes before bending over his desk. His buttocks swung back right into her outstretched hands.

She was gentle as she stroked his cheeks, sliding her palms along one side and the other. Her breath teased his balls and thighs, giving him a hint of what was about to arrive.

John looked up to see Erin peeking out of her office. Her eyes were wide as she stared at him. He grinned at her and spread his legs even further apart.

Hannah’s breath grew hotter against his skin. Then she gently pried his ass cheeks apart. The first touch of hot breath against his sphincter and perineum was intense, like a wash of pleasure of sinking into a hot bath for the first time.

Then she drew close. Her large breasts bumped against the back of his thighs. Her breath got hotter as he heard her take a tentative sniff. Then the soft caress of something against his inner cheeks.

His cock jumped at the touch. He wanted to reach down to touch it but didn't. Instead, he propped himself up on his elbows and looked at Erin even as his attention was drawn to the increasingly firmer touches.

Erin pushed herself out of her office. Standing up, she took a few steps closer, mouthing "oh my god" silently.

He grinned at her.

Then Hannah's tongue was up against his recently-cleaned sphincter. It was hot and wet as it flickered out, tracing along hyper-sensitive nerves.

His eyes blurred as he shivered.

She gave another lick, this one more firmly. Her hands clutched his inner cheeks as she nestled her face between his buttocks and licked harder. With every movement, her large breasts ground against his legs, making him even harder.

John fought the urge to moan.

Erin was almost at his door. She lifted herself up on her toes to peer over him. Then she looked at him in shock. She mouthed "licking your ass?"

He grinned and pushed back.

Hannah pried him even further apart and lapped harder, shoving her face in with a wet slurp as she began to lave his asshole with wet, sloppy smacks. Her enthusiasm grew as she moved her entire body with her lapping. With every stroke, her breasts ground up and down his legs and he could feel her nose teasing his tail bone.

Erin glanced around and then pulled her own skirt up with one hand. She was wearing thigh-high stockings with a delightful straps of garters. Nestled between the black lace was a pair of bright red panties. Even from the distance, he could see they were soaked. She shoved leaned against the side of his door and shoved her fingers into the furrow of her sex before stroking her clitoris rapidly.

Behind him, Hannah hesitated.

He froze, unsure of what she was going to do.

Then, his advisor shoved her mouth widely against his asshole and burrowed her tongue directly into his hole. It was slick and hot as it squirmed in deep. Every touch was intense, a pulsating pleasure that sent tremors down his entire length.

Unable to resist, John moaned.

Hannah batted his ass once.

“S-Sorry,” he said in a whisper.

“Fuck,” mouthed Erin, her fingers working frantically at her sex.

Apparently unaware that they had an audience, Hannah began to slurp and suck at his asshole. Every wet pressure, every burrowing thrust of her tongue, was more than he could ever imagine. The pleasure grew inside him quickly and soon he realized he was dangerously close to coming just from her oral ministrations.

He could feel his cock drooling. No doubt there was a puddle in his pants just from the pleasure that caused long strands of clear fluids to dangle from the end. He may have never been rimmed before, but he was instantly a fan and already planning on experiencing it again.

Erin pulled her fingers from her pussy. They were dripping just like his cock. She looked longingly and then mouthed while pointing over his head toward Hannah, “me too?”

He thought for a moment and then nodded. With one hand, he gestured toward the bathrooms.

Erin was gone in an instant

It was the right time as Hannah pulled back, panting loudly as she stood there. Her hot breath teased his sopping crack as she let out a soft moan. “Is... that what you wanted?”

John levered himself up and then turned around. His cock was a shocking red from his hardness and it felt bigger than he had ever felt it before. The helmet of his shaft was smooth and swollen as long strands continued to dribble out.

He tried to come up with words but then just pointed down.

Hannah, still panting, lowered her gaze and smiled. “Good.”

John finally found his voice. “It wasn’t too bad?”

There was a brief glare. “Not anything I want to do every day, but... I enjoyed it a little. Not as much as I’m going to enjoy this.” She reached out and caught his balls with one hand. With a smooth gesture, she opened her mouth and took his cock into the heated depths of her mouth.

John strained not to orgasm just from the softness of her lips or the wet confines as she drew him to the back of her throat. A few inches of his shaft remained outside. When she pulled back, there was a red mark of her lipstick marking how far she had taken him.

Hannah grinned around his shaft and bobbed back down, taking more into her lips as his head ground along the back of her throat. Then another bob. She thrust her face down on his shaft with more force, driving it up against the friction of her throat.

John moaned loudly. Gripping his desk with one hand, he reached out to hold the back of Hannah's head lightly. He didn't want to force her, but it made it easier to take her thrusts as she planted her face into his stomach repeatedly.

"Fucking hell," he moaned.

Hannah's cheeks were blushing as she began to rotate her lips over his cock, bobbing down at one angle and then up at another. Every thrust brought new pleasures of her soft lips and softer body against his skin.

He had to strain his inner muscles to avoid blowing his load too quickly. Though, it was only a matter of moments before he wouldn't be able to resist. "Fuck, fuck," he whispered underneath his breath.

Hannah popped his cock out of her mouth. "Where do you want to come?"

There were too many places he wanted to come at that moment, but he had to decide. He stared into her lust-filled eyes and hoped that he would have enough time to do all of them. With a grin, he said, "All over your face. And then inside that cunt of yours."

"Good," she said before swallowing his shaft again. This time, she forced it deep into her throat. She ground down, forcing it deeper as she sought to take in his root. Slowly, millimeter by millimeter, he watched as her red lips take his entire length.

Then, with a surge, she buried her face tight against his belly. His entire cock was inside her and he was balls deep inside his advisor.

His hand tightened on the back of her head as he ground his hips into her, keeping his entire length buried in the clenching throat that clenched him like a glove. With every twitch of her body, his orgasm came rushing up and he had to clench his muscles to make it last just a little longer.

Her hands gripped his thighs.

Thinking she needed to breath, he started to relax.



She yanked him tighter against her face as she opened her mouth wide. Her lips caressed his balls. She yanked him harder, choking herself on his cock.

John took the hint. Grabbing her head with both of his hands, he jammed her tight against his cock. His cock pulsed. He forced her back an inch and then slammed her back into his cock. The feeling of his cock head escaping her throat and then penetrating it again pushed him closer. With a grunt, he did it again, yanked her back and slammed her hand. Soon, he was skull-fucking with short almost brutal strokes.

A groan escaped his lips. His cock felt so hard and huge inside her.

She gagged violently on his cock.

He rammed it in again.

Another gag, then the pressure on his thighs lessened.

Fighting his orgasm with all his might, he slammed her back down as he tried to get every part of his cock into her mouth. If he could, he would have shoved his balls in too but they were too much for his submissive slut.

Then it was too much.

The first spurt sprayed the back of her throat. With a groan, he yanked her off just in time for the second rope of cum to smack across her face, painting a line from eyebrow to lips.

He groaned as he held her tightly in place. His cock sprayed her again, painting line after line across her face, lips, and throat. It was thick and brilliant white, a stunning look on his formerly bitchy advisor.

“Bloody fuck!” he groaned as it kept coming, layer after layer glazing her face until it rolled off her cheeks onto her cleavage and a small pool of it gathered in her open mouth.

The world spun around him from his effort as the orgasm slowed and then stopped. He stood there, shaking like a leaf as he stared down at his cum-covered bitch. Each pant that ripped out of this throat caused his swollen cock to jump and a small glob of cum to ooze out of the end.

Hannah had to use her fingers to scoop the cum from her eyes. Blinking through cum-coated eyelashes, she stared up at him before swallowing the cum in her mouth. When she opened it, there was

only a strand still dangling from her upper lip. She brought a thick glob of cum to her lips and sucked it clean. "Happy?"

John let out a weak laugh. "Getting there."

"So much, is there anything left for my vagina like you promised?"

After such an intense orgasm, he wasn't sure but he wasn't going to give up until he could. He nodded and released her head. "A deal is a deal."

She reached up and he took her hand before pulling her up to her feet.

Hannah smiled. "You really came...." Her voice trailed off as she looked to the side.

Half afraid it was the police or someone else, John glanced over to see that Erin had returned. The door was closed behind her, a clear violation of Hannah's rules, but the look of lust on her face was just as blatant.

"Shit," Hannah whispered.

Erin gulped as she forced her mouth close. Then she grinned. "Looks like you got something on your face... Hannah."

"Look, Erin, this isn't—" Hannah held up a hand even as she fumbled with her blouse.

"It sounded like you just begged John to fuck your face and then he covered you in mayo." Erin grinned. "I'm pretty sure we had to go to a class about advisors fucking their students."

"Now look—" Hannah started angrily.

"Hannah," John interrupted. He stepped to the side and then grabbed Hannah by her hips.

"John, what—?"

He guided her forward until her hips were just touching his desk and she was facing Erin. His hand stroked along her back up to her neck. "Listen, just listen."

Hannah was blushing hotly as she turned at him. Her body squirmed underneath his touch and he could tell that she was dripping wet.

"Last night, I told you to..." He hesitated, unsure of Erin's response if she found out that he was fucking Hannah's daughters or that Hannah was forcing her own daughter to submit. "... I told you to eat someone's ass for practice, remember?"

Hannah's eyes flashed to Erin, then she looked back with a pleading look. "Not her, please? Please? I did what you told."

In the corner of his eye, he could tell that Erin was just as lust-filled as Hannah. He gave his advisor his best serious look. "Who's cock is it?"

"Y-Yours."

"And where do you want it?"

"In... in my vagina."

"That's right. So, if I tell you to eat someone out, what do you do?"

There was a hesitation, a resistance. Then she sighed. "I'll do what you say."

He smiled and ran a finger over her cum-covered cheek. He pushed the glob over to her lips where she obediently sucked it clean. "Now, I'm going to fuck that pretty little cunt of yours but I want you to do what you are told."

Hannah's shoulders tensed, then she let out a sigh. "Okay."

"Good girl."

She shook under his touch then kissed his finger.

John's cock twitched with anticipation. He didn't know how much cum was left but he was going to fuck her even if it was agony to shove his hypersensitive cock into her tight wetness. "Now, I think I may have pushed you last night. Erin would make a wonderful substitute. So get on your back on my desk with your head where she can sit on it—"

Erin let out a little coo of pleasure. Then she started to yank off her skirt.

"And your legs right over the edge because I want to feel them up on my shoulders when I fuck your pussy. Okay?"

"W-What if she tells someone?" Hannah whispered. "She would ruin us."

John gestured to Erin who had kicked off her skirt to reveal her bare pussy framed by her black garters and thigh-highs. Her sex was fringed with curls of her hair and completely soaked with her desire.

"Is she going to tell people she sat on your face as you ate her out?"

"Fuck no," Erin said with a laugh.

Hannah relaxed slightly. "No, she wouldn't."

"Don't worry. I think you two both want the same thing and we're adults here. Right? Erin locked the door so no one is going to interrupt this little department meeting."

Erin stroked her fingers along her sex before she nodded. Then she gasped and turned to lock the door.

"Right?" he asked Hannah, squeezing her breast.

"Yes."

"Now, come on, you know you want this," he said as he flicked his still swollen cock against her ass. It left a wet smear. "Up on the table and on your back."

Remembering the cushion, he knelt down to kiss her ass while retrieving it. Even with everything, the smell of her wet pussy was intoxicating. It wouldn't be long before he was between her thighs also. He grinned as he stood up and saw that both Erin and Hannah were moving his notes and busts carefully to the side. Tossing the cushion on it, he patted her ass. "Come on, up on the table like a good girl."

Hannah gave him a brief glare. "I prefer being called 'Hannah' over 'girl.'"

"You are definitely not a girl. You are all woman. So... Hannah, get up on the table so I can fuck all my cum into your pussy."

He held her body as she crawled up on the table. When she was briefly on her knees, he could see that her pussy was swollen with desire and splayed open to reveal the dripping pink inside. He grinned and ran his finger along her length.

Hannah moaned before she rolled over. Her large breasts rolled to the side. She looked humiliated as she rested with her head over the far edge of the table. Sperm dripped from her face and she made to wipe it.

"No, no," Erin said. "I want that right in my gash."

"Really?"

"Fuck, it's the only thing I've been thinking about all night."

Hannah gave a hesitant smile. "Me too."

"Well, since John is going to be giving you a hot injection in a second, how about I sit on your face and you shove as much of his cream as you can into my twat?"

Hannah gulped. "Not your ass?"

Erin bent over. Her lips were only inches from Hannah's dripping ones. "Well, I wouldn't mind if that pretty face of yours got in there too. It was really hot seeing John moaning and I love ass play as much as any other girl. So how about you just lick and slurp everything you find down there? Please?"

Hannah hesitated.

John decided to push it by lifting her thick legs and resting them on his shoulder. He enjoyed running his hands along the smooth skin as he parted them and looked down at his cock only inches away from her pussy.

Hannah moaned.

Erin straightened and turned around. Spreading her legs, she rested her hands against his office door and backed her pussy and ass up to Hannah's face. Their connection with a wet slurp, a moan, and then Erin's perfect ass was grinding against Hannah's face.

Hannah's throat gulped once.

Erin let out a moan. "Oh, fuck!" Her firm ass tensed as she ground back. The sperm from John's early orgasm was smeared everywhere, coating her skin, garters, and stockings.

John levered his cock into the heated wetness of Hannah's sex and then pushed inside. There was only a hint of friction as he plunged into her tightness. It was hot and wonderful as he bottomed out on the first stroke.

Hannah's body tensed and then her hips rocked on his cock.

He was still sore from his orgasm, but he had to give his all. He gripped her thighs tightly and began to pump into her. It was slowly and steady at first but soon he was pounding into her sex as he tried to once again bury his entire length with every stroke.

Erin moaned as she ground back on Hannah's face. She arched her back and her hips lowered. He could see Hannah's mouth sliding from Erin's cunt to her ass.

Without hesitating, Hannah lapped and sucked at the tight sphincter presented to her. Her tongue flashed between movements of her jaw and he saw more sperm and saliva being smeared around as she ceaselessly worked at the tight opening.

Erin's moan was deep and primal, a throaty sound of pleasure. Her fingers clutched at his door frame, holding the wood tightly

until her knuckles turned white. From her profile, he could see her eyes closed as she pressed her lips against the door.

John continued to pump Hannah, encouraging and fucking her. He wanted to come inside her, to plant his seed deep in her womb and knock her up. He didn't know if it was the solution affecting him or anything else, but the hungry desire to make his mark drove him to pound her with hard strokes.

Hannah came on his cock, her entire body tensing as she gripped Erin's hips tightly and her cunt squeezed down on his shaft.

It pushed him closer to an orgasm, a rock-hard ache that plunged into her, but he couldn't push himself to reach it. It was frustrating as he felt his own body failing him. Steeling himself, he continued to drive into her, fucking the sloppy hole with hard, deep strokes.

Ahead of him, Erin came again with a cry. She forced herself back on Hannah's face, enveloping their boss with her cheeks. A long wail escaped her lips as she rocked back and forth, using Hannah to bring herself to another one and then another.

It wasn't long before Hannah started to pat Erin's side. The fingers became more insistent as the older woman's body grew tighter and the muscles began to flex in her legs and belly.

"Erin," he groaned.

Erin moaned as she levered herself up. Thick strands of cum and juices peeled off from the insides of her buttocks and from her pussy. There was juices everywhere and he could hear it splattering to the floor between each stroke.

She turned and knelt down to Hannah who was gasping. Her lips lowered and they kissed. "You were just as amazing of a bitch as I thought you'd be."

Hannah whimpered as she clutched the table.

Erin looked up and then a playful smile crossed her face. Standing up, she strolled around the table.

John watched her as he continued to drive into her. He couldn't give up.

Coming up behind him, Erin whispered in his ear, "Mind willing, body failing?"

John glared at her.

Her hand trailed down his back. "Don't worry, I know how to make you fill her up to the brim."

He didn't know what she meant until her fingers delved between his buttocks. He inhaled as she found his asshole. It was still wet and sloppy with Hannah's oral attention.

Erin kissed him. "Fuck her," she said, "knock that bitch up."

Hannah moaned as he drove into her. She didn't look up as she clutched the table and writhed in passion.

Then Erin's fingers pressed against his sphincter. Wet and lubricated, they slid easily inside. The pressure was intense and sudden—John had occasionally fingered himself while masturbating but it didn't feel even remotely as erotic as when Erin drove her two fingers into him. The forbidden pleasure, the tightness, everything was exhilarating.

His cock grew even harder, swelling up until he thought it was going to explode.

She moved with him, curling up until she seemed to hit some button that caused an intense burst of pleasure deep inside his balls.

John didn't care anymore. He focused his attention on Hannah and pounded with all his might. With every thrust in, Erin shoved her fingers deep against his prostate and starts exploded across his vision. When he withdrew, she pulled back with him but it felt her fingers where burrowing even deeper inside him.

He groaned as he lost himself in the animistic urge to breed. Every movement, every thrust, every twist of Erin's digits, pushed him close to an orgasm that felt unreal and a bitch that needed to be bred. The desk underneath them began to jerk with the movement and the wet smack filled the air.

John's shaft was so hard he could feel it smacking directly against Hannah's cervix. The bump at the end, the final gate to her fertile womb, was there and he wanted to impale it with all his might.

Erin moaned and then kissed his shoulders. She shoved her hands deep in his ass and up against his prostate. The final thump was enough and he felt the cum exploded up his shaft.

With a growl, he rammed his cock deep into Hannah's cunt. It smashed against her womb and he held it there, fingers digging deep, as he blasted hot jet after jet of cum directly against her cervix.

"Oh, fuck," he groaned.

Hannah let out a cry as she came again on his shaft, squeezing it tightly as if to force more of his sperm into her depths.

He shuddered as he held it there, every muscle of his body working to force spurt after spurt into the willing hole. It felt like a fire hose, one that was barely under control. He growled as he closed his eyes to enjoy the painful pleasure that tore out of him.

Erin continued to massage his prostate, forcing every drop out of his insides until he was completely drained. Then she slipped out with a sigh.

The animistic urge faded and he stood there, balls deep, and panted.

Hannah lifted her head. "Thank you," she said in a hoarse voice before slumping back. Her pussy clenched and squeezed his length but it was obvious that they were all finally sated.

He slipped out. His cock was limp.

A flood of cum poured out of her gaping hole.

Erin and he stared at it as it bubbled and forth before puddling on the desk. A moment later, it began to splatter to the ground.

He staggered to the side and sat down on the chair.

Erin panted as she gestured to his cock. "Need me to clean it?"

John chuckled and shook his head. "Let's let him rest."

She took the few steps over to him and leaned over, her heavy breasts swinging. "Good, because I expect to see that much cum pouring out of me after our date."

He looked up at her and then pulled her into a kiss. It was soft, sweet, and short. When the broke, he whispered to her, "Thank you for the helping hand."

"Any time. I hope to do it again." She said. "After all, I love ass play as much as every other girl."



# Around the World

# 13

John was happy to find out that Erin also lived within walking distance of the college. It made it a lot easier not to pull his car out of the garage when he could just stroll a dozen blocks past Foggy's and into the more residential areas of the Hanover.

The town was relatively small, less than fifteen thousand people. He felt at home among the brick and stone houses that stood on each side of the street. Between them, thick trees and bushes that reminded him of the hedges in his home village.

Erin's house was a mid-sized place down a short spur road. He could see the river only a few hundred feet behind it and was impressed. It was an older place, with thick trees and bushes in the front and back yard. He couldn't help but think it was well insulated for what he hoped was a night of screaming and fucking.

He passed a gravel driveway that led around to the back. Around the corner, he spotted the edge of a brick garage with a white door. But, his curiosity was drawn to the large enclosed porch leading up to her front door.

For an associate professor, she had a much better house than his little apartment. It was the grand house that Hannah commanded, or the apparently larger weekend mansion outside of town, but it was far larger than the house he grew up.

John tucked his hands into his pockets and headed up the wooden stairs. The front porch door was open but he wasn't sure if he needed to knock there or at the front door. After a few seconds hesitation, he entered the protected enclosure and then up to the brightly painted front door. It had a brass knocker and a glowing door bell.

He knocked.

After a few seconds, he knocked again.

John felt nervous about waiting there. Erin had left early to run some errands and pick up “some things” including sushi for dinner. He offered to get it himself, but she insisted since he was going to be providing “dessert.”

He grinned to himself at that. A few hours of rest after the threesome and a tone of water had regained most of his energy and he was ready to enjoy some privacy with Erin in a more comfortable situation. He was hoping a bed would be involved since he had fucked on desks, in the back rooms of coffee shops, and on the couch. None of them were traditional places to have sex.

Then again, nothing in the last two days was traditional. There was no wooing and flirting, just fucking and breeding.

His cock twitched. His balls felt heavy already, as if they were ready to dump massive amounts of see into Erin’s womb. Once again, he wondered if the solution had also affected him, at least to prepare him to service five women.

There were no clues if Christine, Erin’s sister, was affected since she lived so far away. He couldn’t help but wonder if he was going to enjoy all three sisters.

The thought set off a wave of guilt. He already have five beautiful women craving him, he shouldn’t be trying to add a sixth into the mess. Even if he wanted to seed her just like the others, to feel her body grinding up against his and to be balls deep in her tight pussy.

His cock grew harder and pressed up against his zipper. He squirmed for a moment to adjust it, but it still bulged out his pants. “Damn it, John, calm down.”

The door creaked as it opened.

Olivia stood there in a blue t-shirt and the shortest pair of jersey shorts he had ever seen. Her entire outfit clung to her body, highlighting the swells of her smaller tits that still pushed up and begged for attention. Her lanky body only drew his attention down to where the black material of her shorts gathered between her legs, forming a distinct camel toe against her pussy.

She smiled broadly at him. “John,” her voice was warm but ended in a hungry sound. “I’m surprised to see you.”

He stared in shock.

Olivia grinned and leaned against the door, arching her back and thrusting her tits up. It was clear she was bra-less underneath and he wanted desperately to yank away the material to feast on her small, round tits. “You know, this isn’t Foggy’s.”

“Y-Yeah, I know.”

She held out a hand. “I’ll still serve you, sir.”

His cock pulsed as at the purred “sir”. He fought the urge to throw himself at her but it took all of his might. With sweat prickling his brow, he gulped loudly. “I’m... I’m here for a date with your sister.”

Olivia rolled her eyes but didn’t stop the pose that tightened her clothes. “I know, and she made me promise that your beautiful cock will not be penetrating any hole in my body until tomorrow morning. Six in the morning, to be precise. I have the alarm set.”

John did a double-take. “W-What?”

She held out her hand. “We had a talk before she ran out for dinner. She was upset, but didn’t call dibs. So, we decided that sharing you would be better to avoid an all-out cat fight between the two of us.”

He took Olivia’s hand and let her draw him into the confines of the house. It was warmly decorated, with lots of painted wood and exposed beams. Almost everything looked planned and cosy except for a stack of boxes in the corner of a spacious living room. Many of them were opened and the contents spilling out. He could see “Olivia” written in black marker on the side.

“Sorry about the mess, I cleaned up as much as I could but there is only so much.”

He didn’t want to let go of her hand. “My place is worse. Being a bachelor doesn’t do me any favors.”

“Might want to change that,” came the sly response.

At his curious look, she shrugged. “Sounds like you have a lot of pretty girls circling around you like sharks. From what I heard from sis, you’ve also been porking Hannah and her daughters.”

John froze, his blood running icy in his veins. He didn’t think Erin knew what had happened with Ester and Ruth. He gulped, waiting for the accusations.

She brought him to a soft-looking couch and gently pushed him back.

Still in shock, he fell back.

Olivia followed, kneeling on the couch so she remained facing him. One hand caught his shoulder while the other dropped to cup his hard cock. "Now, sir, I'm wondering if you got this lovely thing inside that tight... teenage... pussy?"

His pulsed against her hand, the hard length measured along the heat of her palm. The material of his trousers felt dangerously thin as his shaft bobbed with his memories of the two underage girls.

She moaned and stroked his cock. "I bet you came inside them too, didn't you?"

John gulped. He could lie, but there wasn't a point. He nodded.

Her lips approached his. Her voice lowered to a whisper. "And after you got to fuck those girls, you still had me in the back room?"

He chuckled as he squirmed under her strokes. "You are beautiful."

"And I'm going to serve you, sir." Her fingers curled along his shaft as she pumped it through his pants. "I also hope that you give me what I want too, which is this beautiful... hard... cock jammed into my stomach."

Breathing deeply, he looked into her lust-filled eyes. "You want it too? To feel me cum inside you?"

She moaned, her eyes fluttering as a bit of the glazed look came back. "Oh, god. Yes. I dreamed about it last night, just the idea of you filing me up until my belly was tight."

Her strokes grew longer and stronger, jacking his hard cock through his pants. "I just want you so far into me, just dump your cum into me like a bucket."

John reached out to stroke her hip. His thumb found the gap between her shirt and shorts and he tucked it underneath the elastic.

"I just want you to use me. Choke me until I cum, fill me until I'm dripping out of my hole. Oh, god, sir, I need you so badly."

She started to fumble with his zipper. Her fingers slipped over the material and he could feel how his pre-cum soaked the fabric from the inside. "I need it," she whimpered, "I don't care what she said."

Her mouth drew closer and then she was kissing him as she fumbled with his zipper. The soft gasps escaped her throat as she

managed to finally open him up and delved her hand into the confines to find his hard-cock already dripping wet.

The moan that shook her body sent a pulse of pleasure through him. She drew his cock out and pumped the slick length in her hand.

John fought back his pleasure. He knew he shouldn't be doing anything with Olivia, but it was almost impossible to resist her as she slid her hand up and down from his slick crown clear down to his balls and up again.

"Excuse me?" came the sharp interruption of Erin's annoyed voice.

Olivia broke the kiss and yanked her hand away. Clear strands of pre-cum drooled down from her palm as she scrambled to her feet. Her shorts were down over her hip and her shirt was caught on the side with one breast almost exposed. With a whimper, she yanked her clothes into place.

At the door of the living room, Erin stood holding a large plastic bag in one hand and her other fist resting on her hip. She had switched to a button-down shirt that left a generous amount of cleavage exposed and a golden necklace nestled into the valley of her tits.

John cleared his throat but made no effort to shove his cock into his pants again. It was far too hard and wet to fit into the confines and he suspected that Erin would forgive him for his weakness.

"I-I didn't let him inside." He could tell Olivia was blushing as she fumbled with her clothes.

"You were going to in a few seconds and you know it. Here I would have assumed giving him a hand job while sucking his tonsils out would have been included in our deal."

"I'm sorry, I really am. I just... I just couldn't resist." Olivia pushed some of her hair behind her ear, leaving a smear of pre-cum on her cheek.

Erin rolled her eyes and the corner of her frown almost turned into a grin. "You already got first dibs and he creamed your panties. Don't be a greedy slut."

Olivia giggled. "Yeah."

"So, tonight is mine."

"Sorry."

Erin sighed and came further into the room. "It's obvious that if I don't chain you down or lock you in your room, I'm going to wake up and find you fucking him first thing in the morning."

John chuckled. The thought of having Olivia in a collar brought to bear a curious fetish he wasn't aware of and his cock jumped at the thought.

"Let me guess, you set an alarm?"

"Yeah," Olivia said with a giggle. "But only fifteen minutes earlier, I still have to go to work tomorrow."

"And I'm fine with that. But tonight is mine and I'm keeping him here all night. Which means, my dear sister, you're going out to a movie by yourself and finding a hotel room."

"But—"

"No buts, mine!" Erin said with a grin. "You are a horny slut and I don't want to fight you off. That cock is going in me tonight and nowhere else. My hole, my fuck stick, my man."

Olivia relented. "I suppose I have enough on my credit card for a night."

John pushed himself up, standing straight even as his cock stood out. He dug into his pocket and pulled out his keys. "Why don't you stay at my place? It has streaming video, plenty of food or you can order in."

Erin's eyebrow rose.

Olivia spun on him and then gasped. "R-Really?"

"Why not? I'm not going to be there. Apparently your sister has decided."

"That right," Erin said with a look of relief.

Olivia rushed over to him to kiss him, but her hand wrapped around his cock first. She held him tight as she ground her slender body against yours. "Thank you," she said.

"Olive!"

Olivia released his cock with a gasp. "Sorry!"

Erin pointed to the door. "Get your ass out of here! Now!"

It took a few minutes for him to tell Olivia how to get to his place and anything else she needed to know. Before long, though, she was trotting down the street with a final kiss still tingling on his lips.

Erin sighed as she came up next to him.

John glanced at her. "Sorry."

“What for? You’re the man. I expect you to fuck anything as hot as my little sister when she’s digging in your pants like that. She was going for gold and there was nothing going to stop her.”

He grinned.

“Though, I’ve been thinking. You should keep this just between the six of us.”

John turned to see her. She was grinning as she watched her sister go around the corner. “Six?”

“Christine has been asking about you. I think she caught it too, whatever that stuff in the box was. I know that I should be dragging us to the hospital, but it’s been so long since she’s had a loving man take care of her. You seem to be what she needs. I can’t say she’s had an easy life. Olivia either. ”

He blushed.

Erin grinned and leaned her head. “Plus, I want to see her knocked up like a cock-hungry slut as much as I want to be your cock-hungry slut.”

“Don’t worry. I couldn’t handle more than six.”

She looked at him with a smirk. “Sure about handling even six of us?”

“I’m going... you know what? Yes. I’m going to take good care of you as long as you want me.”

“Good, because it’s pretty clear you’ve been fucking Hannah and the girls as much as me and Olivia.”

He cringed.

“I don’t approve, but the only thing I can think about is having your cum inside me. Every moment, every thought is about having your baby. I wore out my damn batteries last night and it still wasn’t enough. If I can barely resist you, those girls have no chance.”

John was both excited and depressed to hear that.

“So as I see it, the adults in the room have to make sure they keep it private and we do it safely. That means no restaurant table fucks of teenage pussy and no jumbo-tron blow jobs.” She held up her finger. “Feel free to do that with us old ladies. As often as you want.”

“You aren’t old.”

“But nothing public with those two sluts until they are proper age, do you understand?”

He thought she made some good points and it matched some of the vague thoughts in the back of his head. He nodded. "Deal, but I'm surprised you are so logical about it."

"Are you not going to fuck Olivia the second she gets you in the back room?"

He hesitated before he shook his head.

"And I don't think I could ever stop treating Hannah like the bitch she is. I can just imagine the others are the same. So, if we don't figure out something together... as adults... while not fucking like bunnies, then maybe we can come up with something that doesn't get anyone arrested or in trouble."

"I think I like that idea."

She favored him with a smile. "Good, now finish taking off your clothes because the sushi is going to get warm. I also have the perfect movie to watch tonight."

"Oh?"

"*Around the World in Eighty Days*. It's a live action from the early 2000s."

"Any good?"

Erin laughed. "Oh, god, no. It's terrible. But I'm also hoping you are going around my world in eighty minutes."

He looked at her curiously as she closed the door shut and began to strip her shirt off. Her beautiful tits rose up as she peeled open her outfit.

Unable to resist, he cupped her breasts and then brought one nipple up to his mouth. Sucking on it, he enjoyed the soft noises that rose in her throat. He popped his lips off and looked up. "What is around your body in eighty minutes?"

Flushed, Erin finished taking off her shirt and let it drop to the ground. "First, you are going to eat some sushi off my naked body, then you are going to fuck my pussy and get the engines running."

She stepped back toward the living room, tugging him along with her other hand. "Then, I'm hoping you shove that wonderful cock of yours up my tight ass and leave another load." Her grin grew sultry. "I cleaned out everything back there. It's spotless."

His shaft jumped at the thought. "Good enough to eat?"

"I hope to find out," she purred.

"Doesn't seem like around the world."



Erin's eyes shimmered. "Then I'm going to suck that cock and deep throat it just as well as Hannah did until I get a third one. And finally, you are going to finish up right where you started, giving me one last load in my greedy womb."

He tore off his shirt and tossed it aside. His cock was already aching hard and he could feel every pulse shaking it. "Four times in eight minutes."

A wink. "Well, if you have some trouble, I have fingers and a tongue that says I can get you past the finish line."

Memories of her comment earlier that day brought a surge of pre-cum drooling out of his length. "Butt stuff?"

"Anything Hannah can do, I'll do better."

"So competitive."

"She got you stuffed into her pussy and throat, so I have to get all three. Up to it?"

John answered by pushing her onto the couch, right where she was before. Tossing the bag of sushi next to her, he knelt down between her legs. Even with her clothes on, he could smell her pussy. It was sweet and hungry.

Looking up at her lust-filled face, he tugged her skirt off and pulled them down. The black garters were still there, framing her pussy and wet-matted hair. He licked his lips and then shoved his face down into the heated crevice.

"Oh, fuck!" she tried.

She was wet and sweet. John went to town, using his tongue and lips to spread her open and lapping her hard and fast. With her thighs quivering on either side of his head, he clamped his mouth on her clitoris and sucked on it roughly, rolling his tongue along it until her hips bucked into his face.

John used his hands to spread her knees apart as he slobbered and worked his way further down, enjoying every moist fold of her sex before he burrowed his tongue into her clenching hole.

Erin's hand grabbed his head, pulling him close and pushing him down at the same time.

He resisted long enough to taste the first gush of juices before he lowered himself further, digging into the cushions so his soaked lips could press against her twitching asshole.

With her long moan filling the room, he licks and laved and slathered her sphincter with rough, hungry strokes. As she said, she was clean with only a taste of pussy and soap on his tongue when he burrowed the tip of it deep into the tight opening.

Encouraged, he gripped her thighs tightly and worked his way back up to her clitoris before down to her ass. He took his time, enjoying how her body bucked and trembled underneath him.

John continued until she patted his head. When he looked up, he could feel his face covered in her juices.

Flushed and dazed, she moaned. "Fuck me. Now."

He didn't need a second request. Pulling himself up to his knees, he wiped his face off with his hand before grabbing his cock. It was as hard as before, an aching length that felt more like hot steel than flesh. Swirling the swollen head up and down her slit, he found her opening and then shoved in deep.

Erin's cunt was wet and slick and tight. The friction felt intense on his length as he buried almost two-thirds in with the first stroke. He grabbed her knees, hiked them up, and then pulled out.

She cried out wordlessly, her legs trying to lock behind him.

He thrust back into her. The force of the stroke drove his cock head to kiss her cervix before he only felt hot pressure around every inch of his shaft. He panted as quickly found a rhythm to ram into her with long strokes that kissed her womb before sliding almost completely out.

The wet slurps of their junction was the perfect harmony to her cries of need and his grunts. They weren't making love, they were rutting and he loved every moment as he concentrated on blowing his load deep in her snatch as fast as he could.

Erin writhed on the couch, knocking over their meal as she clutched the cushions. "M-More, please, more. Yes, fill me."

John's body hummed with excitement. He was already primed with her sister's ministrations.

The pressure enveloping his shaft tightened and he found it harder to thrust in. Her face grew red as she tensed up, the muscles locking around his shoulders. Then she let out a wail of ecstasy.

John drove into her, working mindlessly toward his own orgasm. It didn't matter if she came, even though she did, he only wanted to

seed his bitch, to dump his cum directly into her womb until she was swollen with his child.

His thoughts set him off. An intense orgasm tore up down his spine and exploded inside him. His balls tightened painfully as he drove into her and held it there, spraying hot jets of cum directly against her fertile womb. He shuddered with each surge and had to dig his fingers deep into her skin to hold himself in the right place to ensure she would bear his children.

Almost blacking out, John let out a bestial grunt as he pulled back an inch and tried to ram his cock through her cervix. It was an unconscious desire, but it brought another flurry of spasms along his cock as he jetted load after load into her.

Erin came again, her orgasm a shrill sound as she clamped around his cock. Her ankles dug into his shoulders as she pulled him tighter to her body, the muscles locked in orgasm keeping them in place as the last of his cum poured out of his balls into her body.

Panting, he forced himself to relax. The flesh under his fingers turned an angry red.

Erin moaned and giggled at the same time. "I hope that marked me."

"Bruises?"

She sighed happily. "I love little love marks. It reminds of what else you've given me." Her inner muscles clenched. "I can feel your seed, so hot and wet."

John continued to breath deeply as he looked down at the freshly fucked beauty. She was everything he had dreamed about for months, but it was more real than he could imagine. "Want me to get off?"

"No, just... stay there. Keep me plugged up for a few minutes."

His cock pulsed. "I can do that."

Neither said anything for a long time as they enjoyed the heat and afterglow of their frantic fucking. Occasionally Erin would clench her inner walls around his shaft but he never grew soft.

"Hungry?"

"W-What?" he said at the sudden question.

Erin reached out and grabbed the spilled bag. Finding a tray, she pried it open and then carefully set out the pieces of the rice rolls across her breasts.

It was surreal watching her carefully arrange them around her nipples and cleavage. He grinned.

She moaned and smiled. "Don't knock them off."

John held himself still as she finished. "What if I want wasabi?"

Erin winked at him and then used her finger to scoop up the green sauce. It was a small amount but that was all that was needed. He watched as she brought it to her hard nipple and then scraped it off. A moment later, she squirmed. "Tingles a little."

"Well, with a meal like that, how can I say no?"

With his cock still hard and buried inside her, they began to eat the sushi off her body. He started with the wasabi to get it off her skin before she got too uncomfortable. It was good stuff from the south side of town.

It was only a small snack, not even a meal, but it sated him for the second round.

When he finished the last piece, he hooked his arm underneath her back and brought her wasabi-covered nipple to his mouth. Sucking on it, he thrust into her with slow strokes as he made sure every speck was cleaned off.

By the time he was done, her hips were thrusting into him. He released her nipple with a pop. "Ready for round two?"

Erin's eyes were glazed with lust and hunger. She nodded.

"How do you want it?"

"Prone?"

John had to move first. He set aside the rest of their meal before he pulled his cock free. Cum and juices bubbled out of her frothy opening and his cock looked like it had been glazed. He grinned and stood up.

Erin held out her hand.

He helped her up and they moved a few cushions to the ground. Then she knelt down with her cum-covered pussy and tight little asshole visible before she stretched out. Her buttocks clenched together but he knew that he was going to be spearing them in only a few moments.

John felt like he was immortal as he straddled her thighs and sank down. His cock was still lubricated from their previous round and easily sank into the valley of her buttocks. A few angles later, he caught her asshole with the tip of his cock.

“Oh, there,” she moaned.

“Ready?”

“Since yesterday,” she gasped. “Please, fuck my ass. I want to be yours... forever.”

His cock felt so hard as he leaned into her. He could feel the tight ring of her asshole resist his shaft, but sex juices and cum made it a futile task. He sank smoothly past the tight ring and into the infernal depths of her rectum.

Erin let out a low, guttural moan. “Fuck, I love you in my ass.”

John panted as he found the right position of his body where his hips were up against the cushion of her generous buttocks and he could feel the tight ring halfway up his length. Every time he thrust, he could feel her inner walls kissing his length.

He didn't have the raw lust of before, but there was still vigor in his movements as he opened her up before thrusting faster. Soon his hips were smacking against her ass and he had almost his length slipping and out of her hole.

Erin pawed at the carpet, her fingernails leaving furrows, as she moaned and writhed underneath him. Her ass would clench around his shaft until he forced himself deeper into it, working in and out until it felt like she had been stretched to be exactly what he needed.

John grunted with every thrust. He wasn't going to knock her up this way, but having his shaft piercing her forbidden entrance was just as exhilarating. He planted one hand on her shoulder and used it for balance as he pulled himself up and then used his weight to impale her ass.

Erin's ass lifted to meet his thrusts. No intelligible words escaped her lips, but her enthusiastic meeting of his strokes was enough and he found himself enjoying the slow build up to his next orgasm.

Underneath him, he could feel when she came again. She grabbed the cushions with one hand and screamed into it. Her fingernails dug into the fabric, tearing it as she slammed her ass up into his thrusts.

He answered by putting more of his weight and strength into impaling her. Every thrust was a heavy thud of two lovers meeting, a pummeling against her tight ring. His cock speared deep into her, stroked by her inner walls as he repeatedly violated her asshole with every stroke.

The build up to his orgasm was slow but intense. He felt it gathering in his balls, fueled by the heavy impacts of their bodies and the muffled moans from the cushion. Every clench of her rectum around his cock begged him to empty himself again.

When his thrusts grew more frantic, he stopped going slow and switched to hammering her ass. He pounded her hard and fast, impaling her as he held her shoulders down with his weight. His fingers dug into the skin as he claimed her ass as his own.

She came repeatedly on his cock. Every thrust almost pushed him over, but he didn't know the one that finally set it him off.

Between one thrust and another, he was coming. Hot jets of seed painted her insides but he didn't stop pounding her. Quickly, his cum began to slosh in her claimed asshole, swirling and gurgling with wet strokes as he emptied out his balls once again in her very willing body.

Finally, he just left his cock there as he finished up. His hips thrust once, twice, thrice, and then he was done.

Erin's body shuddered with her final orgasm.

Like before, he held himself there but it didn't last long. She pushed herself up off the cushions. "O-Off, please?"

John pulled his aching cock from her tight hole and then rolled to the side. He fell off the cushions and landed on the raspy carpet, but he ignored the discomfort as he looked at the blushing, stated woman before him.

"Thank you," she whispered. "That was wonderful."

"I thought the same."

He reached out and stroked her sweat-soaked hair.

Erin pressed her cheek to his hand and closed her eye. She smiled happily.

He just stroked and touched her as his cock softened. It was wet and slimy but he didn't care. He was probably more sated than he had ever felt more.

Slowly, Erin's eyes opened. "You know, Olivia has never had her ass fucked."

"I thought this was your date?"

"It is, but tomorrow she has a chance. I want her to enjoy it too."

"If she asks, then I will." His cock gave a limp attempt to start.

"She liked to be choked."

John stared at her. "Really?"

"Yes, I've caught her a few times with a belt around her throat. Christine yelled at her because that was dangerous, so..." She gave a bashful grin. "Sometimes, Olivia would ask Christine to make sure she was safe so she would sit and watch as Olivia masturbate."

"Fuck," John said, unable to form any other words.

"It was hot. But she's going to cum so hard if you put your hands around her throat."

"I will—"

"Do it. She deserves to be as happy as me. And that is definitely her hot button."

John's cock grew half-hard at the thought. "I will. Thank you."

"We sisters have to take care of each other."

"Does that mean you are going to give me seduction advice for Christine?"

Erin giggled and rolled back, revealing her beautiful breasts to him again. "Oh, she's into watching and being watched. That's why she has her show, though I'm not sure what's she going to do now that her boyfriend isn't in the picture anymore."

"What happened?"

She gave him a look. "You, I think. I mean, he's a complete dick and she was thinking about leaving him, but she doesn't want to cheat on anyone and your cock was probably the poke she needed to finally get rid of the bastard."

John sighed. "No cheating."

"She won't ever cheat on you. So if you want to be serious with her, then realize that she will be serious with her."

"Isn't my trying to get her pregnant serious?"

Erin shrugged. "I... I don't know. I mean, I think she would be open to sharing you with the rest of us. But, part of my suggestion of sticking with just us six is for her too. She needs to be comfortable. I already know she likes Hannah and... well, she's my sister. I think if

you include her, it won't be cheating until you decide to get fresh pussy."

She glared at him. "You will not get fresh pussy, do you understand?"

"I'm very happy with the cunts I have now."

"Good. Because you still own me two fucks this evening."

John looked down at his half-hard cock. "I might need at least fifteen more minutes."

She rolled onto her belly, lifting her ass up into the air. "Get the food. I'll put on a movie. I'm pretty sure you'll be sick of it in twenty minutes."

He grinned and crawled up to grab the food.

True to her word, it was a terrible movie. But they laughed and had fun, eating bits of sushi and occasionally touching each other.



# Eighty Minutes

# 14

Around the halfway point through the movie, John realized they had finished their meal but neither had made an effort to resume their activities. Instead, they were intertwined with each other as they occasionally mocked the movie or gave little kisses. He smiled to himself and just enjoyed the experience.

At last until a movie hit a low, somewhat boring stretch. He used it as an excuse to head up to the bathroom to relieve his bladder and wash off some of the dried juices from his face, chest, and balls.

He felt strange walking naked in someone's house, but the afterglow and promise of more brought a smile to his lips.

While heading back, he peered into one of the rooms and saw Olivia's uniforms for Foggy's hanging from a makeshift clothes bar. It didn't look like she had been there long, most of her things were still in boxes. Glancing over, he saw college books on writing and literature. Next to it was a certificate.

Curious, he crept into the room and picked it up. It was a diploma rested against one of the boxes, a BA in English from Vassar College.

Feeling like an intruder, he backed out of her room even though he only more questions like why she was working at Foggy's instead of the college. He sighed, hating that he knew very little about the women that had invaded his life; he wanted to know them, to feel the closeness that he had a chance to experience with Erin.

Returning to the living room, he look into the woman waiting for him and stopped sharply.

Erin was on her generous belly, feet curled up above her and her breasts propped up on the edge of the cushions. She had a brilliant

smile on her face as she rocked her ankles back and forth. "Have a good snoop?"

He blushed. "Um...?"

"It's an old house. The floor creaks everywhere and I could tell you were in her bedroom."

John sighed. "Sorry. I didn't mean to pry."

Erin shrugged and sighed. "It wasn't Olivia's fault. She graduated just as COVID hit. Her entire class didn't have a chance. I mean, her degree is a difficult sell in general, but with a pandemic? No one was hiring and all the colleges locked up tight on hiring. It was pointless to even try."

"So she moved in with big sister?"

"Moved back, you mean. She grew up in this house. We all did. Christine and I were born here, but Olivia moved in when she was three after mom got remarried. Later, when mom and dad moved down to Florida, I bought the house from them."

"You're a good sister, Erin."

She grinned. "I might be, but I'm also a woman who is hungry for desert."

"What do you...?"

His question died as she rolled over on the cushion. Her breasts rose up as she settled on her back with her legs splayed open and her head dangling over the edge of the cushion. She slid down hand around the softness of her belly and cupped her pussy.

Erin grinned and licked her lips. "Time to shut up and serve."

John stroked his own cock but it only took a few pumps before he was hard again. "I think I agree on that."

"Then come here and give me something good to eat."

"Yes, madam," he said playfully. He walked over to her, still pumping his cock.

Erin reached up for him, arching her back as she did. Her large breasts were flattened by gravity but no less desirable as she slipped her hand around his thighs and gripped his legs tightly. Her eyes were filled with lust and hunger. "Come here," she moaned as she tugged down.

He tightened his legs as he sank down. His balls dangled over her mouth and she lifted her head to suck one into her mouth.

Erin giggle as she mouthed his nut, rolling it with her tongue and lips.

Despite holding himself off the ground, John couldn't help but close his eyes to enjoy the moisture bathing his ball. Her tongue was talented as before, slathering over the delicate skin and short hairs. "Yummy," she said before moving to his other side.

He almost lost his balance. His knees thumped against on the cushion and he snapped his hands out to grab whatever he could; his fingers dug into the soft tissue of her tits.

Underneath his tight fingers, she moaned and pushed up into his palms. Her nipples were hot and hard.

He slumped back, grinding his balls hard into her mouth and his perineum into her face. He could feel her nose against his asshole and her chin on the bottom of his shaft. The illicit situation and position set off a flare of pleasure that ran from his base to his tip.

A spray of pre-cum coated her breasts. He pumped his shaft a few more times and more pre-cum oozed out across her throat but he wasn't close to an orgasm for anything else. He just moaned and rocked back and forth on her face.

She pushed him forward. As he moved, his balls popped out of her mouth and her lips slid up to work her way against his asshole. Immediately, her tongue slurped against his sphincter.

"Fuck, you really do like ass play."

Erin pushed him up to take a breath. "Just a lot," she panted. He could hear that she was smiling. "But as tasty your balls and ass are, I want to feel your cock buried in my throat. I haven't gotten around the world before Phileas gets back."

His shaft jumped at the thought then he laughed at her final words, it was surreal with his ass pressed against her face.

She pushed him back away with her hands.

John lifted himself as he dragged his balls back across her lips and then her nose. When he felt it bump against her brow, he was able to crawl back off her face and settle down just above her head.

He started to pull his hands up but she shook her head. "No, keep them there."

She giggled. "Maybe bruise them as you fuck me as fast and hard as you can? See if you can get this bad boy in my stomach?"

His shaft jumped at the thought. He moaned as he clutched her tighter. Using his hips to guide it, he drew his cock back. It was shiny and swollen again, ready to dump another load into his willing slut. He grinned as he smeared pre-cum along her lips and nose with the effort to aim.

Erin followed it with her hungry mouth.

He guided it into her lips, rolling it around and coating her tongue with his juices before sinking it deeper into the tight confines.

Both of them moaned loudly.

Her hands fluttered against his ass before she pulled him into her.

John dug his hands into her generous tits until his knuckles turned white. As Erin moaned loudly, he thrust forward and muffled her with a single stroke. His cock sank into her mouth, tickling along her teeth before lodging up to the tight entrance of her throat.

He spread his knees for balance. Even the little reposition caused his cock to grind up against the entrance of her throat, cutting off her moans with wet slurps as he got the right angle to ram it deeper.

Underneath his grip, Erin's body pushed up hungrily. She wanted him as much as he wanted to take her. Her fingers dug into his thighs as she held him place, making it difficult to pull back even he wanted to.

With only one way to go, he drove forward with steady pressure. He felt the tight ring resisting his intrusion, but it slowly gave way, dilating as his cock slipped deeper into her mouth and bulged her throat.

It was one of the most erotic sights in his life. He held his breath as he continued to steady pressure, pushing harder and harder.

Then, all the resistance was gone in a gulp and he slipped deep until his balls ground against her nose and lips. He was fully sheathed in her throat.

Underneath his hands, Erin's body jerked reflexively. He could feel her gagging on his length but her hands kept him tight against her. With every clench, her fingers dug in deeper.

He pulled back, fighting her, until he could get an inch of movement and then rammed it home again.

Almost instantly, her legs spread apart as she relented but only a few inches.

Throbbing, his cock slipped out and rammed again as he took more forceful thrusts into her lips and throat. It didn't take long until he was pumping steadily, with longer strokes that brought little muffled sounds of gagging and gurgling.

Encouraged that she wasn't pushing him away, he bore down to fucking her face properly. Every stroke was harder and louder, smacking loudly as drool and juices covered her face. He moaned as he leaned into it.

Her hands never let him escape her completely. But he could hear little gasps of breath between his longer strokes. Her hips rocked and writhed as her entire body bucked underneath him.

Releasing her left tit, he reached out and grabbed her snatch. His fingers sank into the wet folds as he crushed her clitoris to his palm and hooked his fingers on her bone. The added balance gave him a better angle and he rammed into her faster.

Erin came underneath him, her body taut underneath her soft curves. She dug her nails into his thighs and yanked him violently into her. Her movements were frantic and demanding.

John's balls grew tighter and his cock swelled in her throat. He was approaching an orgasm and the added friction only made him work harder to impale her throat while pushing him closer to an orgasm that felt like a tsunami. His legs strained as he smacked into her face repeatedly, maybe even bruising it as he strive to conquer her throat just as he did her womb.

It wasn't going to last long. With a guttural cry, he rammed home and pulled out. Cum began to shoot out of him, spraying the entire length of her throat before painting her mouth and then plunging back into her tight confines even as he continued to blast inside her. It felt like he was plunging into a heated ocean as he continued to come continuously.

Erin's gagging grew even louder as her body writhed. Her movements were frantic as she bucked up against him.

Lost in his primal need to seed her, he could barely register that she was no longer yanking him into her mouth. She wasn't pushing him back though and he continued his short, powerful thrusts while flooding every part of her in his semen.

When he finally slowed, he was panting and covered in sweat. Tremors ran through his body as he kept his cock just inside her lips.

Erin worked her lips around his still pulsating cock. A gurgling moan escaped her lips as she suckled on his sensitive head.

With a gasp, he finally sat back. His cock popped out of her mouth and he looked down at his lover.

Her face was completely covered in sperm and juices. A thick layer of slime dribbled off as she looked up through cum-dripping eyelashes. Then a giggle. "You come so much!"

John nodded, panting. It was more than he had ever done before, far more than the few spurts in his hand for his morning masturbation. He wondered if that was part of the side effects because he had never glazed a woman with a single orgasm.

"H-Help me up." She held out her hands.

He helped Erin into a sitting position, then grabbed a few napkins from the sushi bag. His eyes drank in the sight of her dripping body as she cleared off her face before tossing the sodden wads of paper back onto the bag.

"Fuck, you have to be able to handle us with that much cum."

John grunted with agreement.

She glanced at him and then grinned. "I'm still horny."

He looked down and flicked his cock. It was still hard and throbbing. He was sure he could easily go another round.

"Want to beat Phileas? We have seven minutes left on the clock."

John leaned over and kissed her. He could taste his cum on her lips but it didn't matter. His cock was already ready to go again and this time, he was going to empty his load directly into her womb. The thought set him off and he crawled over to her, pushing her back to the cushions.

Erin worked her legs up against his chest until her knees were resting in his shoulders and her wet, dripping snatch was open and receptive to his hard cock.

He looked into her eyes as he sank into her hot depths. It was different than her mouth and ass, but it felt like where he belonged as he bottomed out inside her cunt and squeezed her knees between them.

Erin moaned. "I always love this position."

“What is it called?”

“The mating press.” She blinked her damp eyelashes at him. “Will you mate me?”

His length throbbed. “I’m going to knock you up.”

Her length clenched his opening.

John started slow, pumping deeply. The frantic urge when he raped her throat was gone, leaving only a tenderness. He wanted to enjoy it, to draw out her orgasms with thrust at a time.

She held him tightly as they made love. No frantic thrusts, no pounding, just a slow measured pumping as they said nothing.

He had never made love to anyone in his life, but he couldn’t help but think he was finally doing it as his shaft slipped in and out of her tight, wet channel. He knew it was the drugs that were affecting both of them, and if it wasn’t for that box, this would have never happened, but the closeness gripped his heart as much as his balls.

Little orgasms rippled through her body, punctuated by the wet slurps and splashes. Her moans filled the air as the rest of the universe faded away until there was nothing but the two of them.

His orgasm came up just as sweetly. A pressure building up in his balls and a swelling of his cock. He continued to plunge it deep into her, enjoying how her tightness enveloped his entire length. Even though his cock head wasn’t pummeling her cervix, it was still just bliss as he came inside her.

John didn’t stop pumping as he flooded her cunt with his seed. The wet slurps and splashes grew louder as did her moans, but neither looked away as the continued to fuck until he was done and just sloshing around her well-seeded pussy.

She kissed him and he kissed her back.

Then they continued until they were both sated. No words were needed, it just was time when he finally pulled out of her with a slurp.

Erin’s pussy was a frothy mess of cum and juices, red with bliss, and sated. She moaned as she cupped the opening and slumped back. “That was... wonderful.”

John sighed. “Yes.”

“Mind if I stay here for a little bit?”

He looked to how she was possessively holding her pussy. “Want to keep it inside you?”

“Yes.”

“Back to the movie?”

Erin grinned and tugged down a cushion for him. “Come on. I already beat him but I kind of want to see the end.”

He grabbed a blanket from another couch and draped it over them. Then, naked and sated, he nestled up to her.

She started to resume the movie but then hesitated. “You don’t mind staying, right? I realize I didn’t ask you.”

“I was kind of hoping you were going to. It’s been a while since I’ve shared a bed with anyone. Not since I moved to this side of the ocean.” He had a girlfriend but that relationship didn’t have nearly the intensity of his current ones or the sexual freedom.

“Good.”

Then, she rested her head on his shoulder and they finished watching the terrible movie.



# Rushed Morning

# 15

“I can’t believe you didn’t pack a change of clothes. You knew you were spending the night.” Erin snickered as they walked hand-in-hand down the street.

John shrugged. “I had a few other thoughts on my mind and I got distracted. I mean, you didn’t say anything when I showed up at your door without a pack or case.”

“Well, I didn’t see you showing up at my door. My younger sister was practically fucking you on the couch when I walked in. For all I know, she tossed your bag across the room on her attempts to rip off your clothes.”

For her words, Erin’s tone was playful and friendly. It may have something to do with waking up to his tongue against her sweet pussy or the leisurely fuck that ended up with a sloppy blow job for him on the couch.

The plan was to get a change of clothes for John at his apartment and then see if Olivia would be willing to join them in coffee at Foggy’s. Of course, there was a chance that one of them would end up behind the counter making it, but he had already seen that tips were enjoyable for everyone.

He glanced over to see Erin was lost in thought. He wanted to ask what she was thinking but she would tell him soon enough. He didn’t need to disrupt the tenuous balance that seemed to be established. After all, he was enjoying the “new toy” phase of their relationship.

Unable to talk, his mind began to spin. Erin’s earlier conversation came back to him. She was obviously willing to coordinate something as long as the drug-fueled obsession with breeding

lasted. It was mature and practical, something he found enduring and comforting. But even after a night of romance and tenderness, he wondered how his situation would settle down. Would he be passed around like a free crack pipe in prison? He could easily imagine there practically a raffle for his seed among his lovers. Or would some of them drift away? Or would it end up with one of them in prison?

The “what ifs” plagued him for almost the entire walk home.

“You are thinking,” Erin said with a squeeze of his hand.

John sighed and shrugged. “So were you.”

Erin winced. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to zone out. I was just noodling the last few days. Hard to believe so much changed because of a single box delivered to the wrong man.”

He chuckled.

Erin stepped up to him, capturing his other hand and holding them close. Her body was warm and he could still remember the taste of her cunt on his tongue. “So... what happens next?”

John didn’t have an answer. “No idea, just vague worries with nothing actionable. You?”

She sighed and shook her head. “Nothing even remotely coherent enough to write in my notes. They are barely post-it in the back of my head.”

“Shit, I was hoping you’d have all the answers.”

With a grin, she cocked her head. “Me too. I mean, I am a professor.”

“So, what’s next?”

They both shrugged, but neither said anything. They stood there, each one waiting for the other to speak up.

The door next to them opened up and one of the other tenants came out. The black man with a shaved head looked at them with a curious look and then held up a hand. “What’s up?”

The moment broken, John gave a friendly nod and then caught the door. He grinned at Erin. “Come on, let’s get me some fresh clothes.”

“You’re just hoping that Olivia is still naked on your bed. She does sleep in the buff, you know. Thinking about crawling in?” Erin asked as she walked past him.

“Maybe. Are you going to join her?”

She raised an eyebrow. “You just had a night of romance and amazing sex and the first thing you want is a threesome with two sisters?”

“Well...”

Erin turned and pulled him into the door. One hand reached down to stroke his already hardening cock. “I’m not saying no, John. I’m just saying sisters don’t spend our nights between each other’s thighs after homework. Both of us are going to need a lot of sweet talking to share you.”

The image of three teenage girls on a bed rose up in his thoughts. He couldn’t help but smile.

She stroked his length. “You like that, huh? Play your cards right and it might happen.”

John shrugged. He felt playful. “Well, I already had two sisters and a mother—”

Erin glared at him. Her phone rang out. She pulled it out, pressed the red button to silence it and shoved it back in. He spotted “Hannah” on the screen.

When she said nothing, he shrugged. Feeling a little playful, he reminded her. “I’m just saying. I’ve had a mother, daughter, daughter foursome already. A sister threesome seems to be on par with my life.”

She smiled broadly and gestured for him to lead the way to his apartment. “Come on. You need clean clothes. You smell like a man slut.”

John grinned and headed up to his apartment. On the stairs, he patted his pockets for his keys before he remembered that he gave them to Olivia. Shaking his head and pulling his hands up, he hurried over to his door and knocked. “Hello? Anyone home?”

No answer.

Erin’s phone rang out again.

He knocked again, loud enough to rattle the door in its frame. “Olivia? It’s me, John!”

There was a thud. The ground shook as something else fell over, and then a loud bang.

John froze, his hand inches from the door.

The sounds of stumbling ended with the door rattling from the inside.

“What the...?” he started.

He thought he heard a sob as Olivia fumbled with the locks on the door. He could see the shadows of her feet and the way the door trembled underneath.

Erin said, “W-What the fuck—?”

Then the deadbolt slammed open and Olivia yanked open the door. His first sight was of her wearing one of his large t-shirts, her breasts fetching perky underneath the fabric and the bottom teasing only an inch below her hips.

But when he lifted his eyes, he saw her red, puffy eyes. Tears glittered on her face as she stared at him wide-eyed and wild.

Instantly, the affection he felt evaporated in a surge of adrenaline. It poured through his veins, liquid fire that traced along his limbs. His heart beat faster and painfully against the insides of his ribs. As it filled his head, the world slowed down into a crawl.

One tear rolled down her cheek, remarkably slow as he took in her appearance. He found himself looking for signs of physical distress: cuts, bruises, or injuries. It was almost surreal, as if he wasn't himself anymore. But, there was no resisting as he sought the threat for one of his women.

After an eternity, he could tell she wasn't hurt or injured. Her tears were something else, something that needed something besides an aggressive response.

His muscles were tense as he pulled her into a tight, protected hug. “What happened!?”

John winced at his loud voice. Whatever was happened was new and he wasn't sure how to handle it.

In his embrace, Olivia tensed but then melted against him. Her body pressed tight against his, hard nipples poking through his shirt as she molded her body up against his. Tilting her head up, she looked at him with wide eyes that brought an equally intense lust flooding through his veins.

He wanted her, right then and there. It didn't matter if it was in the hallway or in public. It took all of his willpower not to throw her against the wall to mount and breed her.

Looking into her eyes, he could tell that she wanted the same thing.

John grunted and held himself still. “What happened?” he finally said in a calmer voice.

Olivia buried her face into his shoulder for a moment. “I thought you were dead.”

He froze, trying to parse over the words.

Erin leaned over. She had a frown furrowing her damp brow but there was a hint of playfulness along with the concerned look. “What? I mean, he’s a good fuck but not—”

Olivia yanked her face away from John’s shoulder. “No! On the news! They said he died last night!”

John blinked. “I... what?”

“I swear! I just saw it everywhere!” Olivia buried her face back into his shoulder. “I thought I lost you.”

Erin’s phone continued to ring. With a sigh, she looked at it and then frowned. “I-I think I should get this. It’s Hannah calling.”

He held Olivia tight, his arms protectively embracing her. As he did, his mind spun furiously. Why would the news report him as dead?

A few feet away, Erin’s voice rose as she spoke into her phone. “No, John’s right here.”

A sigh and she rolled her eyes. “I’m not lying, okay? He’s right here. Do you want to talk to him?”

A buzz of Hannah’s loud voice.

“Fine.” She pulled down her phone and pressed the speaker. “John, do you want to calm her down?”

“John?” Hannah said, worry in her voice.

“Yeah, I’m here.” He squeezed Olivia as he looked at the tiny screen.

“Oh, thank the gods.” Hannah sighed loudly. “When I saw that John Woods had died last night, I thought my heart was going to stop. And then, it felt like....”

There was a pause. She made a strange coughing noise. “I... I was worried.” Her final words also were guarded, as if she caught herself saying something she didn’t want to reveal.

“I think I would have called you, Hannah,” Erin said sharply. “We all know what’s going on.”

“Well, I don’t know if you were available... Erin. They said a number of women were arrested in connection to his death. I assumed... feared it was you and your sisters.”

John cleared his throat. “I... we did what?”

Then he realized what had happened. It was the other John Woods, the doctor who had taken the box. The other John had obviously known what the solution would do, but maybe he didn’t realize how aggressive the women affected by it would be. If the last few days were any indication, six was probably John’s limit to pleasing all of them. A few more, or even a crowd, would have killed him by sex or dehydration or being the trophy of some fight.

He sighed. “Oh, that John.”

Erin and Olivia looked at him sharply. He could almost hear Hannah doing the same over the phone.

He looked at Erin. “The other John Woods. Remember the box? It was addressed to him. He was a doctor here at the school, so that would have been a local news item.”

“What box!?” screamed Hannah over the phone.

He didn’t want to explain the situation, unsure of how they would respond to the idea of a chemical causing their lusts. A small part of him didn’t want his harem of women to leave him. Gulping, he shrugged. “Don’t worry about that. Let me get into my apartment and see the news myself, okay? Because I know I’m not dead. And these two ladies know I’m not dead.”

Olivia sniffed and pressed herself tighter to his frame. She felt so soft and warm.

The urge to fuck her rose sharply.

“Don’t hang up on me,” warned the professor.

John started forward but Olivia was still tightly clinging to him. He slipped his hands around her waist and caught her hand. Gently, he pried her away enough to aim her into his apartment. “Come on. Inside.”

She sniffed and made a little mewling noise in the back of her throat. She made no effort to release him.

“On the couch, I’ll sit next to you, I promise.”

Together, they slowly made it to the couch. John helped Olivia onto it before sitting down himself.

As soon as his ass hit the cushions, she crowded up against him. Slipping one arm around his shoulder, she ground her breast up against his arm and her thigh along his leg. Then, as he was settling, she crawled into his lap and sat down. Her position pressed her back against one shoulder and both of her feet dangling over the other side of his legs. The bottom of his shirt had ridden up on her, revealing a bit of pussy lips and lovely thigh.

John clenched his legs together to avoid revealing his growing hardness. He slipped one arm around Olivia's back to support her. "L-Let's check out the news."

Using his free hand, he set his phone on Olivia's thigh and used his finger to cast the screen to his television. Then, as all three of them watched, he searched for his name.

The first picture was a dozen women sobbing in front of an apartment. He knew it was it right away and tapped on the article. But for everything that had happened, he felt no joy as he read highlights out-loud for Hannah.

"Local doctor found dead. In his apartment in the middle of an apparent orgy. There were... seven women in the house at the same. Multiple disturbances, cars parked everywhere for two days. He was partying hard."

Erin, standing next to the television, gestured to one paragraph.

John centered it. "Died of a heart attack or smothering, they aren't sure. Investigators are looking into it, but they don't think it was foul play."

He went on a little while and then drifted into silence.

Hannah broke the silence. "What are the odds two John Woods would have a harem of women?"

John closed his eyes. He didn't know how the others would respond to the truth. Would they be upset that they were being incited by a chemical solution? Would they lash out? Slowly, he opened his eyes and looked at Erin.

She shrugged.

"John?" asked Hannah over the phone.

He looked at Olivia, down at her head close to his. The adrenaline had started to recede, but it had been replaced by a growing lust for the woman perched on his lap. He still wanted to breed her with all

his might. He slipped his hand off his phone and pressed it against the warm skin of her bare thigh.

“What is it, John?” asked Olivia, her voice growing softer.

“Please don’t hate me.”

“I will never hate you,” came the whispered response.

John sighed. “Okay, it started a few days ago. I got a package that I thought was a bunch of books from Yale, including a copy of *Letters From the River*, and *Vermont in the Making*.”

Hannah snorted.

John bristled. “Quiet!”

There was silence for a moment. “Sorry, John,” said the professor in a cowed voice.

“Well, Erin was in there and we were in a good mood, so I started to open it.”

As he described the shipping box, Olivia parted her thighs. With one hand, she gently took his wrist and guided his fingers between her legs and up to the wet heat of her pussy. Her bare skin gave no resistance as he slipped into her wetness.

John’s cock throbbed with need. To his surprise, he managed to keep a steady voice as he continued to describe his efforts to open the box.

Erin watched with a sly grin on her face.

Olivia gave her sister an apologetic look and a smile.

Erin shrugged and just gestured to the phone, but made no effort to stop as Olivia guided John further into her wet depths.

He took the clue and began to pump into her cunt, slowly and teasing movements that felt like heavy on his fingertips. He grew harder as she ground against him, working their bodies silently as he managed to keep up his tale.

As he got near the end, he pumped faster and deeper. His fingers made wet slurping noises that Olivia tried to muffle by pressing his shirt over his hand. Her other hand pressed against her mouth as little moans rose out.

“So, let me get this straight,” Hannah said over the phone and apparently not aware of Olivia’s orgasm that flood his palm. “You think some sort of chemical solution caused all of us to have an irresistible desire to be bred by you?”



John jammed three fingers deep into Olivia's cunt, wiggling and curling his fingers to press directly against her g-spot.

Her legs quivered as she came again, the muffled moan rising up.

Then he smiled toward Erin and her phone. "Pretty much. It was an accident, but I think the Other John knew exactly what it was and probably used it intentionally to get into the pants in as many women as possible. He seemed excited, so I'm guessing he was aiming for quantity whereas I was limited by quality."

Olivia whimpered as she squirmed on his lap. Her fingertips dug into the side of her mouth as she struggled not to make a noise. But, her thighs and his pants were soaked. She obviously didn't have a problem with the idea that a chemical changed her mind; either that or she was too lost in her own lusts to care anymore.

Hannah took a long, deep breath. "I-I have to think about this. Are you coming in or are you planning on fucking Erin all day?"

Olivia froze, her eyes widened.

Erin giggled, bending over for a moment with her silent laughter.

"I can hear the slut, you know." Hannah sounded pissed. "It sounds like you are sloshing in a boat."

John bristled. Her tone was getting to him. He glared at the phone for a heartbeat. "Hannah, who's cock is this?"

Both Olivia and Erin froze, their eyes widening.

Hannah didn't say anything.

"Hannah? Who's cock?" he repeated.

"Y-Yours," she said sullenly. Her voice was tiny over the speaker.

"And where you do want this cock?"

Hannah's voice cracked even more. "P-Please don't make me do this."

"With that attitude? Yes, we're going to do this. Where do you want this cock?"

"I...?"

"Hannah," he said sharply.

"I want it in my... vagina." He could almost hear the blush.

John rammed his fingers deep into Olivia's cunt, wiggling deep, but his eyes never left the phone. "Good, now that we established that. Yes, I'm going to fuck Olivia and maybe Erin. Then, in a few hours, you and I are going to have a private... conversation... in your office. Do you understand?"

A soft whimper drifted from the phone. "Y-Yes."

"Good girl. Now let me finish up here."

After a second, Erin hung up the phone. She stared at him for a second. "Holy fuck, you do have her nipples on a leash, don't you?"

John pulled his dripping fingers from Olivia's pussy. He held up them, enjoying the heat and moisture coming off the clear liquids webbing between his fingers.

Olivia stared at him, her eyes still burning with lust.

He held his hand up to her. "Clean them off."

With a moan, Olivia leaned forward. "Yes, sir," she said demurely before sucking on his fingers.

Erin blinked. "And my sister too apparently." She grinned. "What is the fuck is this 'sir' thing?"

Olivia popped his fingers out of her mouth. "I like calling him that. It... feels good."

Giving her sister a pointed look, Erin crossed her arms over her chest.

"Okay, fine," Olivia said with a grin. "It turns me on. I like being his little slave."

She giggled and ground her wet cunt against his leg. "Breeding slave."

"Let me guess, you plan on mounting John now? Have him breed you?" Erin was trying to keep a straight face, but he could see that a smile quirked her lip and a blush on her cheeks. She also had one hand pressed against her stomach, inches above her own sex and he could imagine she was getting wet with the same idea.

Olivia blushed and nodded. "You said I could."

Erin pushed up her breasts with her arms. With a grin, she nodded. "I said you could and it looks like you want to resume what I interrupted you. How about I get some coffee from Foggy's while you get make sure John isn't dead."

John grinned. "Sure you don't want to join in?"

She winked and shook her head. "I'll let my younger sister ride for a while. I'm betting you'll last long enough to handle me after her." Turning, she sashayed her ass out of the room. "Have fun!" she called before leaving the apartment.

Olivia finished lifting herself up to straddle his thigh. Reaching down past her glistening inner thighs, she worked his zipper down. "I missed you, sir."

The title gave him a little thrill. He breathed deeply as he watched her gently pry his pants open and pull them down to strip him.

She let out a soft coo as she hefted his hand in her hand. "I love this, you know. I don't care if there was a magic potion that caused this. All I know is that everything is going to feel right when you have this shove inside me."

He moaned and stroked her hips, sliding his hands up her bare hips to push the shirt up and see her bare sex and the puffy lips wet with anticipation. He continued to push up her willowy body to hike his shirt over her breasts. "Beautiful," she whispered.

Olivia moaned as she shifted until his cock was pressed against her belly. It reached past her navel. "Sir? Is it okay if I have this first? I promise I'll suck it clean when I'm done." A whimper rose up. "I can't wait."

He released her shirt to cup her chin. "Today, I want you to do whatever you want. Whatever hole, whatever position."

Blushing, she lifted herself up and inched forward. Her hand felt tiny on his aching cock as she aimed it against her sex.

He brought his gaze down to see his swollen glans drawing back and forth along her slit. Then, they sank deeper as she lowered herself onto his shaft.

The heat and pressure was intense as she sank down. He could feel the friction tugging on her inner lips, but she was soaked and he was so hard, that they joined in a single stroke.

She released him before her hand got caught. Then, with a whimper, she dropped the last inch to seat herself fully on his hardness. "Oh... yes."

"Feel good?" he moaned as he enjoyed the sensation of being enveloped by the sexy woman.

"Yes, sir." She clamped down on him when she said "sir" and he couldn't help but moan himself. She gulped loudly and a trouble look crossed her face.

John caressed her cheek. "I won't bite."

“When... When I thought you had died, I wasn’t scared. I mean, I was, but I was also...” She rocked on his cock, rotating her hips around and swirling his length deep in the liquid confines of her sex. “I also got so horny, as if I would have done anything to have you one last time.”

She cringed. “That sounds horrible, I know, but—”

“I felt the same.”

She froze.

“Well,” he rolled his eyes and grinned, “I didn’t want to fuck me. But when I saw how scared you were, the only thing I could think about about was the need to protect you... then pin you down and breed you until you passed out.”

Her pussy clamped around his cock and a gush of juices poured out. “Oh, sir!”

Olivia leaned down and kissed him passionately. As she did, she rocked her pussy on his shaft, swirling it one way and then the other in increasing circles. Her hips ground down against his and then up again. She was fucking him and he could feel it through her whimpers and the tension in her body.

He clamped his hands on her hips and added his own motion into their lovemaking. His hips thrust his cock deep into her body and drew out, dragging it against every ridge of pleasure and tightness. Every stroke was hot and deep but only half of his length ever escaped her pussy.

They lost each other in their lovemaking and in their eyes. He loved to see the submission and desire in them, up close and utterly personal. She would do anything for him and he would do anything to protect her.

John was surprised that the emotions he felt for Olivia were as intense as the romance between him and her sister. It was intense and intimate, a loving relationship even though he knew she would do any dirty thing he asked her.

That only brought more heat into their actions. His cock throbbed inside her. In his strokes he came deep inside but neither paused or hesitated. He just continued to pump his sperm deep into her pussy, forcing it up into her womb with wet strokes.

The idea that she would be bred from that act only made him harder. He gripped her hips and increased the force of his thrusts,

adding to the sloppy thrusts as he aimed for a second orgasm against her cervix. His cock grew harder.

Soon, his crown ground along the hard bump of her cervix. He was as deep as he could go. If he came, it would splash and pour directly against her entrance, the most fertile part of her body.

A low groan rumbled in his chest as he drove up deep. His balls clenched tightly before he emptied a second load directly against her entrance.

"I-I felt that," Olivia whispered. Her pussy constricted around her shaft. "Oh, I felt you." Her thrusts were erratic as was the moan in her voice. "I want to be yours... forever."

He grunted as his cock swelled even more. It didn't matter how many times he came, it felt like he was ready for another one. He dug his fingernails into her hips and began to take charge, thrusting hard enough to push her to her toes.

Olivia lifted herself and took his cock, stroking his chest as he pounded into her. Her pussy was wet and sloppy, already soaked with his cum. He could feel it dribbling out around his shaft, but every thrust drove more of it up into her fertile opening, increasing the chances she would finally carry his child.

His muscles burned but he didn't want to stop. He needed to keep going, to keep fucking. He thought about the feelings that flooded him when he thought shew as in danger. A hint of the adrenaline came back and he used it to pound into hard and fast, spearing her in wet thrusts that splashed their combined juices everywhere.

"Master! Please, one more. Come in me! Make me yours!" Olivia cried. She released his grip to grab her own breast, mauling it as she rocked and twisted around his cock.

With a single powerful thrust, he rammed his hips up into her hard enough to pick her off the ground. And in that moment, he came a third time with his cock head smashed against her cervix and his seed being pumped directly into her womb.

"Fuck!" he bellowed as he emptied himself once again.

Then, trembling, he slumped down. "Fuck," he said quieter.

Erin set down the coffee on a short table. "That was hot."

Olivia giggled and looked over her shoulder. She smiled at her sister, her inner walls still pulsing along his shaft. "Is it okay?"

Erin moaned. "As long as I help you clean it off. I need a bit of creamer."

With a gasp, Olivia pulled herself up off his cock. She cupped her pussy with one hand and then dropped to her knees in front of him.

John spread his legs apart as both sisters situated themselves between them.

As one, they reached and grabbed his soaked shaft. With lust in their eyes, they leaned forward and kissed both sides of his hardness. Their lips caressed each other as they slid up and down his length, suckling away the cum and juices.

"Yummy," Erin said with a moan.

"Yes."

John let out his breath and chuckled.

Erin pulled away. "Thinking this is the best your life can get?"

John shook his head with a laugh. "No, I think it's going to get a lot better over the coming weeks. But, just in case, I'm definitely going to enjoy every second of it."

"Well," said the older sister, "just lean back and enjoy... sir."

His cock jumped at her words.

With a grin, she direct his cock head to her sister's mouth before delving down to suck on his balls. Her hands caressed and teased his buttocks and other testicle, moving along his perineum. She circled his asshole with one slick hand and then back around.

Olivia was more focused, sucking on his cock. Bits of his cum coated her lips, forming droplets as she buried him deeper into the wet confines of his mouth.

Even though he was hypersensitive, John enjoyed the sight and sensations of two sisters pleasuring him.

Popping his ball out of her mouth, Erin looked up at him with a grin. "Think you got another one in the tank...?"

Her finger pressed against his asshole, sliding into the tight ring and bringing a surge of heat along his aching length.

"... sir?"

# The Regents

# 16

True to his word, John showed up to work about an hour later with Erin at his side. She smiled to him as he held open the door and gave a little curtsy before entering. He followed, his eyes wandering down to enjoy the play of her ass in her pants while they walked up the stairs.

“Perv,” she said playfully.

“Slut.”

She sighed. “Maybe later. What do you have plans for tonight?”

“Sleep.”

“Yes, but in who’s bed?”

He thought for a moment and then glanced at the stairs leading to the floor where Hannah kept her office. If he was going to keep a balance, he may have to alternate which family he spent the night otherwise there could be trouble. The choice was still hard to make, he could still smell Erin’s and Olivia’s pussy on his lips and his cock was happily sated after coming inside both of them.

Erin rested her hand on his arm. “Oh, go on. It’s her turn, after all. The frigid bitch seems to bitch less when your cock is in her mouth.”

“Erin,” he said playfully.

She shrugged and then leaned into him for a kiss. “It’s true and you know it.”

John kissed her. “Yes, but still not nice.”

“I don’t know, she seems to be getting off on it... sir.” She grinned before turning and swaying into her office.

He enjoyed the view and then headed to his own office. It felt surreal, as if he was returning to an old life. The last few days have

been a whirlwind and he wasn't sure if it would ever return. To be honest, he wasn't sure if he wanted to go back to his own life. Even though six women... well, five since he hadn't had a chance to enjoy Christine though she was also affected, had given him a strange sense of virility and purpose.

The sudden protective need that came up when he thought Olivia was in danger surprised him. Once again, he wondered if the solution had any effect on him besides the increased sex drive, an apparently boundless ability to produce sperm, and what appeared to be a biological drive to protect "his?"

He cleaned up his office and made a half-hearted attempt to work on his paper but his heart wasn't in it. He wanted Hannah and both he and his cock knew it. With a grin, he got up and headed up the stairs.

He heard voices as he approached her office. Slowing down, he hesitated about going in the office. It took a little longer for the hardness in his pants to soften as he wondered if he should just return or be curious who Hannah was talking too.

Curiosity won. As soon as he was presentable, he headed straight down the hallway in front of Hannah's open door. He could pretend he was heading to the copier/printer while glancing inside.

"Excuse me. John!"

Surprised, he stopped. Turning, he entered the doorway of her office and looked at the two people looking at him from the guest chairs. He didn't recognize the man, but he had seen the elderly woman in a photograph of the university regents. Even though he wasn't expecting it, he straightened and gave his best smile. "How many I help you, Professor?"

Hannah looked relieved. She took a deep breath and gestured to her two guests. "Sorry, this is John Woods. He's a doctorate student working on his thesis about... the influence of Governor Benning Wentworth in New Hampshire in the 1700s. I think he's got some surprising insights."

John was surprised. Hannah had never shown an interest in his writing, other to tear it down. But hearing it brought a smile.

The female regents turned and frowned. "John Woods? I thought I saw you on the news."



He ducked his head. "There is another John Woods here at the university and, unfortunately, he passed last night."

The other regents chuckled. "Well, I hope you don't follow after him."

"Don't worry, sir, I'm going to be very cautious about my activities and don't go beyond what I can already handle." His eyes flickered up to Hannah. "I have just the right amount, I think."

She smiled at him. Then a surprised look crossed her face as something occurred to her. With a smile, she held up a finger before delving down to pick up her purse from underneath her desk. "Sorry, John, but I need to continue my meeting. But, I got a notice that school is being let out early today due to protesters causing problems again. Would you be willing to pick up my daughters and bring them home?"

"Of..." Then he hesitated, was she really going to have him pick up her daughters knowing that they were driven by the need to breed by him. He looked into her eyes and saw the hints of lust in her gaze and a blush on her cheeks. Clearing his throat, he continued. "Of course, I'll watch over them."

She handed over the keys. "I really appreciate. Would you be willing to stay for dinner? So I can show my appreciation?" There was a question in her voice, one that the two strangers wouldn't even think meant her query was really "are you going to fuck me and my daughters tonight?"

He politely took the keys. "I would be honored."

Hannah's fingertips brushed his palm. "Thank you," she said, her voice softening. He could see that she was relieved that he didn't force their secret out in the open or make her beg like a submissive, not that he would have done that. Their relationship, as Erin said earlier, is something that needed to be managed in privacy.

He headed back downstairs before he realized he didn't know where the girls went to school. He didn't want to embarrass Hannah or himself, so he headed down to Erin's office and stuck his head in.

She looked up with a grin. "Blew your load already? You are losing your touch."

"No, she's in a meeting with the regents." John held up her keys. The bright BMW insignia flashed on the screen. "She asked me to pick up her girls because school is getting out."

He got an arched eyebrow for a response.

With a sigh, he rolled his eyes. "I know how to keep it in my pants in public."

She smirked.

"You don't believe me?"

"No, I believe you," she said as she grabbed her breasts. "I'm just jealous. After fucking a pair of teenage pussies, you're not going to come back to these." She hefted her breasts, the large mound spilling over her fingers.

Blushing, he glanced down the hallway to make sure one of the regents hadn't wandered up. Seeing none, he stepped into her office.

Her eyes widened as she licked her lips and smiled.

Leaning over her desk, he reached out and grabbed the back of her head. Hearing her moan only encouraged him as he pulled her close into a deep kiss, their tongues slipping into each other's mouths like they did earlier.

Her moan vibrated in her throat.

John broke the kiss and smiled. "I can handle the five of you."

"Six," she whispered. "Christine still wants you badly."

His cock ached at the idea of claiming another cunt to breed. It was an intense desire, a hunger to have more. He thought about the other John and he was thankful that his options were limited to only the six. "I should probably visit her."

"Tonight?"

"I'm babysitting, remember."

Erin licked her lips and grinned. "Then tomorrow night. I'll put it on your schedule. Though, you'll have to call her... I'll send you her number too."

"I have a schedule?"

She grinned. "You do now. Once Hannah and I sit down and talk, we'll get something setup in a way that works for all the women you need to please."

He chuckled. "Do I get any say?"

Erin smiled sweetly. "You will, but I expect you to be balls deep in someone's pussy before long, so I'll get to you once the big girls figure out how to ration out your time and balls."

A strange feeling of relaxation and excitement ebbed through his veins. He straightened and then had to adjust his hard cock. “Not sure how that sounds?”

“We’ll figure it out. But tonight, you have the Simmons to treat. So you better get going.”

He started out before he remembered the reason. “Um, I don’t know where they go to school.”

Erin giggled. “I’ll send you the address. And my sister’s phone number.”

*t'Sade*

# Early Dismissal

# 17

Thirty minutes later, he was driving in front of Hanover High School. There was a crowd of protesting parents with signs about “Don’t Take My Freedom” and “COVID is a Hoax!” They were even louder and more obnoxious than when he saw them on the television.

A smaller knot of masked parents stood to the side, surrounded by the screaming protested. They were distinctly uncomfortable and huddled together as they scanned through the students that had to force their way past the crowd.

John scoffed and continued past. Most of the parking spaces were filled with trucks and minivans. It took him four blocks before he found a spot and snatched it up before anyone stole it. Then, with dread filling him, he pulled on a mask and headed back to the school; he was required to isolate after coming from England and he had no intent on ruining his chances to remain working.

Predictable, he started getting glares and comments. He made it almost up to the front gate before one obnoxious woman stood on front of them and held up her hand. “I don’t remember you,” she snapped.

“I’m here to pick up—”

“Who are your kids?”

He bristled. “I don’t have any—”

“Then you don’t belong on school grounds!” She stepped forward, brandishing her hand. “Get off! We don’t want your kind here!”

John kept his hands down on his side. “I am here—”

Her eyes flickered down. “The university!?! You’re one of those pervs preying on young women, aren’t you? You know undergraduates aren’t allowed here!” She seemed to be getting angrier by the second.

Salvation came unexpectedly.

“Professor Woods!” yelled Ester as she came out. She had her sister’s hand held tightly as they forced their way through the gauntlet. They both had masks on, which only seemed to enrage the protesters even more.

He turned to them as they approached and smiled. “Girls.”

For a moment, he thought Ruth was going to hug him but she stopped.

Someone next to her made a gesture toward her mask.

Her eyes widened in fear and she pulled back, bumping against her sister.

Instantly, something woke up inside; a fierce protectiveness that had asserted itself earlier when Olivia had thought he died. It burned through his veins as he realize that “his” girls were being threatened. He started toward the person who tried to pull off Ruth’s mask, but the obnoxious woman strode in front of him and grabbed Ruth’s shoulder.

The woman tugged Ruth. “Professor? More like a—”

He stepped up to her until they were only inches away from each other. His eyes caught hers. “Back off,” he said in almost a growl.

The woman froze, her eyes widened. Her hand trembled.

“Let her go,” he commanded.

She did with a shudder.

The surge of adrenaline powered through his veins. He wanted to reach out and throttle her, to make sure she never touched his girls again. A thousand images, mostly violent, flashed through his mind.

The protester let out a soft cry and stumbled back. The sign in her hand slipped away as she disappeared from sight.

John turned back to Ruth and Ester.

They were both staring at him with naked lust in their eyes. He could see it in the slightly parted lips, the blush on their cheeks, and the way they almost shoved their breasts up to his view.

He wanted to take them right then and there. Fighting the primal urge, he gestured back toward the car. "Come on, let's get away from these people."

They walked together, breathing easier as the crowds lessened.

Ester spoke first. "That was so fucking hot."

Ruth giggled. "I creamed my panties when she ran away. How did your voice get so low?" She took a deep breath and he could almost hear her eyes glassing over for moment. "Fuck, it was like you were talking directly to my clit."

John chuckled but kept his hands away from them. He felt proud for defending them, though it was a nasty situation to be in. He was just glad to be out of there.

At the car, he opened the door to the backseat for them.

With a smile, Ester started to say something but Ruth bumped her. She stopped and looked at her sister. They had a silent conversation of raised eyebrows and nods.

John stepped back, watching but not sure of the serious looks Ruth gave her sister or Ester's pleading look.

Finally, Ester sighed before crawling into the back seat. The only thing she gave to her inner thoughts was a little flip that brought her skirt up to the bottom of her ass cheeks and a hint of bare skin underneath. She wasn't wearing panties or anything else and he enjoyed the flash of pussy before she settled into place.

"Ruth?" he finally said.

Ruth let out a sigh as she clenched her hands together. "C-Could we just talk first?"

"Yes, of course. Anywhere specific?"

"How about Mad Dog Ice Cream and then the park? That would be private enough."

"Not at home?"

She shook her head. "If we... go home... then we're just going to start fucking. I think I... we need to discuss things first."

A flicker of concern rose inside him, but he nodded. "Ice cream and park it is. I'm sure I can find it with your mother's GPS."

"Don't worry," she said with a grin. "We know how to find ice cream in this town."

*t'Sade*



# The Talk

# 18

John pulled the BMW into Happy Pines Park and turned off the engine. The GPS made a single beep before growing quiet.

In his other hand, his candy-dipped cone continued to ooze a single line that had broken free of the coating and it gathered in the crook between his thumb and finger. With a sigh, he licked it clean before glancing over his shoulder to the two teenagers.

Ester was obviously unhappy but she worked her mouth along the tip of the ice cream cone. When she glanced up, she smiled and then plunged her tongue into the creamy center. Then she lapped it up, swallowing loudly.

His cock surged to full hardness in an instant.

“Can you try not to make him think with his dick first?” Ruth said. She had gotten a sundae in a plastic cup. It looked like it had one side cored out the bottom and she was eating silvers that contained every layer.

Ester shrugged.

John gestured outside. “Where do you want to sit?”

“Um,” Ruth stammered. “Here is fine. I just... here is fine.”

“Okay.”

But neither girl said anything.

After a moment, John leaned against the door and enjoyed his ice cream while admiring the two girls. He had to admit, their school uniforms were sexy as hell: button-down white shirts, cute little ties, and a plaid skirt that he already knew hid treasures. Though, the reluctance was surprising for him. The lust-driven part of him wanted to encourage Ester’s seduction but the still sane part

realized they needed time. Even if that meant they weren't interesting in him.

He whittled away the uncomfortable silence by going through the what-if they rejected him and he had to shield them from their own mother's drug-fueled obsessions.

"John..." Ruth started. He looked at her.

She took a deep breath. "I want to fuck you right now and here, damn anyone who sees. You know that, right?"

He nodded.

"But," she said as she looked at him, "we're still little girls. We aren't out of high school, we haven't had a chance to go to college. Hell, neither of us have gone to prom."

Ester snorted with laughter. "One of us could have."

"Yes, and Steve was cute, but I would never go without you. You know what I'm trying to say, just let me—"

Ester held up her hand. "John, we want your dick but we're too young to start popping out babies, you know what I mean?"

"Ester!"

"What? You're pussy-footing. He's a big boy. Even if he is up to his eyeballs in old woman pussies."

"I was getting there." Ruth looked affronted.

"You were just as slow as when you lost a chance to go to that school."

Ruth blushed hotly. She dove into her treat and ate it quickly.

John watched, stunned and surprised. His inner sides fought against each other but he managed to keep his sanity. He didn't have to fuck them, even though all he could think about was being balls deep in both of them.

Ester leaned forward, her large tits hanging into her lap. "John? This is where you show us if you are just a perv looking to fuck us or something else."

He shook his head to clear it. "No, no. I'm surprised you are being so mature."

Ester shrugged. "I'd rather get knocked up by you, but my sister has a point. Plus we always promised we would get pregnant together. So if she doesn't want it, then I don't."

"Well..." Ruth started. She sighed. "There might be way but our mother will hate it."

Ester rolled her eyes. “Yeah. The only thing she talks about now is how to seduce you and get knocked up. She’s baby crazy,” she said while rolling a finger around her ear. “I mean, she was always obsessed with us getting a good husband but that was before college. After you... you started smelling good, it’s been nothing but dicks and orgasms.”

John chuckled. “I know the feeling. What is your idea?”

Ruth blushed. “Do... do you think you could get us birth control pills? I mean, we can use a condom until it takes place but I don’t know how long we can last not trying to jump your bones.”

“You could just fuck our butts,” Ester said with a grin.

John’s cock ached with the idea of impaling Ester’s curvy ass. He chuckled. “I could do that.”

“You’d probably enjoy it?”

“I seem to be enjoying a lot of ass lately.”

“Tapping, you mean.” Ester smirked.

Ruth shook her head. “The problem is mom is going to be up our... asses about you fucking us and she won’t let a rubber get between you and her ‘breedable daughters.’”

Ester sighed and cupped her breast.

Ruth batted her hand. “The thing is, she isn’t going to be adult about this. So, I’m thinking a pill is something we can hide, still get plowed by you, and she would be none the wiser.” Ruth had obviously thought about it for a while.

John thought for a moment. “Not sure if I’m the best person to ask. What about Hannah?”

Ester blew a raspberry. “Please, Hannah can’t keep a secret to save her life. She might be enjoying mom being slightly submissive, but sooner or later, things are going to turn and then mom would know.”

“What about Planned Parenthood? It’s a good place, I’ve heard. And they do that type of thing.”

“I called and made an appointment next week.” Ruth sighed. “It will work, but the pill takes a week or so to be effective. And I don’t think we could convince our mother not to have you bare-backing us for a week.”

John shook his head with a grin. “No, I’m pretty sure you are only a few days away from her asking for photographic proof.”

Ester snickered. "Yeah, just jam our cellphones in our snatches and send it to her."

Ruth made a face. "Ew, that's disgusting."

"I've stuck worst up yours."

"Ester!" Ruth said with a blush.

Ester blew a kiss toward her sister and grinned.

John chuckled. It was kind of fun to see them bickering, it was playful but not mean. "Um, I don't know. But... I might know someone who does?"

"Who?"

"Christine Porter, Erin's sister. She was there... when it happened."

"You mean the other red-head? I mean, it was obvious she was related to Erin," Ester said as she held out her hands mimicking large breasts. "And she wants to ride you into the sunset too?"

"Yeah...." John said with a little discomfort. He squirmed for a moment. "Erin says she's interested, but she's apparently an hour away. I've only seen her twice now and just got her number less than an hour ago."

Ruth looked surprised and happy. "Please? It would really help us."

Ester licked her lips and grinned. "Hurry up. I really want to ride your dick right now."

"O-Okay." He fumbled with his phone and then called.

Christine picked up on the third ring. "Hello, this is Christine."

"Hi, Christine, this is John."

"John! I was hoping you would call." Her tone took on an instant shine of joy, but then it became lustier. "I've been waiting for you."

Ruth snickered in the back seat.

Ester leaned over. "Even I can hear horny and she's not even on speaker phone."

On the phone, Christine paused. "Is there someone with you?"

"Um, yeah, I have Hannah's daughters with me, Ruth and Ester."

"We're twins!" yelled Ester.

Christine asked, "Are you on speaker phone?"

John switched to his other ear. "No, but they are nosy."

“I take this isn’t a call about my little... problem?” There was a whimper in her voice. It was a sounds of lust and hunger, a tone that he was familiar with in the last few days.

Deep inside him, a desire for her rose. It was alluring and commanding, as if he would race over to claim her right then and there as “his.” John shifted because his pants got uncomfortable. “Yes... no... sort of? They have the same problem but there is a different problem.”

“Put me on speaker phone?”

John switched. “Christine, you’re on speaker phone.”

Christine sighed. “What’s the problem?”

“You know what you’re feeling right now?”

“Yeah...?”

“Did your sister explain why?”

“Yeah, a chemical solution. I’m curious if you have more of that.”

“No, the other John took it.”

“Can you ask him?”

“He died last night.” John cleared his throat. “I think he was in the middle of an orgy when either his heart gave out, he died of dehydration, or he was smothered. The news clips weren’t very clear.”

There was a long, uncomfortable silence.

“Oh,” Christine said. “Are you worried?”

John shook his head. “No, because I’m limited to fi... six beautiful women and I have no intent on trying for more. I’m very happy with what I have.”

Christine sighed. “You haven’t had me yet.”

Guilt filled John. “That’s why I have your number. Your sister insisted that we—”

“I got the invite. She was always a bit bossy, but I was looking forward to it.”

“I... I am too, actually. I want to get to know you.”

Christine hesitated. “How much do you want to know?”

Ester leaned over the chair. “He’s going to want to know if you like your ass eaten out!”

“Ester!” snapped Ruth. She punched her sister.

John cringed, waiting for a response.

Christine laughed. “Ah, you know what? I never have.”

“He’s really good, my mom says so.”

John squirmed. “Yeah, could we stay on topic? The girls have a request, but I’m not sure what the options are.”

“So you are calling me for my medical expertise?”

With a blush, John shook his head. “No, I mean... I didn’t think about that. Besides, you’re a vet. No, I was asking as a woman who knows this country better than me.”

Christine made a soft grunting noise. “I’m curious, what’s the question?”

John laid out the problem. It took a while and Ruth prompted him a few times. Ester just stroked his shoulders as he spoke. When they finished, he waited.

“I might have an answer to that.”

Ruth leaned over. “Really?”

“Ever since I... that solution affected me, I can’t stop dreaming of you. You know what I want, right?”

“Yes.”

“I can’t describe how much it’s been haunting me. I’ve never seen it, but I keep thinking about your dick and how much I want to feel babies growing in my womb. Every minute, every seconds.”

From the back seat, Ester moaned softly. He glanced to see that she had one hand between her legs, her skirt hiked up, and her fingers sliding along her bare slit.

“I’m willing to trade. The girls can get started on my pills, they should be relatively safe. I have a couple packs when I traveled. They are progestin-only but they take about two days to kick in. We could probably get the girls some Plan B. It won’t be one hundred percent effective, but it should be enough to allow you to have unsafe sex with a relatively low risk.”

“And if he spends an hour filling us with sperm?” Ester spoke with a soft moan.

“I would not advise that until you have the hormones properly in your system.”

“So you are saying stick to the butt stuff?” Ester giggled into John’s ear.

Christine chuckled. “Yeah, just take it up the ass for as long as you can. God... I’m going to hell, aren’t I?”

John sighed. “I think we’re all going there at this rate.”

“Fine. How about I deliver them right after work?”

“I’m going to be at Professor Simmons’ house.”

“I’m sure Hannah wouldn’t mind my sister and I crashing the party.”

Ester purred. “Just treat my mom like a bitch and she’ll eat your ass out.”

Christine cleared her throat. “A little anal-retentive are we?”

Ester stuck her tongue out. “I might not be as smart as my sister, but I have plenty of holes that John can fuck right now and we aren’t doing it. I really need him.” As she spoke, she dug her fingernails into his arms.

His cock surged.

“Seeing how even this call is affecting me, I can understand.”

Ester grinned. “Are you wet, Doctor?”

“That’s not—”

“Come on, are you wet?”

“Yes.”

Ester moaned. “Got your fingers in your panties?”

There was a soft grunt. “No.”

Ruth leaned forward again. “You’re lying.”

“Do you want your pills or not?” Christine said a little sharply. Her embarrassment was clear through her voice.

Ester moaned. “I remembered what you look like earlier. I want to taste your fingers too.”

John cleared his throat. “Um, I think this conversation is turning. I might... need to address that.”

“Yes,” Christine said. “I’ll meet you for dinner. I’ll let my sister know and we’ll find a discrete way to drop them off. Have... a fun time and make sure to leave enough for me. We have all night according to my sister’s invite.”

John smiled. “Sooner or later, I might actually get one of those myself.”

*t'Sade*



# The Action

# 19

John felt like an intruder as he pulled into Hannah's driveway while driving her car. There was also a bit of guilt with the knowledge that he was about to do obscene things with the two young girls in the back seat.

Not that he wasn't going to do anything. It was more of a guilty pleasure.

Ester stretched between the two seats and pointed to a row of buttons near the controls for the sunroof. Her large breast rubbed against his arm, the hard nipple almost like a finger caressing him. "Garage door opener is that button right there."

He pressed it and took a deep breath, enjoying the scent of perfume and her body nearby. She was warm and he couldn't help but imagine his hands stroking her entire body.

Ester leaned over and sucked on his earlobe. "Get me inside," she whispered. "I want to suck on that cock. I bet it's so hard that your zipper is going to burst."

John groaned as his pulse quickened. His body tensed to avoid slamming on the brakes. The slow crawl of the garage door opening felt like an eternity before he was able to safely pull the BMW into the garage and trigger the door to close.

Ester released his earlobe with a pop. "Ready to fuck my ass?"

He turned to smile at her. Her lips were only an inch away from hers. "What do you think?"

Ruth leaned forward and pulled her sister back. "I think we should put her in a cold shower."

Ester pouted. "You just want him for yourself."

“No, I want to share him. But the idea of making out in the car doesn't sound like fun. You remember how much of a fit mom had when you spilled your pop? Imagine if you got cum on this black leather?” She stroked the seat.

Ester grinned and they both fumbled for the door, yanking them open and rushing out.

John was pulled out and pulled into the house. He followed, laughing and enjoying the looks of need on their faces and how their bodies ground against him. Inside the house, he reached out and caught both of them around their waist, pulling them close.

Ruth lifted her head up to kiss him and he caught her lips, kissing her passionately.

Ester's fingertips stroked against his clothes, tugging his shirt out and almost ripping off his buttons. Her hands were seeking his cock and she was skilled in pulling off his pants.

He stepped out of them while still kissing Ruth. He caught her breasts with his hands; they were smaller but felt perfect as he rolled her nipples along his palm and heard her moan in their embrace. His other hand held onto Ester as she fished out his shaft and wrapped her warm hands around his length.

“Come on, kneeling on the tile hurts.”

Ruth broke the kiss. “Do you know what you want to do us?”

They were walking forward, guided by Ester's firm grip.

He looked into Ruth's eyes. “What do you want me to do to you?”

She ground her body up against him, her school skirt tugging on his bare legs. “I want you to eat me out. Really go down.”

“Oh!” Ester said. She tightened her grip on his shaft. “He likes that idea.”

John chuckled and looked at her. “I can speak for myself.”

“Yeah, but Little John is a better speaker,” said the teenage girl. She finally released him to pull her button-down shirt off; somehow she had lost her bra and her generous breasts rolled out and into view. Giving him a seductive smile, she shrugged out of them and then tugged down on the front of her skirt to reveal her glistening pussy.

Ruth pulled away from him and walked toward the stairs.

He frowned, unsure of what to do.

“Come here, give me some of that candy,” Ester said with a purr. Without waiting for a response, she grabbed his hips and pulled him close.

His cock bobbed with his movements until she caught it with her lips. There was the brief moment of warmth and then he was being pulled into her mouth.

Her hands guided him, pushing and pulling until he was pumping into her mouth. Her bright eyes looked up into his as she smiled around his cock. Every stroke, she managed to get a little further down and he could see smears of lipstick marking her depth.

John didn’t know what to do with his hands. After a few strokes, he adjusted his stance to widen his grip and then rested his hands on the sides of her head.

Ester moaned and sucked harder. Her hairs tickled his palm as she slurped and delved. The heat and suction was a startling contrast, one that made him harder as he fought the urge to take control.

Ruth came down the stairs. She had one arm over her breasts and a blush on her cheeks. With a shy smile, she walked over to him and looked over the back of the couch to see her sister trying to deep throat him.

John moaned as he felt his cock head brushing against the back of Ester’s throat. “Welcome back.”

“I’m all clean now.”

He thrust a little harder on his own. “I bet you’re going to taste delicious.”

“I-I hope so.”

“You don’t have to do this.”

Ruth blushed. She was far different than her mother and sister, a slender body that stole his breath away. She looked so perfect, like a statue or a figurine. “No... I really want you. I mean, all I can think about is begging you to bend me over and fuck me properly.”

Ester moaned.

“Hard being the good girl?” His cock twitched as he thrust hard, shoving Ester back into his palms.

Ruth nodded. “It’s the right thing, it’s just really hard.”

Ester tried to say something but her mouth was full. She reached up and smacked the back of the couch twice, and then pointed to the top.

John chuckled. "I think she wants you to sit on the back." He pointed to one of the square pillars to the side. "If you are still willing, I would love to taste you."

"I-I'd like that, John."

Hearing his name caused his cock to surge.

Ester inched over and somehow he managed to shift to the side without his cock ever leaving her mouth. Then, when he was in position, she slipped off the couch and landed on the ground.

John had to lean forward to keep his cock in the warm depths of her mouth, but the position gave him an intense feeling of dominating the young girl. She was pinned against the front of the couch, caught between the cushions and his shaft pumping into her mouth.

Ruth giggled nervously as she crawled up on the couch. With his help, she sat on the back and leaned against the pillar.

He stroked his hands along her smooth, firm legs. Then gently, he parted them to see her swollen sex already waiting for him. She was pink and puffy, the inner lips spilling out from the soft edges. With a moan, he leaned forward.

His cock drove Ester harder against the cushion, thrusting into the back of her throat.

John froze, unsure he was suffocating her.

Ester grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled him harder into her mouth.

Encouraged, John kissed Ruth on the lips and then worked his mouth down to her neck and then to her uplifted breasts.

At the same time, he thrust into Ester's mouth and drove her head into the cushions. Every stroke felt like she was trapped and yet somehow she was gripping his ass cheeks to encourage him.

By the time he was breathing in the sweet sent of Ruth's pussy, Ester's fingers were teasing his asshole. He could feel two digits circling around the opening, pushing in and out in time with his thrusts.

He never thought he would be into so much anal sex, but he was going to be impaling his length into the girl's asshole soon enough.

He shoved back into it and then dove down to cover Ruth's entire sex with his mouth.

She was sweet and hot. With a growl, he ran his tongue along her entire length and then began to feast on her. Every lap, every suck, brought a surge of juices flooding into his mouth.

He drove his cock harder into Ester, fucking her face in time with his licks. He was lost between two pleasures, sucking and thrusting and licking and fucking at the same time. His cock was so hard as it forced itself down into the tight confines of Ester's throat even as he was digging deep with the tip of his tongue.

"F-Fuck!" gasped Ruth as she gripped his head. Her fingernails scraped against his scalp as she drove her hips to his mouth.

His tongue slipped out and down along her perineum. Between one thrust and another, he slurped along her freshly-cleaned asshole before sliding back up to her pussy.

Her entire body shuddered at the touch.

Encouraged, he gripped her thighs and pushed them up, tilting her back so he could lave along every sensitive part of her sex, from clitoris and asshole and back again. It all tasted good.

Ester's fingers wiggled in his ass but he hadn't forgotten her.

John pounded her face as he licked out her sister, thrusting hard and fast as he felt his cock growing harder with every stroke. He knew he would be going again, but he held back with every might until he could feel his balls crushing against her chin and her nose digging into his belly. He loved her helplessness but also the way she guided him with two fingers plunging into his ass. It was consensual and they were both enjoying the rough sex.

Ruth came again, flooding his mouth. Her legs trembled in his grip and she screamed into her palm.

Her orgasm pushed him over the edge. Clamping his mouth down on her pussy, he sucked hard as he concentrated on his shaft pounding into Ester's face, driving it deep and fast until it ached with the need to come. His body didn't care if it wasn't her womb, it wanted to breed her and he couldn't resist it.

With a muffled moan, he slammed home as the first surge sprayed out of him. He pulled back, coating her mouth before the next one was launched against the back of her throat. Every thrust sent spurt after spurt to flood her mouth and pour down her throat.

His orgasm lasted forever. His cock continued to jet into the pinned girl, flooding her until he could feel it bubbling around her tightly-stretched lips and dribbling off his balls.

Finally, he pulled back. Strands of Ruth's juices clung to his face as he eased his length out of Ester's mouth.

The lower girl coughed and a glob of cum poured out of her mouth. "F-Fuck, man. How much can you cum?"

Ruth gasped. "T-That's a lot. Jason never... he never came that much."

John panted and stood up. His shaft was still hard and ready to go. He felt like he could fuck forever. With a grin, he ran his palm along the tip of his length and wiped away a strand of his seed. "Seems like forever."

Ester giggled and then licked her palm. "You taste good. Like really good," she murmured. Her eyes came into focus as she looked up at him hungrily, a need for his cock even as he just came.

Ruth slipped down onto the couch, her glistening legs sliding to either side of Ester's body. "How long before you're ready again?"

He looked down and then gave his hardness a tentative tug. It didn't have the ache of his recent orgasm nor was it too sensitive; that seemed to be a strange side-effect of the solution. With a shrug, he looked up. "I'm good to go."

"Really?" Ruth looked surprised.

John nodded.

She blushed and squirmed on the couch. "You think... maybe I could go again?"

Ester looked up, bending her head back to look at her sister. "You want to ride his meat pole?"

Ruth's blush grew hotter. "I-I was the one who suggested this."

Her sister's smile grew wider. "Up the ass? Nice!"

Ester got up and patted the cushion. "Come on, up on your hands and knees."

Hesitating, Ruth obeyed. Her slender legs spread apart to reveal her tight cheeks. Nestled between them was her puffy sex and dripping sphincter.

John moaned at the sight of it.

Ester spread her sister's cheeks. "Now, I want you to ease her open. Use some tongue and fingers. Give me a chance to clean up. Then I want to help you fuck my sister's ass."

"Yes, madam."

Ester squealed. "I love your accent."

She kissed Ruth before rushing up the stairs.

Ruth watched her and then turned back to John. "Be gentle."

"I will take it as slow as you want. I promise." He knelt on floor. His cock ground between two cushions as he bent down and began to gently lap and tease her asshole.

He wasn't in a hurry and wanted to make sure she enjoyed it. He used his tongue until she was squirming and then introduced a finger. She was tight and her muscles clenched, but he eased it into her, working with smaller movements and then longer ones until she was panting.

Somewhere along the line, Ester rejoined them and together they began to finger and lick the nervous young woman.

John's cock only got harder as he worked two fingers into the tight, clenching tunnel. Ester was doing the same but with three fingers in her sister's pussy. Together, they pumped in and out while peppering everything they could reach with kisses and little licks.

When John's finger began to feel friction, Ester dipped them in her mouth to get them lubricated and then he was able to slide them back in easily.

Before long, it was obvious that Ruth was ready for him. She shoved back with every thrust of his three fingers. Her asshole was still tight, but he could plunge deep and feel every shudder of her growing orgasm. Her pussy drooled constantly, leaving a puddle soaking the couch even with her sister lapping it up as much as she was fingering.

John's cock was more than ready. He positioned himself and gently guided the slick tip of his cock up and down her slit to gather up more juices before pressing it against her winking hole.

"P-Please, be gentle," Ruth whimpered in a moan. Her fingers gripped the cushions tightly as she spread her legs more. She was hungry for it, with her hips pushing back and causing his head to sink minutely into the tight opening. "Please... please, John."

He gripped one cheek with one hand and pried it open as he looked at the rose bud parting around his length. His cock grew harder as he leaned into it, watching as it sank in slowly.

John almost blew his load with the heat and pressure that enveloped his cock. Everything was intense, from the little squeezes of her sphincter clamping his cock to the flex of the muscles in her buttocks. There was just enough friction to remind him he was moving into somewhere new, but it was also made it difficult not to plunge balls deep in a single stroke.

“Oh god,” repeated Ruth as she buried her face into the cushion. Her body was trembling but she was also holding herself still. “He’s so big.”

Ester stroked her breasts and belly. “That’s it, baby girl. It feels so good, doesn’t it?”

Ruth nodded with a moan.

John slowly leaned into her, pushing more of his cock into her tight channel. His crown finally penetrated her sphincter. There was a brief moment when his glans were spread out. Then, he slipped inside with a wet slurp.

Ruth jumped. “Fuck!”

“It’s in, baby,” Ester cooed. “You are almost there. Just got that lovely shaft. Ready for it? Ready to get your first real dick in that pretty ass of yours?”

Ruth moaned and adjusted her position. Her inner walls clenched around his length. “Y-Yes,” she said while nodding.

John smiled as he strained to keep slow and steady. Inch by inch, his shaft slipped into her trembling body. He listened to her moans, waiting until they started to rise in pitch before holding still.

Ester stroked her sister, cooing and whispering sweet words. Occasionally, she would look up with a look that told him she was anxious to try on her own.

The sultry, hungry desire caused his cock to surge.

He got a better grip on Ruth’s tight cheeks and pulled back.

“Oh, oh, oh!” she tried.

He reversed direction and slipped back into her. There was a wet slurp as he invaded into her tight passage.

“He’s doing it, baby girl,” Ester moaned. “He’s fucking your ass now. Do you like it?”



Ruth clutched her sister's hands as she nodded.

Ester winked to him.

John returned to fucking the teenager's ass, pumping in and out until the tight ring loosened and he was able to drive deeper. He didn't slam it home, just eased her into it.

Before long, his balls were pressed against her body before he drew out. Wet slurps filled his movements as he leaned into her, thrusting more with his hips as he was able to stroke her.

Ruth's wail of pleasure rose up. Her knuckles were white around her sister's ass her legs trembled. He could feel the tightness of her inner walls, the way she squeezed him even as her moans filled the room.

"You're doing it."

Ruth pulled her head away and looked at her sister. "He's so hard."

"He's going to get harder. Imagine when he comes inside you, all that hot cum filling you up."

A frown furrowed Ruth's brow but she was still moaning. Her glasses were tilted on her head, half on and half off but utterly cute.

John had been close to an orgasm of his own for quite a while. He wanted to give her as much pleasure as possible but he needed a release of his own. Tentatively, he began to increase his pace.

His shaft, almost at the point of exploding, drove deeper with more forceful strokes. The heat swallowed him and he concentrated on his own pleasure. Pump and pump, each one drifting up Ruth's moans until she was orgasming on his shaft.

He couldn't take it any more. With a growl, he drove deep and then let go. His cum sprayed into her, flooding her insides with hard jets that went on forever.

John lost himself in the pleasure, groaning as he emptied his balls into her tight, spasming body. Then, with a gasp, he pulled out to watch her sphincter gape slowly close into the tight, pink rosebud again.

Ester squealed and kissed her sister. "I'm so proud of you!"

Ruth slumped to the side, dribbling cum onto the couch. She clutched her ass with one hand and her pussy with the other. "That was intense."

Then she made a face. "I don't think I can sit up."

Ester leaned over and kissed her lips. "Aw, I'll kiss it for you in a minute. But let me get something." She got up and hurried up the stairs.

John, still hard, sat down next to her. "You okay?"

Ruth smiled and nodded. "That was fun. It hurt a little, you're so big, but it also felt really good at the end." She giggled. "I might be a bit sore, is that okay?"

He leaned over and kissed her brow. "I will never push you."

"Thank you," Ruth whispered before kissing him back.

Ester cleared her throat. "Hey, it's my turn." She had a steaming washrag and a towel in her hand. Without another word, she pried herself between John and Ruth and gently set the washcloth against her sister's sex and tortured ass.

Ruth hissed but then moaned. "Thank you."

"Ah, it's okay to be a pussy."

Ruth glared at her sister.

"And you," Ester said. "I'm all squeaky clean and I really could use a good ass fuck. You up to it?"

He looked down at his still hard shaft. It wasn't sore or aching, he was raring to go. "I can go another round."

Ester planted a hand on his thigh and pushed herself up to kiss him. "Really? It seems like you can last forever. At least more than our boyfriends plus you're banging mom and Erin and the sisters. With a dick like that, how long can you really last?"

He shrugged. "No idea, I seem to have enough.

"I want to find out," she said with a purr.

Her attitude was much different than Ruth's, but he liked the challenge. "I'm game. How do you like it?"

"Well, I've stuck an eight-inch dildo up my ass many times and can handle that. You are a little smaller than that, so how about you just fuck me hard, fast, and let's see who wears out first? Winner gets a blow job."

John chuckled and pushed himself up. "Though, I'm getting a blow job no matter what."

Ester arched her back. "So am I. So?"

She positioned herself next to her sister. She planted her hands on the back of the couch and stuck her ass out. It was large and perfect, with thick cheeks framing her glistening sex and asshole.

John's breath deepened as he got into position himself. With one hand, he guided his cock to press against her sphincter.

She pushed back, impaling herself. It was firm and hot, but there was only a hint of resistance as her ass swallowed his length.

John was impressed, more so that she managed to lubricate herself without him realizing it.

It only took a minute to seat himself fully into her back door. He wiggled around to make sure they were comfortably in place.

Ester moaned. "Oh, you feel good."

"Ready for—"

"Fuck me... now."

"Okay," he said with a laugh. Planting his hands on her beautiful ass, he drew his shaft halfway and thrust it back in.

She moaned and pushed back.

he did it again.

"Harder," Ester moaned. "So much harder."

John's breath quickened. He gripped tighter and began to pound her ass, fucking her with deep strokes.

"Oh, fuck yes, harder!" Ester moaned as she clutched the back of the couch.

John did so, driving into her with hard strokes as he threw his weight into every thrust. Her body shoved forward, but he could tell it wasn't enough.

The sensations were amazing as his length plunged deep into her hot hole and then out again. Wet slurps filled the air as he plunged back in.

Ester moaned and spread her legs further. She encouraged him, begged him.

John confused on giving everything he could into her. Hard thrusts that shook her frame before yanking out. Her asshole gaping briefly before he impaled it again and again.

To his surprise, it wasn't long before he started to feel a burn in his legs.

Then something rose up. He wasn't going to fail her. He would fuck her, fuck her until she was sated. It was the same rush of dominance that came when he protected her, when he wanted to fight for Olivia. It fueled him, giving him strength and speed. Soon

he was slamming into her. His cock seemed to plunge into her belly but he wasn't done.

His fingernails gripped her tightly as he felt an orgasm come, but he couldn't let it stop him. His cock spewed cum deep into her bowels but his strokes never sated. It only lubricated him to shove harder, to drive and conquered the teenage ass that he coveted.

The wrest of the world faded away as he assaulted her. Nothing mattered than to feel her orgasm on his shaft, the gentle squeezing that didn't even slow his thrusts.

He came again but didn't stop.

She came repeatedly but he wouldn't stop.

He lost himself in claiming her body, of his cock slamming into her tight hole until his cum bubbled out in a frothy stream. It only encouraged him.

John grabbed her hair and pulled back for leverage. His shaft continued to impale her repeated, thrusting hard and deep as she came again.

He was dimly aware of Ruth kissing Ester, but all he wanted was to fuck the teenager until she passed out. He grinned and bore down to fuck her until she passed out.

His world became nothing more than the beauty begging him to fuck harder and his shaft. It didn't matter how often he came, only that it kept his length slick as he plunged it hard. He yanked with every thrust, pushing both of them to their limits.

But he was only mortal. His concentration and lust cracked and he became aware of his senses. He panted as he looked down.

Ester was moaning, her head lolling to the side. A sloppy smile crossed her face as she kissed her sister.

Ruth whispered something.

"F-Fine," Ester said in a hoarse voice. She pushed herself up, her large tits swinging with his thrusts. "Uncle... no more."

John gave one last thrust and then stopped. Her hand wrapped around his fingers had dug into his skin, leaving red brands across his flesh. He had to concentrate to relax them and let her hair slip out from his grip.

He felt good. More than good. He was utterly sated.

Looking down, he stared down at her beautiful ass before pushing himself off.

Ester's beautiful opening gaped obscenely open. A torrent of cum oozed out, coating her pussy and inner thighs before splashing onto the couch cushion. There was so much that a puddle had formed in the carpet underneath.

He chuckled.

Someone began to slowly clap.

John jumped and looked over to where Erin and Christine stood near the living room entrance. Christine was one the one applauding, she had a look of lust in her eyes as she stared at him.

Hannah stood a few feet to the side, arms over her chest. She had a look of disapproval. When their eyes caught, she pointed at him. "Wrong hole."

Erin giggled. "Hannah, there is so much cum there, she's probably swallowing it."

"And he ruined my carpet," pouted Hannah before she stormed up the stairs.

John staggered back. His cock was still dripping.

Christine licked her lips. "That's all mine tomorrow? All for me?"

Erin tapped her sister. "Yes, so don't steal him early. Some of us want to have a round or two before you break him."

"He lasted a lot longer than I thought he would."

"John's a real man, Christine. Not like that asshole you are dating."

"Was dating. John is helping me move my gear out of his place tomorrow."

He looked up. "W-What?"

"You mind hauling boxes for me?" Christine asked while tugging on her hair.

"No, of course he wouldn't. I mean, he's going to be porking you all night after he does."

John noticed it was dark outside the windows. He chuckled and wiped his cock off. He started to pull his pants on but then realized it wouldn't matter. He stepped out and admired the sixth of his little harem.

Christine was slender unlike her sister but had a similar large bust. Her easy smile and seductive eyes drew him in and he wanted to bury his face into her cleavage until he suffocated. Her nipples,

large and rounded, stuck up through her shirt and begged to be sucked.

Erin looked up the stairs. "I better check on Hannah." Then she turned to him. "She was amused for the first ten minutes but you were going like a steam train there."

"A virtual John Henry," Christine said.

He chuckled. "Not my time period, though. I mostly focus on late 1700s."

Erin groaned before she headed up the stairs.

Christine gestured for him to follow her to the kitchen.

He held up his finger and looked down at the two girls. They were both sleeping on the couch, smiles on their faces and cum drying on their thighs. With a smile, he grabbed a blanket from the back of a chair and draped it over them.

"A sweetie too?"

"My girls," he said quietly.

# Safewords

# 20

Diner was both friendly and surreal. Almost all of the women, sans Olivia, were gathered at a single table eating pizza and joking. Ruth and Ester, both recovered from their sexual adventures, were all smiles as they talked about school, protesters, and the recent events.

Somehow, those conversations drew in Christine and Erin. All four of them chatted over hot food as they talked about the girl's future plans while also telling stories of how both of the Porter sisters ended up at the college and as a veterinarian.

John would like to say he was able to contribute, but the conversations were well over his head and about topics he knew very little about. However, when Ruth said that she wanted to go to Oxford University to get three degrees—Politics, Philosophy, and Economics—he had a lot more to say on the matter. It was his alma mater, after all, and he was happy to share stories about his early days.

Though, with Christine and Erin having a little wine, a few of the innuendos got past and he found himself telling a story of how he and a few other students got into a bar brawl during one election night.

When his story ended, they were all laughing at his expense. That night was a rough one for him, as he had to talk almost ten kilometers home because the rest of his mates had pick up dates and left him without a car to get home. He didn't mind at all, it was why he started the story.

Erin leaned over to him. "Don't worry. I'm sure you'll be going home with a date every night for a long time."

He chuckled. "Looks like it."

"Oh, sis!" Erin pointed at Christine. "Remember when you had that dare to take the tranqs?"

Christine made a face. "Come on, don't we have enough stories of people being forced to wear underwear in public?"

Ester grinned and leaned over toward her; she obviously had a bit of a crush on Christine. "Were you naked?"

"No, silly, I was almost naked. It was also very cold and I promise you, my nipples almost cut off my bra."

As the table roared with laughter, John noticed that Hannah had slipped away. He ducked his head and gathered up some of the used dishes to bring them to kitchen to find her.

Erin stroked his hand when he passed but she was enraptured with her sister's story despite no doubt hearing it repeatedly.

He smiled to himself as he went into the kitchen, but Hannah wasn't there. Spotting a pile of dishes by the sink, he set his down and then cleaned them off before putting them into the drying rack. It only took a few minutes as he wondered where Hannah had gone.

Her car was still in the garage.

He decided to check upstairs. With the laughter moving to the living room couches, he made his way upstairs and went straight for her bedroom. The door was shut.

John knocked on the door. "Hannah?"

There was an inaudible response.

He tried the handle. It opened and he stepped inside. "Are you okay?"

She was sitting on the edge of her bed, sniffing. Even in that instant, he could see her eyes were a little puffy and she looked like she was crying.

Instantly, the surge of adrenaline flooded through him. There was no threat, but that didn't stop him from glancing around before he strode over to her. "What's wrong?"

Hannah looked up at him and then away.

John knelt in front of her, one hand on her knee. "What's wrong?" he asked in a deeper tone. He could almost feel it quivering her body.

She shook her head.



He stared at her for a long moment. Then gently, he reached up to catch her chin. Her body trembled underneath his grip before he turned her to look at him. "Please let me know."

"I... I just wanted to be alone."

"Are you sure?"

She wiped the tears with the back of her hand and nodded.

Disappointed and curious, John knew that he needed to honor her request. He stood up. "Okay, then just come down when you're ready. We'll wait."

At the door, he paused to look at her.

Hannah gave him a tear-filled eyes before she shook her head. "I-I didn't like what you did."

He froze, blood running to ice. "Me?"

She nodded.

John let out his breath. "Well, fuck me then."

Fighting his own growing fears that he had ruined their little group, he carefully closed the door and leaned against it. "What did I do wrong?"

"N-Nothing... everything... I don't know."

He smiled briefly. "Well, that's the extremes. How about we start with, what I do to start this?"

Hannah twisted her hands for a moment. "I-I like it when you're in charge... when you tell me what to do. But...." Her voice trailed off.

He wanted to cradle her but forced himself to stay at her door. Seeing her heartbroken tore at his heart as did knowing that he was the cause.

"I didn't like it when you did it over the phone. I felt... I was humiliated and embarrassed."

John sighed. "Well, bugger me."

A little smile quirked her lip. "I'm surprised you haven't been yet."

He latched on to her smile and made a show of shrugging. "Well, I've had fingers and tongues up there."

She peeked up. "Do you like it?"

"Yeah," he nodded with a smile. "I never thought I did, but I think I'm enjoying it a lot."

Her smile faltered. "You've been getting a lot of it."

“You can stop, Hannah.”

She stiffened.

“Just say the word and I’ll walk away. From you, your daughters, everything.” He wondered if that is enough. “Actually, I’ll find another college if that is what you need.”

“No,” she sniffed and shook her head. “No, I... like what’s been going on. I mean, I like when you look at me and all I can think about is how sexy you think I am.” She hefted her generous breasts, the fabric of her blouse wrinkling. “Even with these old things.”

“Those so-called ‘old things’ are the most beautiful things I have seen. Well, and what you keep under your panties.”

She started to cry but then laughed. “An ass man?”

“More of a whole mind and body thing, I think. I like everything about you.”

Hannah ducked her head. Then she patted the bed next to him.

“Thank you, m’lady.” He sat down next to her. After a second, he draped his arm over her shoulder and she leaned into him. “I’m sorry for upsetting you. I was... this is all new to me also and I thought I had things under control.”

“Well, I’m used to be the boss around here.”

“You’re still my boss.”

“Not when your dick is involved.”

He chuckled. “Unless Erin has any say. I’m convinced that she’s going to schedule out my days like a pimp.”

Hannah giggled. “She is. I’ve seen the calendar.”

“She wasn’t kidding?”

Hannah rested her hand on his thigh. “No, but I think she means well. Even knowing... that this is all because of some magic potion, she is having fun.”

“It isn’t magic,” he said.

“None of us know the chemistry. So, Clark’s Third Law.”

John frowned. “I don’t know that one.”

“Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.” She sighed. “I used to read a lot of sci-fi when I was younger.

“Well, Miss Simmons, I never knew that about you. Any other secrets you want to share?”

“I like when you tell me what to do.”

“That isn’t a secret.”

She tensed against again. “But sometimes, I just want you to treat me as an equal.”

John cupped her chin and turned him to her again. “Then let me know. I’m new to all this stuff and I don’t want to ruin it for anyone. Give me a word to stop or let me know what mood you’re in.”

“If I want you to go away?”

It was his turn to tense. He took a deep breath. “Give me a word for that.”

She looked into his eyes for a long moment. “How about... ‘Benning Wentworth was a good man.’”

He stared for a moment, then laughed. “Ouch, there is no way that would ever come up in conversation unless you want it too. And I agree, Benning was a terrible man. Influential for politics, but a moral and ethical coward. That’s one reason I want to write about him, to show the world how terrible men like him could be.”

She nodded. Her hand stroked his thigh. “I hope I didn’t ruin anything downstairs.”

“Don’t worry about them. They are having fun.”

“The girls seem to like Erin and Christine.”

“And the same with your daughters. They are wonderful and adorable.”

“And breedable?”

He thought about their wonderful bodies pressed against him. “Yes... but that feels a little strange talking to their mother like that.”

“I wish I wasn’t.”

“What?”

“I want you... I want this,” she said softly as she cupped his manhood. “Every moment I’m near you. All I can think about is about you coming inside me, to fill me up and make me a mother again. But it isn’t the right thing at my age. I have a career and I can’t afford to take off another ten years to have a child.”

He nodded. Her daughters had basically said the same thing. It was obvious that the apple didn’t fall from the tree.

“Do you know what I mean?” she asked while stroking his shaft.

“Y-Yes, but asking questions with you playing with my willy isn’t going to get a coherent respond.”

Hannah pulled her hand back. "Sorry. But, what am I going to do. I want you... fuck I want you right here and now."

"Birth control?"

She stiffened and then laughed. "Yeah, I have an appointment next week with my doctor to put me back on them. For a while, I was off them, but I think if I can still have you, then I should be careful. Better the girls get it than me."

It was getting dangerously close to a topic that he didn't think he wanted to bring up. He cleared his throat. "Well, I'm a slave to this non-magical solution as you are. As long as Benning allows, then I would very much like to continue this but as safe as you need it to be."

She slipped toward the edge of the bed. "And if I want to be told what to do?"

Her knees thumped on the ground as she turned, kneeling between his legs. With a purr in her lips and a glaze of lust in her eyes, she worked his zipper. "What do I say if I want you to take charge?"

The she smiled broadly. "Sir?"

His cock twitched. His hand reached up. "Did Erin tell you about that?"

"Yeah, apparently submissive girls like to call you sir."

"Well, having a beautiful woman...." He had to lift his hips so she could pull his pants down. His cock jumped in the air as he settled down. As soon as she freed his foot, he managed to find his words, "... a beautiful woman on her knees in front of you, 'sir' is going to get me going every time."

"Good," she said before she kissed his cock. Before he could say anything else, she cupped his balls and pulled him deeper into his mouth.

At the wet, heat surrounding his shaft, he let out a moan of pleasure. His hand shook for a moment as he wondered where to put it, but then decided that she wanted to be submissive. With a grin, he clamps his palm on the back of her head and began to pull her down in time with her strokes.

He watched as her lips slid up and down his shaft, taking more of it into her hot confines. The feel of her throat only teased him as he was drawn to full hardness.

She slobbered on his cock, saliva dribbling out as she worked her head up and down with long deep strokes.

To the side, the door creaked open and Erin looked inside.

John moaned and held up his hand.

Erin blew him a kiss and then shut down the door, leaving the two of them alone again.

Unaware, Hannah continued to bob up and down with wet slurps. She was truly excellent at working his cock and it wasn't long before his balls were clenching with an inevitable orgasm. She smiled as she drove her mouth all the way down, her lips working to swallow his base.

"Gonna blow," he moaned. His fingers dug into her hair, holding her down as his cock swelled.

She winked.

The little gesture set him off. With a loud groan, he blasted inside her. Stream after stream of cum jetted into her throat. With every spurt, he shuddered with the intensity.

Hannah's face darkened before he finished coming. Then she lifted off him.

He relaxed his grip.

She took her time to suck and work her way up his entire length before stopping at his glans. Her tongue swirled around his crown, cleaning up the little bits of cum before slathering over the top. Then, with a pop, she pulled off. "Feel better?"

John panted. "I thought I was trying to make you feel better."

Hannah gave him a tentative stroke. "Ready for another round?"

His cock surged. If there was one thing that he was thankful for, the solution had given him a virility that he had to appreciate. "For you, I think so."

"Good." She stood up and stripped out of her clothes. Her beautiful body, curvy and soft in all the right places, jiggled in front of him.

He pulled her close and clamped his mouth down on her nipple. Sucking, he enjoyed how she let out little moans as he teased her.

"S-Sensitive," she said after a few seconds.

He let the puffy nipple slip from his lips. "Sensitive, Mr Woods?"

Hannah stared at him for a moment. Then her eyes widened. "Y-You mean, when I don't... want...?"

He grinned. "Why yes, Ms Simmons. When you aren't feeling like calling me 'sir,' how about we make sure I know when you want me to behave?"

Tears glittered in her eyes. "I-I would like that, Mr Woods."

"Good, now what would Ms Simmons like now?"

She grinned. "Ms Simmons would like you to fuck her hard and fast like you proved you could with her daughter."

He grinned. "In your ass."

"No!" Then she laughed. "And you know your cock wasn't suppose to be in there. You are to breed my daughters, not sodomize them."

"You've thought about it."

"Yes," she said with a blush. "I have. And if you are good, I might even let you do it. But my pussy needs your dick and I want Mr Woods to give to me."

He stood up.

She crawled up on the bed but then remained on the edge. Her large ass was perfect, two cushioned cheeks with her dripping pussy nestled between the two.

He didn't need much encouragement. He stood up to clear from her body and then lowered himself to his knees.

"No, just fuck," she said. "Now, Mr Woods."

"Well," he said as he straightened, "yes, m'lady." He grabbed his cock and was thankful it wasn't too sensitive as he dragged the tip up and down her slit before finding her wet entrance. With one hand gripping her cheeks, he pushed inside.

"Oh, fuck," moaned Hannah. "I need this. Ever since I saw you earlier, I wanted to be right here."

"Well, let me give you a better demonstration." He grabbed her ass cheeks with both hands and spread them apart to give him the most access to her impaled pussy. Then with a chuckle, he began to fuck her hard and fast.

Hannah moaned happily and spread her hands out, stretching them across her blankets as she pushed back against his cock. Her soft body felt like heaven as he hammered into her cunt, driving deep into her depths before pulling out. Wet slurps and splashes filled the bedroom as he pounded her.

Her rising moans and wailed filled the room, matching the wetness that flooded her sex. He could feel the muscles underneath his palms flexing and clenching as he rode her to one orgasm after the other.

It felt like he could fuck forever. He smacked her ass and felt her inner walls clenching around his shaft.

“Yes!” she screamed as she fisted the blankets. “Harder, Woods! Harder!”

It didn’t seem to matter if anyone else in the house knew.

John didn’t care about the attention, only that it made the scene more intense. He wanted to obey her. Freeing one hand, he reached up and caught the back of her hair. Wrapping it in his fist, he pulled back as he found renewed vigor to hammer into her cunt, plunging deep with hard strokes. His muscles tensed, bending her back and setting of what seemed to be more intense orgasms exploding inside her.

With adrenaline fueling his strength, he focused on fucking her hard and fast. His hips smacked a tattoo against her buttocks, each one thrusting his shaft deep into her pussy until his crown smacked against her cervix.

The hard bump was like a button, turning her words into incoherent moans and gasps.

He liked it and focused on setting her off as many times as he could before his body gave out.

*t'Sade*



# Moving Out

# 21

John glanced at the map on his phone and then up to the road. According to the directions, he was only a few turns from his destination: Christine's former boyfriend's apartment. It was a lovely little piece of suburbia, at least what Americans called it. Everything was so structured and ordered with endless rows of nearly identical apartment buildings where both huge and bland at the same time.

It was just before eleven in the morning and the parking lots were only half full. He spotted Christine standing near one of the doors and he smiled. She had decided to wear a pair of gym shorts and a gray t-shirt with some school logo on it. Even from a distance, he enjoyed the curves of her generous breasts, narrow waist, and delectable ass.

By the time he pulled into the spot next to her, he was grinning. He fumbled with the door and then headed up.

She pushed herself off the door frame and arched her back. "Ready to do some heavy labor?"

"Is he home?"

"No, but I wouldn't put it past him to show up so let's get going. He's been blowing up my phone all morning, as if begging me to stay would help after what he did."

"May I ask what—?"

"You may not," she sharply. Then she flinched. "Sorry. Maybe later. It wasn't you and that potion—"

"Solution."

"—solution. It was already going to happen, it just gave me the opportunity to get a new life. Of course, the hard part is getting all

my crap out of his apartment.” She held up keys and then turned around to enter the code into the keypad.

At the sight of her ass sticking out, John sighed happily. He didn't think he would ever get tired of seeing that though he didn't see any lines for panties underneath the loose-fitting shorts. A small part of him wondered if he could get away with running his fingers up her inner thighs but then dismissed it as being inappropriate in public.

Christine looked back at him, her reddish hair covering half her face. She rocked her hips back and forth a few times. “Like the view?”

“Very much.”

“Good. Feel free to check it out with whatever you have handy.”

Encouraged, John reached up and ran his palm along the soft curve. Her crevice was already heated and he could pick up just a bit of moisture from her excitement.

She let out a soft moan before straightening. “Later. I really don't want to be caught fucking you out here or on his bed.” With a wink, she opened the door. “And I can offer for your help is beer, pizza, and blow jobs.”

“Not really into beer.”

“Then fine, pizza, blow jobs, and lots of fucking.” She made a show of rolling her eyes as she held open the door.

“I can work with that,” he said with a chuckle and followed her inside. Her boyfriend's apartment was on the second floor and completely unremarkable. It looked like every other apartment he had been in, including his own.

Christine walked past the three vases of flowers and straight for one of the bedrooms in the back. There, she opened it up with a flourish and strode inside.

John expected a bed and some dressers. There was a bed, at least, but he wasn't expecting to see an impressive computer set up in the corner and an array of lights arranged around the bed. A couple plastic tubs were stacked on top of each other with labels like “vibrators,” “costumes,” and “plugs.” Eyes wide, he stepped inside and took into a room that looked cozy... only if you followed the gaze of the two cameras mounted at the corner of her bed.

“What you think?” she ask with a grin.

Something pricked John's memory. He had seen the room before, at least the pillow cases and the blanket. With a frown, he peered down at the tubs of toys and picked out a multi-colored dildo in the shape of a long but narrow mystical beast.

"J-John?" Christine's grin faltered.

He took in the room, trying to pin why it looked so familiar. Then it struck him. With a gasp, he turned to her. "You're on LovingFans, aren't you?"

She nodded. "You know of it."

He fumbled with his phone. "I... I think I'm one of your subscribers."

Christine gasped and came around. "Get out of here."

"I mean, I've never seen you without a mask on... and you've pretty much been clothed whenever you've been out, but..." His voice trailed off as he finished logging in and thumbed through his subscriptions. Finding the one for 'Puppy Dog Cute,' he tapped on it and brought up a picture of her bedroom."

She giggled. "Oh my god, you are!" She squealed and hugged him tightly, crushing her breasts against his body. One leg lifted to press against its as she kissed him. "Obviously, this is fate."

"Fate that you got mind-controlled into lusting after me?"

She was only a few inches away. Her breath was warm against his face as she let it out. "Oh, fuck, I want you right here and now."

"What about not—?"

He never finished the question as she shoved him back on the bed she filmed her videos. It was soft and perfumed. He caught himself before sinking into the soft blankets that smelled of sex and plastic. It was remarkably firm underneath the top, one of the hardest beds he had ever been on.

Christine moaned as she crawled on top of him, straddling his body as she dropped down. Her breasts, belly, and thighs crushed him against the mattress and he stopped caring about discomfort as her lips caught his.

She kissed him passionately, slipping her tongue into his mouth as she moaned between the caresses of their lips. Her hips humped against his cock, dragging the heated moisture up and down his length until her excitement seeped through the material of his trousers.

He reached up to caress her but she grabbed his wrist and pinned him down.

With a playful growl, she broke the kiss and lifted herself up a few inches. "I'm going to take off my shirt, are you going to be a good boy and stay down?"

He rocked his hips and pressed his length up against her sex. "I'm already up."

Her eyes glittered. "I'll take care of him, but you aren't leaving this bed until you've nudded inside me, do you hear?"

"Do I have a choice?"

A quick grin. "No, so take my cunt like a man and do what God intended."

She levered herself up and ground her crotch hard against his cock. Pulling her shirt up, she ripped it off her head and tossed it onto the plastic boxes. Her bra came next, revealing the lovely tits that he couldn't wait to get his hands on.

With his cock still sliding up and down her slit, he reached up to cup them. They were soft with puffy nipples, the perfect touch against his fingertips. When she moaned at his caress, he was encouraged to tease and squeeze them, rolling them around his fingertips until she was panting.

She leaned into his hands as she tossed her bra onto the floor. Then she reached down for her shorts before stopping. "Shit."

"What?"

"I can't get these off."

He continued to maul her breasts, squeezing and teasing them. "Pity."

Christine's eyes narrowed for a moment. Then she grinned. With one hand, she delved between her legs and into her shorts. He watched her knuckles tent the fabric as she worked her fingers down and pushed the material to the side. Her bare sex, wet and steaming, ground along his ridge.

She found his belt and worked it open. Each movement was through her clothes and intensely erotic.

He concentrated on her hand, growing harder with every second. His hands continued to tease and twist her tits, mauling them as she moaned.

Christine managed to work his trousers opened and fished out his cock. It was hot and slick in her hand, soaked by the confines of his pants. She gave him a few pumps before lifting herself up off his hips.

He started to sit up but she shoved her other hand against his chest. Leaning into him, she raised her hips enough to aim his cock into her snatch. The heat of her entrance, wet and slick, was heaven but nothing compared to the tightness that enveloped his cock head as she sat down.

Her moan filled the room as she settled down, his entire length engulfed by her sex. She spread her hips until their crotches were joined. Then she looked down with a smile. "See? Problem solved."

"Now what?" he asked knowing full well what he wanted.

"Nature." She kept her hand pinning his chest as she began to rock her hips forward and back. Her insides clenched at his depth as she swirled his shaft deep inside her sex, back and forth and to the side. Each swirl was intense and slow, teasing more than the primal thrusting of a man trying to breed a woman. She moaned and continued, working her impressive body that he had to pull his hands back just to watch her undulating on his hardness.

Christine said nothing as she continued to move, never slowing or stopping. Her slickness dribbled out of her, soaking his trousers and crotch. His balls grew sticky with her juices as she worked herself faster on his length. "Fuck, that feels good."

He abandoned her breasts to grip her hips. He wanted to hold her still so he could hammer her cunt with his shaft, but she leaned into him and stopped him. The meaning was clear, she was going to ride him for as long as she wanted. His cock pulsed but it only made the desire to drive his entire length into her and breed her stronger.

She panted with every thrust of her hips that levered his cock deep inside her quim. The slick folds teased his entire length with every grind. Soon her body glistened with sweat as she steadily fucked him, moving faster and more purposefully with every thrust. Her hips drove into him and the wet slurping of her excitement filled the room.

John lifted his gaze into her eyes and saw nothing but lust and loving in them. It was intense, a contrast to the glazed look she had before. Panting, he gripped until his knuckles turned white but

made no effort to take charge of her grinding. "What are you feeling now?"

"That... I want you," she moaned as she thrust down on his shaft. The tiny thrust brought his cock head right up to the entrance of her womb before her curvy thighs pushed it back slightly. It was just a kiss of his hardness against her innermost gate. "I want you so badly right now."

He realized he liked it better when they weren't showing signs of being controlled. The intensity of her look, even if driven by some chemical solution, was far more than the glaze lust that allowed no intelligence. No, he loved that she wanted him just as badly as he wanted her.

Christine's body froze for a moment and she closed her eyes.

John opened his mouth to ask what was wrong.

A shudder coursed down her entire frame, her soft body trembling underneath his grip before he felt the spasms of her cunt around his shaft.

Then she resumed as if nothing had changed.

His cock pulsed with the idea that she had came on his length.

Only moans and grunts escaped Christine as she brought herself to three more orgasms before she finally opened her eyes and looked down at him. "Ready to cum?"

"Yes, madam."

With a grin, she ground faster. Her hips thrust forward, revealing her soaked folds, hard clitoris, and the bare curves of her sex with flashes of pink. The smell of her juices flooded the room. She clamped down her inner walls, increasing the liquid pressure that enveloped his length.

With her ceaseless thrusts, he quickly found his orgasm rising up. He held back with all his might, trying to make it more intense, but it was like riding a storm. He groaned and began to spew his seed inside her.

She never stopped moving.

His spurts splashed against the womb that his cock head kissed with every thrust. The idea that he was flooding her womb brought a second wind and he gripped her tight as he thrust up to deliver his cum directly to where it would breed her.

"Fuck!" she screamed as she had one more powerful orgasm.

As soon as the crests of pleasure passed, she slowed to a gentle rocking before gently lifting herself up off his length. With one hand pressed against her pussy to keep his juices inside, she rolled to the side and slumped onto the bed. "Oh, thank you. I've been thinking about that for days."

"Was it as good as you hoped?"

She smiled at him. "Really? After all that screaming, grinding, and orgasms, you're worried that I was faking it?"

John blushed. "Sorry, even I have insecurities."

"With so many women fucking you. No, you don't need to be so insecure insecure. Your cock is the perfect size for me and I hope to be riding it for a long time." She leaned over to kiss him. "You are perfect, exactly what a girl like me needs."

He grinned.

She rolled over to her side and pressed her sweat-slicked breasts against his shoulder. With a happy coo, she hugged him and rested her head in the crook of his neck. Her eyes fluttered before she closed them. "I know that I desperately want to get knocked up by you, but I'm not looking for an every day boyfriend. Is that okay? Just the occasional romantic dinner, going out to movies, and maybe some booty calls."

He thought about the other women in his life. There was nothing normal about their relationships. He stroked her hair with his free hand. "I'll be what you need me to be."

"See," she said in a sleepy voice. "That's what I like about you. You don't fight things."

John smiled to himself. He thought he was taking advantages of the opportunities given, but maybe Christine was right. He leaned back and just enjoyed the afterglow of their lovemaking. Before he knew it, he was drifting into sleep himself.

A key rattling in the door and Christine's gasp woke him up. A bolt of fear and surprise raced through his veins as she sat up. "Damn! That's Barry!"

"Barry?"

"My boyfriend," she said as she fumbled to pull on her shirt. Her shorts were still pushed to the side and their dried juices could be seen dusting her inner thighs. She stood up and rolled her eyes. "Ex-boyfriend."

"I know what you meant," he said as he got out of bed. The mattress was hard and it was easy to get to his feet and pull his trousers back up. Fortunately, their short nap had softened his length and he could stuff it back without fear of catching his scrotum in the zipper.

"Babe?" Barry had a deep voice as he entered his apartment. "I saw your car. You still here?"

Christine looked at John helplessly and then rushed to the door. She pulled her shorts over her crotch at the last minute before stepping through the opening. "Hey... Barry," she said as she closed the door behind her.

"What were you doing?" A grunt. "What's wrong? You look flushed."

"Um... taking a nap."

John listened with one ear as he finished getting dressed. He felt like a kid getting caught stealing candy, but he had to admit he enjoyed it more. He looked around at the expensive cameras and wondered how they were going to get out of it. Was he going to hide and pretend he wasn't there or come out bashfully.

"In that room? You hated that bed. You said it hurt your back."

It was a hard mattress, but it looked perfect on LovingFans videos. He had to admit, it was also good for fucking on. He chuckled and finished making himself presentable.

"Well, I was packing up and... I just fell asleep."

Barry cleared his throat. "So... see the flowers."

"Yes, but it's over."

"Come on, I promise I'll be better this time. Less football games and more you."

John cocked his head as he listened.

"It... it isn't that, Barry. We're done. I'm taking my stuff and going. That isn't going to change."

"Come on."

"No."

Silence.

"Barry!" Christine's voice grew more worried. "I said no."

A possessiveness flooded through John. It was just as strong before, the intense desire what was "his" pushing away other thoughts. It felt like a sharp edge of a knife against his skin as he



stepped into the door and got his first look at Christine's ex-boyfriend.

Barry was a fairly fit man about John's height. He had sandy brown hair, broad shoulders, and wore a t-shirt with a New England Patriots symbol on it. Previously, Barry looked like the man who John would avoid, but something drove John to step forward.

Christine looked back at him and then gasped.

Barry looked up and then a scowl crossed his face. "Who the fuck are you?"

"John Woods," John said with forced casualness. Adrenaline pumped through his veins as he took in Christine's worried look and Barry's outstretched hands.

Barry turned on Christine. "You were fucking him in my apartment?"

Christine let out a whimper. "Barry—"

John stepped forward. "Yes."

She gasped and turned at him.

John didn't look away from Barry.

Barry puffed up his chest and stepped forward menacingly. "Look, I don't know if you think your fancy accent is going to do anything, asshole, but I won't—"

Ignoring the other man's balled fist, John took a few more steps until their noses were only inches away. The gap between their bodies was even shorter. John stared directly into Barry's eyes and a sense of power flooded over him. He knew he could pull Barry apart if he had to, if the man dared to threatened John's woman.

Barry tensed.

"Stop talking," John said as his voice dropped lower.

Barry opened his mouth to say something.

"Stop."

Christine let out a soft moan.

Barry's eyes flickered to her and then back to John. There was a new emotion there, fear.

"Now, she's moving out. You need to accept it. It doesn't matter what she does with me, all that matters is that she is leaving you. So, you have two choices, Barry." Inwardly, John swooned with how he kept Barry pinned with his voice but didn't want to break his stride.

“You can either step aside and let me take her out, or you could be useful and help us carry things out to her car.”

He had no clue where the last bit came out. But as the words came, his cock grew harder as he saw he had power over the other man. There wouldn't be a fight or even an argument, he had stopped it with only words and presence.

A tremble shook through Barry's body.

“Choose, Barry.”

The answer came after only a few seconds. “I-I'll help.”

With the three of them, it only took a half hour to load John's car. The entire time, Barry wouldn't look at him and the smoldering looks from Christine kept John hard until his balls ached. Finally, he was able to close the door to his car.

Turning to Barry, he held out his hand. “Thank you.”

“Yeah.” Barry shook his hand firmly. Then he looked at Christine. “I'm sorry, I didn't mean for it to end up this way.”

After a few more words, he turned and headed back to his apartment.

John watched and then looked at Christine.

She was flushed and worrying her bottom lip as she watched her ex-boyfriend enter the building.

“I'll meet you there?” asked John.

But when he got into his car, she was getting into the passenger seat. “Christine?”

“I'm coming with you,” she announced.

“Why?”

Reaching over, she unzipped his pants. “Because you are going to grab the my hair and fuck my face the entire way,” she purred as she leaned over and fished out his cock. The smell of their sex flooded the car.

“I haven't had a chance to clean it off.”

Christine looked up at him with a hungry lust in her eyes. With a grin, she grabbed his hand and slapped it against the back of her head. As soon as he dug his fingers into her hair, she turned down and engulfed his cock to the base. A moan vibrated in his throat.

John decided obeying was the best approach. With his other hand, he managed to get the car going. As he pulled out of the parking lot of her ex-boyfriend's apartment, he used his grip on her

hair to pull her up and then shove her down onto his hard cock. Grinding her down, he did it again... and again.

*t'Sade*

# Intimate Decisions

# 22

John couldn't help but feel that he had entered some other version of America that looked more appropriate for the beginning of a romance or horror movie than the bustling town of Dartmouth. Only twenty minutes outside of town and he was surrounded by woods, picturesque rivers, and covered bridges. It was a movie, not real life.

His only company was the GPS. All of the women had gone ahead of him but he wasn't allowed to be part of the "hen party" as Erin cheerful described it. Instead, he had been summoned by a terse message, "we're waiting for you" and an address.

It didn't take him long to realize he was going to Hannah's second house. From what he heard, it was a sprawling mansion purchased at the peak of her last book sales; being a popular doctor and being in the right place helped a lot with her comfortable life.

He could only hope for a day when he was wealthy enough to own two places. He headed into a small town, East Corinth, and was surprised to see far more advertising than he expected for a little town in the middle of nowhere. Shrugging, he looked curiously at pictures of some movie from the 80s and continued through.

As much as he wanted to have two places, John had to admit, he was in a pretty good position: six women were at his beck and cock, willing to do almost everything he wanted. The talk with Hannah had calmed down much of the chaos and the last week had been one of the best weeks of his life with his days working on research and his mornings, lunches, and dinners being balls deep in some sexy woman.

He grinned at Erin's blow job in the office and the call out from her sister on LovingFans.

John couldn't have a better life even if he had wishes from a genie.

He passed East Corinth and turned onto the last highway before his destination. It was a pocked road with cracked asphalt but it was smooth enough he didn't feel like he was driving into the wasteland or some murderer's house.

Then he found Hannah's house.

There was no question of it, it was huge. At least three stories with an A-frame but one that easily covered five thousand square feet with towering glass windows. It was a rich person's version of a cabin. Three cars were parked along the circular driveway.

"Damn," he said as he admired it. Slowing down, he pulled in behind the curve of cars and got out. Feeling nervous, he straightened his button-down shirt and trousers before heading into the building.

Before he could reach the front door, it opened. Ester wore a deep blue pair of lingerie, with translucent mesh revealing her soft belly and full, uplifted breasts. A pair of lace trimmed panties clung to her bottom. She had on a pair of black heels that made her legs delectable. Otherwise she was wearing nothing else. "Welcome home, sir."

The "sir" brought a smile to his lips. He never tired of hearing it even though he never really asked anyone to call him that.

Ruth came up behind her sister. She was wearing even less, a red lace bra that cupped her sizable breasts and a thong that barely covered over her teenage snatch. She also had on a black tie, which seemed complete out of place with her outfit and yet erotic at the same time. She slipped one arm over her sister's shoulder and cupped her breast. "Good evening, sir."

Even with the endless supply of sex, John couldn't help but enjoy the excitement. He came up to the stairs and both teenage girls parted to let him pass but when he started to, they caught him in a hug and squeezed him between their delectable bodies.

John smiled and looked into the grand entry way of Hannah's house. Christine and Olivia were talking just inside the kitchen. They were also dressed for seduction, with Olivia in a baby doll

nightgown that left little to the imagination. Christine was the most conservative of the outfits he had seen, she wore a baggy pair of sweat clothes that almost molded to her curves and hung off her breasts. Her nipples were predominate as they stood up, tenting the fabric.

“I feel a bit overdressed at this point,” he said.

“You aren’t,” Ruth said and leaned up to kiss him. Her hand dropped to cup his hard cock as she did. “You are wearing as much clothing as you were supposed to be.”

John gasped and ground into her palm as they kissed passionately. As soon as she broke away, Ester took his place and caught John in a deep kiss of her own.

Ruth never stopped stroking his cock through his trousers. Her fingers worked along his length, teasing his head until he could feel his underwear grow slick.

Hannah came up. She had on a beautiful white nightgown that clung to her hips and swirled with every move. A pair of translucent slashes gave hints of the naked legs underneath along with showing off a garter belt and a pair of white thigh-highs. “Girls, let him in the house.”

She offered him a glass of wine.

John took it and admired her as he sipped it. It was a good vintage.

“Up here, the girls are allowed to drink but only if they aren’t heading home for the night. But even then, they are going to limit themselves to two glasses tonight, right?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

“Of course, Mother.”

The two girls headed through an opening leading into the next room over which appeared to be a living room of some sort. There were large, spacious couches and a wide screen TV that looked larger than his apartment.

“What you think?” asked Hannah.

He smiled at her. “I think you’re beautiful.”

She made a show of being bashful and then grinned. “About my house.”

“I think you are also very talented and wonderful. This place suits you, hidden beauty that no one sees in the office.”

Hannah slipped her arm into his and guided him toward the kitchen. "Come on, the others are waiting for you."

"I told your girls that I was overdressed. You are... all very distracting."

They entered the kitchen and he found Erin was the most distracting of them all. She had a short-cropped t-shirt and a thong that nestled right against her bare sex. Almost her entire body was revealed to his hungry gaze, from her bare midriff that showed her soft belly to the pair of heels that stretched her legs. A far cry from the suit she wore when she left earlier that day.

She smiled at him and did a pirouette. "You like, sir?"

Hannah reached down to stroke his length through his trousers. "Little John likes it."

John squirmed. "Little John is surrounded by six of the most beautiful and stunning women in the world. I have a pulse and my heart still beats, so he is going to salute you until the last breath escapes my body."

Hannah kissed his cheek. "Good," she said.

Erin wiped her eye and came around to hug him. She smelled of flowery perfume and just a hint of excited pussy. "Ready to have some fun?"

He went around the room and hugged and kissed all the women before he answered. "Actually, I'm kind of nervous about what you have in mind. I'm rather over dressed and I doubt you are wearing two pieces of clothing each."

"Nope, exactly three each," Erin said with a grin.

"And... why?"

She looked at the others. They picked up their glasses and headed toward another room which appeared to be the dining room. On the table, there was a two decks of playing cards and nothing else.

"Cards?"

"Poker. You know the game?"

"I've played it on a computer a few times."

Christine giggled. "We were surprised that most of us enjoy the game. I think you're going to like this version a lot more. A lot more. Here, you are sitting at the end of the table."

"The daddy seat," Ester said with a grin.

"I like daddy," Christine said in a sultry voice as she sat down.



“We all like him to play...” Hannah coughed before she finished her sentence. “Um, now, should we let John know what is happening?”

“Please?” asked John.

“Shush,” Erin said with a grin. She rested her hand on his. “You don’t get a say.”

“Um...”

“Shush.”

John rolled his eyes. They were all in a playful mood, which meant there was no doubt going to be a lot of sex in his near future. If he was lucky, with more than one at a time. Plus, he was genuinely happy to see all six sitting down at the table around him.

Hannah took her position at the far end of the table. “So, as we talked, we’re going to play game. Poker. Everyone knows the rules, but we’ll be playing Five Card Draw, no wilds.” She leaned over the table to grab the cards, then pushed them across to John. “Open these up, please.”

“Yes, madam.” John got to work.

Hannah faltered and then blushed.

Christine grinned.

“Now, this was Ruth’s idea to handle some... issues that have risen up between us ladies when it comes to John.”

John frowned; he didn’t realize there were that many problems.

“None of them are serious beyond the fact we all have been drugged into craving John’s cock and desperately wanting to be fucked until he knocks us up.”

Erin giggled. “I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’ve been thinking non-stop about being pregnant for a week now and I think I’ve gone through a twenty pack of batteries just trying to keep my mind focused on work.”

There was more squirming on the table.

Hannah sighed and continued, “But, as we’ve seen with the Other John, our John is going to need some breathing room and a chance to recover. As much as us spend our entire days thinking about getting him inside us, none of us are going to get any if his penis breaks.”

Olivia coughed.

John cringed at the thought.

Erin patted his hand and he rested his on top of that.

“As you know, I’m the girl’s mother and used to being in charge. Erin disagreed and we had... some words.”

Erin’s hand tightened underneath John’s. “And some screaming and maybe a bit of hair pulling,” she said with a smile.

Hannah sighed. “Not my proud moment, but that’s where the shared calendar and chat room came from.”

John perked up. Chat room? They had a dedicated chat to talk about him? He was both bothered and surprised at that. Curiosity also rose up as he wanted to know what was going on there, much like the surprise when he had events that one of the other ladies had scheduled that he wasn’t aware of.

“Of course, there were some decisions that I felt were important, but Ruth came up with an idea that would help us deal with the questions that didn’t have a clear answer and in a manner that would be entertaining.”

There was a pause. John looked around at his six lovely ladies, all of which were looking at him. “Um... what?”

Erin grinned. “Strip poker!”

He stared at her for a moment. “Strip... poker?”

“Well,” Erin rolled her eyes and smirked. “It was better than having a council of hags—”

“Erin.” Hannah didn’t look amused.

“—or having you dictate everything. We are women in a modern age, and no matter how much I want to ride that wonderful cock of yours, I’m going going to let you or it be my lord and master. None of us want that,” she said with a quick glance toward Olivia.

John cocked his head.

“And, it sounded like fun. It isn’t like these are binding until the end of time, just a safe place to get things out in the open, decided on, and prevent things from getting all jealous and rage.”

The others at the same nodded and agreed.

“Besides,” Christine said, “it’s going to be hell for you if our period sync.”

Laughter.

John didn’t even want to think about it.

When it died down, Erin gestured to the cards. “Why don’t you shuffle those and Hannah will explain the rules. Right.. madam?”

Hannah took a deep breath. “Simple rules, we are all wearing three pieces of clothing. Five Draw, no wild cards. Best hand gets to dictate something, be a specific scenario for sex or a change in how this harem works. Nothing illegal and no one should be counting cards, right?” she said looking directly at Ruth.

Ruth looked bashful. Then she turned around and reached into a cabinet behind her to pull out two more decks. Pushing them to John, she whispered loudly, “Just to make sure.”

Ester snorted with amusement and John joined in. Shuffling four decks was hard, but not impossible.

Hannah continued. “Worst hand strips naked and is out of the game. Everyone else loses a piece of clothing. If you are naked, you have to do what is asked of you... within in reason, and you’re out of the game.”

Erin leaned back to look in the kitchen. “That means about three rounds, which is about perfect for the turkey to be ready to come out. Assuming John hasn’t turned into a two-stroke chump.”

There was no way John wasn’t going to give his best. THough, he did have questions despite the raging erection that couldn’t wait to get fucking. “Excuse me? What about me?”

Erin patted his hand. “You’re dealing, you don’t get a choice.”

John stared at her, trying to figure out if he should be amused or upset. There was already so much going on that he wasn’t aware of, the calendar and chat were just two things. It was part of his life that he didn’t have even the smallest insight into it and it was frustrating and confusing at times.

He started to open his mouth but then stopped. Treating him as a breeder could be a way of regaining control over their own lives. He already knew that a strong enough command would invoke a glazed-eye obedience. History, including his own research, told him that that was a power that could easily be abused. Having him independent of the governing structure made sense in that regard, if anything like the branches of the US government.

“John?”

Erin said, stroking his hand.

“Sorry, I just realized we are creating a checks and balance system.”

“What?”

He pointed to himself. "President."

Then to Hannah and Erin. "Judicial."

And finally to the cards and table. "Congress."

Ester frowned. "Are you saying our congress is as effective as a deck of cards?"

Hannah and Erin both snorted with amusement.

John joined in. "I was about to be upset about not knowing ever knowing the calendar or this chat room, but then I realized, it's a balance against me. We don't know how long or effective that solution is, which would make me vulnerable to taking advantage of the others. Having a balance to me is important, and that includes being able to decide who, if anyone, is going to be presented."

Hannah's smile faltered. "And you are okay with that?"

He regarded the table. "Yes... I think I am."

She looked surprised and happy. "Well... that's the rules. Should we get started?"

After a round of agreement, John picked up the cards, gave them one last shuffle, and dealt out a hand. He missed more than hit the piles in front of the girls. Two cards had to be tossed aside because they slid off the table.

Then he turned to his right and Ester. "How many?"

She gestured to his other side. "Dealer starts to the left."

"Oh." He blushed and turned to Erin who put down two cards. He dealt her the cards and then went around the table for the others. Each lady put down at least one card except for Ruth who seemed happy with her hand.

Finally, it was time to lay down the cards.

Erin sighed and smacked her down. "I have shit, ten high."

"Looks like Ruth has a pair of kings."

"Christine has a straight, that beats a pair."

"I have two queens."

AFTER some pointing out cards, it came down to Erin losing and Christine winning.

Erin sighed and stood up. She set one foot up on the chair, giving John a generous view of her thigh, before unstrapping her heels. "Damn, out already."

He smiled as he watched.

Christine looked over her sister. “You might as well get naked, John. You’re going to be getting a blow job from her in a moment.”

Erin looked surprised and then hurried up to remove her heels. She stepped away to pull her shirt off, revealing her beautiful breasts to his hungry gaze.

John found it hard to concentrate as he stripped himself. His eyes bounced from woman to woman as they removed shoes and slippers. Hannah took off her gown, to expose her lovely breasts while Ruth slipped off her bra and left the black tie nestled between her breasts.

There was giggling and laughing by the time Erin finished stripping and stood in front of him. “Hello, sir. May I suck your meat pipe?”

His cock twitched.

With her eyes locked on him, she lowered herself to her knees. Soft hands caught his cock. With a deep breath, she opened her mouth and took him into the warm depths.

John moaned at the touch.

The other ladies left their seat to watch, some of them stroking their bodies, while others leaned against each other.

He was the center of attention and it was hard not to blow his load with the warmth of her lips sliding up and down his length. He leaned back and enjoyed the sight of five other women watching. Hannah had her fingers between her legs, stroking her slit. Next to her, Ruth leaned against her and was toying with her breast.

Erin moaned as she took his entire length.

Christine spoke up. “I want to ride him, but do I have to put my clothes on?”

Erin popped her mouth off his cock. “You naked, you’re my bitch.”

Christine leaned over and shoved her sister’s head back on John’s cock. “Then swallow that rod, you cunt.”

Erin moaned as she was shoved down into his length. Her lips were tight and slick as she was rammed down to the base. She gulped along his length.

Looking into John’s eyes, Christine smiled broadly. “Don’t come in her mouth. I’m going to fuck you as soon as she gets you hard.”

“I’m... pretty hard.”

Christine grabbed her sister by her hair and pulled her up to smash her back down. The forced deep throating caused his cock to pulse with desire.

Erin flailed for a moment and then held her wrists behind her back as her sister fucked her face onto John's length. A smile curled her lips as little gurgling and gaging noises rose up.

John moaned as she thrust up.

Christine pulled her sister's head off. Erin's face glistened with saliva as she looked up to her sister. "Bitch," she said with a smile.

"My turn. Why don't you shove your head in here while I'm riding."

Erin gulped and licked her lips.

It took only seconds for Christine to remove her sweat bottoms and underwear. Then she let out a moan as she straddled John's lap and sank down into his primed and ready cock. "OH, fuck, you feel good."

A moan rose up around the room.

She kissed him. "Now, I want you to empty your balls inside me. Get me knocked up on our first meeting, right here and now."

John's cock jumped inside the wet heat of her pussy. He gripped her hips. "Yes, madam."

"Fuck me," she whispered as she rose and dropped herself onto his shaft. It was hot and slick and felt wonderful. Her entire body ground against his, her softness along his belly as she kissed him, tender at first and then passionately as she ground her body into his shaft.

Then her movements grew slicker as Erin's moans rose up behind her. It was muffled but he didn't feel her lips or tongue against anything of his.

John smiled. "What is she doing?"

"Eating out my ass... like a good big sister should."

Ester glanced to Ruth while reached over to pull her sister close to her. Their hands stroked each other as they watched Christine fuck John in the middle of the living room.

Erin's tongue came up against the junction of their bodies, lapping and slurping at his shaft as is plunged into her sister's snatch.

The flicking touch, the muted moans, and the onlookers pushed him rapidly toward an orgasm. He groaned as he held back, thrusting up as much as pulling her down as he worked his way toward the first of many orgasms.

“Fuck it!” Christine gasped and then tore off her shirt. Tossing it aside, she ground her body against his, using her entire body to ride him and her sister’s face until she shuddered with an orgasm.

John’s fingers dug into her as he felt her inner walls clamping around his shaft. It was hard to hold back, but he couldn’t last long.

“Come,” whispered Christine. “Breed me, John. Breed me.”

With a growl, he finally let loose. His cum blasted out of his shaft, painting her inside with an intense orgasm that bordered on the edge of discomfort.

Christine rammed herself down hard on his shaft and shuddered her way into two more orgasms before he finished emptying his balls into her fertile sex. Then she stopped moving, panting as sweat glistened across her breasts. “Damn, that feels so good.”

Erin popped her head up. “Yah, but now you’re naked.”

Christine looked at Hannah.

The elder for the group shrugged. “We... didn’t think about it.”

Christine moaned. “No matter. I’m going to put my legs up and see if I can get him to take root.”

Cupping her pussy, she pulled herself off his shaft. Dribbles of cum oozed out from between her fingers. “Come on, sis, You can keep me company.”

“But we’re both—”

Christine grabbed her still-kneeling elder sister by the hair and tugged her toward the living room.

Hannah gasped and turned to Ruth. “Grab some towels, please. I don’t want to stain the leather.”

Ruth and Ester rushed out of the room.

Hannah blushed. “It’s an expensive couch.”

Olivia giggled. “Might need to put a blanket down though. There is probably going to be some other wet spots.”

“Good idea, love. Ruthy, grab one of the quilts from the closet!”

Once they were back and the couch properly protected, Olivia gave a nervous giggle. She was flushed with excitement but there was also something else on her face. An intense look of desire, as if

she had something else she wanted to ask for. "I seem to have lost two sisters."

Hannah sat next to her, her nearly naked body rising up to his hungry gaze. His eyes drifted down to her garters; he wanted to see her bent over the table just so he could hold onto them as he impaled her pussy with his cock.

The older woman patted Olivia's hand. "It will work out, I promise."

On the other side, the twin sisters looked at each other for a moment. John was curious, they had something they wanted also. He wasn't sure what, but he was curious to see.

He cleared his throat and stood up. His cock, still wet from Christine's juices and his cum, bobbed up and down. "Ready for the next round?"

"Y-Yeah. Yes, I guess," Olivia said.

He dealt out the cards and waited until each one played theirs. Olivia was nervous, Hannah was somewhat focused, but Ruth had an intensity in her gaze as she toyed with her cards. She worried her lip as she picked two, then one card, before going back to two. But when she picked up her new cards, her face fell.

Then the cards were down.

"FUck," Ruth said as she looked at her losing hand, a pair of sixes.

"Ruth, language."

"Sorry, Mom."

Olivia sighed.

Hannah leaned over. "You won."

"W-What?"

"Three threes beats everyone's hand here, dear. You won the round."

Olivia looked up with shimmering eyes. "I-I did? I did!"

She squealed and jumped up, bouncing around. Her tits jumped underneath her baby doll, lifting the entire outfit up to show off her slender body. With a wiggle, she sat down firmly. "I want to move in with John."

The entire table froze.

"I want him to tell me what to do, I want call him sir, and I want to be his slut," she said in a rush. She was blushing hotly. Then, she looked down.



Hannah looked surprised, going around the room and then into the living room.

Christine was on her back, her head over the edge of the couch as her sister suckled on her breasts. She looked into the dining room and then shrugged. "Her call, Hannah. I'm fin... oh, fuck that feels good."

Hannah gulped. "I-I guess. John?"

Ruth looked disheartened. Tears sparkled in her eyes as she peered up at John and then to her sister.

His heart almost broke. He knew why she had suggested the cards, to bring up the idea of birth control for her sister and herself. She wanted to be safe but she was too much of a good girl not to go around her mother's back for long. He sighed.

"John?" asked Hannah again. "Are you okay with Olivia moving in?"

He forced his attention back to Olivia. It didn't take long. "I would love that and it makes sense. I'm only a block from her work and... she could be my personal secretary, telling me who is assigned to me and making sure everything is coordinated. That way, I don't have to ask about the calendar."

Olivia squealed. She launched herself off the chair and into his lap. Her pubic mound bumped against his shaft but she obviously wasn't interested in sex as much as kissing him. "Thank you, thank you!"

He kissed her back until her excited faded. "Good girl."

She beamed and then squirmed off before bounding into the room. "I'm moving out!" she announced.

John watched and chuckled.

There were only three women left in the room.

Hannah gestured to Ruth. "Why don't you let John breed you, Ruthy."

John saw the reluctance in Ruth as she picked herself up. She walked over and wiped her face. For her scheme to fail must have been frustrating. He knew that her birth control would have already reduced the chance of pregnancy and Christine had provided her plenty of Plan B, but there was more of a risk for another few weeks.

Ruth took a deep breath. "May I?"

John looked up at her and smiled. "I'm pretty sensitive right now, what do you say to giving me a blow job instead?"

"What?" asked Hannah.

Ruth looked surprised, a quirk of a smile on her lips.

"A really sloppy one and go all the way down. Both holes. Really get into there and get me horny for when I fuck your mother and those lovely garters."

The tension in the teenager's shoulders relaxed. "Yes, sir."

She lowered herself to her knees and took his dripping cock in her hands. It was creamy from his earlier orgasms, but that didn't stop her from turning her head sides and nuzzling along his length. Cum and juices smeared along her face as she worked her way up to his glans and down to his balls. Her lips trailed along his skin as she cleaned his shaft of another woman's juices.

John gasped as he spread his legs and watched the lovely young girl working his length.

Ruth glanced up to him and mouthed a "thank you" before sucking one of his balls. Her fingers trailed along his base, jacking him off a few times before she lowered one hand down to between his buttocks.

He scooted his ass to the do give her access.

It was already wet down there, soaked by the juices of his earlier fucking. She swirled around his anal ring before she began to finger it. One finger worked their way in and out of the tight ring in time with her sucking.

John moaned as he was assaulted from two sensitive spots. His cock dribbled fresh pre-cum as she thrust into the air.

Ruth wormed her finger deep into his ass. Then surprised him by curling her finger up against a harder spot that seemed to send a pulse of pleasure coursing through his body.

"Shit!" he gasped as he almost came.

She clamped her hand on his base, her thumb preventing his orgasm from releasing. His cock twitched helplessly as she stroked his asshole with before moving over to his other balls. With her dexterous grip, he couldn't come even if he wanted to.

The pleasure built up as she fingers and teased him loosening him up until she could get two fingers into the tight opening. Her digits were incessant as they assaulted his prostate, rubbing and

stroking until he thought he was going to explode. His cock turned an angry red and then purple but she made no effort to move up from his balls.

His grip on the arm rests of the table tightened until his knuckles creaked. His mouth worked silently as he whispered sweet nothings of pleasure.

John's cock jumped violently as she ground her fingers down, massaging him until he was past the brink of an orgasm but her other hand kept him from firing anything. He thrust into the air, fucking himself on her fingers as much as pumping into air.

Slowly Ruth pulled her fingers out. She lifted her body and slid her lips up along his dribbling shaft to his swollen head. With a grin, she opened her mouth and dragged her lips along the tip; the spongy head was so excited it was nothing but smooth flesh.

Then, she pulled away. "There you go, sir. Ready for the next bitch to breed."

Ruth stood up and finished undressing, folding her clothes and setting them aside until she was naked in front of him.

Hannah looked annoyed. "He's suppose to—"

"Ruth!" called Erin.

They looked into the living room. "Come on, Olivia needs those fingers of yours in her. I think she forgot to get off on John."

"Ruth—" Hannah said.

Erin cleared her throat.

Hannah looked flustered. "Just... wash your hands first."

"Thank you, Mother."

As Ruth left the room, Hannah set down. "Come on, last round."

John found it hard to concentrate after being edged by Ruth. His cock felt swollen and hard, but a tentative stroke left him shuddering with pleasure. He needed to bury himself in someone's cunt and soon otherwise he would have one of the worst case of blue balls ever. He smiled as he looked into the other room; there were no shortage of women who would willingly let him invade one or more of their orifices for his own pleasures.

Ester sat down.

John dealt.

Hannah, wearing nothing but garters with dangling straps for her discarded thigh-highs, concentrated on her cards. John was amused

that she had the same expression as her daughter when she was trying to win.

Ester waved him away after a brief glance of her hand.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"I'm good."

Hannah slapped three cards down. "Three."

John dealt her cards.

Together they flipped their hands.

Hannah had four of a kind, aces. She grinned triumphantly.

Ester flipped hers quietly with a smile.

Hannah spoke proudly. "I want you to breed..." Her eyes glanced over to Ester's royal flush and her words trailed off.

Ester smiled broadly. "I win."

John chuckled. "You did. Very impressive. What do you want then?"

Hannah stared at her daughter for a moment.

Ester looked straight at her mother. "Ruth and I go on birth control."

The entire house grew silent.

Hannah's face darkened.

Ester took a deep breath. "Until we're out of college at least. Then we'll get off and let John knock us up. But we have good options right now and pregnancy is just going—"

"I will not let you do that!" snapped Hannah as she stood up.

John steeled himself and started around the table toward Hannah.

"He is to breed you like the rest of us! I demand—"

He reached her and stepped around behind her as he pushed her shoulder.

"What? Wait, John!"

John's cock was achingly hard as he caught Hannah's wrist and pulled it behind her. "Listen to your daughter," he said quietly.

Hannah trembled underneath his grip as she stared.

Ester gulped. "R-Ruth had it right. We still want him but don't make us have a child. We're too young, we can't handle it."

"I'll—"

John kicked one ankle aside to spread her legs. Her sex was dripping wet from the earlier scenes and lovely framed by the garters. “Let her talk, Hannah.”

Hannah didn’t even resist as she continued to speak sharply. “You need him! I know it. You need to be—”

John thrust forward. His swollen cock speared her sex easily, sliding along slicked flesh as he buried his entire length into her with a single stroke.

Hannah’s words stopped as she let out a low moan.

He ground his hips against her buttocks. “Let her talk,” he said again, this time more firmly. He was careful not to push her into obedience, but he knew it would be almost impossible to speak up with his entire cock inside her. He felt huge and longer than normal as his cock head smashed against her cervix.

Ester worried her lips. “Please, Mom. I promise, we’ll get good grades and keep at it. If we drop it... then he can breed us. But until then, let us keep following the master plan. The only difference is that we don’t have to find the perfect guy.” She looked up at John.

John fucked her mother as he smiled back. His strokes were deep and long, plunging in and out. Everything was intense after Ruth’s expert edging and he didn’t know he could cum but when he did, he knew it would be a flood. His hips smacked against her hips as he felt his boss, a former hard-ass and now his personal slut, trembled with his strokes.

Hannah whimpered. “What... what if this wears off? What if you don’t want him anymore?”

“Then it would be good if we didn’t have his child.” Ester looked nervous but relaxing. She dropped one hand between her legs as she took in the sight of her own mother being fucked in front of her. “But if we still want him, if this solution doesn’t diminish over time, then I promise he’ll be getting us both pregnant the day we graduate.”

Hannah’s pussy clenched around his cock at her words.

John chuckled and leaned over her. “You like that idea? Having me breed your daughters in their graduation gowns?”

The flood of juices and the moan of need answered him.

“I promise, as long as you have me, I’m going to enjoy breeding each and every one of you. That includes this—” He shoved his cock hard against her womb. “—this cunt right here.”

Hannah squealed as she pushed back on his cock. She sobbed with lust.

“I’ll even spring for a week-long resort visit where I just fuck them every hour until I get it right.”

Ester and her mother gave almost identical shuddering gasps. If the clenching cunt on his cock was any indication, they had also both came at the idea.

He grinned and fucked Hannah harder and faster, slamming her into the dining room table.

Across the table, Ester began to openly masturbate as she hiked up one leg and dropped both hands between her thighs. Her entire body was rocking as she stared at them.

John felt larger than ever as he decided to breed Hannah to the best of his ability. Releasing her wrist, he gripped her hips and the tops of her garters and began to slam into her as fast as he could.

Release, Hannah just gripped the edges of the table as she pushed back. “Fuck me... please... fuck me.”

“Yes, madam,” he said and threw everything he could into pounding his boss into the dining room table. He had a long night ahead of him and he was damned if he wasn’t going to enjoy every moment.

His orgasm was intense, a searing hot spray of cum that flooded her cunt and poured out around his strokes. He groaned with every thrust as he emptied himself into her and then kept going until there was nothing but a froth of cum and orgasms between them.

When he finally pulled out, a puddle had formed on the ground beneath the table.

Hannah slipped down, first off the table and then onto her knees.

He looked down at her, his cock still hard and dripping. “Now, go eat your daughter out.”

Dazed with her orgasm, Hannah crawled underneath the table for Ester’s cunt.

John turned back to the living room. Most of the room was lost in their orgy but Christine was watching him with a smile. She was still on her back, head dangling over the edge of the couch.

She blew him a kiss.

He walked over to her and presented his dripping cock to her lips. When she opened it, he slid inside.

Yes, it was going to be a long and wonderful weekend.

*t'Sade*



# Sir

# 23

Wet pleasures woke up John from a deep slumber. He groaned as he tried to remember where he was. Weeks ago, he would have reached for his phone before his eyes had cleared but now he reached down to fist the hair of the woman giving him a deep throat.

Olivia's lips were exactly what he needed as she slid up and down his length. She has nestled her naked body between his thighs and he could feel her breasts against his skin as she moaned happily.

He closed his eyes again and enjoyed every inch of pleasure as she took him into ehr throat again and again. Her fingers teased his balls and circled his asshole but didn't penetrate. The little pleasures pushed him closer to an orgasm. He loved her smell, from the tang of her pussy to the perfume that clung to her body.

He could still feel some of the warmth of her body from sleeping next to him. He stretched his hands along the freshly changed sheets and thanked his lucky stars that he had stumbled onto that solution.

Olivia's moans grew louder. She lifted her body as she drew one hand away. A few seconds later, her body rocked as she began to masturbate herself.

Feeling his orgasm approach, John took more control. He gripped her hair and shoved her down onto his cock, straining toward his own pleasure as much as enjoying how much faster she fingered herself when he was the one in charge.

Soon he added a second one to fuck her face on his cock, impaling her mouth and throat with every stroke as he built up to an orgasm. He grunted with every thrust, shoving up into her mouth as much as pulling her down.

Her moans turned into gurgles as he invaded her throat. The wet slickness of her pleasuring coated his balls and skin. He enjoyed every inch of his morning wood as it cut off her breathing and then drew out before plunging back.

Sensitive from his waking, John couldn't last long fucking his submissive. He pulled her off his cock and held it a few inches from his cock. Before she could grab it, he began to spew across her face, painting it in strands of white seed.

Olivia giggled and opened her mouth, catching it as he came across her face.

Then when the last of the spurts had stopped, she swallowed loudly before sucking this end to clean him up.

John released her hair. "I love waking up this way."

Olivia popped her mouth off. "So do I, sir."

His shaft pulsed at the word. He never got tired of hearing it.

"What is on my agenda today?"

"Big sister is going to be showing up soon for work. You are going out to lunch with her." Olivia licked her lips and then used one glistening finger to push his cum into her mouth. "And then you are taking Hannah and Ruth to check out Yale, with two nights in Connecticut."

"Oh, long trip."

Olivia licked her lips. "Yes, sir."

"How much time before Erin gets here?"

From the door, Erin spoke up. "Oh, I'm just enjoying the view."

He lifted his gaze to her.

She was smiling and had a cardboard tray of coffee cups in her hands. She gestured to them. "This is how you wake up?"

John grinned. "Well, sometimes I come in her mouth and sometimes she rides me."

Olivia looked over her shoulder to her sister. "You want to get this?" she asked while hefting John's cock.

Erin set down the coffee on a table and pulled off her browser. "Actually, I was thinking my sister's pussy looks delicious. I think I'm going to have a taste."

Olivia moaned as she lifted herself to her knees.

John reached down to grab her hair and pull her mouth back to his cock.

He had a good life.

*t'Sade*

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at [curiouscabbit.com](http://curiouscabbit.com) or possibly at your favorite retailer.