

# Ultimate Weight Loss Program

t'Sade



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Curious Cabbit Press

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# Desperation

# 1

Emma groaned as she rolled over in her bed. The squish of her stomach caught under her weight and she had to suck in her gut to pull free before letting it roll over the edge of her blankets. The warm embrace of the mounded comforters to one side cradled her belly and thigh; she nestled into place with a smile. One hand reached up to cup her breast and let the pendulous weight rest in her palm.

It was bad night, both for her thoughts and her ever-present body issues. Her legs still burned from her attempt on the treadmill at the gym earlier in the evening. She had struggled for over twenty minutes until she heard the hard bodies around the free weights whispering and laughing. When she looked up in the mirror, she saw two of them pointedly staring at her in the mirrors. She had stumbled and hurt something in the process. When she couldn't keep running without limping, she gave up in defeat and fled to laughter.

In the dark, tears burned in her eyes. She knew she was fat but she was trying. It was more than most did. Three days a week, she went to the gym after work to shower off the musty smell of the old school bus before going out on the floor. Normally, she went to the “women’s area” that didn’t have as much pressure, but that was currently under renovation and she was forced out into the open.

She also knew that if she didn’t go for the two weeks it took for them to fix that area, it would be that much harder to resume when it did. Everything was a struggle at the moment, from the sweltering job of getting kids into their seats with only a few days left before

summer, to the empty apartment every night. Not going to the gym would just make it worse.

Emma sighed and rolled over, hiking her other leg over the mound of blankets and enjoying the cool air that tickled her skin. The wind from the fan blew up her leg like a lover to pause at her sex before the oscillation drew it back down.

She smiled to herself and spread her legs further apart. She was also horny. It had been two years since she had a dick driving into her. Her last boyfriend, Greg, had a fat girl fetish and a large dick to reach deep to all of the best places. He loved to spread her wide open until her ankles were above her head, and then plow into her with reckless abandon. The clap of his balls against her skin and the feeling of him driving deep always brought waves of orgasms crashing into her.

Reaching down, she palmed her sex briefly. Feeling the wind rising up again, she spread her hairy lips apart for the next brush of the wind from the fan. As soon as it passed, she rubbed two fingers along her slit until her fingertips grew slick. The pleasure grew and she hiked her leg further up along the blankets to imagine his hands holding her obscenely apart. Then she slid her two fingers into her hole and pumped.

Her mind flashed back to the hard bodies in the gym. This time, she thought about the looks she stole herself in the mirror, at their tight shorts and obvious bulges. If she ignored them being assholes, they were all beautiful compared to her. They have curves in the right places, pectorals that stood up, nipples begging to be sucked on, and bodies that would feel like silk-covered steel if she ever had the courage to grab them. She wanted to touch and stroke every inch, to feel their hard muscles pressed up against her as they fucked her harder than she thought possible.

Her fingers squelched as she picked up her pace. One of the gym rats always caught her attention, a thick-barrel man with a short beard and a roundish nose. They had gone for the water cooler at the same time and she noticed that his hands were huge, large enough to cup her breast and squeeze down hard. She had jilled herself on the idea of him mauling her tits while plowing his obviously large cock into her furrow until she screamed out in orgasm.

The moisture grew as did her pleasure. She fingered faster as she tried to bring up the image of his cock. She hoped he was long, at least eight inches of thick flesh. He needed that much to push past her padding of her puffy lips and thighs, but then it would feel so good driving into her cunt with hard, relentless strokes.

Emma bit down on her pillow as she came. It was a quick flash of pleasure, a hint of something more. She adjusted herself and spread her legs wide, hiding her hips up as she reached down around her squish to drive fingers from both hands into her sticky sex.

Then the alarm went off.

She looked up as she let out a shuddering breath. “Fuck.”

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# Advice

# 2

The doctor's office was always a forboding place but Emma forced herself to go twice a year, one for her birth control and the other for her physical. It gave her another twenty dollars a paycheck if she did and she could use every penny.

Doctor Wilson—Kurt—knocked before he entered. He was a handsome man, slender and tall with salt-and-pepper hair. He looked over her and then engaged in a bit of small talk before starting his annual examination.

She shivered at his touch and not entirely because of the cold air of the examination room. There were times when he talked to her as a real person, asking about her job as a school bus attendant or how she was doing at home, and other times he would just give her curt orders and directions. The latter always brought a strange flush to her cheeks as she became nothing more than an endless stream of women he had no doubt touched in intimate places over the last month.

“Any trouble with shortness of breath? Moving around?”

She blushed and looked down at her large breasts. Even from her angle, she could see her fat stomach and rounded hips. Some guys may have thought they were sexy, but she hated to carry the weight and feel them every time she squeezed into her pants. “I’m trying to lose weight. You know that, right? I’m really trying.”

His eyes were kind and compassionate. The steel blue caught her and she felt a little flush staring into them. He nodded. To her relief, he made no effort to look at her check-in weight.

“I just had a few bad months.” In reality, a few bad years but he rarely brought that up. She dug her fingers into her thick thighs and

tried not to cause her breasts to push up between her arms. Everything always moved and squished and swelled when she changed her position.

He didn't seem to notice as he sat down from her.

Emma sighed. "Isn't there anything else you can give me?"

Kurt sighed and turned to his computer. "I wish I could. The last few drugs we tried didn't work for long or you had serious complications."

She made a face at the memory of the last one. "Throwing up for three days is a serious complication."

He glanced at her before returning his attention to the screen. "Right. We don't really want that. Or for you to ruin your clothes like the ones a few before that. We already looked into bariatric surgery but your previous history suggests you may have trouble with that option. I'm sorry, there isn't a lot of choices we have left."

Emma wiped a tear from her eye. "Isn't there... anything else? Any new drug?"

"Are you still going to the gym?"

She nodded.

"Swimming?"

"I can't hold my breath very long and then I get water in my mouth and I can't stop swallowing."

For a moment, she thought she saw a ghost of a smile. It reminded her of the look Gary gave her, when he begged her to go down on him. She tried it once, but then he said she was "gobbling" down on it and she refused to do it again. But every man she dated had an obsession with shoving his dick into her mouth or trying to shove it up her ass.

She looked over her doctor again. Even though he wore proper clothes with a white coat, she couldn't miss his flat stomach or the furrows of muscles along his arms and shoulders. Even the silver hairs on his arm just reminded her that he was handsome.

Her pussy grew slick with longing. She had been struggling all day with being horny, but a school bus wasn't a place to relieve the itch that she started with her morning fantasies nor was the twenty minutes to rush to the doctor's office. Emma squirmed a little in her seat, thankful that it would be obvious that her underwear had grown moist.

The idea of sex with Kurt was appealing and he featured during an occasional masturbation session. He was always perfunctory, perfect for a little reluctant fantasy of being inspected like cattle. The fantasy version of him was always dominate, using her rough instead of caring about her own comfort.

Emma realized her thoughts were slipping away and she forced herself to pay attention to the silver fox.

Kurt cleared his throat. "See if you can get a trainer to help you. Even if you push just a few more reps, I'm sure it will do wonders. Otherwise, work with weights to increase the fat burn and plenty of aerobic exercises. Avoid the treadmill because it's hard on your knees. Don't worry, we'll get through this. Don't go overboard and just treat it like a marathon."

Dejected, she nodded.

He stood up and headed to the door. At it, he paused and stuck his hand in his pocket.

Emma watched him.

Kurt toyed with something, his hand tenting the fabric of his coat. "Look, Emma, I know you're trying."

"I am!"

He pulled something out before turning around. It was a business card of some sort. "If you are that desperate, there is this program. It transforms beautiful women like yourself. Intensive, ten weeks of isolation, exercise, and limited diet. There are professionals for every step of the way."

She held her breath, a faint hope rising.

Kurt cocked his head. "But, I have to warn you. It's really hard and unforgiving. They will push you to your very limits and there is no running away if it gets too much. Once you're there, you have to see out the entire program. There is no running away, no giving up if you start."

Emma reached out her hand for the card.

"Emma, this is not a marathon program. This a sprint, a brutal and demanding race that will remake you." The card hovered right out of her reach. "It could break you. You could end up in a hospital."

Her fingers trembled as she pawed for the card. "Please? Doctor Wilson? I'm desperate, I'll do anything."

Suddenly, his smile seemed less comforting and more predatory. “I know,” he said in a low voice as he handed over the card.

She snatched it and looked at it: Ultimate Weight Loss Program. It only had an email address and a website. It didn't matter to her. She would do it, she had to do it.

When she looked up, the kind and comforting smile was back. “I hope you get what you deserve out of it, Emma. I look forward to seeing the results.” Then he left her alone with her dreams in an empty examination room.

# Validation

# 3

As desperate as she was, Emma still wasn't entirely sure about the program after a few days. Searching the web didn't come up with much other than a single page website that had pictures of before and after. The results looked too good to be true, the left side were just as heavy or heavier than herself and the other side had what appeared to be the same people looking more like porn stars. It had to be AI generated or something, there was no way anyone could have such a major change in ten weeks.

The rest of the site showed off glowing recommendations but there wasn't an address, phone number or anything else to see at the bottom.

If it wasn't for her doctor's advice, she would have passed it off as a scam.

She pulled into her parent's driveway behind her father's beaten F150. As the engine of her car popped and hissed, she toyed with the edge of the card. It was already smooth from her finger as she stared at the front. What if it was that simple? Ten weeks of misery and she could have a body even half of what she saw on their website.

Her thoughts drifted to the other pictures she saw. All the women were beautiful, with perky tits and firm asses that she dreamed of having. The men were ripped and amazing; she had jilled herself repeatedly to the images as she pictured their large hands mauling her tits or bending her in half to rail her. If the program worked, then maybe she could have one of the men in the photos or even the gym rats that made fun of her.

The last two nights had been filled with repeated orgasms as she imagined it, but the itch between her legs never sated. It had been

two days and she couldn't have enough orgasms. Clenching her thighs, she tried to tear her thoughts away from her desires and cool down enough to have dinner with her parents.

With a groan, she levered herself out of her car. Her skort tugged on the seat for a moment before she freed herself. She had dressed nicely for her parents, a powder blue blouse with a tan bottom. Her shoes were white, as usual and she had pulled her blonde hair into a nice French braid with a little butterfly clip at the end.

Her parents insisted she only brought herself when she came to visit, but she still felt naked as she headed up the drive and into the garage.

Her father was leaning against a counter. He was a big guy, with a gray beard and bulging arms. He had a gut and thick thighs on her, but his body gave off the impression of a walking mountain more. He was getting close to retirement as a road construction worker and he always smelled of asphalt, sweat, and gasoline.

"Hi, Daddy."

He turned from where he was lifting a toolbox. "Pumpkin!"

Turning back, he dropped his box onto the workbench. It shook the ground from the impact, rattling the tools along the surface, before it settled. She could feel the weight of it even from there. He stepped up to her and held open his arms. "Come here!"

She sank into his embrace, the comforting softness with layers of muscle underneath. She felt protected in his grip as she leaned on his shoulder. "How was your day?"

"Almost got clipped by a Beemer but then a trooper pulled him over and I got to watch him get a ticket. All fines doubled in construction!" He chuckled while smoothing her hair with his rough palm. He pulled back and looked her over with a smile that reached his eyes. "You look beautiful, Baby."

"Thanks, Daddy," she said while rolling her eyes. He always said that but it was nice to hear it. It made a contrast to her mother's demeaning words.

"Want to help me sort some screws? I just got a big box of 20s that need to find a home." He loved sorting things into little boxes, it started with baby food jars when she was younger to pill tubes as they aged. Even in his fifties, he was still a healthy man but there were always something that the doctor needed to proscribe.

Emma brightened. She wanted to see what her parents thought about the program and that would give her a chance to talk to her day without her disapproving mom expressing an opinion first.

She almost said something but then garage door opened. “Come on, Em, you will help with the stuffing.”

Unlike Emma and her father, Emma’s mother was a tiny slip of a woman. She had very little curves, walked five miles a day, and could out-eat both of them without trying. But she was always prim and proper; she never left the house without makeup and Emma didn’t think she had ever heard her mother fart once in her life.

Her dad chuckled and then patted Emma’s shoulder. He whispered, “Better help your mum before she yells at me.”

“And you,” her mom said with a scowl. “Take a shower. You stink from work and dinner will be ready in twenty minutes.”

“Yes, madam.” He smirked as he saluted her.

“Don’t call me madam!” snapped her mother.

Emma grinned at the age old arguments and headed inside. “Evening, Mama.”

“That’s a lovely outfit.” It was a perfunctory compliment but Emma doubted her mother thought it was true. There was no emotion behind it, just a wooden observation. “Come on, I don’t want dinner to get cold.”

They made small talk while finishing up dinner.

Then Emma broke the news. “Um, Mama, I want your opinion on something.”

“Of course.” Her mother set down the knife from carving the ham and looked directly at her.

“You know I’ve been... struggling with my weight.”

Her mom’s eyes narrowed and her hand tightened on the hilt.

“Doctor Wilson suggested this intensive program that might help. It’s pricy, a couple thousand dollars, and it lasts ten weeks. It looks like they have good results.” Amazing results if you considered the soft-core porn pictures on the website.

“What about your job?” Her mother’s voice was tense and worried. “A girl like you can’t afford to just walk away.”

Emma’s shoulders tensed. “It starts a week after school’s out for summer. I can make it and then get back in time for next year’s setup.”

“I suppose you need the money then? Is this going to be another fad like those drugs that caused you to ruin my seat?”

Emma blushed hotly with humiliation.

“Or that gym membership you are always talking about?”

The cutting tone dug into Emma. She flinched. “No, Mama, I make good money on the bus. I have enough in savings to cover this. And I’ve covered my own gym membership for two years now.”

Her mother shrugged and returned to her cutting. “Then do it. You need to lose the weight.”

A surge of emotion rose up. Her mother was always business when it came to Emma’s weight. Almost sharp and cruel about it. Emma steeled herself as her hand trembled with the effort to finish scoping the stuffing into the serving bowl.

Her dad came down the stairs as food was being served. “And there are my two lovely ladies!” He had switched into a pair of sweats and a t-shirt, his big gut barely hanging in his shirt. But even with his weight, there was still a hardness from the hours of working in the hot sun. He gave Emma a brilliant smile as he sat down in the chair at the end, spreading his legs far apart as he scooted up to the table.

Emma glanced down and caught sight of her father’s bulge. It was impossible to miss in the tight sweats; he was not small between his barrel-thick thighs. An errant thought rose up, driven by the horniness that plagued her for days. She turned away sharply to avoid staring.

Her mother came in with a sigh. “Jesus, Hal, couldn’t you have worn something nice?”

Her father shrugged. “What? It’s clean, it’s comfortable.” He tugged on his shirt. “It covers my belly.”

“We have a guest.”

“She’s your daughter, Lil.” His tone grew tenser. “I want her to be comfortable here, not be treated like the pastor coming to visit.”

Her mother tsked before she served him a heaping pile of food. Then she served herself before setting the bowl next to Emma. Her slender body was tense with the friction that had been underlying their relationship for years.

Emma wondered if it was worth visiting her parents if they kept fighting.



They ate in silence for a few minutes.

Then her mother spoke up. “Emma is thinking about some weight loss fad.”

Her father looked at Emma, his blue eyes taking her in. “Why? She’s beautiful.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Her mother glared at him. “Because she’s fat, James. She needs to lose it before it kills her.”

Emma flinched.

Her dad ignored her mother. He gave Emma a smile and a little shake of his head. “What do you need, Pumpkin? Money? How much is it?”

“She can pay for it herself.”

“Maybe I want to help... Lil?”

Emma cringed. “I, um... just need someone to water my plants and check on my apartment every few days. I have everything else.”

“Of course,” he said. “Anything for you.”

She beamed happily.

Her father reached out and patted her hand. “All I want you to do is be happy.”

Her mother scoffed.

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# Platform One

# 4

It was seven past four in the morning and Emma was not ready for such an early morning. After a year of being a bus attendant, a five am wake-up call was nothing but waking up at three left her struggling to get through getting dressed, putting on makeup, and preparing for her ten-week long “transformation.” The last ten minutes had been waiting outside the apartment, straining to keep her eyes open as she leaned against her suitcase.

The relatively sparse email that she got from signing up to the Ultimate Weight Loss Program only had a schedule and confirmation numbers that a car would pick her up at a quarter after four in the morning.

So far, the program had not sat well with her. The landing page after handing over a sizable chunk of her credit card was plain and didn’t say anything. It wasn’t until an hour later that she got a welcome email that was also void of branding or marketing.

A yawn caught her and Emma closed her eyes as she struggled to sleeping while trying to draw whatever oxygen she could into her sleep-fogged brain. It was way too early. She dug into her pocket and grabbed the business card Kurt gave her. The worn edge was comforting as she ran her finger along the edge. It had become somewhat of a fidget toy for her since he gave it to her and she wondered if she could get a box of them before she left the program.

She finished yawning.

There was a black car parked in front of her.

Emma gasped and stepped back. “Holy shit.”

She hadn’t heard to pull up or even it make a noise. It didn’t look like any Uber she had seen before, even the five-star ones. Instead,

there was something more formal about it, like a private limousine from the older days. It also made no noise, no rumble of an engine or popping of heat underneath the hood. If Emma hadn't known before, she would have sworn that it had always been there and she just noticed it.

The driver side door opened and the driver got out. Emma caught sight of high heels and black pantyhose covering a remarkable trim leg before it registered that the driver was like the vehicle, completely unexpected.

The chauffeur wore a white, button-down shirt and a black pencil skirt. The relatively simple outfit somehow made her curves even harder to notice. It wasn't just the large tits that created mountains underneath the straining shirt nor the open buttons that revealed a black bra and deep cleavage with a rose tattoo, but also her narrow waist, curvey hips, and the generous slit in skirt that revealed garters and miles of smooth skin. What Emma didn't see was the sides of the driver's underwear, even with the slit going so high to reveal the curve of her hip.

Emma stared in shock. Her driver looked like a porn star.

The driver reached up and tilted the bill of her chauffeur's hat. Like her skirt and the car, it was black with no additional symbols or marketing. "Good morning, Miss. You wouldn't happen to be Emma Green, would you?" The driver spoke with just a hint of a British accent and the sultry purr that escaped the woman's thick lips were more appropriate for pillow talk than driving a car.

Emma gulped loudly as she felt a heat fluttering between her legs. While she had lingered over pictures of women, it was usually a desire to be thin and beautiful, not a sexual hunger that she felt for the stranger in front of her. But the closer the chauffeur came, her perfume and heat set off little ripples of pleasure that harden Emma's nipples underneath her t-shirt and moistened her panties. It was an uncomfortable feeling being turned on. "Y-Yes."

The driver stepped up until they were only inches away. Her larger breasts were practically in Emma's face. On her right one was a name badge, "Victoria." No last name, just a first. "Mind if I take your bag, Miss Green?"

Emma's cheeks heated up as she stared at the pair of hard nipples tenting the fabric in front of her. They were gumdrop-shaped, well-

defined even through the material, and only inches from her lips. The breasts underneath them looked so round and perky, Emma could almost picture them standing up on their own if she ever saw Victoria naked.

Thinking about the driver naked brought another flush of heat. Emma stepped back and almost threw her bag to the driver.

Victoria snatched it in air and circled around the car. The hood popped open as she approached. Then, bending at the waist, the chauffeur leaned over and stuck it inside. Her ass stuck out, the tight material of her skirt not even showing a hint of a panty line or anything besides a tight ass firm enough to bend steel and set off men. Emma's eyes widened as she saw the slit on the side rising up higher, showing nothing but bare skin and the garters but nothing else; her driver wasn't even wearing a thong.

It only took a second before the driver was holding the door open to the back. "Now, Luv, if you don't mind. We have a little drive to reach the coach and the destination of your dreams."

Emma crawled in, humiliated about the struggle to tilt her ass into the seat and then sit down. Comparing herself to the chauffeur was humiliating; there was no way the program would ever turn Emma into someone as beautiful as the woman getting behind the steering wheel.

The car made no noise as it pulled away from Emma's apartment. There wasn't even a hint of the road, just a gliding sensation as they smoothly accelerated into the nearly empty streets. It had to be electric, but there were no obvious displays on the dashboard besides analog dials.

As they passed, Emma stared out at the dark houses sliding by. Like her usual mornings, there were only a few with the lights on, the early risers as she liked to think of them. It had only been a week since she was done for her job until fall and she already missed the regularity having to show up and be working.

"Looking forward to the program?"

Emma jumped at the driver's words. "Y... Yes."

The eyes in the rear view mirror narrowed with a smile, then she smiled her thick lips broadly. "You're going to love it. It was the best decision I had never made."

Staring, Emma couldn't believe it. The porn star driving her around was in the program? "H-How? I mean, you're beautiful!"

Victoria shrugged. "The program really transforms you. Before you know it, you'll probably look better than me."

"I doubt it, I mean, you had to be already looking like that." Most likely, she had a little bit of padding and thought she was horribly fat.

In response, the driver dug around on her seat. She lifted a small black purse to flip it over and then set it down. The car didn't even waver on the road she unzipped a pouch and pulled out something. "Here ya go, Luv. Take a look at this."

She handed a photograph back to Emma to who took it. It was a picture of a woman larger than Emma sitting on the beach in a blue bikini. The outfit had strained around the woman in the photo, trying to contain the large breasts that threatened to spill out and hook over her wide hips. She had rolls of fat but still a Even in the image, she could see that the strands of the top were struggling to keep from snapping and the bottom couldn't be seen past the rolls of fat and sunburned skin.

With a second look, Emma realized it was Victoria. Both the picture and her driver had the same smile, the same face, and even an identical tattoo in their cleavage. Even their hair was the same color, though the driver had a longer and more luxurious style.

Emma toyed with the edge of the photo as she stared at it, losing her thoughts to the idea that she could be just as beautiful. Slowly, she ran her finger along the edge of the photo, dragging back and forth as she drank in the differences between the picture and the woman in front of her.

Shaking, she handed it back.

Victoria's fingers were light against hers as she took the picture back. "That was about six years ago, one of the first in the program."

"What is the program like?"

Victoria smiled but said nothing.

"I mean, was it hard?"

Another smile.

"You aren't going to tell me?" Emma sighed.

"Sorry, Luv. NDAs and the like."

They drove in silence for a little while.

Emma wanted to know more but it was obvious that she wasn't going to get any answers about the program. A different idea came to her. "If you look like that, why are you a driver?"

Victoria's smile grew wider. Her lips curled back and it was too easy to imagine them wrapped around some dick like the porn videos. Everything about the driver screamed "fucked me!" A surge of jealousy and longing filled Emma, she wanted to give off the same vibes by time she was done with the program.

Her driver gestured to her dashboard. "Oh, I make pretty good money as a driver. About three hundred a year."

Emma's jaw dropped. "Three hundred thousand?"

"Aye, little above that. Plus tips." The driver winked.

"You make three hundred k driving!? How!?"

The woman opened her mouth to answer but then smirked. "Oh look, we're here."

Here was a bus stop. Emma's group was obvious, a dozen men and woman, all fat and with a single suitcase with them. They stood in front of a pitch black bus with no signs or symbols on it. Only the mandatory numbers and symbols could be seen on the side.

The limousine pulled up behind the bus and the driver got out. Emma followed in time to see her driver once again bent over the back end of the car to fish out Emma's bags. Around her, the other people in the program stared with various expressions of longing and desire.

The closest, a black man with a large gut and a beard chuckled. "Hard to believe that you're going to look like her once this is done." He had a low, rumbling voice.

Emma stared at the perk backside that flexed underneath the black skirt. She would have killed for a body like that. "Y-Yeah."

He held out his hand. "Malcolm."

She took the slightly moist grip and shook it. "Emma."

The driver set down Emma's bag in front of her. "Here you are, Luv. And enjoy your program, you are going to love the results."

Her eyes turned to Malcolm and she smiled brilliantly. "Anything I can get you, sir?"

"I... I..." He licked his lips.

Victoria winked and blew him a kiss. "Maybe after, you never know."

She returned to her car.

Malcolm sighed and shook his head. "Damn," drawing the word out as his eyes fixated on Victoria's body as she settled into place.

The jealousy rose up, both from Malcolm's attention but also Victoria's looks. She really hoped that the program would do exactly what Victoria said it would do. The longing cut into her like a knife and she toyed with the business card in her pocket to comfort her.

As the car silently glided away, he groaned to himself. "Damn. They say the program will make us like that but I'm having so much trouble believing it."

"But you're here."

He smiled brightly. "Touché. Sometimes you have to take a risk. Beside, it was only a month's pay."

Emma flinched. The program had eaten almost two years of savings.

Malcolm didn't seem to notice. He gestured widely to the gathered people. "Any cliques you want to join? Or want to be alone?"

Emma looked at the gathered people. They were all like her, overweight and desperate. None of them had a large suitcase, just like her, and they looked as long as hopeful as she felt. Two of them, both women, were watching her and Malcolm.

"Well, Emma, if you want to hang around, you can stand with Alice and Vinh and me. The bus driver said that it would be another fifteen minutes or so before we could board."

At Emma's nod, Malcolm led her over and introduced them.

Alice was a brown-haired woman with a heart-shaped face, a pear-shaped body, and a gold crucifix necklace between her relatively small breasts. She had a small phone in her hand, but the screen was off. She giggled nervously as she held out her hand. "Doctor's orders?"

Emma froze as an idea rose up. Was this all Kurt's doing?. "Doctor Wilson?"

"No, Doctor Canova, over on the other side of town. But it really wasn't orders but more of a suggestion. She suggested it might be too much for me."



Emma giggled nervously herself. “My doctor said the same thing.”

“Same.”

“*Nhu nhau*,” said Vinh. She was a much shorter woman, Asian by appearances. “My doctor said that I shouldn’t take it, but left the card just in case. I took it, of course.” Except for the first two words, her accents was unremarkable.

Emma mentally adjusted her opinion of the woman, she had to be at least second or third generation from whatever country her grandparents came from.

Vinh held up the plain card identical to Emma’s. Then she sniffed it and smiled broadly before tucking it back in her pocket. “I was the first one here, but they haven’t said anything besides saying we would be leaving at five on the dot.”

Malcolm groaned. “The driver said there were ten of us and you would be the last one. Why aren’t they opening the doors so we can get inside?”

Emma glanced at the bus. Like the limousine, it wasn’t making any noise but there was a sense that it was idling for the proper time. “They have a schedule. You can’t hurry it up otherwise the people who are counting on you to show up at a certain time might miss.”

At their looks, she shrugged. “I’ve been a school bus attendant for four years ago. I know a lot about bus schedules.”

Malcolm chuckled. “Well, then I’ll gladly use you as a SME.”

“SME?”

“Subject Matter Expert. Say you were writing a book about coding, I would be a ‘go to’ guy for that.”

Emma wanted to say that explaining the acronym was enough, but he obviously wanted to show off his knowledge plus his job.

Vinh waved her hand. “CPA.”

Alice sighed. “Massage therapist... or would be if customers would stop complaining about being serviced by a ‘fatty.’ The manager bumped me to the front desk and told me to lose weight or lose my job. Like that’s legal,” she said with a pout.

“It is,” said Malcolm. “We’re in an at-will state.”

Both Emma and Vinh nodded.

“Well, shit then. Good thing I’m going on this program. And I better have a fucking sexy body coming out of it.” She stroked the side of a small black purse in her hand. Emma saw one of the business cards sticking out of it.

“Amen to that,” Malcolm said with a laugh.

Emma glanced around to the others. The others were in the same position of discomfort but she noticed at least half of them were playing with the business cards. Some toyed with the edges, one kept scratching the bottom of her chin with it, and others took the occasional sniff. They would put it away, but then others would do the same thing. Watching the entire platform, she noticed that there was at least one person playing with a card.

Curious, she pulled out her card while turning her back to the others. She took a delicate sniff. It smelled like a normal paper card, but on the second sniff, she caught a hint of perfume on the paper. It was delicate and was almost impossible to catch.

An image of Victoria welled up in her thoughts, triggered by the scent. It was somehow the same. Emma took another deeper breath as she pictured Victoria in the throes of an orgasm, writhing on the leather back seat with some guy pounding between her legs.

The flash of heat and moisture came suddenly.

Emma let out a squeak and dropped the card. She shook as she turned around, feeling a blush burning on her cheeks.

Vinh glanced at her. “Something wrong?”

“N-Nothing!”

Alice and Malcolm looked at her with silent questions.

Emma whimpered as she looked at the four.

Then the door to the bus opened and another porn star stepped out. This time, it was a white man with a chiseled chest clearly obvious from his button-down shirt. He had a chauffeur’s hat on, just like Victoria, but his outfit emphasized the bulk of his leg and arm muscles. The material of his shirt strained around his well-defined pectorals while there was an obscene bulge in his trousers. “Ladies and gentlemen!” He had a smooth, low voice.

All conversations slowed then stopped.

The driver gestured to his name tag. “My name is Derek and I’ll be your driver. We are about to get ready, so if you would be so kind as to set your suitcases down by the side of the bus and hop on in.”

Malcolm gasped. “Holy fuck, I think he just made me gay,” he said in a low whisper.

Alice giggled and Vinh snorted with amusement.

Derek gestured toward Emma with a wink. “We don’t have assigned seating, but if you do, I’m sure Emma here can offer you some advice.”

Emma squeaked and blushed hotly. How did they know what she did?

Derek beckoned for her. “Come on, don’t be shy. Might as well be the first on the bus.”

He stepped off and walked to the side of the bus to point to the ground.

Painfully aware of everyone staring at her, Emma picked up her suitcase and carried it to the spot.

Malcolm, Alice, and Vinh followed.

She set it down and then circled around Derek to board the bus.

To her surprise, Derek slipped his muscular arm around her shoulders and guided her to the bus. “There you go, Luv.”

He smelled good, very good. Like the perfume on the card and the scent that clung to Victoria’s gorgeous body. Emma grew slick as she mounted the steps and into the richly appointed bus. She stumbled as she looked at the padded seats, built-in televisions, and what appeared to be a bar in the back.

“Holy fuck,” gasped Malcolm. “Is this how buses look these days?”

Emma shook her head. “Not the ones I normally ride in. Come on, let’s pick a spot in the back.”

She was finally on the way to get the body of her dreams.

*t'Sade*

# Voyage

# 5

After three hours on the bus, Emma was officially jealous. Instead of plastic seats and everyone rattling around, she was enjoying a recliner that was more comfortable than any chair in her apartment. It cushioned her rear and had plenty of space to the sides that she didn't feel cramped. Not to mention, the leg room was more than generous that sitting next to the window didn't feel confining. She could get up and walk past Malcolm without disturbing him if she wanted to.

The only thing was the utter silence of the couch itself. After so many years of working as a bus attendant, she had equated the rumble of a diesel or propane engine with movement. Not only did the vehicle make no noise, it didn't have the familiar rumble of an engine moving or even the sway of the suspension taking on the ever present pot holes and road repairs; it truly felt like it was gliding across the asphalt.

She rocked the plastic cup with Diet Coke in her hand and watched the countryside sailing past. She had no clue where they were. The bus hadn't made a single stop but thankfully it had roomy bathrooms, plenty of food and drink, and enough space to walk up and down between the seats. Even passing so many plus sized folks wasn't a struggle.

It felt more like a resort than a bus ride.

Near the front of the bus, she saw a cluster of participants chatting happily with Derek about one of the latest football games. Behind her, near the drink and snack bar, another conversation about shows occasional peeked her interest.

Emma was too nervous to join either. During the school year, she quickly grew out of touch with adult shows since she mostly talked to children and theirs. She knew more about the latest toys, games, and cartoons than whatever drama was currently popular. Over the summer, she used to catch up, but after a few years it seemed pointless other than to pick a random show and binge watch until she fell asleep.

Malcolm didn't appear to be inclined to join either. He spent the last hour scrolling through his phone. Whenever Emma glanced over, he was reading something long and filled with text. She half expected him to be into gaming, not "architecture" though she didn't spot even a single picture of a building.

She squirmed and returned her attention back to the window. They were passing fields on either side of the coach. The endless rows of flat earth and crops quickly grew tedious and she shifted into position again. Her hand fluttered along her thigh as she struggled to keep her mind blank to pass the time.

An itch grew and she twisted in her seat. It took her a moment to identify the source, she was horny. Her pussy had grown slick and she could feel her nether lips sliding along each other every time she moved from one side to the other.

With a flush, she dug into her pocket and grabbed her phone.

No signal.

The bars were empty.

Emma glanced at Malcolm's phone and the content scrolling by then to her own. She didn't want to intrude but she needed to escape the growing desire to shove her hands into her yoga pants and at least give herself a few rubs. Biting her lip, she leaned over. "Hey, Malcolm?"

He flipped his phone. "Yeah?"

"Do you have access?"

Malcolm chuckled and shook his head. He turned over his phone again and showed the lack of bars. "Lost it before we even got out of the city. I've just been going through my backlog of reading that I need to do for work."

"Oh," she said with a sigh. "Thanks."

He twisted in his own seat and then returned to his reading. She watched for a moment, his brown fingers wrapped around the phone. They were shaking faintly.

As she watched, she noticed that he wasn't scrolling. Curious, she peeked over to look at him fully. He had a full gut but in the stillness of the coach, it was moving almost rhythmically. It took a moment to realize he had his other hand in his pants, discretely stroking at a sizable lump that stuck out underneath his phone.

He was jerking off, right front of her, and she wouldn't have known if it wasn't for her own horniness. Her own pussy grew slick with the sight.

Malcolm moved his head toward her.

Emma looked away, her mind focused on the sight of the knuckles tenting the fabric and the large crown that appeared and disappeared with his slow strokes. After a few seconds, she peeked back but he was back to his phone.

Motion across the aisle caught her attention.

Vinh was reclined in her seat, a blanket over her lap. Her thighs kept it pinned underneath her but there was a flutter of movement as her fingers rose and fell at her crotch. In her mouth, she had one of the business cards captured in her teeth as she pumped up and down with slow strokes.

Emma stared in shock and growing excitement. Around her, the bus had gotten quiet and she could imagine there were others jerking and jilling themselves. It was something in the business cards or the air. The same scent as Victoria's perfume and Derek's cologne, it made everyone horny.

She bit her lower lip and glanced at Malcolm's hand as he pumped himself. With a grin, she leaned over and nudged him with her shoulder.

He froze, his hands wrapped around his cock and knuckles sticking out from the fabric.

"Hey," Emma whispered, "look across. Look at what Vinh is doing."

He did and then inhaled sharply. "Holy fuck," he said in an equally quiet whisper. He turned to and leaned over. "Is she doing what I think she's doing?"

"Jerking off?" Emma said with a grin.

His face paled. “Y-Yeah, that.”

Emma felt a squelched of her own excitement. She was horny and there was a nice hard cock next to her. Having sex was out of the question, but maybe if she gave him a hand, he would return the favor? “Best way to pass the time, right?”

“Y-Yeah.” He squirmed.

Taking a deep breath, Emma wormed her arm underneath his belly and cupped the moist lump of his cock. “Need a friend?” she whispered.

Malcolm’s eyes widened and his grip on his manhood tightened. He didn’t pull away and she was encouraged.

“Maybe you should go back to reading?”

He gulped as he pulled his hand out of his pants, holding it open for her to slip her own inside. His skin was silky soft as she nuzzled down into the hot confines around his shaft. It was thick, about as wide as a Coke can, with a large flared head. Her fingers slid along the pre-cum that already coated his base and matted into his pubic hair.

Malcolm’s lips tightened as she wrapped her hand around it and pumped slowly. It felt good to have something so hard and hot in her palm again. He thrust into her hand as she slide from crown to base and up again. “Oh fuck,” he gasped.

Emma bit her lip as she pumped harder, enjoying the way his body shuddered. It wasn’t as good as sex, but seeing him tense with a growing orgasm brought a pleasure of its own. She twisted as she pumped, sliding up and down the thick cock she already wanted inside her.

Across the aisle, Vinh glanced over.

Emma tensed but didn’t stop pumping.

The Asian’s eyes widened for a moment and then the fluttering at her crotch grew faster. Their eyes locked together as Emma pumped Malcolm and Vinh jilled herself. Neither said anything over the barely contained moans escaping from Malcolm’s throat.

Their movements grew faster and bolder. His pre-cum soaked her hand as she twisted and pulled, dipping her fingers down to his thickly furred balls and then back again.

“Holy fuck,” he gasped as she gripped the handle.



Alice's head popped up. She stared at a moment and then mouthed "holy fuck" herself.

Emma grinned and watched both of the women watching her as she pumped harder and faster.

"Gonna... gonna..."

She could feel his orgasm. The swelling of his cock in her grip and the way the heat rolled through her fingers made it hard to resist shoving her other hand into her own leggings. She brought her slick hand up to his crown and rolled over the top of it to catch his seed when he finally blew.

Malcolm shuddered as he came into her palm. Hot jets of cum sprayed into her hand and Emma cupped her fingers to catch it. He didn't last long as the hot, sticky fluids pooled.

He slumped back.

Emma pulled out her hand and held up her fingers, his cum clinging to her finger as the thick seed rolling down.

Alice grinned and mouthed "slut."

Emma smiled and then licked it.

Both Vinh and Alice's eyes grew wide with surprise, but there was a naughty joy as they watched Emma slurp down Malcolm's cum. It was rich and salty but it sated some of the itch that was assaulting her senses.

"Holy fuck," Malcolm whispered to her.

Emma sucked her last finger clean and then held up her glistening digits.

"Thank you," he said.

There was movement across the aisle as Alice worked her way around Vinh's outstretched legs as the Asian finished off her own orgasm. She leaned against the chair in front of them and told Malcolm to switch side.

Emma's pussy grew hot as Alice slipped into his seat and then leaned over. "So, got anything for girls?" she said with a conspiratorial whisper while pulling a blanket over their laps.

Even though she had never been with a woman, there was something exotic and exciting about their situation. It didn't matter if they were pumping pheromones into the coach, Emma could only think about breaking her two year dry spell. "Right now, I don't care who's fingers are there, as long as they aren't mine."

Alice grinned and pulled a strand of her hair behind her ear. “We should definitely be roomies,” she said as she worked her hand into Emma’s waistband. Her fingers dove underneath Emma’s belly and then to her puffy folds. With a sure stroke, she parted her lips and ran her fingers along Emma’s soaked slit.

Emma moaned at the first touch in many years. She fumbled for Alice’s own sex, fumbling with the waistband until she could reach the relatively hairless slit. There were little bumps sticking out underneath her palm; Alice had shaved but not recently. But her slit was just as wet as her own.

Alice sighed and resumed stroking Emma’s pussy, fingers delving down into the tight hole before working up to her clitoris and back again.. “Oh fuck, it’s been too long.”

“How long?”

“Five years. You?”

“Two.” Emma shuddered at the second finger stretching her hole. She parted her leg and clutched the blanket.

Alice leaned over, resting her head on Emma’s shoulder. “Once we get to the room and we get cleaned up, I’m going to see if you taste as good as you look. I’m looking forward to licking every hole of your body tonight.”

At the idea of someone, anyone, going down on her set Emma off. She let out a little squeak as she came hard and fast, soaking her panties and Alice’s fingers as she leaned back.

It was turning out to be a great program already.

# Dessert

# 6

The smell of food woke Emma from her afterglow-fueled nap. It was a slow, luxurious awareness of grilled meat and savory flavors teasing her senses that drew her up from dreams of blowjobs and getting fucked. She smiled and took a deep breath; it smelled like steak and sweet potatoes; she could almost taste the brown sugar and butter.

Stretching, she was surprised when her shirt was tugged down. Without a curious pull, she found that she had cupped her left breast while she slept and her nipples were resting on the hard, gumdrop nipple. She twisted it a little, just to enjoy the sparkle of pleasure, and then extricated her hand from her shirt.

Opening her eyes, she stared into the shadowy realm of unlit farms and fields. There were no streetlights sailing overhead. Nor did the bus have any external lights. The only light came from inside the cabin, but she couldn't see even of it a hint of it reflected on the tall grasses and mile markers that whipped past. In the far distance, she could see the dotted light that made up a small town but it looked hundreds of miles away in the darkness.

She thought about the bus breaking down and shuddered. She had no clue where they were and the only signs of civilization looked too far to hike for her health. She resisted the urge to check her phone, there was no way she would have a signal out there. Instead, she sniffed her fingers and caught a hint of pussy juice still clinging to her skin.

Next to her, Malcolm stirred. His thigh thick brushed against hers as he sat up. "F-Food?"

Emma yawned and sat up herself. "Smells like it."

Across the aisle, Vinh and Alice were sleeping against each other. Alice's hands were between Vinh's thighs, cupping her sex as she nuzzled against the asian woman's shoulder. She had the business card in her lips again and she chewed it in her sleep.

Emma grinned and gestured for Malcolm to stand up.

He did and she followed, stretching.

Derek was still driving though the crowd around him had thinned. He looked just as fresh as he did when they started, though he had to been driving at least six hours without a break.

Emma leaned over. "Did we stop?"

"No..." Malcolm said in a distracted voice as he checked his phone. Emma saw that he didn't have a signal either. He sighed and shoved his phone back into his pocket. "Missing of nowhere, aren't we?"

"Looks like it?"

"Wonder what... hello."

Emma followed Malcolm's gaze but he was leaning to the side and looking down the aisle. Emma rested one hand on his shoulder and squeezed until she could inch forward to see what he spotted.

It was one of the women, on her knees as she ate out another woman sitting sideways in her seat. The second woman's shorts dangled off her ankle, revealing a rose tattoo on her thigh that the first was massaging it while her entire head rose and fell along the woman's slit.

"Holy shit," Emma gasped. "Did they roofig all of us?"

Malcolm rubbed his growing bulge. "Why would they? Just get a bunch of fatties and get them laid?"

She hated the word "fatty" and winced, but he wasn't wrong. Why was everyone so horny? Why were they fucking as if they were all teenagers? More importantly, how could she get eaten out like that.

Blushing, Emma turned and glanced to the back of the bus.

There was a red-haired beauty wearing the same style of white-button down shirt, black tie, and miniskirt standing in front of a massive buffet table that ran almost half the length of the bus. She had almost a military posture, one that pushed up ham-sized tits up and revealed hard nipples sticking through the fabric. Her waist was criminally small, with curvaceous hips and just an inch of gap

between the bottom of her miniskirt and her black thigh-highs that lace garters.

Emma stared in shock. Where did the red-haired woman come from? When they stop to pick her up? She was also sure there were banks of seats behind her along both sides of the bus but the buffet table looked as if had always been there.

Malcolm gasped with joy. "Oh, hello there!" He turned and hurried down the aisle toward the food.

As he approached, the server held up a plate. "Good evening, Malcolm. I hope you've had a great trip so far. My name is Candy and I'll be serving all of you tonight."

"Yeah, this has been an amazing trip."

"I bet you're hungry, aren't you?"

"Starving."

"Anything you want," she said with a purr.

His eyes trailed down her body, drinking her in as if she was splayed out on a table.

Candy giggled, a girlish sound that sounded more like the giggle made in the back of a car. "Oh, I'm not on the menu... for tonight."

Malcolm glanced back at Emma. He obviously wanted to ask more, but felt guilty.

Emma didn't blame him. Candy looked like a treat, even with Emma's crumbling straight-laced sexuality. She, like Victoria and Derek, oozed sex. There was something about her that made Emma want to pin her to the floor and eat her out for her first, second, and third helping.

She stepped across and knelt down next to Vinh. Tapping both women, she whispered. "Hey, dinner."

Alice's fingers dug into the furrow of Vinh's pussy, stroking it back and forth. "G... Got enough to eat here."

"Yes, but the spread they have is amazing."

Alice sniffed and then opened her eyes. "Oh, fuck, that makes me hungry." She looked down at Vinh and grinned. "I always like it when I have desert first."

Vinh cracked open one eye and peered at her. There was a faint smile on her lips.

"What? I like Asian." Alice winked. "Let's be honest, a little pho is nice too. I like Vietnamese."

"I was half afraid you were going to call me Chinese."

Alice kissed her lips. "I know what I eat," she said with a grin.

Candy's voice rose up to interrupt them, speaking in a language that Emma didn't like.

Vinh gasped and sat up. "*Cá Kho Tộ?*"

Somehow, Emma wasn't surprised that Candy response smoothly in Vietnamese. It sounded just as sexy as the English words, more so judging from the way Vinh's cheeks colored.

Together, all three of them stood up and got into line behind Malcolm. Soon, the others on the bus were lining up. No one seemed to not Candy's appearance or the change in seating.

When Emma's turn came up, she looked at the amazing table. Everything looked full fat and sugar. She could see dishes from across the world and a full desert bar at the end. There was only a token pile of salad and the vegetables seemed to be for the stack of cheeseburgers and brats than anything that looked healthy.

She glanced at Candy, who had the same alluring perfume at the others. It made it hard to resist touching her and Emma's pussy grew wetter with every passing second. "I-Is any of this low fat?"

"Oh, no."

Emma cringed.

Candy leaned over, her tits brushing against Emma's arm as she rested a hand on Emma's shoulder. The touch ws electric, delicate as a lover and with an intimacy that sent pulses of pleasure coursing through Emma's skin. "Our program doesn't believe in fad diets or resisting. We want you to have fun and enjoy every moment of this."

Malcolm came around, two large plates full. "I bet you're fattening us up to throws us in an oven."

Candy looked at him with a look of mock rage. "Do I look like an evil witch to you?"

His eyes trailed down her body again and his smile grew wider. "Oh, no. Not unless you are calling yourself Glinda."

"Oh, I'm not the Good Witch of the South either. But, if you do well in the program, maybe some of you will find out how sweet I do taste."

Both Malcolm and Alice moaned with need. Emma felt her pussy squelch at the idea and she suspected Vinh did also.

Candy turned back to her and gestured. “Go on. I recall you love garlic butter steak and potatoes. It’s down about two thirds of the row. It’s to die for.”

Emma’s stomach rumbled. It was her father’s favorite dish to make. She could remember sitting on the counter as she watched him slice up steak strips while her mother was out at her book club. She smiled at the memories.

Her head seemed to clear.

Frowning, she looked at the bus. “How did you know I liked that?”

Candy’s eyes stared into hers for a moment. Then she stepped closer until her perfume swirled around Emma again. “Oh, we like to pay attention.”

Emma drank in the sweet smell and her concerns faded away almost instantly. She turned and hurried down the table to see if the program’s version of the dish was as good as her father’s.

It was.

*t'Sade*



# Arrival

# 7

A bright light woke her up. She groaned as she cracked open her eyes as the bus slow down and came around a large circle leading up to what appeared to be a hotel in the middle of nowhere. The light shining around the base lit up no other surrounding building, nor could she see anything in the inky darkness beyond the island of brilliance that made up their destination.

The building itself looked like any other instance of a major hotel chain. It stood six stories tall with banks of windows, most of which were dark. She reflectively looked for a shining logo on the side but there was none, only an unlit sign over the awning for the bus: Ultimate Weight Loss Program.

Malcolm groaned while sitting up. He knuckled his eyes. “Is a hotel?”

“I don’t know,” Emma said. She gestured to the sign.

He leaned over, the faint smell of pussy and cock clinging to his breath and skin. “Huh,” he finally said. “With everything else, you’d think they would have put more effort into that.”

“Maybe they spent it all on the bus,” she mused.

“Or the food. That was a good meal.”

She grinned at him. “Hopefully it won’t be our last. I could like a program that had me eating like that.”

He raised one eyebrow. “I wasn’t aware that you had a personal chef.”

“Maybe we should see if Candy will serve us?”

He blanched as much as he could with dark skin. His eyes flickered to her and then to the window.

Emma bumped him with her shoulder. "Relax, I just met you. It isn't like we're married."

"Just... something feel slightly off. Why have such an expensive piece of hospitality architecture and skimp out on a sign? Or have it almost five hundred miles from the city they are marketing?"

She looked at him curiously.

"Mile markers. I still had a phone and it was something to do. Though, I honestly couldn't have told you which highway we were on."

"Same."

Malcolm sat back and pulled out his phone. After a second, he sighed and put it away. "No signal."

Curious, Emma checked her own phone. No signal, no Internet, nothing. It didn't even say roaming. She shoved her phone into her purse and then waited as everyone else woke up.

Derek stood up and held up his hands. At the sight of his muscular body straining under his shirt, everyone grew silent. Even Emma couldn't look away. "Ready to get off the bus?" he asked brightly.

"Yes!" cheered everyone. Emma joined in with a clap, then frowned as she realized she did the same thing to her students.

"Well, I'd like to welcome you to the Ultimate Weight Loss Program. This is going to be an amazing ten days where you are going to do things that you never thought possible and when you get back on this bus, you are going to be all new people!"

Another round of cheering.

Along the side of the bus, a blonde woman bounced up. She was a tiny thing wearing a black miniskirt and a pair of matching suspenders over a white shirt that resembled Victoria, Derek, and Candy. Like the other driver, she was the peak of sexual perfection and looked more like a slutty Barbie doll with two bouncing pigtailed and thigh-high stocking.

Emma felt a pang of jealousy as the taut woman got on the bus.

"Now," Derek announced. "Barbie here is going to lead you into the main hall where you'll meet our director and get a chance to see the trainers we've pair you up with. Each one has been personally selected to give you the optimum transformation you all deserve!"

Of course, she was a Barbie, Emma thought to herself.

Next to her, Malcolm cheered as loudly as the others. There was something about his eyes, as if they were quite focused.

Barbie finished bounding up the stairs and landed next to Derek. Her tits bounced a few seconds longer as she waved one hand over her head. "How y'all doing!" Her girlish voice belied the large breasts, narrow waist, and lips that were made for sucking on dick.

"Holy shit," Alice gasped as she dug her fingers into her thigh and bit her lower lip.

Vinh leaned over. "Getting you swamped already?" "She fucking beautiful!"

Barbie's hand went down and she leaned forward, exposing a generous view of cleavage through the open buttons of her shirt. "I know, Alice. Trust me, you are going to look just as hot as me by the time we leave because I'm your personal trainer!"

Alice paled and a soft whimper.

"Just you and me for ten whole days."

Alice squirmed as a blush colored her cheeks.

Bambie grinned and blew her a kiss. "Don't worry, I'm only going to work you until you're soaked. Then make sure you have a nice, relaxing... end to your day." The air almost dripped with the promise of sex.

Laughter though Alice looked like she was fighting an orgasm.

Emma giggled along with the others.

Bambie straightened and spun around. She had a bubble butt that caused the skirt to flare up. Emma didn't think she was wearing any underwear but she was wearing black thigh-highs like Candy. "Come on, you sexy babes, let's get you off the bus!"

Everyone scrambled off the bus and walked after her, talking animatedly while openly leering at Bambie's bouncing ass.

Emma was one of the last off the buss. She looked over for her luggage.

Derek stepped down after her. "We'll get your stuff up to your room, Emma."

"H-How do you know my name?"

He smelled good up close, a musky scene that caught her pussy to grow slick. It was either the strange scent in the bus, his body, or everything else that screamed sex with the program, but she wanted to grab his shirt and kiss him.

Derek leaned forward. “Don’t worry. We’re going to take good care of you. Now, move that cute ass of yours, I bet you can’t wait to meet Matt. He’s going to be perfect for you.”

Emma headed after the crowd where Malcolm, Alice, and Vinh were waiting for her. It wasn’t until she passed through the circular door that she realized he never answered her question how he knew her name? Or who was going to be assigned to her?

# Introductions

# 8

Once they filed past the vestibules, Emma expected to see a typical hotel concierge's desk and bank of elevators. Instead, she found herself spreading out to stare at a huge pool that dominated the center of the hotel; the entire place was mostly hollow with only a ring of rooms on the outer edge. Four waterfalls cascaded down the corners to splash into the pool. Waves and bubbled coursed toward the center where a small, concrete island appeared to be mounted on a pillar of glass to give it the impression that it was floating.

"Holy... shit," Malcolm said as he stared around.

It wasn't only the hotel that was amazing, but the line of individuals standing with their backs to the pool railings. They were mostly men at the peak of their fitness: well-defined muscles straining against their white shirts, broad shoulders, tastefully trimmed black beards or clean-shaven. They stood at ease, with their hands behind their backs, but there was something feral about how they looked at the newcomers.

There were also women among the men. They all resembled porn stars with about half being the towering beauties like Victoria or the bundles of fuck-me such as Barbie who skipped over to the empty place between two hard-bodied men; her skirt flipped up with each bump to reveal the tight globes of her perfect ass and not even a hint of underwear.

Emma had never had such an intense desire to be someone else in that moment. She could taste it in the back of her throat, feel it in her gut with a longing to have Barbie's body, to be so free with her sexuality that it was part of her very personality.

The longing grew inside her, a knot of discomfort that rapidly grew until she was squirming with discomfort. Her thoughts drifted back to the meal on the bus, the decadent meal that brought her joy. There was no way that Barbie could have eaten that, or wanted to. Not with a tiny, fuckable body like that.

A wave of shame filled her and she had to look away with tears in her eyes. She was weak but she didn't realize how much until that moment. She couldn't control herself and it was her own fault.

Through the tears, she stared at the floor. At first, she thought it was a typical hotel pattern but there wasn't a repeating pattern that she could see. The shimmering from her shame made it appear as if letters were fading in and out without any specific order or purpose.

She wiped the tears from her eyes for a better look, but the shimmering stopped and she was looking at a distinct but unchanging pattern once again. She shivered and dismissed it as her tears. Looking around, she saw the same shame and despair and longing on the other's faces.

On the other side of her, Vinh let out a soft sob.

Emma reached out for her.

Vinh glanced at her and then wiped her own tears. "Sorry... I was thinking about something," she whispered.

"The meal on the bus?"

A guilty look and then a nod.

"Me too," whispered Alice right behind Vinh. "How do they do it? No one has said anything and now we're all hating ourselves."

A woman cleared her throat. "I bet you're all hating yourself right now."

Emma's head snapped up as she looked forward as a tall woman stood up in front of the staff. She had blonde hair so brilliant it was almost white. She looked like she stepped out of a porn video made in Sweden or Norway but her voice had a faint Slavic accent, Russian or Polish.

The woman straightened—she was easily a foot taller than anyone else—and held out her hands to gesture all the overweight people before her. "I've seen that look too many times, a look you don't deserve. You shouldn't be ashamed of yourself, never be ashamed."

The words didn't make Emma feel better about herself. She berated herself for her inability to control herself, hating that she enjoyed a meal so much and it was so bad for her.

"Don't feel bad for what happened. Nothing is wrong with you. Nothing at all." She smiled and a feeling of warmth filled Emma. Her brilliant blue eyes focused on Emma for a moment and there was a compassion in the gaze that Emma didn't think possible.

"We all need help. The men and women behind you? My trainers? They were in your place only a few years ago."

A ripple of surprise filled the room.

Some of the trainers grinned and gave sheepish nods of their head. One thumped his hard, muscular chest before miming a large belly.

Nervous laughter.

"I recommend that you get a chance to know your trainer. You'll find out that you all have the same potential as they do. You can... no, you will look like them by the time you go home. I promise you and I have never broken a promise." Her eyes almost glowed a bright blue for a moment.

Emma noticed that there was no mention of a money-back guarantee. She tried to remember if there ever was one but then the woman was talking.

"We all need help and that is what this program is about. You will have a personal trainer for your entire visit here, a single person who will guide you along your path and transformation. And when you leave, you will have a guiding light for your future, a presence that will help you resist the pitfalls and doubts, a force to lead your lives going forward so you never feel shame again."

Relief flooded Emma. She let out a cry just as everyone else did. With tears in her eyes, she applauded wildly.

It died down after a few seconds. She smiled to herself and looked down to wipe the tears again.

The carpet was flickering again, shapes appear and disappearing in the dark designs. It only happened underneath her feet and the others but the surrounding carpet that had no one standing on it remained still and black. She wiped her tears but the shimmering once again faded away as she concentrated on it.

She dismissed it and looked as the woman continued.

“It’s late and you’ve all had such a long day. I’m going to skip the formalities and just have your trainers introduce themselves personally. But, if you have any questions, any at all, just ask to talk to me, Svetlana. I’m the director and creator of this program and I promise you, you will be a whole new person in just a matter of days.”

More applause.

Emma glanced at the carpet, but it remained solid. She joined in a few times, clapping until her palms ached, before she pulled down.

Svetlana turned to gesture to the trainers. “You’ve each been assigned a single trainer to be your one-on-one. I’d like it to be a surprise, but apparently Barbie...”

Barbie grinned and ducked her head.

“... ruined it so Alice already knows who she’s assigned to.” Svetlana pointed to Alice. “I think you should consider spanking her as a punishment. Maybe she’ll do the same for you?”

Alice’s cheeks turned bright red.

Barbie giggled and turned around to push out her tiny ass, wiggling it around and revealing a flash of naked pussy for just a moment.

Emma’s heart skipped a beat at the brazen display.

“For the others,” Svetlana announced, “why don’t you mix around. You’ll find your partner for this journey soon enough. Have a good night, pleasant dreams, and congratulations on your transformation journey that you have already embarked on.”

There was a final round of cheering and then the crowd broke up. There wasn’t much mixing though, just a beeline of individuals heading the trainers, as if each pair was being guided by some external force.

Malcolm stopped in front of a huge, muscular woman that was easily a foot taller than him. She had a name plate on her breast that said “Stacy.”

Vinh’s trainer stood next to them, a slender but fit-looking man named Joe according to the pin. He was almost as black as night with huge hands. Vinh looked down and gasped with surprise. Emma strolled up as she did and followed the gaze, stopping when she saw a ridge of cock that went down almost to Joe’s knee.

“H-Holy fuck,” Emma gasped.



“That’s Joe for you,” said a British voice next to her. “We call him a Longship.”

She jumped and turned, a blush on her cheeks. Without another word being said, she knew precise who had been assigned to her. He looked like a movie star who dabbled in gay porn on the side. Emma knew she had a type when it came to men she fantasized about, but she didn’t know his name was Matt.

Matt towered over her, with a short-cropped beard and carmel skin. The fabric of his shirt stretched over his pectorals that were large enough to be tits if it wasn’t for the hard body underneath. He smelled amazing, beyond the seductive scene of the cards or whatever was pumped into the bus. Her pussy drenched itself as she took in the musky scent of his body and felt it setting off thousands of little flashes of pleasure and fantasies at the sme time.

“Don’t worry, your Vinh is more than capable of handling Joe.” He had an easy sound to his voice. “Trust me, I’m exactly what you can handle.”

There was a confidence in his voice, a conviction that he knew exactly what he was talking about.

Trembling, Emma glanced down to his crotch. There was a huge bulge underneath his black trousers and a ridge of a cock going down the left side of his leg. It wasn’t as long as Joe’s but it looked thicker. More importantly, it was close enough she could touch it.

She gulped at the saliva filling her mouth and wondered what it would feel like to have him between her thighs, driving that length into her.

He leaned into her, swamping her with his scent and his intoxicating smile. “You might find out,” he whispered.

She whimpered.

“We believe in the carrot and the stick here. As you can imagine,” he said with a conspiratorial whisper while looking around. Then he reached down to cup his crotch. “I have an pretty impressive carrot here.”

Her heart pounded in her chest, slamming against her ribs as if it was wild animal desperate to pounce. “R-Really?”

He chuckled. “You think that rutting on the bus was something? Trust me, I can go for hours with this thing.” He tightened his grip

and it bulged out from his fingers. "And if you are a good girl, I fully intend to show you exactly how far you can be stretched."

Emma whimpered. The urge to grab him was just as strong as the urge to shove her fingers into her panties.

"Come on, let me show you to your room. You're in 905."

She could only whimper again as he took her hand and lead her to the elevator. His palm easily engulfed hers, his massive fingers wrapping around entire hand. She felt like a tiny girl compared to him and said nothing as they reached the elevator.

Malcolm and Vinh were already waiting. Malcolm was hard, his length straining his pants as a rigid pool. He leaned against Stacy, trembling as he glanced at her huge breasts and then away and then back again.

Vinh stared up at her own trainer, lost to the world as he dominated her vision. The smell of her pussy—a scent that Emma had gotten intimately familiar with—filled the small space of the elevator.

When the elevator stopped at eight, Vinh and Joe got off.

Emma called out to her. "Have fun, see you tomorrow."

Neither said anything before the doors closed up.

Emma looked up at Matt and felt her stomach quiver. "It seems like everyone is pairing off."

He gave her a brilliant smile that sent a bolt of pleasure directly to her nipples and clitoris. "We are. That's the beauty of this program, intense one-on-one service leads to a guaranteed transformation. You'll see, by the time you meet your friends again, you will all be new people."

The elevator stopped at nine and the door slid open.

Matt guided her out. "This is your floor. Time to get you off."

She found herself blushing as he brought her around the open hallway that gave her a view of the entire open area of the hotel. The waterfalls came down from the highest point, right below a solid ceiling that looked like it had the same strange overlapping pattern as the carpet. She wondered if it would shimmer in her tears like the others.

Matt's large hand slipped behind her waist.

A soft whimper escaped her throat as he tugged her close, bringing her soft body up against his hardness. She could feel the

flex of his muscles as they walked and the intimacy brought flutters to her heart and her clitoris at the same time.

He smelled good. More than good. Up away from the press of people and the overlap scents that smelled more like the cards that turned everyone one, his body seemed like it was designed for her. Every breath she took, she couldn't help the fluttering inside her pussy, the hungry thoughts that filled her mind, or the longing she had to just grab his pants and rip them down. She could too easily imagine her thighs propped up on his as he pounded her cunt over and over, just as much as he looked long enough to take her prone or doggy style and still fill her completely.

"Here we go, my dear," he said almost in her ear.

She shivered at the warm touch of his breath against her ear.

He didn't have a key card for her room, just opened it up and led her inside.

She made it only a few steps before the enormity of the room caught her. It was a single huge room without a single wall inside. At the end near the door, there was what appeared to be a complete workout studio with mirrors, machines, and free weights. A pair of machines, elliptical, treadmill, and stair climber were neatly nestled in place.

Further in, there was a padded floor like in most gyms but it looked brand new. More mirrors and lights.

Emma stepped inside and stared down the length of the room. Even the bathroom was exposed as a band in the room: a glass-walled shower was on one side, what appeared to be a sauna in the other, with a large tub with plenty of room to pass into the final parts of the hotel room where a king-sized bed dominated the far end.

"Holy... fuck..." she gasped as she stared at the room. It was larger than her house. Exposed, vulnerability, but also far higher quality than she could have even dreamed about.

Matt closed the door behind her. "Everything you need is in here. We'll workout throughout the day, plenty of breaks, and then leave you to fun activities at night."

"When is breakfast?"

He brushed up against her before walking along the side of the mats to the far side. "Oh, probably after the first hour or so of

working out. We found that getting you started first thing in the morning helps with the body issues.” He looked back with a sultry look. “I like it when you sweat before swallowing.”

It sounded like a corny line from a weight loss program. “Scribble before you nibble?” she said nervously.

“Throttle before you gobble.”

That usually wasn’t one that she heard. She crossed her arms over her belly and clutched herself. She looked around for luggage, but didn’t see it. Venturing further into the room, she saw that the accommodations were rich and expensive-looking. The provided robe was more than enough for her but also felt like a cloud.

The bed was also firm like she wanted it and there were plenty of blankets. To her surprise, it was a four poster bed with some sort of bestial theme carved into the wood. She spotted a few cleverly hidden rings in the wood, no doubt for those who enjoyed a little bondage fun before this became the program’s place.

She turned around and saw the toilet. It was right out in the open, next to the glass-walled shower but without any other hint of privacy or protection. There was a bidet next to it, just like she saw in the fancy pictures of hotels.

Matt walked across her sight and opened up a fridge. It was packed with Emma’s favorite bubbly water and nothing else.

She stared at it. “How do you know so much about me?”

Matt ran his fingers through his black, close-cut beard. “Not sure what you mean. We have this brand in every room.” He grinned.

She felt a quivering in her gut.

He glanced at the floor and then sighed. “Typical, it looks like your luggage isn’t here yet. How about you get a shower and I’ll find it. Then you can get some sleep and we’ll start first thing in the morning?”

Emma glanced at the room. “Y-Yeah, good idea.”

“I’ll be back soon.”

He strode to the door. She followed him with her eyes, watching the flex of his muscles in his backside and legs. He made the gym rats look like chumps, with a perfect body that she could only dream about

Emma looked back at the bed and sighed. She had a vibrator in her suitcase and it looked like she would be using it tonight.

# Discomfort



Emma moaned under the deluge of hot water. She was nervous when she first got in the shower, but having the entire ceiling opening up with hot, searing water was a pleasant surprise and also exactly what she needed after a day on the bus, no matter how enjoyable of a trip.

She smiled to herself as she soaped up her body, running her hands along her naked tits and down to her belly. It was the most unexpected trip to the program, one that had her far more open about her sexuality than ever before.

If she was lucky, she would hunt down Alice that night and see if the promise of getting head was possible. She could use another orgasm after seeing Matt. Maybe Emma would return the favor, though she had never done it herself. She didn't really have the desire, but the inundation of lustful thoughts had shaken what used to be a rock-solid straight desire and she could see herself nestled between the pillowy thighs of her newfound friends.

The flicker of lust brought a smile to her lips. She reached down with both hands, one to pull her belly up and to the side, the other to stroke along her pussy. She was so horny that her clitoris ached; she needed to get off on her vibrator the second she got into bed.

She circled her clitoris, rubbing along with edge of the folds and then the other. The moist air felt good against her skin but the position was hard to get a good stroke in.

Emma needed to come and badly.

There was a shelf on the side of the shower. She planted her foot on it, grabbed the bar on the opposite side, and then shoved her fingers into her snatch. The wet heat enveloped her fingers as she

plunged two fingers into her hole. In her mind, she imagined it was Matt doing the thrusting. He had a commanding attitude, the type of lover who would pin her against the wall and hold her down as he finger-banged her into one orgasm after the other.

She moaned, lifting her head to the falling water. The water splatters felt a little like cum and she giggled as she opened her mouth and imagined it was Matt towering over her, pumping his cock all over her face and tits as she fingered herself.

Pleasure blossomed inside her and she bent over to get longer strokes into her pussy. She thrust and curled her fingers as best as she could but it wasn't enough to scratch the itch. Imagining Matt's thickness, she added a third finger despite the strain to handle the girth.

With all her might, she hammered her knuckles into her pussy while remembering his body. The hard muscles were the very thing that turned her on and she wanted to press her palms against his chest to feel his pectorals jumping underneath her hand. She craved to feel his large hands on his body, spreading her legs and exposing her slit.

She imagined his cock as a thick missile, one that would easily penetrate the guard hairs over her sex and plunge deep into the puffy folds.

Emma rammed her fingers deep into her cunt at the image, crying out as an orgasm blossomed inside her. Her hand clutching the bar tightened until she could feel her muscles ache but the discomfort only added to the strain of three fingers in her tight hole and the pleasure that radiated from her orgasm.

The wave of pleasure ended too soon and she slumped against the wall of the shower. "Fuck," Emma gasped.

A small part of her hoped that he was being honest about his "carrot." Having an intense workout for a week plus orgasms as bribes might be exactly what she needed to get her set on the right path. Even if he had a fat fetish, it was nice to feel beautiful and she wanted to hear him say it.

The larger part told her that she was just fantasizing things after the remarkably horny trip to the program.

As her breathing calmed down, she decided to let things go and just enjoy anything Matt would give her. But she also wanted to crawl into bed for another round of orgasms and then sleep.

Lifting her face up to the water, she rinsed off the last of the body scrub and enjoyed the little things that danced across her nerves. It reminded her of pineapple, the tingling taste that danced on the tongue and the quiver when it ended. She didn't know the scent, but she had to buy a bottle of it before she left.

With her pussy on fire and her thoughts addled with lust, she stepped out of the shower.

Matt was looking under the edge of the bed for something.

She gasped sharply, her mind freezing as she realized she was naked in front of him.

He smiled and stood up. "Ah, good shower?"

Her mouth refused to make any noise. When he started to walk toward her, she panicked. Blindly, she fumbled for the bathrobe but her fingernails skittered on a bare cabinet instead. A whimper of fear rose up as she looked down to where there was a pile of towels, now only a single hand cloth was there. "W-What... where are the robes?"

She felt his presence as he stopped in front of her.

Emma shook like a leaf as she looked up at him.

He was smiling. "Let's see what we're working with this week?"

She wanted to scream no and kick him out of the room, but the words wouldn't come. She shuddered inside as sweat prickled along her skin.

Matt caught her arm and pulled it away from her body. His thick fingers probed into her joints and elbows. He didn't ask, he just took her and she felt a surge of helplessness as his hands worked up to inspect her shoulder and then her collar, and then over to the next side. "Good, doesn't look like you have any old injuries I have to worry about."

Emma's tears blurred her vision.

He lifted her arm and looked under it. "Good muscle tone. We have something to work with the skin to tighten it up."

She wanted to cup her breast, to hide, to run away, but her body felt pinned in place. The world was spinning around her as his hands came back.

No, no, she silently pleaded.

Then his hands were on her breasts. They were huge, engulfing them completely as he rolled her nipples in his fingers before lifting her tits and squeezing them. They looked so small in his hands and she hated the surge of helpless heat that bubbled inside her cunt.

He didn't say anything as he worked his hands down her thighs, caressing along her most erotic of places before inspecting the squish of her belly. His fingers probed into her fat and stroked along her muscles. He was crude, poking and prodding her like she was a hunk of chicken. When he reached down between her legs, the muscles in her back screamed but she could do nothing as he brought his hand up.

At the touch of his smooth digits on her sex, she swooned with loathing and desire.

Matt caught her with his other arm, holding her up as he ran his fingers along her inner thighs before sliding along her slit.

She blinked to find him staring at her, his eyes an intense blue as he bore into her with gaze.

Then he was spreading her labia apart. A faint smile crossed his lips as he worked a finger along her clitoris. It was so hard, so sure, and so confident as he twisted it gently before working his fingertips back. "Thinking about me?"

Tears in her eyes, Emma shook her head and tried not to deny how every touch was feeding on the fantasies she had subjected herself too. They were real and happening faster than she expected. Despite the humiliation, she could tell that she was intensely turned on.

Then two fingers plunged into her sex. He was stronger than she expected and his knuckles smacking against her clitoris hurt but there was little friction from her lustful thoughts in the shower. She could hear the squelch of her cunt as he drove two fingers deep into her depths. In any other situation, she would be having an orgasm after only a few strokes.

Matt's eyes never left her. "Looks like the shower was good for you," he said before withdrawing.

"Y-You..." Emma struggled to speak. "You... stop...."

He didn't listen to her as he pulled out his fingers and held them up with a knowing look. They glistened with her juices. He clicked



his tongue and then grabbed her hip. “Turn around,” he commanded.

She shook her head.

Matt gave a little shake of his head. “Turn around,” he repeated.

When she didn’t respond, he let out a sigh. “I have to see what I’m working with.”

“I-I’m naked.” She didn’t think it would stop him, but she had to try.

He grabbed her shoulder and smoothly pushed it back. The force was unexpected and she stumbled as she was turned around. As she did, he held onto her shoulder as his arm pressed up against her throat. In seconds, she had her back against his hard chest. Below, she could feel the ridge of his cock digging into the small of her back.

Then his breath was on her ear. “I’m going to see you naked a lot this week.”

A burst of heat radiated from her sex. She let out a soft whimper of need as his hardness ground into her. It felt huge and far thicker than three of her fingers.

“In fact, I’m inclined to have you work out naked just to get a better look at your body.”

Her cheeks burned with humiliation. That wasn’t what she expected from him, it wasn’t even a possibility in her fantasies. Her mind spun furiously even as her pussy clenched with desire.

His other hand pressed against the back of her neck. His large hand spread to wrap around the back of her neck. She was almost crushed between his two limbs but then he released her shoulder while pushing her down over the table with her rear still jutting against his ridge.

Humiliation and desire peaked as he pushed her down until she was ground against the table. Her soft ass rose against his hips, tracing the length of his cock until she could feel his entire ridge nestled between her cheeks.

Oh god, she thought to herself. He’s going to fuck me! She clenched the hand towel sticking out from underneath her body while grabbing the table with her other hand. She wasn’t ready to be fucked, not in reality. It was a fantasy, just a fantasy.

With one hand still holding her neck against the table, he stepped back and brought his hand down her spine.

She shivered at the touch, her pussy dribbling with her desires. He was just teasing, right? She moaned.

His fingers delved into the cleft of her ass cheeks. Then he pried them apart, his thick fingers spreading her almost painfully open.

“W-Wait!” she gasped.

“I have to look.”

“N-No, not like this.”

But Matt didn't stop. To her growing horror, he drew his fingers down along her sphincter and then to trace the length of her nether lips. She felt the hairs being tugged and pushed aside as the thick fingers scored along her furrow.

She whimpered and shook her head. “No, this is too fast.”

He said nothing as he drew up and down, increasing the pressure until his fingertips were fully nestled along her intimate slit, circling around her opening.

Emma shook her head. “S-Stop, stop!”

He shoved one finger into her pussy.

She let out a cry as the thick digit plunged deep into her body, stretching her open and gliding along the wetness from her previous orgasm.

It would have been pleasure if she wasn't trying to lever herself away.

He pulled back and then added a second finger.

“No, don't do—no!”

There was another squelch, a wetness that only eased as he rammed both fingers clear to his knuckles. His fingers were thicker than most of her dildos and none of her toys could scissor deep inside her as he brushed against her g-spot and then along the other parts.

A sob slipped from her throat as she clutched the cabinet. She had to escape, she had to run away. She had to get up before the pleasure he was invoking inside her sex got out of her control. The thick digits felt so good as they stroked her insides, reaching places her own fingers could never reach.

Her legs trembled with the growing pleasure.

Just as she started to reach an orgasm, he pulled out. His fingers never left her body as he slid up along her perineum and then pressed two digits against her recently scrubbed asshole.

“N-No!” she cried out. “No, stop! Stop!” Her cries grew shrill. She tried to kick back but he was too strong to give her a chance to escape.

“Never had anal?” he said with a smile. She could feel his hardness grinding against her soft thigh, the thickness that had promised fantasies of pleasure but now the terror of being raped. His finger tapped against her clenching sphincter.

She shook her head. “O-Only once, it hurt.”

“Well, we’ll work on stretching you out,” he said before withdrawing his fingers.

Emma clenched her eyes, waiting for him to rape her, but he only gripped the back of her neck and pulled her up. His strength was immense, easily forcing her back up to her feet. She stared at him, her eyes watering with tears. “P-Please don’t hurt me.”

Matt didn’t seem perturbed. “No pain, no gain. You know that, Emma.”

“I-I don’t want to be raped.”

His look softened. “Oh, I’m not going to rape you. I will never rape you.”

But even as he said that, he brought his dripping fingers up to her mouth. She could smell her pussy as he traced her lips. “Suck on them, Emma.”

With tears running down her cheeks, she shook her head.

He continued to smear her juices on her fingers. “This is part of the program. You need to listen.” His voice grew harder. “You will listen to me because you will be transformed. Now, suck. on. my. fingers.”

His grip on her neck tightened minutely. It was a promise of something horrible. At the same time, it was dominating and humiliating, warring the pleasure of his deep strokes with the horror that he took her without consent.

“Suck,” he commanded with a squeeze on her neck.

With a sob, she opened her mouth minutely.

He plunged his hard fingers past her lips and into her mouth. He didn’t stop until the third knuckles were ground against her jaw.

They were long and thick, almost reaching the back of her throat. With a condescending smile, he pumped them in and out. "You didn't mind sucking on Malcolm's dick, why is this so different?"

Emma's eyes grew wider.

"Of course I know. I also know you were thinking about sneaking over to Alice's room for a little licking. Well, she's currently busy with Barbie, so it's just you and me tonight."

She shook her head, silently begging even as he raped her lips with his fingers. He scissored his fingers inside her mouth, caressing her tongue and the top of her mouth as she gagged.

"There you go, just a good girl. That's right," he said soothingly. "Good girl. You do what you're told and you're going to have the time of your life. Do you understand?"

Desperate to get away from him, she nodded.

He withdrew his fingers and then gave them a lick himself. "Tasty."

Matt adjusted his large cock and then headed toward the door. "They lost your luggage. We'll figure out something for tomorrow." He spoke as if he hadn't just threatened her with rape.

Emma fought back more tears from coming or the sob rising in her throat. She wanted to find her phone, to call the police, 911, anyone.

He stopped at the door. "Anything else I can get you?"

She shook her head violently.

"I'll see you in the morning. Bright and early, just before sunrise. You should be used to it when you were working on the bus. Good night."

She collapsed to her knees as the door shut, the sob finally ripping out of her throat. She bent over and cried at the feeling violation. Her pussy, mouth, and ass felt dirty and uncleaned, used. All the fantasies she had before the shower were shattered, leaving only an empty hole.

Underneath her, she could have sworn the carpet shimmered against with strange symbols. She shook her head and forced herself to calm down. Every woman feared about being violated. Every one thought about what she would do. She fumbled for her phone.

No signal.

“Damn it!” she screamed and threw the phone against the window.

It thudded loudly but the reflections didn’t even flex from the impact. She cried for a few minutes before she remembered the door. There were others in the rooms next to hers, she could call for help.

Filled with hope, she scrambled to her feet and looked for her dirty clothes. She didn’t find them in the corner where she left them and a little cry rose up. Frantic, she tore apart the dresser looking for them but they were completely gone. The only material she had to cover herself with a tiny hand towel.

She decided it was better than nothing. Standing up, she went to where Matt had bent her over. There was a robe when she started, it had to be in the drawer. If anything, she could use the towel to cover up her groin.

The towel was gone.

There was nothing in the drawer.

She knew he didn’t take it. She looked around the floor and behind the table, but it was gone. It disappeared when she wasn’t looking. She didn’t even know how.

The tears came rolling down her cheeks as she contemplated running out of her room naked. It was horrible, but he was going to rape her. She knew it. Stumbling, she rushed over and yanked the door.

It refused to open.

She gasped and shook her head. “No, no, no!” she cried as she yanked on the door. There were no locks, no deadbolt, not even a latch, but it refused to open no matter how much she pulled and yanked on it.

“No!” she screamed. Desperate, she pounded on the door. “Anyone! Help me! Help me!”

The door was as solid as the glass window. It didn’t flex and it didn’t sound hollow. Instead, it felt like a solid sheet of metal underneath her fist.

She pounded and screamed until the pain was too much and then sank to the ground. There had to be someone who heard her. Someone who would investigate.

Her breath came hard and fast. She sobbed and wiped at her tears but no one tried to open the door next to her. No one came to save her. She was utterly alone, trapped by a man who was going to rape her.

A man who almost brought her to an orgasm with only a few quick strokes in her pussy. She was terrified to know how she would respond to his cock. Would she scream out in pain or come on something so long and thick and hard inside her.

Shame filled her. She was still fantasizing about his cock when he almost raped her. How could she be so weak? So desperate for pleasure that she would accept it?

The answer scared her. She clenched one hand against her wet, aching sex and then the other over her face as she bawled in frustration and fear all the while fingering herself.

Underneath her rear and in a circle a few feet wider than herself, the carpet quietly shimmered with the endless patterns of strange symbols.

# Wake Up Call

# 10

“Wake up.”

The sweet and cuddly dream that Emma had been enjoying shattered like a pane of glass. One moment, she was thinking about Alice’s tongue against her nipples and then the next Matt’s voice was ripping her out of slumber and into full wakefulness.

She sat up straight with a scream.

The room was dark but there was a massive figure looming over her, the edges of his muscular arms lit only by the dimmest of lights. She stared in fear, her heart accelerated until it punched the inside of her ribs with a staccato beat of terror. Every muscle in her body tensed painfully as she stared at him.

Matt leaned forward, the light coming from above her bed lit up his face in a demonic visage. “Good morning!” he said with a brilliant smile.

“W-What the fuck!?” she screamed as she clutched her blankets. It took her millisecond to register that she was naked, her breasts and bare thigh visible to his leer but the blanket was too small to cover her body as she bunched it up over her groin and breasts.

“Maybe!” he replied cheerfully. “But I was thinking we should get you warmed up before breakfast.”

“What time is it?” Even as she asked, she had a rough idea. It felt like a school day, which meant waiting up at five thirty. The familiar ache in the back of her eyes and the stuffiness in her mouth reminded her of every day during the school year.

“Five twenty five, that’s when you set your alarm, right?”

Emma did a double take. “How would you know that?” There was no way Matt could know that, there was no way they could have

known most of the things they seemed to be aware of, including what type of man she would find most attractive.

Matt turned to reveal his tight buttocks in a pair of shorts. He trotted over to the window and threw it open. It wasn't dawn yet but there was a faint sliver of light painting the horizon. It was usually her favorite time of day, but she found little joy as she struggled to gather her discombobulated thoughts.

Yawning, she focused on the landscape. She expected to see a small city or buildings surrounding the hotel, but there was nothing in front of her except for rock plains with only a few tufts of scrub plants and darker rocks. The plains went as far as she could see, rolling hills adding ripples to the lands slowly being revealed by the morning light.

"Where are we?"

"Trade secret." Matt clapped his hands and turned around. "Let's get going!"

Without intending to, her eyes focused on his crotch as he turned around. The thick ridge of his cock was clearly visible in the tight shorts. He had it tucked down the left side of his leg, with the head reaching almost to the bottom of the shorts that dug into his thick, rock-like thigh.

A blush rose on her cheeks and she clutched the blanket to her body tighter. She shouldn't be thinking about sex, not after what he did last night.

The memories came flooding back, the humiliation and desire that tore through her when he inspected her body. He had violated her and now he was cheerfully waking her up as if he didn't ram his fingers into her body and probe her.

Matt came up to her, his bulge almost touching the bed. "Ready to lose some weight?"

A wave of revulsion and fear raced through her. She cringed even as she berated herself for even enjoying a little bit of last night. He practically raped her. She had to do something.

His large hand reached out for her blanket.

She yanked it back. "No!"

He paused, his eye brow raising.

"I... I need to go the bathroom first."

He shrugged and gestured to the open toilet.



“I... I need some privacy.”

“Okay,” he said cheerfully before walking over to a chair next to the bed. He sat down heavily on it, facing directly at the toilet.

Humiliation tore through her, heating up her skin as she felt her bladder tense with fear. Was he going to just stare at her while she peed?

“Come on, Emma,” Matt said with a smile. He pointed to the toilet. “We need to get to our first workout.”

She whimpered as she looked at the exposed toilet and then back at him. “C-Could you leave?”

He favored her with a smile that showed off his bright teeth. “No.”

Her fingers clutched her blanket tighter. “What?” Her voice came out in a squeak.

Matt’s smile didn’t fade but there was suddenly a hardness in his eyes. “We have to get going, Emma. You were guaranteed that you would lose weight and we need to get going. If we don’t, then I would get in trouble.” He cocked his head. “You wouldn’t want that, would you?”

Part of her screamed “yes” for what he did the night before. She could still feel his rough fingers as he jabbed her in the stomach, sides, and...

Tears swam in her eyes. He had violated her and now he was going to do it again. Humiliation and fear fought for a moment as she tried to find some way out of her predicament. She doubted that he left the door unlocked and there was no way she could overpower him.

Emma was trapped with Matt.

She looked around her luggage.

“They haven’t found your bags, sorry.” Matt didn’t sound regretful at all, nor did he seem gleeful. Just a casual acceptance that she had nothing to wear.

Fighting back more tears, she looked around from her clothes from the night before.

“I had those sent down to laundry.”

A tear ran down Emma’s cheek. “W-What? How? Why?”

Matt made a mock apologetic gesture, bobbing his head back and forth. “Well, Derek promised me that they would find your bags and

you had spent an entire day in that bus. It smelled to food, and dust, and way too much sex. Why would you want to put that back on?"

She struggled with the sob rising in her throat. To get away from him, that's why. She shook her head and wiped at her eye. "What am I going to wear?"

Matt smiled. "You're wearing it."

"I'm naked!" Her shrill voice beat against the walls.

Matt shrugged. "So?"

"I'm not going to work out naked! I can't!"

Another shrug.

"Where are my clothes!?"

The hardness came back. In a smooth motion, Matt stood up. His entire body radiated anger as he stepped around the bed.

Emma let out a cry as she clutched the blanket as she stared at the hard, cruel face.

He came around and reached out for her blanket.

"No!"

He moved too fast for her. His thick fingers grabbed her wrist and the blanket and yanked her over to the edge of the bed. There was a twinge in her muscles as they protested. Pushing her down, he brought his face up to hers. "Listen, you are here to lose weight. That is what I'm going to do. In nine more days, you will—" He squeezed her wrist tightly until the joint protested. "—lose that weight and you will have the transformation you deserve."

She shook her head.

"Now, stop acting like a little girl, get your ass on that shitter, and get going!" His voice beat against her, punching her as she felt the words vibrate through

Emma lost the fight as a sob tore out of her.

He grabbed the blanket and yanked it away from her. It ripped along her skin, scoring along the folds of her sides and thighs. With a snarl, he tossed it back over the wall that separated the sleeping area from the mats.

Crying, she crawled out of the bed and over to the toilet. Her sobs echoed off the walls as she sat down and tried to pee.

Matt walked over to her and stopped only a few feet away. He crossed his muscular arms over his chest and stared down at her,

looming as she stared at the shifting carpet below her feet and tried to pee.

She was too frightened and despite her bladder protesting, she couldn't relax enough to let it flow.

"Come on," Matt said, his voice low and threatening. "You're wasting time."

"I-I'm trying!" she sobbed as she clutched one arm over her breasts and tried to shield her sex with her other hand.

He said nothing, only took a deep breath that sounded like a beast growling. She shook as she strained to relax, but she couldn't do anything.

After a few minutes, she sobbed and closed her eyes. "I-I can't... I'm trying."

Matt grunted. "Pathetic."

Her cheeks burned with humiliation.

"Fine. Spray yourself off and let's get going. As soon as you give me an hour of serious work, we'll get you some breakfast."

Breakfast. Her stomach rumbled at the thought. Then her hopes rose. There was no way he would make her go down to breakfast naked. He had to find her clothes and then she could find some way to get the director's attention to report him.

Emma peeked up at Matt's scowl.

She just had to obey him until she could escape. Then she would run. If the director didn't do anything, there was always the front door.

Matt snapped his fingers. "Come on. Get your ass moving."

Emma focused on her hope as she wiped her dry slit. Tossing the paper into the bowl, she wiped away the tears with her bare arm and stood up. "O-Okay."

He only grunted then strode toward the far end of the room. "Let's start with the cross-trainer to get you warmed up."

Trailing behind and much slower, Emma followed with burning cheeks and her arm protectively crossing her breasts.

*t'Sade*

# First Session

# 11

Emma's breath came in ragged gasps as she struggled to lift her foot from the rapidly moving steps to the next one. Every part of her legs burned with her effort, from her hamstrings that felt like they were about to snap to the quivering in her groin with the effort to move. Her bare foot made a slurping noise as she stepped off the sweat-soaked step and forced herself to lift it higher.

"Come on, you can do it." Matt's voice was more cheerful than before, but that didn't mean he had given her even a hint of quarter. The last hour had been torture, pushing her body to the limit. "Three more steps. You're almost too low. Come on, Emma, step!"

She cringed at the idea of taking too long to make the step but her body refused to move faster. Her sweat-soaked hands clutched the handrail as she cringed as her body sank further down on the machine. She was only inches away but she couldn't force her leg to lift. Her palm slipped and she tightened to avoid falling.

"About to miss... about to..."

She shook her head and sobbed. "No!" she gasped even as she felt the stair began to rotate underneath her. With a sinking feeling, she cringed.

His hand smacked her left ass with enough force to push her up to the next step. The impact left a burning sting, matching the many others on both sides of her cheeks and even a few across her breasts.

Every time she missed a step, every time she lost her count or rhythm, his hand came down on her. The large palm covered so much and her skin burned from the impact of his bare hand against her fat tits or large ass.

"Two more... come on, do it." Matt's voice grew harder.

She cringed at the sound. That meant he was going to push her harder.

With all her might and flagging willpower, she strained to lift her other leg. Her heel left the slick step and she managed to bring it up, but her strength flagged and she couldn't lift her toes. With a sob, she reached down.

His palm cracked across her ass. "Hands on the rails!" he bellowed only inches behind her.

Emma sobbed as she gripped the handrail until her knuckles cracked. Yanked up on her leg to clear the step.

The air whistled.

She cried out before his hand smacked hard against her other cheek, his finger sliding along the sweat to jam up against her asshole as the force of the blow shoved her forward.

Pain exploded across her senses, blurring her vision as she stumbled to plant her foot on the step. She missed and stumbled forward, half-lifting her body as she felt one finger penetrate the tight ring.

She screamed out in pain as she managed to get her step.

"Two more!"

Emma tried, with the fear of the pain pushing her, but her leg refused.

He swatted her ass again, his broad palm slapping hard against the already burning flesh as his fingers drove up between her legs. Her sphincter and perineum were battered by his sweat-slicked fingers as he forced her up one step, then another, and then a third. Each one came faster, hard blows that easily pushed her up despite the blossoming pain that blinded her.

But then she missed a step and fell back. The world spun violently as she plummeted to the ground, only to be caught by the hand that was smacking her ass. Matt's other hand caught the back of her neck for a moment, arresting her fall, before dropping her to the soaked mat below.

Emma stared at the ceiling, her ears ringing and her body shaking from the effort. It felt like it had been hours since he forced her to start working out. She had to pee so badly, her stomach rumbled with need, and everything was spinning. "I-I can't."

Matt loomed over her. "I see," he said in a tone filled with pity.

Then he sighed. “Fine, take a break.”

He held out one of the bottles of water.

Emma hesitated until he shook it, then she grabbed it. It was ice cold. With a moan of need, she opened it and gulped it down.

“Go slow, you don’t want to throw up.”

Her stomach rumbled with hunger and the ache of her bladder responded with needs of its own. It had been hours and she was starving and had to pee. She glanced at Matt who was getting rag and spray to wipe down the equipment she had been sweating on since they started.

Slowly, she crawled to her knees and then pushed herself to her feet. Glancing at his back, she crept to the back of the room. Every step was agony, a movement in exhaustion and weakness.

To her relief, she made it to the toilet and sank down. The seat was blissfully cold as she sat down. Without feeling his eyes on her, she let out a sigh and forced herself to relax enough. Seconds later, the hot stream of urine sprayed down.

“I’m surprised—”

Emma let out a scream from Matt’s voice. She looked straight ahead to see him sitting on the bed, his eyes boring into hers. He was only a few feet away as she relieved herself. Immediately, she cringed again and tried to hide in on ourself but there was no escape from his piercing gaze. She was trapped, unable to move without exposing herself further.

Matt smirked. “As I was saying, I’m surprised you made it that far. I could have sworn you were going to wet the floor in the first half hour.”

Cringing, she tried not to think about his eyes staring at her sweaty body. She could feel it on her skin, the clammy moisture that cling to every curve. There were sore places inside her thighs, under her breasts, and along her arms. It dribbled down along her stinging ass cheeks and across the red hand prints on her breasts.

With a whimper, she spoke, “C-Could you stop staring?”

Matt’s eyes flickered up to her and then he shrugged. “No.”

Her cheeks burned. “Why are doing this?”

“Part of the program.”

“Watching me pee?”

He shrugged.

“Is this really part of it!?” She was panicking but he didn’t seem to notice.

Matt shrugged again. “Part of my program at least,” he said dismissively. “About done?”

She pushed out the last bit.

“Move over to the next one, it will feel better.”

Emma didn’t want to, not with him leering at her. She shook her head and then looked for the roll of toilet paper she had used earlier. It wasn’t anywhere to be found. With a quiet whimper, she looked around for it before she noticed that the blanket on her bed was also missing.

“W-What is happening? Where did the blanket go?”

He said nothing.

“The toilet paper? And the robe?”

He didn’t respond. Somehow, she hoped for at least the smug shrug instead of the impassive look he gave her.

With tears mixing in with the seat, she looked at him pleadingly. “Please don’t do this to me.”

“Move over,” he said with a gesture to the bidet.

Still crying, she lifted herself up with a squelch and moved to the over. The water was warm as it sprayed and cleaned her off. Then a fan kicked in, blowing her dry.

Matt nodded with a approval.

A flush of excitement rolled through her body. Then she realized she was responding positively and the euphoria soured instantly. How could she find any joy when he was leering at her from so close? How could find any positive thought after what he had done to her the night before?

Berating her need for approval, she clutched herself. “Could I have breakfast now?” Breakfast and then run to the director. If she could just explain herself to the other woman, no doubt Emma would be given a refund. She mentally practiced how she would ask, ranging from begging to threatening to sue even though she had no clue how the legal system worked.

Powerful thighs stopped in front of her. Matt spread his legs and straddled one of her thick legs. His knees clamped down on hers, pinning her in place and down against the bidet.



Dread pooled in her stomach as she looked up. He was towering over her, a looming presence of hard muscles and shadowed eyes. She could smell him, the intoxicating scent of his masculinity. It went straight to her clitoris, soaking her pussy with more than water as she swam in the heady smells that surrounded her.

Something else filled her, a growing dread. “W-What are you doing?”

Matt said nothing as he stared down with his unreadable eyes. Then he reached and shoved his hands into her pants. His knuckles bulged in the material as he clearly grabbed his shaft.

“No, please no,” she whispered as her eyes were drawn down as he cupped his manhood and then pulled it out of his shorts.

He was huge, easily eight inches long and as thick as a Diet Coke can. Two shaved balls, each one the size of a peach, rolled off his palms as he wrapped his fingers around the base of the most perfect cock Emma had ever seen in porn.

The smell from before redoubled and she let out a confused moan of need. It fought with her revulsion and fear as she stared at the largest dick she had ever seen, and it was only inches from her face. There was not fantasy where something so unexpected could have happened and she wanted to dive forward as much as the sane thing, which was to run away screaming rape.

Matt pumped himself twice and the thick ridge of manhood stirred.

She shook her head. “W-What... what are you doing?”

He chuckled and then lifted up the uncut head of his cock toward her mouth. “Your breakfast, Emma. Served hot and ready.”

Tears ran down her cheek. “Please don’t do this.”

“You wanted it. You asked for it.”

“No... I wanted food.”

“This your meal,” he said with a sly smile. He gave himself a few more strokes as it grew harder. The thick shaft swelled in his grip as it inched toward her lips. The pheromones rolling off his length grew muskier, swirling around her head and making it difficult to focus.

Her eyes were locked on his length. It was exactly what she pictured as the perfect dick. Somehow, she knew he was practically made for her and it was only a matter of time before she had him

inside her. She could almost picture his thick cock buried deep in her cunt, touching her in places no toy or finger could ever reach.

Emma's thoughts came to a crashing halt. What was she thinking? She couldn't be horny, not after he practically raped her. And abused her. Slapped her and humiliated her.

She shook her head. "W-What?"

Matt gave himself another few strokes. He heft it in front her and grinned. "This is your only meal. You're a smart girl, you know how to get yourself a serving."

She shook her head. "No, you can't be serious."

"You did a good job. This is your reward. If you want breakfast, then just swallow. Have seconds, I don't mind." His smile faded. "If not, then I put it away and we try again in another hour."

More tears rolled on her cheeks. "Why are you doing this to me?" she asked, unable to look away from the thick shaft reaching for you.

"I'm not making you do anything."

"You're going to rape me."

Matt pumped his length. "No, I won't make you do anything. If you are going to swallow this, it will be your hands wrapping around my dick and bring it to your lips. You are the one who is going to take it."

"I-I won't."

Neither said anything.

She could barely see the perfect cock through her tears. She was so hungry it hurt but not desperate enough to take him in her mouth. There was no way he would make her do that, it had to be something else.

Matt sighed and then shoved his manhood back into his pants. "We'll try again after the next round."

His hand flashed up and down down as he smacked his palms against both of her breasts.

She let out a shriek as the pain blossomed across her chest. With a sob, she covered her aching nipples to protect them.

"Come on, on the mat."

Her eyes widened and her body tensed.

"Time to do situps and crunches," he said as he strode away.

She was tempted to run, but the door was locked and he would catch her. There was nowhere Emma could go, no way to escape the man who was going to rape her. She was trapped and helpless, a prisoner in a hotel in the middle of nowhere.

“Emma,” Matt said as his voice grew tense. “Don’t make me come back for you.”

Still crying, she forced herself to her feet. Maybe she would have another chance. She just had to survive. Just another round. There was no way he would try and make her his dick all day. Sooner or later, he would be forced to get her real food.

*t'Sade*

# Second Session

# 12

Emma didn't think it was possible, but the second hour was even worse. They were on the tenth set of sit ups and her stomach burned with a fury that almost blinded her. Looking down her sweat-slicked body, she stared at Matt.

Her trainer was on his knees between her legs, holding her knees obscenely apart as he pinned her to the ground. "Come on, give me two more. Two more and you can stop," he said in a low growl.

She sobbed as she strained to lift herself. Her hair was soaked and matted. Her fingers trembled as she pulled herself up but her stomach muscles screamed out in agony, stopping her from getting even a few inches off the mat.

"Come on, you cunt!"

Emma shook her head as she held her breath.

Matt sighed and released her knee. He held up his hand.

Fear flashed through her and she found a new wave of strength to pull herself up. She had to reach him before he slapped her.

His hand came down, the massive palm smacking against her reddened and bruised pubis. The blow was bruising as his fingers smashed against her clitoris and labia with a loud crack.

Pain drove her and she lunged forward until her elbows smacked against his knuckles. She hesitated, trying to catch her breath as tears ran down her cheeks.

Matt smiled warmly as he caught her other knee and brought it to her elbow. "Very good, Cunt. One more and you get a break."

She shook her head and sobbed. She knew what he was going to do with the break, but she couldn't find any way to escape. Right before the set, she had a chance for the door but she couldn't turn

the handle before he commanded her back with a commanding voice.

“Down,” he said.

She obeyed, struggling to arrested her movement. Her back smacked against the mat with a wet sound: her sweat and tears. She drew in deep breaths and tried to squirm her hips to find some way of shielding them from his attacks.

Glancing down, she couldn't see past her belly but she knew that her inner thighs and groin were all red from his smacks. His large hand and strength had brutalized her with every failed situp and crunch. It was so wet that the short hairs protecting her sex did nothing but tear free as his hand came down; his fingers caught the inside of her slit as often as they bruised her labia.

“P-Please, I can't take... any more.”

Matt leaned forward, his chiseled chest brushing her thighs as he pried her legs apart. It was the movement of a lover, or a rapist. She cringed but didn't dare release her fingers from behind her head after the last time; her breast still stung from his blow.

He looked her over. “It's almost noon. What would take for you to give me one more?”

“I-I can't, I—” her words ended in a scream as he smacked her pussy again.

“I'm not going to accept that, Emma. You can. I know you can. I'm asking if you need a carrot or a stick to do it?” His eyes almost glowed as he stared at her.

Emma drew in another breath, squirming as much as she could. With his weight on her knees, she was pinned and couldn't move. He could do anything to her and she was utterly helpless.

“One more, what will it take?”

She thought for a moment, then risked it all. “I-I want to see the director.”

He cocked his head. “Okay.”

Emma froze in confusion. He had to know she was going to report him. There was no way that he could keep his job after practically raping her.

Matt leaned back. “Tell you what. I'm going to try a carrot, how about that?”

She tensed, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

He released her knee and held up his hand. With a grin, he pressed his two fingers together and spread the others out. Then he lowered it.

Her insides tensed as his fingertips brushed her bruised sex. He drew the two fingers down into her furrow, sliding the length of her sweaty sex in a movement. "I'm going to shove these two fingers into you—"

Emma shook her head, the tears coming back. "No, no."

His fingers were too thick as they pushed into her. Together, they were thicker than her medium-sized dildo. The smooth skin gave little friction as he sank into her, stretching her open as he reached deep inside her. "—and then I want you to clamp down on me as hard as you can."

"P-Please—"

His eyes flashed. "Emma," he said in a deeper voice and a jab of the thick fingers into her sex until his knuckles smacked against her bruised labia. "Squeeze."

Her body shaking in fear, she obeyed. Her inner muscles strained as she clamped down on his digits. He was so hot and thick inside her, she wished he was a lover fingering her instead of a monster raping her.

"There you go, squeeze and relax. Squeeze again... and squeeze."

Emma hated herself as she clamped down and relaxed. It was hard to think through the pleasure that was pushing past the pain from her burning muscles and agonized limbs. He had found somewhere new to violate her.

Matt thrust into her. His knuckles ground against her tortured lips and she cringed. "There you go, a little carrot and a stick. I want you to tighten around my fingers and give me just one sit up or I'm going to finger-blast you."

To demonstrate, he drew back and then thrust hard. His thick fingers drove deep in a flash of pleasure before his knuckles punched against her labia and set off a wave of pain.

She cried out and tried to pull herself off but he held her down with his weight.

"No, no, you will give me one more."

"Please stop!"

“Then give me one more.” He smashed into her pussy again, the pleasure and pain coming at once. One of his fingers curled as he thrust deep and when he pulled out to slam her again, it ground against her g-spot and sent off sparks of pleasure.

Sobbing, Emma tried to sit up. Her stomach screamed in agony, redoubled by the smashing of his knuckles against her labia and the slick pleasure of being stretched exploding inside her.

Matt grinned and continued to drive his fingers into her, long and deep strokes that touched places no man had ever reached. She felt so full even as her body failed her.

With a cry, she slumped back.

“Oh, Emma,” he said in mock sympathy. His shoulder moved quickly as he rammed his fingers into her pussy faster. Each thrust ended with her bruised and tortured labia being crushed against her. The pain quickly grew as did the pleasure of having his fingers smashing her g-spot and swirling around in her depths.

“One more,” he said. “One—” A thrust that shoved her forward on the mat.

“—more—” Another thrust and she sobbed as her free leg splayed further apart. She didn’t have the strength to keep it up.

“—more!” He hooked his fingers deep in her sex, grinding his fingertips along her g-spot. “Now squeeze, you fucking cunt, and give me one more!”

With the pressure building, she sobbed as she dug her fingers into the back of her head and used every mote of strength to pull herself up. Her legs and stomach screamed in agony as she clamped down his fingers, squeezing with all his might as he drummed his fingers against her sensitive spot.

Her vision blurred as she felt a swelling of pleasure rising inside her. It wasn’t a languished ecstasy of getting head or a good fuck, it was more like a tidal wave that promised to terrify her once it finally crest.

She was blind to everything as she inched herself up. Her attention focused on his fingers, imprinting the sensation of the two digits scissoring inside her cunt to the exclusion of everything else.

“Yes!” he bellow as he ripped his fingers from her sex.

The orgasm sputtered and then evaporated.



She was sitting up, elbow against her knee and shuddering with the sudden withdrawal.

Matt stood up with a beaming smile. "I knew you could do it!"

Emma stared at him, wanting and hating him with every fiber of her being. He couldn't even bring her to an orgasm after violating her like that. The tears and sweat rolled down her face, bitter and salty.

He stopped and held out his hand for her.

Her shoulders shook. Every sob brought back the burning agony of her belly as she found every muscle used to cry. It hurt so much and all she wanted to do was crawl away and die.

After a second, Matt pulled his hand back. "Oh, you probably want your breakfast." He dug into his shorts and pulled out his perfect cock.

Emma found a sliver of strength. "No!" she gasped through the tears even though her eyes were drawn to the thick column of flesh that he held in his fingers. It smelled of sex and manhood, not the stink of sweat and failure.

Matt cocked his head. Then he pumped it slowly and a clear drop of pre-cum oozed out of the flared head. "Are you sure!"

"Y-Yes! I want to see the director." She cringed, waiting for the yelling.

He shrugged and then shoved his cock back into his shorts. "As you wish. Come on," he said and held out his hand again. "Let's get you cleaned up and you can talk to her."

"Alone?"

"Of course, you can tell her whatever you want."

Emma gingerly took the hand. Even though it was agony to move, he easily pulled her to her feet. She swooned.

Matt slipped his arm around her waist, not even hesitating from the sweat on her naked skin. He held her tight. "Come on, you need a shower."

"Please... don't," she said as she took an unsteady step. Reflexively, she gripped him for balance to avoid slipping.

He said nothing, but tenderly led her through the room toward the to the glass-lined shower.

*t'Sade*

# Shower Time

# 13

The door was easily wide enough for him to bring Emma inside the shower.

Emma clutched the handrail as she gasped for breath. Everything hurt and she could feel her legs quivering with a threat to fall. It was going to be an agony to rinse herself off, but the hope that the director would bring an end to everything gave her strength to turn around.

Matt was just finishing pulling his shorts off. He was naked. His thick cock bounced on his thigh. He had light brown skin and deep ridges of muscles. There didn't look like even a single ounce of fat on his pristine body. Her eyes widened and she felt a quivering inside her sex as she looked at thighs that could easily pry her apart and drive his cock deep into her body, hands that could hold her entire breast in one hand, and a looming danger that made it hard to breathe.

“W-What are you doing?”

“I can't help you clean off in my clothes, can I?”

“I-I can do it myself,” she said in a little voice.

He didn't seem to hear her as he stepped into the shower. Up close, the smell of his musk filled the tiny chamber. She took a deep breath and felt it suffuse throughout her entire body. He smelled warm and powerful and the heat from his beautiful body beat against her.

Planting one hand on the shower above her, he reached for the water control. “Let me,” he said.

Emma was painfully aware of his cock that dangled only inches away from her hand. Up close, it was thicker than she expected. It

moved with weight, a sense of presence that drew her attention. She reached for it but then yanked her hand back. She couldn't touch it, not with her planning on reporting him to the director.

The blast of hot water sprayed her face. She momentarily forgot the perfect dick in front of her with a moan of the pressure beating against her. She loved hot showers and there wasn't even a flash of cold, just pure heat beating against her body.

"Boilers are always hot here," Matt said in a low voice.

She looked up at him, terrified and aroused at the same time. He was so close and it had been so long. She could remember how his fingers felt inside her pussy, thrusting right up to the orgasm.

A soft whimper escaped her throat.

Matt smiled warmly at her. Then he grabbed a bottle of Pristine Brown Sugar shampoo. It was her favorite brand. Without speaking, he poured a generous helping into his hand and then rubbed it together until foaming bubbles squelched out from his fingertips.

Her pussy throbbed.

"Just hold on to the bar," he said in a tender voice. Then his hands were massaging her scalp as he washed her hair.

Emma closed her eyes and took a shuddering breath. Even with his looming, there was a tenderness in how he washed her hair. It was intimate, like a lover. It wasn't what a rapist would do.

"Just relax."

She didn't want to. She wanted to be enraged and furious. She wanted to lash out, but it was hard as he rocked her head back and forth, his thick fingers stroking against her scalp before letting the hot water spray it away.

Confused, Emma stared at the foggy glass as he lathered up another handful. She wondered if he actually was going to wash her hair again but then his thick palms cupped her breasts.

She froze as her hard nipples rolled into his palms. The hard tips felt so good on his slick skin as he rolled his hands over her breasts before holding them up to the hot water to sluice them off.

The world spun around her. She swayed back until her back pressed against his chest. He was so hard and fit at the same time; she wanted to have his arms around her despite everything she had done.

Then she felt his cock against her thigh. The thick ridge of manhood was nestled in her cheeks, still thankfully soft but much thicker than she remembered.

The tension came back, warring with the hands that probed and cleaned every crevice of her breasts and stomach. He didn't hesitate as he slid his fingers along the rolls of her belly, or traced a circle around her deep belly button. There wasn't anything other than a thickening growth of his length as he continued to tenderly wash her.

"You should just accept the program," he said in a low voice.

He meant suck his cock.

She shook her head. "I don't want to be raped."

"It would be your choice."

"You're pressuring me."

"The results work."

She shuddered, the pleasure fading. She stepped away and turned around, backing herself into a corner. "I-I can do this myself."

Matt stood there, his hair flat against his head from the water pouring down on him. Bubbles traced his hard muscles and broad shoulders. It ran in rivers down his half-hard cock before spraying off the head of the flared head.

"Please? Go away."

He surged forward, slamming one hand on the glass wall above her head.

She let out a cry, shaking as he loomed over her.

"One more place," he said in a hard tone. Then he brought his soapy hand down.

She knew where he was going and she pushed at his hand but it wouldn't move. Inexorably, he brought his bubbly fingers to her sex and cupped it. She shuddered with the warring pleasure and fear that boiled inside her. She wanted him. She hated him. She needed to feel his thick fingers penetrate her.

He did, shoving his two fingers back into hers ex. It was slick and smooth and so thick inside her.

She moaned as he drove deep, stopping just before he touched her abused sex. Her heart beat against her chest as she ground against the wall even as her legs slipped further apart.

He scissored his fingers inside her sex, stretching and rubbing against every little place of pleasure she didn't know she had. He knew exactly how to touch her, how to caress her insides, how to fill her.

Matt curled his fingers as he drew back, driving the tips of his digits against her g-spot and rubbing with little movements that quickly rekindled the orgasm and brought it to an instant boil deep inside her.

"Oh fuck," she said. "Oh fuck."

His face was impassive as he fingered her, moving with surprisingly grace that didn't even brush against her tortured skin. His digits were precise, pushing her buttons.

Soon Emma was mewling with pleasure. She was about to come. On a rapist's fingers, on a man who abused and beat and smacked her for hours. By a man who was trying to force her to swallow his cock. Tears mixed with the hot water as she stared into his eyes, losing herself as the orgasm reached a crest.

Matt pulled his fingers out.

She slumped. "W-What? No."

"We should see the director," he said. Turning around, he opened the door and a wave of cold air rushed into the shower. He stepped out and past the foggy entrance.

Emma was so close. She had to come, she had to. Trembling, she reached down for her sex.

She stopped when she was only inches away. It wouldn't be the same if she did it. There wasn't the edge of danger and fear, the caress of another person touching her. She wiped her face and felt a longing that wouldn't go away.

Matt stepped back into sight holding a towel. "Here."

Spying it, she stumbled forward and grabbed it. She wouldn't let it go, even if she had to sew it to her hand.

He was already dressed and looked dry. He rubbed his hands on his shorts and then walked a short distance to sit on the end of the bed to watch her.

Embarrassed but focused on the towel, she carefully maneuvered her body not to show him anything as she dried herself off. When she was done, she held onto the towel with both hands as she held it over her breasts. It didn't hide anything from his gaze, but she

wasn't sure if he was going to parade her naked in front of everyone just to see the directory.

"Ready?"

"Clothes?" she asked, her knuckles white on the towel.

Matt shrugged and walked to the door to her room. "Luggage is still lost."

He opened the door, the very one that refused to work for Emma, and then walked into the hallway. "Come on, Emma," he said. "The director is busy and I'm sure she has words for both of us."

She stared in shock. He was going to make her walk naked in the hotel. Humiliation burned on her cheeks as she imagined everyone on the bus seeing her walking around without a stitch of clothing. A low whimper escaped her lips as she padded over to the door. Her chest ached as she held onto the door frame and peered outside.

The grand opening of the hotel was still there but she didn't hear a single voice. Looking to the side, the hallway was empty. The doors to the other rooms were shut.

Gingerly, she inched out of the room, ready to race back at the first sight of someone. Seeing no one, she made it to the railing and peeked over the edge.

The ground floor was empty. Not a single person walked around. There wasn't exercise equipment or even a table. Just the pool of water and various empty tables and the banners from before.

The door to her room slammed shut.

With a gasp, she spun around and stared at it.

Matt was nowhere near by. He stood a few yards down the hall, leaning on the railing as he gestured to the elevators at the far side.

Emma whimpered. "N-Naked?"

He shrugged, turned around, and strolled toward the elevator.

She clutched herself tightly.

When she didn't feel the comforting towel in her hand, she froze.

With a gasp, she looked down at her empty palms and then at the ground. It was nowhere to be found. With a cry, she spun around and then looked over the railing in fear that she had dropped it.

It was nowhere in sight.

"Come on, Emma!"

“Fuck!” she cried. Then fighting back tears, she raced after Matt. Her nightmare would be over, she just had to endure a little more embarrassment and then she would be free.



# The Director

# 14

Neither said anything as the elevator brought them to the first floor. Emma stared out the glass walls at the floors that sailed pass, terrified that someone would be looking at her nudity. But, by the time they reached the first floor and she didn't see a single open door or another person, her fear turned to something else. Where was everyone? What about Malcolm? Alice? Vinh?

As soon as the door opened, Matt lead the way around toward the front door.

Cringing and covering her breasts and groin with her hand, Emma followed after.

To her relief, he didn't go around to the concierge desk but stopped at a door at the side. He rapped the door loudly twice.

Then, she clearly heard Svetlana's voice. "What!?"

At the sound of the woman, Emma let out a sob. Her nightmare was almost over. She rushed forward, pushing Matt to slap the door. "Please! I need to talk to you!"

There was a squeak and then the tapping of heels as the director walked to the door.

Emma glanced at Matt, wondering if he knew what was about to happen.

He shrugged and folded his arms over his chest. Then his eyes slowly lowered to hers. With a sigh, he stepped back.

The door flung open. "What!?"

Emma had forgotten how tall the director was. She was staring at the woman's breasts as she tried to form words.

Svetlana wore a cream-colored jacket that set off her golden blonde hair. A golden necklace nestled in her exposed cleavage, but

instead of a cross like Emma expected, it was a circle with a slash through it. Her skin was very pale, with faint blue veins barely visible in her skin.

With her cheeks burning, Emma looked up at her. "Please, you have to help me!"

The director's face softened. "Oh, what happened?"

Emma bawled as she pointed to Matt. "He raped me!"

Svetlana's gaze snapped over to him. "What?" Somehow, her voice turned even icier and Emma shivered at the threat.

"H-He did. He wouldn't give me clothes and then he kept shoving his fingers into me. And then he tried to... tried to..." The image of Matt's perfect cock wavered in Emma's vision and she broke down into a sob.

"Oh dear, come inside." Svetlana's hands were firm as she guided Emma into the room. Then she closed the door, giving Emma a barrier between her and her abuser.

It was a good-sized office but there wasn't a single chair. Only a desk on one wall. It was much higher than normal with a pad underneath it; a standing desk.

The floor was hard. It had a similar pattern to the carpet but there was a texture to the swirling patterns inscribed into the tile. It looked deliberate but the design was far too complicated for something purchased at the store.

Svetlana strode into the room near her desk and turn around. She gestured to the center of the room. "Tell me everything."

Emma cringed as she inched forward. "C-Could I get something to wear... please?"

Svetlana's eyes were piercing as she took in the woman. Then she cocked her head in much the same manner as Matt. "Very well." She turned and typed something on her computer. "Housekeeping will bring it here. But please, I need to know if I'm calling the police."

"He raped me!"

"Tell me what happened?"

Emma wiped the tears, then she started to explain what happened. It took her a few minutes to get to the when he first started forcing himself on her. Her voice cracked and she broke down, but Svetlana waited patiently until the story ended.

"... and... and then he brought me down here."

Svetlana stepped over and pulled Emma into a hug. “Oh, my poor dear, you’ve been through so much.”

The hug was awkward and Emma’s face was pressed into Svetlana’s cleavage. It smelled of musk, the same scent on the cards and in the bus, but it was stronger. She took a unwitting breath, taking in the intoxicating scene. It rolled through the poor woman’s body, bringing back little flashes of lust, from Alice’s fingers to Malcolm’s cock to the hard shaft pressed against her ass in the shower.

Svetlana patted her head. “Don’t worry. I’ll make sure you aren’t scared again.”

“I-I just want to go home.”

The director released the hug but kept her hand on the side of Emma’s face. “I know and we’re going to get you out as soon as possible. Do you mind if I ask a few questions? For context and reporting?”

Emma wiped the tears and nodded.

“Last night, you said that he touched you.”

“Y-Yes.”

“Where?”

“In... along my sex and then he s-stuck a finger in my ass.”

“More details please.” Svetlana’s face looked concerned but there was something about her words.

Emma didn’t want to think about it but there must have been a recording device in the office. She wanted to make sure that Matt was charged... not that she wasn’t going to sue the company the second she got back home. “He shoved me over and then jammed his fingers into me.”

Svetlana stared into Emma’s face.

“It... it was just a finger... I think.”

When the director didn’t say anything. “Please, I just want—”

Svetlana interrupted her by grabbing Emma by the hair. She was remarkably strong as she held Emma in place. “I’m asking questions. I need context.”

Then Svetlana shoved Emma down and forward.

Surprised, Emma tried to squirm away but her feet refused to move. She was forced forward, bent in half with her ass stuck out.

“What I said was I need more details,” Svetlana said. She twisted Emma’s hair in her palm and then forced the helpless woman to bend further in half until Emma’s cheeks pressed against her again.

“Now, was it two fingers? How deep?” Long, slender fingers pried themselves between Emma’s ass cheeks.

Emma only take time to let out a scream before two of them shoved deep into her ass, tearing open the ring with a burst of agony.

Svetlana twisted her hand back and forth as she wormed her fingers into Emma’s ass, violating the hole far more brutally than Matt had done. When her knuckles were a fist tight against Emma’s tortured opening, she finally spoke, “Now, was he this deep in your ass?”

Emma sobbed and shook her head.

With a growl, Svetlana twisted her finger back and forth, thrusting deep. Her movements were powerful and cruel as she wiggled and twisted back and forth.

Emma’s tight ring screamed out in agony as it was stretched open. Tears blurred her vision as she pawed at the air in desperation. She needed to escape but her feet refused to move and her legs were too weak to lift them.

Then a third finger drove against her ass. Svetlana rammed it in and Emma thought her tightly stretched sphincter was about to snap like a rubber band.

“O-One! One finger!” Emma screamed shrilly. What was going on? How was she getting raped again.

Svetlana yanked her fingers out but thankfully didn’t shove anything back in. “Matt!” she bellowed.

Emma tried to drop to her knees to escape. Her ass burned from the brutal invasion and she wanted to do everything she could to protect it. To her relief, Svetlana let her and Emma dropped to her knees.

Matt came up.

“She says you threatened to rape her mouth.”

He shrugged. “I did not.”

“Show me.”

Emma gasped. “W-What?”

He was already fishing out his cock as he walked in front of Emma. He stopped in front of her.

On her knees, even his cock loomed over her. It was too thick and swollen. A droplet of pre-cum oozed out of the tip as he gave it a few strokes to bring it to half-hardness. Then he chuckled. "Ready for breakfast?"

Emma sobbed and shook her head. Tears splashed on the ground beneath her. "Why are you doing this?"

She tried to look at Svetlana pleadingly, but the directory's hand in her hair held her place. She was forced to stare at the thick cock only inches from her mouth.

"Why didn't you eat breakfast?"

"That isn't a meal!"

"It's protein. It's good for you."

"P-Please don't—"

"Stop with the pleading!" Svetlana knelt down next to her, her hand never leaving. She looked directly into Emma's eyes; her piercing blue gaze seemed to bore into Emma's soul. "Listen, Cunt. We guarantee results. You were warned this program was hard and this is it. You will do whatever Matt tells you and you'll do it without whining."

"I-I—"

Svetlana's other hand snapped up, catching Emma's jaw and holding it open. Her face twisted in a scowl. "That includes stumbling on the stair machine or whining that you can't do a sit up."

Emma froze. How did Svetlana know about that?

The director looked up at Matt. "And you. We've had a talk about being too nice to these cunts."

For the first time, Matt looked worried.

"She is resistant so you are going to have to be rougher with her."

Emma tried to shake her head but Svetlana had her jaw still caught in a vise-like grip. She sobbed as she twisted and tried to escape but she was just as trapped as before.

"Now, grab her with both hands and then feed this cunt her breakfast!"

Emma's eyes opened wider. She tried to shake her head.

Matt shrugged. "I warned you," he said as he grabbed both sides of Emma's head. His huge cock bobbed in front of her mouth blocked only by the hand holding Emma's jaw.

Svetlana released her just as the thick member drove forward.

Emma only had a chance to inhale to scream, then her mouth was filled with thick flesh. It slammed into the back of her throat, punching her hard. She gagged violently and tried to pull back but Matt's large hands held her tight to him as he reared back and then slammed his cock into her mouth again.

Matt's cock head slammed into her throat brutally. A flash of agony burst across her vision, but then he was pulling back to ram it home. He continued to punch into her, hammering into her throat with short, powerful strokes.

Svetlana leaned against Emma to whisper in her ear. "Go ahead, try to bite him. If you do and draw blood, I'm going to give you a year long session here at the program and there will be nothing left in that head of yours when you leave."

Emma could barely concentrate. Her stomach heaved as she gagged, but there was no respite against the hammering cock head that battered the back of her throat until something forced it to bend down and into her throat. Her neck ached with agony with the constant hammering that shoved a fractional more of an inch into her mouth with every stroke.

"I don't know how you are resisting us but I won't let you ruin my program." Svetlana finally released her and stood up.

Matt's cock continued to hammer into Emma's mouth, pounding her with brutal speed. She could barely see past the pain as she felt him tearing into her throat and the thickness delving deep. As it did, she felt her breath cut off completely without only a microsecond of gap to bring in air.

Emma found the strength to try to fight back, but her fists hit steel-like skin and it only fueled the fierceness of his violation.

Something tore in her throat and the taste of blood flooded her mouth. It was salty and coppery. The shaft violating her throat became red with blood but that didn't stop as Matt grunted.

His grip on her skull tightened, holding her painfully as he rammed himself home. Every inch of his cock plunged into her

mouth and into her throat until his large balls smashed against her chin.

With a roar, he hammered himself home one last time. His cock swelled as it spewed his cum directly into her belly. She couldn't taste or feel anything through the pain of her bleeding throat and the burn of her lungs aching for air, but she could feel the molten cum pouring into her belly. The heat radiating painfully from her stomach as he continued to pump into her.

"Fuck!" he roared as he held it there.

Black spot swam across Emma's vision. She tried to push him away but her hand slipped. She pawed the air helplessly as the darkness crept up.

"That's enough," Svetlana said.

Matt groaned as he pulled out his half-hard cock. It was still spewing cum and a thick rope of the chewy liquid flooded her mouth before a final one painted a line across her face. He panted as he stepped back.

Emma let out a whimper and slumped forward. She managed to catch herself but her muscles were still weak from working out. She couldn't even slow herself as she crumbled to the ground with a wet smack.

With a sob, she coughed up a gout of cum that splattered across the floor. She gagged on it, feeling the salty liquid burning her throat and tongue. A thick river of it dribbled out of her mouth and puddled on the tiles below her.

Svetlana sighed. "Pathetic cunt."

Shaking, Emma curled up into a fetal position and snaked one hand between her thighs to cover over her sex as she tightened herself into a ball. She coughed into her hand, hating the hot liquid that splashed into her palm before slopping to the floor.

She prayed that they would let her be but she knew there was no hope. There would be no salvation from Matt, Svetlana, or anyone else. She was trapped in hell.

"Should I take her back?" Matt asked.

"No, not yet. I'm waiting for something to give her."

Emma closed her eyes and sobbed, dreading whatever horror Svetlana had planned.

*t'Sade*



# Outfitting

# 15

The minutes of waiting sapped at Emma's terror but replaced it with a horror that grew with every passing second. Her sobs quieted down to the occasional whimper and then to an uncomfortable silence. Her muscles throbbed and her chest ached, but no blow came. No words were taking.

Neither Svetlana nor Matt made a sound. She could imagine they were staring at her or they had left, she didn't dare lift her face away from her hands and give them the satisfaction of seeing her curiosity.

More importantly, she didn't want to draw attention to herself despite being the only naked, cowering woman in the room.

The seconds stretched by, each one drawing longer and longer. Why weren't they saying anything? Why couldn't she even hear Svetlana typing on her computer or hear Matt's feet shifting. The entire room was silent as death.

Her skin crawled with fear. Her heart beat in her chest, pounding painfully against her ribs as her discomfort and terror continued to rise. What were they going to do? What were they waiting for?

Then a knock on the door.

She screamed and jerked, pulling her head up.

Matt was staring at her, hands in his pockets with a blank look on his face.

Svetlana was doing the same, though her arms were crossed over her shoulder.

The realization they were both staring at her as she waited made everything worse. Sobbing, Emma crawled back on her feet, pushing herself to the wall as tears and cum ran down her face and chest.

Svetlana rolled her eyes. "Come in, Cherry."

The door opened and Cherry came in. Like all the other women at the program, she wore white and black. Her t-shirt looked out of place with the more formal outfits of the others and the thin material was barely able to keep her impossibly large tits in place. Two large nipples stuck out like headlights, painfully obvious as was her bared midriff. Below, she had a mesh miniskirt that did nothing to hide her bare sex and swollen lips. Her hair drew Emma's attention. Brilliant red, it almost glowed in the room as did the ruby gem nestled into her perfect navel.

A disjointed part of Emma was still startled how everyone looked like the personification of sex and yet claimed to have started off like her. There was no way she could ever look like that, no matter how much they promised the program would transform her.

Cherry gave Svetlana a bright smile. "Oi, boss. You calling?" Despite the puffy lips and large tits, hearing a Cockney accent was completely out of place from the sexpot in front of her.

"Did you bring it?"

The newcomer held out a bag. It was black mesh with something large inside. With a second look, Emma saw something wiggling in the depths.

Seeing it, Emma felt some primal terror rising up. She let out a whimper and pushed herself harder against the wall. Whatever it was, it was for her and she wanted absolutely nothing to do with it. Her eyes rolled in her head as she tried to find some way out of the room; there were no windows and Cherry and Matt blocked her way to the door.

Svetlana took the bag from Cherry and yanked it open. She struggled with something inside before she pulled out something that looked like a large, curved U-shaped object with claws at each end.

It wasn't until the director pulled it completely free of the bag that Emma saw what was wiggling. In the middle of the curve, there were three tentacles. Two of them were long and thick, about eight inches in length and as thick as a Coke can. The third was slender, maybe as wide as a pencil, but just as long. They slapped and wiggled in Svetlana's grip, caressing her skin and curling around her wrist as they left smears of slime across her pale skin.

Emma's breath came faster. "No, no, whatever that is, no!" Svetlana looked directly at her. "Pin her down so we can get this on her."

"W-What!?" Emma screamed. "No!" She didn't know what it was, but there was no way she would let anything like that near her body.

Matt reached for her and she kicked out.

She pawed at the ground, trying to push herself away from her torturers.

Cherry hooked her thumbs on her skirt and cocked her head.

"Get away from me!" screamed Emma. She tried to get to her feet, but her soles slipped on the drying cum that coated the ground. Her rear slapped on the ground but that didn't stop her from trying again.

Matt swiped at her feet again.

She screamed and flinched back.

Then Cherry was standing next to her, her thumbs still hooked into the delicate material of her skirt. She didn't look happy or serious, just a calm look as if she was checking out some clothes or cleaning up her room.

Emma flinched from her but then had to kick at Matt when his fingers almost caught her.

In the corner of her vision, she saw Cherry lift her foot. Before she could respond, the red-haired beauty snapped out and caught Emma right under the chin with the edge of her foot. The blow was powerful, slamming Emma's head against the wall, but it didn't do anything more than stun her.

Cherry let out a little amused grunt, then levered her body forward.

Stunned, Emma was slid off the wall and pushed down to the ground, a foot on her throat pinning her as she kicked helplessly against the wall and against the tile.

Matt grunted as he dropped to his knees, catching Emma's ankle and jamming it against the ground. There was less grace in his movements, but the powerful grip was no less forgiving than the foot threatening to crush her throat.

Emma writhed as she tried to prevent Matt from pulling her away from the wall and into the center of the room.

Cherry moved lithely with her, never letting go of the pressure that was just a twitch away from crushing Emma's trachea.

Emma grabbed the shapely ankle holding her down but it felt like steel. Even with her fingers digging into the firm skin, she couldn't even budge the slender woman's foot away.

Her voice beat against the walls. "Let go of me! Let me go!"

Cherry made the amused notice. She looked unperturbed by Emma's attempts to escape.

Svetlana carried the strange device around. "Spread her legs."

Matt's powerful grip caught Emma's knees and pushed them apart.

Emma tried with all her might to keep them together but she couldn't stop as he forced them wide apart and then down to the floor. His weight bore down on her as she was forced spread open, with her pussy exposed.

It wasn't until then that the shape of the strange device registered. It was a chastity belt of some sort, one with three tentacles positioned right where her pussy and ass would be. It didn't have straps but it was clear that the wedge would cover her from front to back.

Emma screamed even louder as she bucked and kicked. The words didn't make sense as she pounded on Cherry's ankle and legs, trying to break free.

Svetlana crouched down, not quite kneeling as she unceremoniously shoved the device underneath her.

The tentacles were hot as they slapped against Emma's bare skin. The heavy thuds shook through her body as the slimy lengths slurped over her skin and rolled over her sex.

"No!" came Emma's scream, beating against the walls.

One of the tentacles slapped against her sex and then froze. For the barest moment, she hoped it wouldn't do anything, but then it began to burrow in between her puffy lips, seeking out her entrance with unerring accuracy. The end mouthed her clitoris before slipping down.

Emma tried to clamp her inner muscles down to prevent it.

It plunged into her sex, the thickness more like a jelly as it rippled deep inside her. The girth stretched her insides as it burrowed deeper into her cunt, squirming and writhing in

terrifying ways. Places no man or fingers had reached were stretched around the girth of the tentacle as it stretched her length out before wriggling in on itself. It doubled with width and then stretched out, constantly squirming.

Tears blurred Emma's vision as she continued to thrash. She gave up trying to break free of Cherry's foot and reached down with both hands for her sex. Her belly got in the way and she could only paw uselessly as the front hook clamped down on the roll of fat above her pubis.

Svetlana angled it down, forcing the back of the belt underneath her as the second tentacle slurped along Emma's asshole then plunged inside.

The sudden intruder sliding deep in her was too much. Emma froze, her eyes bulging as she felt it squirming past hypersensitive nerves as it filled her rectum completely and then kept stretching. She felt every twist and turn as it crawled up into her body.

Then the third tentacle, the smallest one, struck. It snaked into her urethra and joined the others into plunging into her body. The intense sensations of being violated in a way that she didn't think possible were overwhelming and she let out an ear-splitting scream as she was violated in three holes at the same time.

The back of the belt was shoved into place, the claws digging into her tailbone as Svetlana shoved it into place, sealing the three tentacles deep inside her body.

Emma's scream ended in a gurgling terror as her entire world focused on the three wiggling intruders that twisted and stretched and strained against her inner walls. She was being raped in unspeakable ways. Her fingers caught on the belt and tried to pry it off, but even twisting it caused sharp pains to radiate from where the claws dug into her skin.

The tentacles continue to assault her, never stopping as they pushed and pulled, grew thicker then longer, then thick again.

Svetlana stood up and straightened her skirt. She looked down at Emma and shook her head. "Pathetic," she said again before stepping away. "At least now you don't have to worry about Matt violating your holes." She smiled cruelly, "Just like you asked."

Cherry lifted her foot from Emma's throat.

Emma immediately bent over and tried to dig into the belt along the side. Her fingers couldn't even get in between her skin and the edges. She tried on both sides, frantically trying to pull out the tentacles that continued to twist and turn inside her. She felt like she was about to split from the girth that invaded her and her vision blurred from the onslaught of pleasure and pain that radiated from the intruders.

Cheerfully, the red-haired woman looked around. "Anything else, luvs?"

"No, that's all we need."

"You got it, boss lady. Call if you need serving!" With a skip and a flare of her skirt, she turned and bounded out of the room.

Svetlana gestured to Emma. "Take her back to her room and run through the paces."

Emma sobbed as she pawed at the belt. It was too much, she couldn't handle the writhing inside her. It would have felt good if it wasn't for the mouths she knew were digging around her insides.

The pressure at her cervix increased sharply. For a brief moment of horror, she thought it was going to plunge into her womb but it then pulled back to stretch her out wider than her biggest toy.

The other tentacle continued to thrash inside her guts, working the serves of her tortured sphincter even as her belly writhed with its length tracing out her bowels.

The third was a burning brand of pain as it plunged into her bladder and marked out the entire length of her body. She felt like she had to pee, but no liquid squirmed out from around the belt. Only a rippling sensation as if the tentacle was drinking directly from her body.

The thought only made the horror worse.

Matt's hands caught Emma's armpit and he pulled her to her feet.

Her legs were slack and she couldn't get her feet underneath her. Drying cum and fresh juices rolled off her belly and down her thighs.

Matt patiently carried her, her feet dangling in a mockery of walking.

"Oh, and Emma?"

Emma cringed as Matt turned her around.

The white-haired director gave her a smile. “Now, if there is anything else you need from me, don’t hesitate to ask.”

Emma’s tears ran down her cheeks.

“If you want to report Matt for sexual assault or even talk about any other employees, I will help you get exactly what you need. And remember, my door is always open. Do you wish to report him?”

Emma’s body shook as she pawed at her sex, still trying to escape the tentacles that violated her. She shook her head violently, there was no escape.

“Oh, and Matt?”

Matt’s hard body tensed against Emma.

“I expect you to get her back on schedule. Stop being a fucking pussy and do your job. She isn’t your girlfriend, Matt, she’s a customer. And you will treat her as such or I will find someone else... to retrain both of you.”

“Y-Yes, Directory.”

“This was her lunch break and you both have work to do. I expect to hear better news after her dinner. I do not want to be disappointed.”

“Yes, Director.”

Emma shuddered at the idea of dinner, there was no question it would be his cock buried in the back of her throat. He was going to use her, but not until he tortured her with hours of more exercise.

“Go!” Svetlana gestured to Matt who pulled Emma from the room and back toward the elevators.

*t'Sade*



# Evening Break

# 16

Emma thought she was in hell before, but she didn't even know the half of it. Looking back over the last few hours, she learned a new definition of torture and she already longed for her innocence from earlier that day when the only concern was keeping her body away from Matt's probing fingers.

Since they returned to her room, he had been pushing her through her set, mixing leg and arm and aerobic activities until her body was a whirlwind of agony and sore muscles. Her left hand cramped on the handrail of the stair machine as she forced herself to lift her leg and plant her foot down before it reached the bottom. Her thighs burned from constantly getting up off the ground. Even her shoulders ached from the weights and jumping jacks that rattled her breasts painfully.

With every step, she could feel the slick wiggling deep inside her body. The tentacles never stopped moving, not even for a second. They would thrash and roll around inside her, setting off nerves every time they found some bundle of hypersensitive nerves to caress and grind along. The pressure was impossible to push into the back of her mind, it wasn't a simple vibration but a constant chaos that pushed her to the edge of ecstasy but never shoved her over the edge of an orgasm.

If she wasn't clutching her soft belly to try quelling the liquid sensation of something driving deep into her guts, she was hissing in pain from the few steps from one station to the other.

Her entire room stunk of sweat and her pussy. The tangy and bitter scents flowed around her, reminding her that every fold of her body was dripping with sweat. Her inner thighs were soaked, be

it from her effort or the juices that were endlessly weeping out of the gap between the belt and her skin.

“Okay, you can do it, Emma. Just give me ten more steps.”

Emma ignored the sweat dripping down her face. She screwed up her strength and lifted her foot to the next higher stair on the machine.

The tentacle inside her pussy decided to reverse its coiling and flipped around inside her, bulging out her insides as it slid along nerves and set off weaves of pleasure.

Her foot trembled as she set it down and hauled herself up. Her body and ass screamed out in agony but she didn't dare slow down. The image of Svetlana's cruel face pushed her forward; she didn't dare be called down again.

The inescapable torture of the tentacles violating her ass kept her in place as she took another step. It was easier to ignore the feeling of something deep inside her bowels if she was moving. She panted as she took another step and then another.

“Oh, good girl. You're doing right.”

She sobbed with the effort but didn't stop. Her knuckles were white on the rails as she pulled herself up, blindly moving without counting her steps. Matt would tell her when she was done, he would tell her when she did it right.

“Three more... you can do it!” His hand rested on the rail just below her own. He didn't seem to notice the sweat dripping down the metal or her scent. He was close, close enough that she could feel his body against the heat radiating from her own skin.

Emma groaned. When the next squirm flooded her pussy, she clamped down tightly with her inner muscles and took another step, then rushed into the next one.

The tentacle inside quivered from being crushed, straining against the muscles that were already at their limits. It squished to the side and then bulged up. The girth stretched her insides, pushing out as it swelled and slurped up against her cervix in a single movement that left her cross-eyed with pleasure.

With a flood of juices soaking her inner thighs, she rushed through the last few steps and beyond, jamming down on each step as she tried to escape the pleasure that assaulted her senses but would never let her orgasm.

Her foot slipped on the sweat-slick stair and she lost her balance. Her damp palms slipped from the bar and she tumbled back with a cry.

Her body thudded against Matt's muscular form. Powerful arms slipped up underneath one armpit and her waist to catch her from falling. His hot breath brushed against her ear. "Good job," he said in a low whisper. "I'm so proud of you."

A rush of dopamine flooded through her, pushing back the pain and discomfort.

Then the tentacle swirled around her rectum and she let out a shuddering moan as the slick length burrowed deep into her body, twisting her insides around as it seemed to stretched before coiling down against her sensitive insides.

A moan slipped from Emma's throat as her eyes fluttered and her toes curled. For the briefest moments, the rush of his compliment and her pleasure almost pushed her into an orgasm but it faded just before that point. Her body ached to find release, or at least a hot bath.

His arm tightened. "Good job," he repeated.

Her stomach let out a loud gurgling noise as a wave of hunger rolled through her. It had been hours since she last had a "meal" and she was dreading when she couldn't ignore it any longer.

Both of them froze.

With a soft whimper, she tilted her head back to look at him. "Please don't do this."

"You need to eat, Emma." His eyes were filled with compassion; a look she had not recognized if it wasn't for Svetlana's cruel gaze.

"N... Not that. Anything but that." Her voice was soft, a whisper. She could almost taste his spunk already. A growing dread filled her, a realization that it was only seconds before she found herself on her knees in front of him.

Matt sighed. "Come on." He lifted her up to her feet as he stood himself. His arm was tight against her soft belly, the ridge of his muscles brushing against the claw that dug into her mound and kept the tentacles buried inside her sex.

Emma forced herself to her feet. With his help, she got her balance before she turned around. "Please, I'm begging you." She

knew it wouldn't work but she had to try. Tears welled up in her eyes as she tightened her lips with the dreaded anticipation.

He took a step away and reached down. "You know I can't do that."

A flush of heat raced through her veins.

Emma resisted the urge to look down as he fished out his cock. She could almost feel when he pulled it free and gave it a few pumps.

"Come on, you need to eat."

"Not that."

"You have to. You don't want to upset the director, do you? You know what she can do. Just close your eyes and take it; it isn't so bad if you swallow."

She did, or more importantly, she knew that the torture of having the tentacles squirming and edging her for hours was only the beginning of torture that Svetlana could inflict on her. A single tear ran down her cheek as she tried not to think about how his hardness would feel against her lips, or the taste of his cum in her mouth. She sniffed and shook her head. "C-Couldn't you make me? Grab my head and use me?"

A thrill raced through her at the idea of being forced. She had her rape fantasies, but nothing would have prepared her for wanting one in that moment.

Matt's eyes were soft as he shook his head. "No, love, you have to do it. You just have to kneel down and take it. You can do it. Come on, just like another set."

"I-I can't," she said as her stomach rumbled again.

"You can, you know you can. Just take a deep breath and do it. It will fill up your tummy and then we'll stop for the night. You'd like that, right? A nice hot shower and then bed?"

Sleep did sound good, at least to escape her day.

A little smile sparkled in his eye. "As a bonus, you don't have to worry about me in the shower anymore."

"W-What...?" She started to ask why when the tentacle inside her cunt stretched out, ramming against her cervix as it seemed to stretch. Her knees wobbled as she felt the intense sensations before the tentacle coiled back to twist in and out of her opening, teasing her already sensitive lips with waves of pleasure.

It was the easiest thing to take advantage of her effort to slowly sink down to her knees. Her pussy grew slick as she brought her head even with the magnificent cock in front of her.

He was already fully hard with clear fluids dribbling out of the tip. His entire length was a deep red and his crown was shiny with excitement.

Her stomach rumbled with need. It had been hours and she was so hungry after working out.

“You can do it. Just open up that pretty mouth.”

Emma leaned forward, brushing her lips against his cock. It was hard and slick. She could taste just a hint of salt as she lapped at it. First she used ginger licks but then she mouthed the end to roll it around in her mouth. Her stomach rumbled, begging to be filled.

“Oh, that’s it,” Matt pulled his slick fingers from his shaft.

She didn’t bother grabbing it. Instead, she opened her mouth and took his crown deeper into her mouth. It felt right, as if she belonged on her knees with his cock in her mouth. With a moan, she bobbed forward and took a few inches more before sliding back.

Emma had given blowjobs before, but she never enjoyed it. It was always because her boyfriends had begged her while refusing to go down himself. But with Matt, it felt right as she opened her mouth and swallowed more of his length. His perfect cock was made for her as she took it deep until it caressed the back of her throat, and then slid back up until her lips clamped around the ridge behind his glans.

The thick veins of his length tickled her lips. Little strands of saliva and pre-cum stretched out and snapped as she drew back and pushed forward.

His moans filled her head as she lowered one hand to her crotch and pressed against the metal while her other cupped her breast. With her fingers teasing her aching nipple, she impaled her mouth on his cock repeated until she could feel it growing even harder in her lips.

She finally reached up to cup his balls. They were hot as they rolled around on her palm. Her other hand caught his base as she used it to balancing her as she took him deeper.

Emma was hungry, not only for something to fill her stomach but also something else. She didn't want to admit that she wanted Matt's body as much as his seed.

Taking a deep breath, she shoved down hard.

His cock smacked against the back of her throat and slid past. The pressure set off her gagging but she held it there as she bobbed up and down, making little choking noises with every stroke.

Matt moaned with pleasure. His hips thrust into her mouth, adding to her strokes as she forced his length deeper into her throat.

The discomfort faded as Emma worked her lips down to her fingers and his base. It was the most she had ever taken a cock but she needed more, she needed all of him. Gingerly, she pulled her hands away from his cock and planted her hands on his thighs as she lifted her body and shoved down even more.

Matt's eyes rolled up with pleasure.

The sight of it sent a thrill coursing through Emma. She took a deep breath and jabbed herself down again, forcing more of his cock into her through as her lips sought to press against the base of his shaft.

Then she made it. She had his entire length in her mouth. His girth cut off her breath and she was gagging violently, but she had him balls deep. With a rush, she pulled off with a gasp.

"That's good—"

His words were cut off when she impaled her mouth again. With a wet slurp, she took him clear to the base and then up again. Her pussy throbbed with need as she roughly fucked her own face against his cock, pounding her nose as she sucked and lapped at the hard rod that slid past her lips.

Matt didn't say anything, but she felt his balls tightening her grip.

She moaned on his cock and slammed her face down against his belly. His entire girth was sheathed in her throat when it pulsed hotly, clenching and squeezing as he fired load after load of hot cum directly into her belly.

The sensation of hunger quickly turned into a pressure of her stomach as he filled her. Then the hot cum was rushing up her esophagus.

Emma pulled off as a gout of cum burst from her mouth. She gagged at the sharp, salty taste that flooded her mouth. Gasping, she looked up at him as his cock twitched and fired another rope of cum across her chin and then over her nose.

Matt chuckled. "Very good girl."

She panted as she looked up at him. Her veins sung with endorphins. She had done it, taking his entire length until he filled her stomach with hot cum. The gurgling sensation pushed back her hunger and headache.

Emma felt sated.

For a long moment, they stared at each other.

Then Emma gripped his thighs and pulled herself up to her feet. She swayed in a cocktail of endorphins and excitement, the pain pushed back with the rush of his orgasm.

Matt grinned and reached over.

She flinched, but then held herself still as he scooped up some of the cum from her chin. Without asking, he pushed it into her mouth followed by his thumb.

Emma sucked on it as he stared at her for a long moment.

"You are so beautiful," he finally said.

Not too beautiful to let her escape. Emma realized that she had just blown a guy for dinner. Shame and humiliation flooded through her and the world blurred.

"Come on, shower," Matt said before leading her to the shower. As before, he joined her after stripping, but he didn't finger her or abuse her.

There was something already invading her private places, twisting and pushing. They never stopped, wiggling through the edges of her senses until she felt disoriented underneath the stream of hot water.

Matt stood behind her, joining in the hot water. His large hands roamed her body, touching and scrubbing every inch. He didn't avoid her folds, but caressed each one as he clean her off with soap and water. His fingertips stroked deep, massaging her, as he explored her breasts, thighs, and neck. His palms caressed her nipples as he soaped them up and then held them up to the water to rinse them off. Every touch was erotic and delicate, touching and probing.

Despite the pleasure from him and the tentacles, exhaustion won the fight and her head began to droop. She was more tired than she had ever been and she could barely remaining on her feet.

Parts of the shower began to blur, one moment she was standing in the middle and the next she was up against the wall. She didn't remember, only that she dipped back into a fugue before coming back to his massaging her scalp as he rinsed shampoo out of her hair.

Before she knew it, she was in her bed.

Matt crawled up behind her, sliding one arm around her waist as he pressed his hardness against the valley of her buttocks. His cock head bumped against the chastity belt.

With a yawn, she held herself still. "W-What are you doing?"

"Just in case you need something in the middle of the night," he said. His body was hard and warm against her.

Barley able to keep her eyes open, Emma leaned into his chest. "Okay," she said without thinking.

He shifted in place. His hardness rocked against the belt, teasing her thighs.

Around them, the room grew dark by some silent command.

"Go to sleep," he whispered in her ear. "Tomorrow is going to be much better than today, I promise."

"Am I going to get away?"

"No," he said. His hand cupped her breast, capturing her nipple with his fingers. He rolled it between his fingertips before tugging on it.

With little sparks of pleasure, she leaned back and tried not to think about the ceaseless squirming inside her cunt or the heat of his hardness against her buttocks. If she hadn't pushed back, he would have been fucking her by now. If she didn't insist on seeing the director, he would have been balls deep inside her cunt. She could almost picture his hardness buried in her pussy, thrusting in and out with slow strokes.

Hungry for something else, she lifted her upper leg and reached down. Her fingers caught his shaft and brought it forward until it was nestled between her thighs. Then she closed her legs around his length and leaned back.

"Want me to come?"



She didn't, but her thoughts were fading quickly. She couldn't remember if she shook her head.

The last thing she remembered was the gentle teasing of his shaft sliding in and out between her thighs, his pre-cum lubricating him as he thrust into her as if he was fucking her.

*t'Sade*

# Busy Morning

# 17

Emma couldn't sleep. Her conscious kept bobbing in and out of oblivion as her world blurred with her dreams.

She was having the most erotic dream of her life. A thousand hands touched every part of her body, stroking along her flakes, legs, and along her most intimate of places. She didn't feel her usual weight and girth, only sleek skin and easy access to the fingers that plunged inside her sex or tugged on her nipples. Other hands reached out for her head, pulling her into hard cocks and dripping pussies.

Blinded by her fantasies, she opened her mouth as she took them and tasted them: sweat, cum, and cunt. Everything was sweet and tangy as she writhed between the two worlds, her body rising up even as she was pinned down.

But, even as she felt cum splattering across her perfect breasts and across her back, the crest of her pleasure kept rising and rising but never reaching the peak. She whimpered and thrust her fingers into wet holes and wrapped around hard shafts to encourage them to fuck her but they didn't.

The drifting pleasure grew cooler, fading away as she felt herself waking up. The pleasure inside her assaulted her senses, changing from thrusting cocks into squirming tentacles packed deep inside her.

No, there was something else thrusting.

Her mind grew focused as she concentrated on the sensations. There was a hand on her breast, a large palm that dug into the sides of her tits and held her tight. There was something hard sliding in

and out of her thighs from behind, a dripping cock that slid through the slick tunnel of her legs.

Then she remembered the tentacles. They were still embedded in her body, twisting and writhing. The one inside her rectum uncoiled itself, thrusting deep into her bowels before coiling back up the other way. The pressure ground against the thrashing tentacle inside her sex, adding the pleasure that assaulted her senses.

Emma moaned as she reached down to her sex. Her fingertips caressed along the metal edges of the chastity belt. She tried to pry her fingers underneath it but despite the slick skin and matted hairs, she could find no gap between skin and device.

Her body continued to shake and she grew more aware of Matt's body behind her. His hard, muscular form measured along her backside. His pectorals flexed against her shoulder-blades and he had one leg hooked over her shin.

It was his cock that drew her attention. The hard length thrust from behind, teasing along her insides as he drove past her thighs and out the other side. She could feel his crown teasing the sensitive skin and the wet slurps as the head peaked out before pulling back.

He was long enough he could reach from end to end. It was an erotic sensation, feeling every inch of his length as he fucked her thighs. Her skin was lubricated by her juices oozing out from the two tentacle assaulting her sex.

Emma moaned. "Please fuck me."

Matt chuckled, his breath hot against her ear. "I can't. You're already occupied."

The tentacles both stretched inside her, pressing up against her cervix and plunging deep inside her guts. She could feel her belly bulge as it reached into her intestines with a wave of uncomfortable pleasure.

She whimpered. "Can't you do anything?"

"Not until you lose enough weight, then the claws will drop off." He grunted as he jammed his hips into her buttocks and his cock slipped between her fingers. It was hot and slick.

The chastity belt was held on by her fat? Emma whimpered; it was never going to get away. No matter how much she worked, no matter how many hours she went, there was no way it would just drop off in a month, much less a week.

She reached down for his cock, stretching around her belly. Her fingertips brushed against the slick head as it plunged in and out, but she couldn't get a grip. With every thrust, her wrist bumped against the chastity belt.

For a moment, it felt like she strained less to reach her sex. It had been a while since she tried without having a long toy to lever into her pussy. She dismissed it, there was no way she lost weight in the last few days despite the constant exercise.

She concentrated on grabbing his cock, wrapping her fingertips around it and giving him a tight channel to thrust his crown. The hard slickness plunged between her fingers with long, deep strokes.

"Fuck," he groaned into her ear, "you're amazing."

She smiled at the compliment. As much as she loved feeling his hard body grinding against her, she wanted an orgasm of her own. With her other hand, she cupped his hand over her breasts. "Why can't I come?"

Matt's hand tightened on her tit as his thrusts grew harder. His hips slammed against her buttocks, smashing them as he thrust into her hand. "The belt!" he gasped. "That damn belt!"

"T-The belt?"

He slowed. "Those tentacles are edging you. They can tell when you are coming close and then they pull you back. It doesn't matter how you get there, they won't ever let you come."

Emma closed her eyes. "W-Why?"

"You want to come?" he said as he moved into longer, deep strokes that rocked against her fingertips. His cock head felt huge and swollen, as if he was only seconds from coming.

Her last orgasm felt like a year ago. She tightened her thighs around his shaft and pushed back into his thrusts. "Yes. Oh god, yes."

"Then do what you're told. Keep working out, stop resiting your meals. Just accept that you're going to be transformed and it will happen." He pulled her tight before kissing her shoulder. "I promise you."

"H-How? How could I possibly lose weight? How is any—"

"Trust me, it will happen sooner than you expected. Don't worry about the how, just focus on doing what you're told."

It sounded like faith, but then again, she had two tentacles edging her from the inside and the hotel floor kept wavering in a way that couldn't quite be explained by science. Or the bus and the strange way the meals showed up. Or even the cards and their damn scent. Something wasn't natural about any of her circumstance.

Besides, even if she did fight, it was obvious that Svetlana would never let her escape; she was stuck, no matter what she did.

Matt said nothing as she thought to herself, his body rocking as he continued to fuck her thighs. His hard body felt incredible against her softer curves and she felt safe with him holding her tight.

Closing her eyes, Emma let out a long sigh. "What do I have to do?"

He leaned into her, looming over her body as he rocked her forward. She could feel his wet shaft sliding between her buttocks, it was a counterpoint of the tentacles that were stretching inside her to keep back any orgasm. "Are you hungry?"

The memory of his cock thrusting into her mouth flooded through her thoughts. She wanted to say no, but her stomach rumbled with need. She was hungry and she knew there was only one place she could have it.

To answer, she rolled forward and away from him.

His cock slipped from between her thighs and smacked against her ass before she rolled over.

Looking into his eyes for a moment, she parted her lips and bent forward.

He pushed his dripping shaft into her mouth.

The taste of her juices and his cum flooded her mouth. She opened her jaw as far as she could and thrust down, driving the hard shaft into her throat as she sought the base of his cock. The taste was intoxicating as she bobbed down, gulping at the juices that dribbled into her throat.

Every time she pulled back, their combined juices clung to her skin. She could feel it tickling as little strands stretched and then broke with her movement. She buried her face into his soaked crotch, grinding her cheek and nose into their combined juices before drawing out.

Matt was already hard and on the cusp of an orgasm. He pulsed hotly in her mouth as his hands ran through her hair.

Emma felt desired in that moment, a sexual creature that wanted only one thing. Her senses grew sharper as the hunger grew, a desire that drowned out the tentacles in her snatch, the juices soaking her skin, and even the despair of her situation. All she wanted was to feel him coming inside her.

She gripped his hips with both hands and slammed her face down. His hardness plunged into her throat as her lips planted at his base. The girth choked off her breath but it only added to the pleasure as she swallowed repeatedly, massing his entire length.

“Fuck!” he groaned. His hands clamped down on her skull as he shoved forward.

She could feel his cum surging down his length, the pulse of the thick veins on her lips and the way his hardness stretched her lips. She gulped harder, rocking her face back and forth against his hard belly as he pumped her breakfast directly into her belly.

Her own body sang with pleasure. It wasn't an orgasm, but she felt closer to him than ever before. As if she was intended to be there, with her lips around his shaft.

His cock finally quelled inside her mouth, the hardness softening.

Emma pulled it out and let it slip from her lips with a pop before she took in a deep breath. She could feel the flush on her cheeks and the gurgling heat in her stomach. It felt... good.

Matt grinned. “Fantastic.”

He leaned forward and kissed her lips. “Ready to work out?”

To her surprise, she was.

*t'Sade*



# Empty Thoughts

# 18

Emma hopped over the jump rope with only a little struggle. Her entire body moved with her movement, her breasts and squish rising as she did and then tugging as she came down. Her bare toes struck the mat and she sank into it. The rest of her body came a heartbeat later, pushing her down further into the surface.

The mat's elastic pushed her back up, assisting her as she jumped over the rope as it came down again.

She stared at the mirror in front of her, straining to keep the cadence. If she could get fifty, Matt said he was going to reward her. To be honest, she was impressed she made it beyond five; she wasn't able to do that since she was an awkward teenager. But she had blown past the five and was easily moving toward the fifty.

Emma couldn't explain her morning. It was far easier than the day before. Not easy, but easier. Her body was still drenched with sweat and she could feel all her folds moving against each other, but the stairs were less of a struggle, her chest didn't hurt as much, and Matt had doubled her weights twice and she was managing to push through it.

It felt good to see something progressing. Now, if only her body could match.

In the mirror, she still saw the fat girl in front of her. She watched as her rolls jiggled and her body continually moved. It was humiliating, but it was also the sight of a naked woman skipping rope without missing a beat.

The tick-tick of the rope striking the mat was almost soothing. She focused on it but then felt the rope cutting through the air. She stumbled and barely made the next hop.

“Relax, just relax.”

Easier said than done. Emma grunted as she tried to concentrate.

“No, not like that.” Matt sat on the edge of a bench, his thick shaft dangling between his legs. He hadn’t bothered putting on clothes either. “You have to open yourself up and relax. Just feel the rope, don’t think about it.”

“H-How?” she gasped.

“Try staring at the mirror.”

“I hate that.”

“You’re beautiful. I mean, look at you. Your smile is amazing.”

Her eyes focused on the image. She tried smiling. She was pretty.

“And your eyes, I love those green flecks in your brown eyes. Like a river.” He sounded wistful.

Emma wasn’t sure how he could see that far, but she knew her eyes. She looked at them, her imagination bringing up the countless times she peered into the mirror and stared at them. They were so brown with little flecks of green along the edge. They were one of her best features.

“There you go.”

Her attention focused on the rope and she clipped her toe on it. Stumbling, she almost ran into the mirror before backing off enough to bring the rope around.

“Just relax, let it go. Look at your body and see what I see. A sexy, beautiful young woman. Your breasts, your belly, your mouth. I want it it all.” His voice was low and soothing.

Her eyes focused where he spoke. She tried to look past the body she loathed to the sexy woman that Matt obviously saw. It took her concentration to see what allured Alice and Malcolm, to see the breasts that begged to be touch and the lips that were made for sucking. She liked sucking, it felt good to have Matt stretching her lips and his cock lodged in her throat.

The rope ticked faster, the rope whistling through air as she blew past the fifty and started jumping toward a hundred. She was only vaguely aware that she was jumping as her mind focused on what others saw and her own memories.

She kept working out, hopping as the rope whistled and the metronome of the ticks filled her thoughts.

For the briefest of moments, she felt her mind grow blank. No thoughts, no memory. Just a single glorious moment where nothing in the world mattered and she didn't feel the ache, pains, or even the tentacles assaulting her pussy.

Emma stopped, the rope smacking against her ankles before coiling on the ground. She stared at her hands and felt the moment slipping away, an epiphany that was lost as soon as it was found.

"Emma?"

She turned and looked at Matt.

He sat on the bench, watching her curiously. There was no fear or worry, just a look of expectation on her face.

Her gaze drifted down to his thick cock.

It twitched.

Her stomach rumbled with the desire for lunch. She was supposed to hate what would come next but, as long as she didn't think about it, it didn't bother her. She kept her mind blank as she took a step forward.

"I'm hungry," she announced.

Without waiting for another word, she walked over to him and sank to her knees.

He smiled and spread his thighs. His cock grew as she reached down for it and she guided it into her mouth clear to the base. It felt warm and soft in her mouth, but it wouldn't be that way for long. Sucking lightly, she cupped his balls and bobbed on it as it grew harder in her mouth.

Matt chuckled and stroked her cheeks. "That's a good girl. You're almost there."

Emma ignored his words as she spread her legs to lower herself. The belt dug into her crotch, reminding her of the tentacles that were assaulting her insides. She could feel as they stretched and coiled to ensure she would never experience an orgasm of her own.

In her state of mind, she pulled her thoughts away and sought out that moment of silent bliss, where her thoughts were empty and all she wanted was to swallow his cum. Her thoughts blurred as she bobbed down, sucking Matt to the root and up again.

"Yeah, that's it," Matt said with a smile. "You almost got it."

Emma smiled to herself as she bobbed and stroked harder, caressing until he finally came in her mouth. She let it spray against

the back of her throat and swirl over her tongue. The salty seed was sweet and bitter at the same time. She kept her lips sealed behind his glans to make sure none of it escape, not even when her cheeks bulged.

Matt panted as he finished. Then he pulled out. "Show me," he said in a whisper.

She opened her mouth to show the cum pooled on her tongue.

"Swallow it."

Emma did, smiling as her thoughts grew even dimmer. The hot cum dribbled down her throat and pooled in her stomach.

"That's right, almost there. We're just about back on schedule."

She stared at him, but didn't really see his relived smile. It felt as if her mind was empty of anything besides bliss. Desperate to keep the feeling, she licked her lips and waited for his next command.

# No Thoughts

# 19

It was early evening but Emma and Matt were still working out. The room stunk of sweat and effort, but it was a distant sensation, filtered out by her focus as she strained to bring her elbows to touch her knees. She could feel her muscles screaming out from the effort which only redoubled her effort to cling to the moment of empty thoughts.

The moments came more frequently but she didn't dare investigate them. Instead, she treated them as a second winds where her body didn't ache and she only had the dim awareness of her struggle instead of experiencing every aching moment. It felt as if she was becoming a rider in her body as something else took over.

"There you go, Babe. Just give me twenty more. Twenty more and we can take a break."

Her eyes remained unfocused, unseeing. The thoughts in her head were quiet again as long as she didn't concentrated on his soothing words or the actual sensations of her body. She clenched her muscles, knowing but not feeling the pain, and tapped her elbows to her knees. Then she lowered herself back to the sweat-soaked skin.

"So beautiful," he whispered.

Emma did another situp.

"Tonight, I think I'm going to push you to your knees and fuck your face. Would you like that?"

She couldn't concentrate on the words without risking breaking the euphoria. It didn't matter if he talked about fucking her ass, riding her face, she couldn't let his words seep into her thoughts if she was to survive.

Like the burn in her body, the liquid swirling between her legs was distant. She could feel the writhing tentacles assaulting her senses. The flutters of moving deep inside her intestines and the bulge that occasionally caused her belly to jiggle all threatened to make her suffer. Every iota of pleasure and pain hammered against the quiet thoughts and tried to dredge her up to response to her own senses, to react to the stimuli instead of just pushing through it.

“Oh, you’re going to be so pretty when I cum all over your face. I’m going to hold you tight and spray every inch of your skin. You’ll be able to taste it as it dribbling into your mouth.” He released one shin and slid his hand up to cup her sex, his fingers caressing both sides of the slick metal that held the tentacles inside her.

Emma’s eyes blurred again as she sank deeper into the state of not thinking. It didn’t matter if she hadn’t had an orgasm for hours; she was only aware that she craved any release in her more wakeful moments. It was torture, but only if she didn’t think about it.

She did another few situps as he whispered how he was going to abuse every hole in her body. Her lips parted as she struggled to bring more air into her lungs, to give her the fuel she needed to obey him.

Matt smiled broadly, his fingers still trailing up and down her thighs. “Oh, that’s it, isn’t it? Just losing yourself, aren’t you?”

Emma couldn’t even response without risking it. She stared at him, mouth open and panting with the effort as she finished her set of situps.

He gave her a nod of approval.

She became aware that she needed more fuel to keep going. “I’m hungry.”

Matt stood up.

She crawled to her knees, spreading her chubby thighs along the sweat-slicked mat. Her mouth opened as she leaned forward for his cock.

He stopped her.

For a moment, there was a flicker of surprise but the craving to no longer think took over. She sank back down into her mindless state as she remained still, mouth open and tongue out waiting for the food she needed.

There was a knock on the door, then it opened.

“Is she ready?” asked Svetlana.

Emma didn’t bother turning. She remained still, waiting for her dinner as the tentacles assaulted her insides. Rivers of sweat and her juices ran down her thighs but she could only acknowledge it instead of thinking about how the tentacles had been edging her for hours or that the only thing she had swallowed for the entire day was cum and water.

Matt cleared his throat. “She’s completely dissociated.”

“Stable?”

“Micro-flashes of self awareness but less than a second.” His voice was still soothing but dry, a dispassionate description.

Emma tried to concentrate on the words but then the pain began to seep through her senses. She closed her eyes and arched her back as she willed herself to sink back into the moments where nothing hurt and she wasn’t a fat girl who couldn’t escape.

Svetlana’s heels tapped on the ground until she stopped close by. “You’re almost on track.”

“What about the others?”

“Worry about your own time table.”

“Sorry.”

A faint pause.

“She’s the last, but only by two hours. We are still well within our timeline.” There was a rustle of fabric and a wash of Svetlana’s perfume across Emma’s nostrils.

Emma took a deep breath. The flowering scene was almost spicy. She was aware that it tickled the back of her throat, but she didn’t have to cough if she wasn’t thinking about it.

Everything was easier if she wasn’t in charge.

“She’s ready,” Matt said.

“Get her up on the bench,” Svetlana said.

Emma opened her eyes.

The director stood in front of her, her stern face looking down as the other woman worked the buttons of her blouse open. There was no anger or hatred in her face, only a dispassionate gaze of someone doing their task. She opened her shirt efficiently, baring large breasts that stood proudly without a bra or support. Her skin was

flawless and Emma couldn't see a hint of a stretch mark, scar, or even mole. Just perfectly smooth, snow white flesh.

Matt knelt next to Emma, his cock standing up strong as it splattered her with pre-cum. "Come on, up on your feet."

Emma pushed herself up as she stared at Svetlana. She wanted to ask questions, but that would require her to concentrate on the words. Her body reported a thousand aches that would swamp her senses if she let herself be dragged out of the now. Deep inside, the tentacles gave a vigorous twist as one burrowed deep into her belly in an effort to rearrange her insides.

She pulled her senses away and let herself be led to one of the weight-lifting benches.

"On your back, head right on the edge."

Emma let out a sigh as she obeyed. The bench was narrow and her ass cheeks clung to the sides as she stretched out on it. A tiny part of her was surprised that her head wasn't dangling over the edge; Matt had promised to use her throat on the very same bench. It also was much lower than she expected.

A throb of pain tore across her vision. It threatened to crack her disassociation.

Svetlana and Matt both froze.

Emma closed her eyes and took a deep breath, effortless letting her thoughts shift away from the fragilities of her own body and let her mind drift until she no longer felt pain or fear.

It only took a second but then she was staring up at the ceiling without a thought inside her head.

Svetlana made a brief, curious noise.

"I know," Matt said with a chuckle. "It just clicked with her. After wearing the belt all night, she started doing it without needing much guidance."

"Lucky for you," Svetlana said. There was more rustling clothes.

Emma didn't bother looking.

Then Svetlana was standing above her head. The director had stripped off her clothes and stood with her bare sex only inches higher than Emma's mouth. Her skin was porcelain, a pale white that looked hard. Her labia was only a thin line with only a hint of puffiness on either side.



The only thing would have startled her was a strange, blue tattoo right above Svetlana's slit. It had the same shifting designs that Emma had seen before on the carpet, but they were laid out bare instead of hidden in design. They didn't look like any letters that she had seen before, not even books of other country.

Emma tilted her head back and saw that the tattoo design wasn't just over Svetlana's pubic. Faint blue lines with more lettering traced around the woman's vulva, along her inner thighs, and up her cheeks.

When Svetlana stepped forward to center her pussy over Emma's mouth, Emma could see that the design circled up to the director's tail bone and created an unbroken shape that circled her sex.

The faint blue almost glowed against the pale white skin.

Then Svetlana lowered herself, pressing her sex against Emma's lips. "Open your mouth," she said in a quiet order.

Emma obeyed without thinking, drawing her tongue up along the length and breaking the seal between the two lips. It didn't matter she had never had sex with another woman before, she knew the tangy sweet taste from her own juices. They dribbled into her mouth as she worked her mouth and tongue along the groove to pull it further apart and get to the wet depths.

Svetlana let out a sigh.

Emma reached up to touch the other woman but Matt's hands held her down. She struggled once but then lost herself in disassociation as she felt straps being wrapped around her wrists, pinning her to the bench.

Svetlana reached back and grabbed Emma's hair, yanking the bound woman tight against her pussy. "Lick me. Lick me open."

Emma's thoughts back to crack. She could feel the ache of her body and the fear rising up. It took her effort to push it back, to force herself to disassociate as her tongue ran along from the tiny bump of Svetlana's clitoris to the wet opening of her sex. Juices, sweet and sharp, flooded Emma's mouth as she lapped back and forth with her tongue.

Her feet were being bound against the bench. She could feel Matt's hands wrapping the straps around her ankles and then tying her to the other leg. When she gave it a tug, she couldn't move.

She felt dizzy, as if she would fall off the bench without any way of catching her. The sensation redoubled as Svetlana ground her pussy against Emma's mouth.

Svetlana's asshole, as white as the rest of her, circled around Emma's nose. It didn't smell horrible, it didn't even smell of feces. Only a sharp smell of perfume and pussy. Not that it mattered as Svetlana ground back and fucked herself on Emma's face and tongue, Emma wasn't able to move her head away from being used as a sex toy.

The movements grew faster, rocking back and forth as Svetlana moved her entire body back and forth. Soft moans filled the room as she worked her body on Emma's tongue.

Unable to move, Emma watched the pale skin flexing ahead of her. Then she saw Matt standing above her head, his cock hard and dripping wet. It bobbed with his thoughts. He looked down with a lust-filled look as he pumped his cock a few times, splattering Emma's forehead with his excitement.

Emma stared blankly as she was used. She could feel the excitement growing in her own body as the tentacles seemed to respond to her predicament and began to thrash and move more. Ripples of pleasure rolled along her sex as she was stretched and caressed along her nethers in time with the thrusts of the director fucking herself.

The only thing she could do was lap at the sex and swallow the juices that rolled down her throat. Soon her entire face was soaked with juices.

Emma remained distant, unsure of how she should respond or if she should respond.

Svetlana let out a gasp. "Almost, it's far enough down. Help me push it."

Matt stepped forward, aiming his cock down.

At first, Emma thought he was going to cum on her face but the thick crown of his cock went straight for Svetlana's asshole. It smacked against it.

There was a flare of blue along the woman's tattoos, a glittering that Emma didn't think was there before.

His cock head was huge compared to the tiny, wrinkled opening. He pushed, his knuckles turning white, and Emma couldn't help but watch as Svetlana's sphincter began to widen and spread open.

The director's thrusts added to her impalement as she pushed back on the cock that ground against her asshole. Emma felt every flex of her body as she pushed back with a groan.

Matt held himself still, allowing Svetlana to work her asshole against it. His entire body rocked with the movements as the thick head began to squeeze into the tight opening.

The alabaster ring spread open and then his crown slipped inside with a jerk.

Emma shuddered with a sudden hunger, a desire to feel his thick cock inside her own ass. With the desire came a flare of pain.

"Shit," Svetlana said.

Emma clamped her mouth on Svetlana's pussy and lapped harder, focusing with all her might as watching the magnificent cock sliding into the director's ass as she sought to overwhelm her senses until she was no longer associating with the body. Her tongue laved along the wet, dripping folds as muscles strained against her body.

Svetlana ground down, forcing Emma's face into the padded bench.

"S-Stop?" Matt said, his cock halfway into the director's ass.

"C-Can't!" Svetlana said. "Say something."

Matt gasped. "You got it, Emma. Just relax, j-just relax."

Emma stared at him watching the cock as she lapped, just as desperate not to feel herself either. She craved for the euphoric rush of no longer worrying about pain, or suffering, or fear. She forced herself to stop jerking at her bonds and accept being used as nothing more than a fuck toy for the two people.

With a rush, her thoughts faded and she let out a soft gasp into Svetlana's cunt. The tension in every muscle faded and she slumped back, the relief almost as palatable as an orgasm.

Then Svetlana's pussy slammed against her mouth, forcing it open.

Matt rammed his cock deep into her ass, his balls smacking against Emma's face and blinding her.

“Shit!” screamed Svetlana and she reached down to grab Emma’s head. She ground her cunt as something began to push out of her, something thick and wriggling as it pried itself into Emma’s mouth.

Emma felt tendrils or claws grabbing at her teeth and insides of her skin. Something latched onto her lips and forced them painfully apart as it pulled itself further into her mouth.

The disassociation snapped like a rubber band.

Emma screamed out but her voice was muffled by cunt and whatever was crawling into her mouth. She tried to clamp her jaw shut, but her teeth dug into Svetlana’s skin and couldn’t close further.

Tendrils reached deeper into Emma’s mouth, catching her teeth and the back of her throat. A segment of firm, wriggling flesh forced herself deeper into her mouth, shoving her tongue to the side and puffing her cheeks.

Agony tore through her senses as she thrashed on the weight bench. A thousand sensations tore through her at once, too many for her mind to handle as she cried out around whatever was crawling into her.

The segmented body continued to burrow deeper, filling her mouth before the rounded head smashed against the back of Emma’s throat. It cut off her breath as the tendrils reached down and scraped against delicate skin.

Emma’s scream cut off instantly, not even a vibration, as she was plugged up completely. Her eyes bulged out as she rattled the weight bench but was unable to escape the two people pinning her down as she was being utterly violated.

Then the thoughts came, whispers and shimmers as her vision blurred. Blue streaked across her sight, painting on the balls that blinded her and with it words that didn’t make sense seeping into her thoughts.

Terrified, she didn’t know what to do. She begged for them to go away, but like the creature that violated her throat, its thoughts slithered and crawled into her mind, filling the space that her disassociation had left behind.

Emma started to lose control of her limbs, as if the creature was taking over her body. She tried to force herself to regain control, but with it came the waves of agony and pain that she had spent a

day escaping. The fear pierced her mind, blinding her completely and overwhelming her senses as she struggled to keep aware.

Tendrils dug into her mind and body, burrowing deep as the creature pulled herself completely into her throat and slithered down into her stomach. She could feel the bulge straining and sliding down, a thousand slick sensations.

And then she could breathe again. She gasped, drinking in Svetlana's juices and the stale air that she still kept.

Her body grew slack as limb by limb slipped away from her control, pulling her further away from her own body like threads of a spider's web snapping.

Svetlana shivered.

Matt's balls flexed across Emma's face. "Did it take?"

"I-I don't know," she said.

Emma opened her mouth and closed it but she had no control over the movements.

She worked her jaw, then her wrist, and then her ankle. Each one was like she was testing out the limits of her body, getting used to wearing a new glove or outfit.

The fear and sensations faded away into a muted grayness.

Then whatever was taking control licked Svetlana's pussy from clitoris to hole and back. Even the taste was faded, disconnected.

Except for one bright sensation, the tip of her tongue still caught the full taste of cunt and sweat.

She licked again, her body moving without her control, without her thoughts. Whatever had taken control had her absolutely and cast her mind aside.

Except for the tip of her tongue.

Matt gingerly pulled his cock out.

Svetlana's asshole clung to the thick ridge, tugging and pulling at the ridges of his length as he pulled it free. The tiny opening gapped for a moment, revealing the flash of pink surrounding by the blue words that pulsed and glowed in the fading light.

Then the director lifted herself. Strands of juices cling to Emma's face, stretching before snapping. The cool air washed over the steaming juices that coated her face, tickling along her senses.

Emma felt them distantly, more of an awareness that she felt it more than experiencing itself.

The pale women shook as she stepped back. Then she leaned forward to peer at Emma. “Who’s in control? Who do you serve?”

Emma wanted to scream at Svetlana, to lash out and deny everything.

“I am Ajela, and I serve the Blue.”

Svetlana let out a sigh of relief. “Oh, thank the stars. And the former owner?”

Emma’s mouth work to say words she didn’t want to say. “The former owner is gone, her thoughts empty and dark.”

Emma wanted to scream out but she couldn’t.

“She no longer exists and her soul has been consume,” said the being inside Emma using Emma’s own lips.

Yet it hadn’t. Emma was still there, trapped in her body with only the most tenuous connections to her senses. She was there but whatever had taken control somehow couldn’t sense her; or at least was making her think that she had no control.

She could still taste Svetlana’s cum on the tip of her tongue. A single bright cluster of nerves that kept her anchored into her own form.

Ajela licked her lips. “I’m hungry,” she stated. It was the same voice that Emma had said, the same intonation and desire. “Your fluids do not sate.”

Svetlana chuckled and leaned forward. “No, they wouldn’t, my little infernal sister. But Matt is a good, viral human and he will be feeding you until you’re ready to go out in the world.”

Emma moaned. “Yummy. Feed me.”

Matt chuckled as he stepped up again, his cock dripping hard as he pumped it a few times.

Ajela let out a groan as she tilted her head back, opening her mouth for him to feed his length into her lips. The tiny caressed and ridges rolled across Emma’s senses, the muted gray barely felt except for the salty sting along her tip.

Matt grabbed Emma’s face—shared between two beings—and began to pump. His cock barreled into her throat, sliding deep with every stroke until he was smashing his balls against her forehead and his crown was spearing her throat with every stroke.

Pleasure, muted and hungry, rolled through Emma’s thoughts. The creature, Ajela, relished the discomfort of being unable to

breath and felt pleasure at the struggle. It swallowed and gulped at the length, nursing at the hard cock as if it was a bottle feeding it.

Emma's thoughts grew warmer as she experienced deep throating without the discomfort and pain. It only felt pleasure as she experienced it as Ajela did, as nothing more than hunger and desire. It was the only thing she knew.

*t'Sade*



# Senses

# 20

Ajela sat alone in the sauna while she explored the body she stole from Emma. She didn't seem to mind or even notice the aching muscles or the way her hand shook as she poked and prodded. Instead, she seemed content to systematically touch every part. Sometimes she could pinch, sometimes scrape her nails, and then she would change to stroking the same spot lightly in rapid strokes before moving to the next.

Each time, Emma knew that she was experiencing the same sensations but they remained distant and divorced. No matter how much she tried to pull herself into awareness, she couldn't. She was only a rider in her own body as Ajela cupped her breast and then dragged her nails over the curves before tapping on her nipples. Little flickers of pleasure rose up and faded, leaving Emma with a longing for something more.

Matt opened the door and stepped inside. "How is the sensory mapping going?"

Ajela looked up and cocked her head one way, then the other. Then she reached down to grab a roll of Emma's belly and hefted it. "This frame is very fat."

The dispassionate words stung Emma even though she had heard them a thousand times before. It was somehow different hearing her own voice saying it, even if she wasn't the one expressing the words.

Disgust beat against Emma as the infernal pinched her upper arm. "I thought you humans were past the age of celebrating gluttony. I detested that period."

He sighed. "She isn't fat, she was beautiful."

“This body is overweight, nearly at death’s door. Her tits sag.”

“Yes, but that doesn’t make her any less beautiful.” Matt’s lips pressed into a thin line.

“The original owner is gone. Use the right tense, Mortal.”

Emma was surprised how Matt addressed her. He seemed compassionate—almost sad—that it wasn’t Emma still in control of her body. At the same time, Ajela’s words were casually cruel and demeaning.

Matt sighed and shook his head.

Ajela released Emma’s belly and scraped her nails along Emma’s thick thighs. Red lines formed but then faded almost immediately. “Answer the question, mortal.”

He leaned back against the wall and crossed his arms over his chest. He was naked and his half-hard cock jumped slightly. The faint smell of sex filled the air; Ajela had demanded multiple meals on her knees before they stopped for the day. Looking through the glass, he sighed again. “You needed her to be disassociated. Starvation and exhaustion are effective methods for that and her body weight helped her with the endurance needed for the following days.”

“What is wrong with drugged and tying her down? It’s worked for centuries.”

He glared at her for a moment. “When was your last time wearing a meat suit?”

“1538, a French prostitute.” Ajela giggled and a flash of heat rolled through her thoughts. “They raped her for hours before she broke.”

“Well, we’ve figured out more efficient ways of getting infernals out the gates since then. Not to mention, you already start the transformation process and her body has the requisite calories to avoid doing any long term damage like that limp you had near the end of the whore’s life or those scars that covered your face.”

A wave of annoyance rose up and beat against Emma’s thoughts. Ajela glared at him. “Careful, you don’t know who—”

“Yes, I’ve seen the pictures of your old body. I studied every time you took on a mortal’s frame for the last thousand years, all twenty-three times.”

Ajela obviously didn't think much of Matt's response. Images of sharpened claws across his throat flashed up but quickly faded. The images were foreign, using senses that Emma never possessed, but they were startlingly clear and vivid.

Emma's thoughts blurred with her surprise. She wasn't expecting to feel the devil's mind inside her own. Whatever was keeping her inside her own body was also giving her insight into something unexpected.

Ajela lowered her hands to the chastity belt covering Emma's crotch. She ran a finger along both sides, digging into the skin but unable to squeeze past. "What is this for? I can feel it wriggling inside me. This body wishes for an orgasm but they are refusing to let it burst."

"Feel good?"

Ajela glared at him but Emma could read the reluctant pleasure that strummed along her senses. "No," lied the devil. "I find it unpleasant."

"Well, we'll work on that tomorrow. As soon as you burn off enough fat, it will fall off."

"And then you'll use that useless stick between your legs?"

Matt leaned forward, his face grim. "We prefer you call it a cock, dick, or some other dirty, disgusting word to remind you a hunk of flesh is going to be shoving into your holes."

Ajela pulled a face. "It is a twig. I've fucking larger... cocks on dogs during the Renaissance."

He pushed away from the wall and walked closer, his shaft growing harder. "Dick."

"Blade of grass. Maybe a tiny little worm—"

His hand snapped out to grab the back of Emma's head. His fingers dug into her hair and pulled back.

She let out a gasp as a flush of heat rolled through Emma's mind. Pleasure and longing vibrated through her senses, muted but still a distinct lust that flooded Emma's mind with a longing of her own. The devil wanted to fight, to be hurt and forced into submission.

Emma could feel the desire thrumming inside her, a thousand times more powerful than her own rape fantasies. The mind that was in charge wouldn't be content with a little clip from a movie or

a naughty story, it craved to be used, abused, and then driven to orgasm.

Matt grabbed her head with his other hand and yanked her down onto his cock.

Ajela opened her mouth widely as she took in his shaft.

He yanked her clear down to his root, jamming his hardness into her throat and cutting off her breath. With a grunt, he shoved her head back and dug his thumbs into the sides of her eye sockets for a better grip before yanked her back down. There was little grace as he rammed his cock into the back of her throat and hammered against it.

Emma's body gagged around it, tears blurring her vision.

Inside, Ajela's lust grew sharply into an intensity. (Yes, finally!)

The words echoed inside her head, as if the devil was speaking to Emma and only Emma. Emma wanted to cling to it, wondering how it was possible, but the sensation of being face-fucked was overwhelming.

Matt hammered his cock into her mouth, beating against her throat and choking her. There were no sweet words or gentleness, just a human powered piston that violated her lips and throat with wet strokes.

If Matt had started with that, Emma would have gnawed off her own leg to escape the hotel.

More importantly, she still had the tiny spot where her senses still worked. The tip of her tongue slid along the bottom of his cock, tasting salty pre-cum and his musk with the full intensity of her sensations.

After a few pounding strokes, he yanked her off. "What is it called?"

Ajela glared at him. "It's a tiny little tick that I—" Her words ended with a "gak" as he hammered his cock back into her mouth. Saliva and pre-cum poured out of Emma's mouth as he raped her face, fucking hard and fast. With each stroke, his grip tightened until his thumbs were pressing against her eyes.

The added pain only set the devil's lusts higher. Her hands dug painfully into her thigh as she leaned into his shaft, swallowing every time he thrust. It wasn't long before her nose and lips were bruised even more.

He pulled back but didn't relent on the pressure on her eyes. The pain was intense, almost shooting as he crushed her. "Say it," he said from the darkness streaked with white spots.

"Minnow—"

He slammed his cock back into her mouth with such force that it almost cracked. His fingers dug into Emma's skull and his thumbs pressed against her eyes, blinding her as an intense pain shot through her body. With every stroke, his cock slammed into her with the force that could break bone. Every time he withdrew, his grip on her skull tightened until there was nothing but the salty rasp of her tongue against his cock.

Her world became nothing more than the staccato of his cock fucking her face.

He didn't relent, continually grinding down as his cock swelled and filled Emma's mouth with pre-cum.

Emma wallowed in the intensity of emotions that tore through her. She could taste him, but all the agony was divorced from her body, giving her only a faint pleasure and the savory taste of his pre-cum as her body was abused.

Then, with one powerful thrust, he squeezed down. Her world grew white in sharp agony before a wet pop noise exploded inside her skull. Liquid pain poured out from her eyes as his thumbs drove into her eyes sockets, displacing fluid and gore in a surge of agony.

Ajela's orgasm was a black fire that coursed through Emma's body, burning into her limbs as the explosion in her mind crashed against Emma's thoughts. It was intense and foreign, pleasures that no mortal could ever experience. The waves of pleasure plucked at Emma's thoughts, blurring her concentration and causing her senses to waver.

Matt groaned as he came, flooding her mouth. The salty seed swirled around Emma's senses, filling her with joy even as the devil's orgasm eroded at her sanity. It was so foreign and yet familiar, a pleasure that was more mental and spiritual than physical, but no less intense.

He threw her back and she slammed into the ground.

Emma couldn't see. She wailed silently as she thrashed in her mental prison.

"Fix yourself, Infernal."

Then a welling of something filled Emma and Ajela. Slowly, her blinded sight came back into focus, then continued to sharp and grow more intense. Edges became startling clear and the colors became more saturated at the same time there were new ones that Emma had never seen before.

Ajela cocked her head and looked up, triumph in her eyes.

In a few seconds, Matt had changed. His body was there, but Emma could pick out every crevice of his hard muscles, every pulse of the blood in his cock, and even the individual droplets of sweat that rolled down his body. He was also glowing with waves of heat rolling off his shoulders and cock like an inferno. More colors caused the cum dripping off his shaft to glow brightly. The same brightness coated his fingers but it was blood and gore than splashed from his fingertips.

The devil smiled and wiped her face underneath her eyes. When she held up her hand, splatters of blood glowed brightly. She licked it from her skin before letting out a happy sigh. "This body is deliciously fragile and sensitive."

"Don't eat yourself."

Ajela glared. Then she reached down to cup her sex through the belt. Emma could feel that they were both hot and liquid inside but still trapped by the device that kept edging her.

The tentacles inside thrashed violently inside her but they would never let her reach the heights of an orgasm on their own.

Matt stroked his cock once. "Tomorrow, we'll work you out until you can transform into a thinner frame. That will cause the belt to drop."

"And then you'll jam your—"

He raised an eyebrow.

Ajela's annoyance rose. She glared back. "Your throbbing and massive cock into my wet holes?"

Matt grinned. "Since you asked so nicely? Maybe."

She hissed.

He turned and stepped out.

"I like the eye color. I never thought I'd see pink in a devil's gaze."

"Rot in hell, Mortal."

He shrugged and headed toward the door to the apartment.

Ajela dug her fingers into Emma's crotch, scraping at the skin on either side of the belt. One digit caught on some hairs, which she pulled out and brought up to look distastefully. "Disgusting," she said.

Emma mental flinched at the words. There was no question that Ajela detested the body she had stolen.

The smell of burning hair filled the room. Ajela glanced down and Emma watched as wisps of smoke rose up between her legs. The heat glowed in her vision as it spread down to her legs, burning away the tiny hairs until there was not even a single strand of hair visible.

Ajela reached down again, this time to run her fingers along the smooth skin that stung painfully. "Much better. We'll get this fat corpse in shape soon enough."

She licked her lips.

Emma shivered at the taste of cum, blood, and tears that sparkled brightly across her mind.

"Then we're going to feed on these humans like the queen I am. Starting with that mortal."

An image flashed through her head, of Ajela tearing Matt's cock out with her claws. The devil could picture every detail as he screamed out in agony, trashing everywhere with his life's blood spraying, and her straddling him as she swallowed his length one last time.

The sick joy blossomed through Ajela's thoughts, seeping into Emma's own mind. She could feel it against her mind, like a caressing of pleasure that rubbed against her humanity.

*t'Sade*



# Milestones

# 21

By the next afternoon, it was clear that Ajela had little concern for the body she had taken but she had mastered using it beyond the limits that Emma thought possible. Every since an early morning blow job, the infernal had been exercising and pushing her stolen body behind pain and agony.

Through the haze of her muted senses, Emma could feel muscles tearing and joints screaming out in agony but the infernal didn't even flinch as she powered her way through one set through the other. With Matt's guidance, she worked every muscle set until sweat poured off their body in a river and puddled on the ground.

Ajela finished a bench press with the faintest of groans, a muted and unenthusiastic response for a situation that would have left Emma screaming in agony on the ground. The infernal hooked the bar and then levered herself up, a sharp burst of pain coming from her back.

“How is your form?”

(It is a pathetic excuse for a mortal,) Ajela thought as she wiped the sweat from her body. “I'm at the limits of this body.” Her eyes looked over Matt, a hunger and lust rising up as she focused on his half-hard cock. “I demand your essence.”

Matt chuckled. “Try again.”

The air grew tense as Ajela glared at him. “Cock! I want your fucking cock, now!”

He grinned.

She grabbed his hips with both hands and yanked him closer. As the thick member speared to toward her, she opened her mouth and swallowed his length clear down to the base. The warmth and heat

flooded across her senses and Emma felt the wonderfully clear sensations as her tongue slid down the length and lapped at his balls.

Ajela pulled up with a gasp. Strands of saliva connected their bodies until she smacked her lips and pumped his cock. With her infernal vision, his length glowed with a pulsating energy that matched his rapid heartbeats. When his juices splattered against her aching fingers, the energy seeped through her skin to the places where it hurt. A few pumps later and Emma's hand no longer ached from holding the steel barbells.

(He has so much, I want to rip it out of him entirely!) Ajela pictured tearing to Matt's body, but then an unspeakable horror of some inhuman creature towering over another woman—a memory from one of Ajela's previous possessions—pushed back her anger. (No... resist... resist. Take it with pleasure, make him come. Make him give it you.)

The infernal was repeating a phrase to herself, like a schoolgirl repeating her lessons to avoid making a mistake, but the infernal was on the edge of losing control of her actions.

Other memories rose up, of her in a different body—a gaunt woman—coming out of the darkness. She had long, black gloves tipped with metal claws. Her victim, a guard, didn't have a chance as she cut his throat from behind. The image blurred and it was Matt dropping to the ground instead of some Hungarian soldier.

Above them, Matt groaned as he grabbed her head and thrust forward. He had no idea how close he was to being slaughtered by the infernal creature.

(Yummy,) came almost a purring thought as Ajela swallowed his length again. She forced his crown into her throat and took short strokes that never gave her a chance to draw in another air; the burn of her mortal lungs only encouraged her lust as she sought to make him orgasm.

Matt groaned. "Oh, fuck, that's good."

(You will die... if you don't come,) thought the infernal.

Buffeted by the infernal's lust, Emma felt her own desires rising up. She wanted his cock, to taste his entire length and feel his heat instead of suffering with the muted senses, but she wanted more.

She craved to feel his girth inside her pussy, to feel him hammer against her cervix and feel him empty his balls into her tight hole.

Ajela's thoughts froze for a moment and Emma's senses grew hazy and staticky. Then, she pulled her mouth off. She looked up. "I want you in my pussy." Her mouth worked for a moment. "I want you to empty your balls in my tight hole."

Shock rippled through Emma as the infernal repeated the same words that she was thinking. The connection between their minds grew hazy again.

"You just need—"

"I want you to hammer my cervix. I want you to make it hurt," Ajela's voice was pleading and hungry, demanding and submissive at the same time.

In her hand, Matt's cock surged hotly. It swelled in his hand.

With her other hand, Ajela reached down and pawed at the belt. "Get it off... get it off now."

"You can't until you lose more—"

Ajela interrupted him by swallowing his cock again. She released her belt to grab him by both hips again and held him in place as she slid up and down on his cock, impaling her throat as she took him crown to base over and over again.

The intoxicating pleasure flooded her body. Instead of spreading out the heal the damage, Emma could feel Ajela gathering it instead. It felt like trying to capture smoke with her fingers, but with the intimacy of their minds, she had an up-close view of the mental energies needed to take his power and coalesced it.

Then, with a twist of will and desire, Ajela formed a burning line of energy from the cock in her throat, down her throat and through her body to the belt. It felt like fire but the infernal didn't even flinch.

Ajela release Matt's hip with one hand to reach between his legs. With a growl of need, she wormed her fingers up to his buttocks and slid one finger and then another into the tight ring of his ass.

"Oh, fuck!" he cried as his cock swallowed.

(Give it, mortal, I need freedom!)

Matt's grip tightened as the energy pulsed inside him. Emma could feel his orgasms growing stronger, gathering until itw as almost blinding and ready to pop.

When he came, Ajela reached out and captured it out. With the sheer force of will, she funneled it through the spell she had established. His orgasm became an inferno of agony as it burrowed through their body and channeled directly into the chastity.

Deep inside Emma's cunt, the tentacles churned violently inside her. She wasn't being edged anymore but her inner walls were containing the tentacles as the desperately tried to escape her hole. The scream, a high pitch noise that resonated through their bones and echoed through their heads, rose up into a deafening scream as the belt began to crumble.

Ajela opened her mouth but with the cock blocking her throat, her own orgasm was muted as she continued to force the energy into the chastity belt.

Emma could feel the energies holding the belt together fragment and the spell exploded, searing her inner thighs as it burned away and fell to the ground. The dying tentacles poured out of her sex, slithering along hypersensitive nerves in a long, drawn-out wave of pleasure before they slapped on the ground.

Ajela popped Matt's cock out of her throat. "Fuck me now, Mortal!" She bellowed, her voice resonating with demanding energy as much as sheer volume.

Without waiting for an answer, she grabbed his throat, wrapped her legs around his waist, and then fell back onto the bench. His cock smacked against the still smouldering opening before it slid into the opening.

Emma's body responded with an instant orgasm as his thick girth stretched her out with the knowledge that he would be driving her to an orgasm without teasing. He plunged deep into her until his cock head crashed against her cervix.

"Fuck!" (Yes!) screamed Ajela, Emma's and her own thoughts becoming one the long-denied pleasure that flooded them.

"Fuck me!" snarled the infernal as she squeezed his throat.

Fear flashed through Matt's eyes but he obeyed, pumping his cock hard and fast. Every stroke with ecstasy, the hardness abusing tortured nerves and bringing only slick pleasure.

Emma reached out for it, not wanting to feel it filtered by the infernal's possession. She couldn't take it from a distance, with glass

between them. She needed to feel every pulse, every pump as he impaled her.

Ajela spurred Matt to fuck her faster, clawing at his back as she rose to meet his thrusts.

Emma joined in, working her remembered body to get more of his length inside her.

Ajela's movement briefly matched her own, angling her hips for maximum penetration and pleasure.

The intensity suddenly skyrocketed as Emma felt everything inside her pussy: every stretch, every thrust, every slam of his thick cock against her limits. Then, he started to spew inside her even as he continued his thrusting. His seed with brimming with power and energy, something the infernal could sense even with him buried inside her.

They both came at the same time, their minds flooded with pleasure.

Emma rolled in it, losing herself in the pleasure.

Ajela, on the other hand, was already spinning the energy away from his body. It rolled through their form and repaired torn muscles and micro-fractures in her bones. A week's worth of healing compressed down into a single orgasm that stole their breath away.

They slumped back, panting for breath.

Matt, his face dripping with sweat, peered into her face. "Are you okay?"

Ajela regained complete control. She glared at him. "Of course, Mortal. I needed recovery."

She shoved him out of her and sat up.

Emma felt every inch of his cock as it slid out in glorious intensity. Like the tip of her tongue, she had regained control of her own senses and the pleasure sent another rippling pleasure through her body.

Ajela shuddered at the same time.

A prickle of concern washed over her.

Emma's thoughts froze as if she could be felt by the infernal.

Matt pulled off. His cock was dripping with his cum. There was none left to ooze out of Emma's pussy; the energy had been drained completely and there was nothing left. "You should have been more careful. Burning off the belt could—"

Ajela stood up and snarled at him. “This body needs to be worked more. We are going to treadmill.”

Without waiting for him to respond, she strode forward.

Emma rode along, new possibilities racing through her head. She was regaining control. Only a tiny bit, but it was something. Hope filled her as she enjoyed the afterglow of her orgasm.

All she needed was hope.

# Inspection

# 22

“This body is so disgusting!” snapped Ajela as she strained to zip up the skirt around her hips. Despite days of working the body to its limits and burning off calories at an inhuman rate, she still hadn’t managed to slim down Emma’s frame into the size two that she reluctantly accepted as a possibly.

That wasn’t to say that the days of supernatural training didn’t have their effect; Emma barely recognized herself in the mirror every time Ajela preened herself. Gone was most—but not all—of the squish around her belly and there was even a hint of abdominal muscles when she flexed. The skin around her legs and arms had tightened and there was an inciting gap between her thighs that she hadn’t seen since... well, forever.

The infernal’s training somehow kept her large breasts. It strained the white shirt that the devils used as their uniform and the gap between the buttons gaped wide to reveal flawless, white skin. Her nipples, always sensitive but now always hard, tented the fabric and sent little shadows across the firm jiggling every time her braless tits moved.

If Emma had an ideal image of herself, the woman in the mirror was it. She was a wet dream of a beauty without any of the unnatural thinness or gauntness, her skin was clear, her hair looked longer and fuller, and she had soft lips that begged to wrap around a thick cock.

Both Ajela and Emma smiled at the memory of Matt waking them up that morning by holding her head and fucking her face before she even got off the pillow. The only movement he allowed was to pin her knees up against the headboard and pound his cock into her

cunt until she came repeatedly on the powerful girth that hammered into her.

The energy from his orgasm pulsed inside them. Emma could feel that Ajela trying to use it to burn away a few more calories, but the energy refused to enter the already saturated cells; her entire body practically glowed with magic and life energy.

Emma didn't know why the devil couldn't get the body slimmer, only that she was grateful that she finally got the body she had always dreamed about.

"Fucking pig."

"You aren't a pig."

Ajela glared at Matt who was dressed for the first time in over a week. "You don't have to deal with this disgusting corpse of fat and lard."

"She's... your body is beautiful, just admit it."

"This isn't how I'm supposed to look." Ajela's disgust rose up but Emma had gotten used to it. The devil reached down and adjusted the skirt, drawing one finger along the hairless lines of their pussy before straightening the skirt.

Emma enjoyed the pleasure. There were patches along her body where she could feel things again: her pussy, labia, nipples, and neck. In the week of blowjobs and fucking, every hole that Matt had abused had come back to life and she was grateful for every taste and sensation that came back to her without the filter of possession.

Ajela turned to see Matt staring at her, a puzzled look on his face and his head slightly cocked. "What's wrong with you, Mortal?"

"Just trying to figure it out."

"Your senses are dim and pathetic, I don't expect you to understand."

"You're still beautiful."

Ajela glared at him. "Of course, I'm beautiful, I'm just not right. This is not my ideal form." She sighed and jammed her hand back into the skirt to crush the soft curve and tried to zipper it up again.

The tiny zipper snapped.

Ajela let out a string of horrible words, each one describing a torture and agony that Emma could barely contain.



Trapped in her mind, the swearing tasted like burnt hair and wet dog at the same time. It rolled across her head with a fury of a thousand hornets and left her shuddering with disgust.

Matt cleared his throat. He held up another black skirt from a suitcase that he had brought in early.

“That’s for fat people.”

“It’s a stretch skirt that will go down to your knees. It is in the requisite color and approved by the mistress.”

“What size?”

Matt’s eyes hardened. “It’s a ‘two,’” he said in a voice that said he was lying.

Ajela thought about ripping open his stomach and tearing out his entrails. Her fingertips, one of the new places that Emma could feel, tingled as energy flowed down to them.

Matt’s eyes flickered down toward their hands.

Curious, Emma tried to look down at the body reflexively obeyed. Her painted fingernails, pink for some reason, stretched out and curved down like cat’s claws. Despite the bright color, the spell gathering around them was foul and no doubt fatal to Matt. Emma didn’t understand the magic that the infernal was using, but images of poisoned and rotting flesh rose up before the thoughts poured into the spell.

Emma pulled back on the energy. She didn’t know why since she had no love for Matt, but over the days, she realized how gentle and kind he was to her compared to the way Ajela demanded from his behavior.

The spell faltered and the claws stopped growing. The killing spell melted away in ribbons of useless energy that faded quickly.

After a second, the claws withdrew and became nails again.

When Ajela glanced up, Matt was watching with a curious expression.

She sighed and rolled her eyes. “Fine, I will wear the fat skirt for this stubborn and disgusting body.”

Ajela tore open the skirt she had been trying to put on and ripped it clean in half before stepping out of the shredded remains. Her bare legs, rippling with delicate muscles and with only a hint of fat on them, stepped out of the ring. She snapped her fingers and held out her hand for the new skirt.

Matt didn't give it to her.

She stared to growl as he circled around her, but then stopped when he put a large hand on her shoulders and turned her toward the bed. A wave of lust and hunger filled her. "Acceptable," she muttered even as she grew slick with desire.

He bent her over the bed.

Emma's body grew slick as Ajela wondered how he would enter her. Images of him grabbing her throat and slamming home rolled through both Ajela's and Emma's mind, but so did other scenes of violent submission.

On the other hand, Emma liked the more tender moments when he was gentle and loving. She loved to feel his fingers thrust into her sex or his tongue lapping along her length. Somehow her own pleasure would cause the body also to orgasm, leading Emma getting off on almost every touch, caress, and choke that Matt inflicted on her.

But when Matt knelt down and pressed his face into her buttocks, Ajela's excitement faltered but Emma's blossomed. He was talented with his tongue and Emma loved the pleasures that would fill her when he rim her tight ass.

There was a brief haze of control and then Emma's frame let out a moan of need. She worked her hips and pushed back her tight, curvy ass into his face. Her pussy grew slick with juices and began to dribble with hunger.

Matt pressed his lips against her asshole and lapped at the ring. Little pleasures rose up, humming along her senses as he lifted one leg to work the skirt around her heeled foot. His firm hands were guiding and commanding as he dressed her.

Ajela wanted to snap at him to shove his cock into her but instead she rolled her eyes and enjoyed the pleasure that filled her mind.

To Emma's relief, there was never a point when the infernal questioned the control that both of them had over their bodies. When it came to pleasure, they both craved Matt and it made it easier for Emma's desires to mesh with the intruders.

Matt's tongue plunged deep into her sphincter, swirling around before pulling out with a slurp. Then he worked his mouth down to her dripping snatch to do the same to her pussy for a few moments of wet slurping before rising again to impale her ass.

A ripple of orgasm raced through their bodies and Emma's knees quivered. "You are... good at this, Mortal."

"You are beautiful," he said.

Ajela purred but Emma caught a strange timbre to his voice.

"She is beautiful," he murmured in a softer voice.

Emma whimpered with need. He still thought of her. Without thinking, she responded as if she was still in control of her own body.

"Y-Yes," gasped Ajela. "Thank you."

Ajela's pleasure froze for a second as Emma's words dropped from her lips.

With his face buried in her ass, Emma could feel Matt tense for a moment himself.

Anger and annoyance rose up. The infernal pushed herself up and turned to face him. "Enough with the sappy words, fuck me, Mortal!"

Matt smacked her before twisting her back and shoving her back down. With the stretchy skirt still around Emma's ankles, he straddled her hips and positioned his cock to take her from behind.

Ajela growled with need and lifted her ass, pushing back. Her fingernails grew into claws as she dug into the mattress. Every part of her body burned with desire, swamping both Emma's and her own senses with a hunger.

Matt grabbed her long hair and rammed forward. His thick cock easily speared the hungry hole and he bottomed out with a single stroke.

Both of the women's thoughts shuddered with pleasure as he immediately started a hammering rhythm that shook their bodies and the mattresses with the intensity of each thrust.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" screamed Ajela.

They fucked for what felt like an hour, pushing Matt to his limits as Ajela repeatedly came on his cock. By the time he came for the fourth time, this time inside Emma's ass, he was covered in sweat and shaking. The hot jets flooded Emma's bowels, sloshing around with the cum already there; somehow the infernal was no longer draining the energy and it remained liquid inside Emma's body.

Ajela moaned. "More, Mortal, more!"

Svetlana's voice cut over the moans. "That's enough."

Ajela purred as she looked at the director who stood next to the bed.

Svetlana wore brilliant white before. Her expression was dismissive and serious. Her eyes took in Emma's frame with a critical eye.

The pleasure faded instantly as the infernal cringed. She shoved Matt out of her ass and then stood up.

Thick rivers of cum ran down her cheeks from both holes. The hot liquid tickled as she drew up her skirt and yanked it around her wide hips and over the softness of her thighs and belly. When it settled into place, Emma could still feel Matt's cum oozing out of her.

Ajela gulped. "Mistress."

Svetlana gestured for Ajela to stand in the middle of the room.

With a sway of her hips, Ajela obeyed. She stopped and arched her back, pressing her large breasts and hard nipples up for viewing. Her back twisted slightly to accent her curves and the long lines.

The director circled around her twice, her face unmoving.

Matt pulled on his pants but said nothing.

Ajela's fear rose up, she was terrified of the director. She cursed Emma's body for not getting thin enough or strong enough.

Finally, after an uncomfortable period, Svetlana stopped and looked directly into Ajela's eyes. "Do you enjoy upsetting me, Meat?"

The fear spiked. "N-No, Mistress."

"Then why didn't you follow your orders?"

"I did. I swear on the Ice Heart, I did."

"This body," Svetlana gesture to Emma's frame, "is following orders? Those fat hips and belly? Those thigh and arms? Or are you too weak to dominate a helpless mortal's physical form?"

Ajela cringed even as Emma felt a bit of pride.

Svetlana tsked. "I remembered you as a powerful manipulator of energy. You should have drained this man into unconscious in the last half hour. You should have molded this body into exactly what I require for my plans. Neither of you have obeyed such a simple task."

Matt ducked his head.

Ajela's thoughts bristled with her own frustration. "This body, it resists me!"

With a withering gaze, Svetlana took in Emma from head to toe. "I can see that. You have an incredible store of energy right now, no doubt the emissions of your handler, but you appear to be incapable of using it like a fledging infernal."

She took a step closer to Ajela.

Ajela's body quivered with fear.

Svetlana caught Emma's chin and then lifted it to look at once side and then the other. "No... you aren't... interesting enough for my needs."

The air grew tense.

Svetlana slowly turned to Matt. "Is she is full control over this body? Is this Emma gone?"

For the briefest of moments, Matt paled. His eyes flickered over to Emma and there was a look of guilt and terror.

Then it was gone. The muscles in his neck and shoulders tensed as he turned back to the director. "Yes, Mistress, Emma's spirit has been completely destroyed by the possession. I have detect no hint of it during training or her sensory mapping."

Svetlana's grip tightened on Emma's chin, her nails growing as they dug into the sensitive skin.

Emma was thankful that her senses where dulled in that spot, but she could feel how much it was hurting Ajela.

"But if that isn't it, what is resisting the transformation?"

Matt shrugged and he glanced back at Emma. "There is a chance she has hunter blood. That would have given her physical form resistance to transformation. Though, that is unlikely because hunter's blood would have also prevented her from being possessed."

Emma's attention sharpened.

Svetlana shook her her head. "Unlikely. We researched all the victims and there was no hunters for at least twenty generations on the matrimonial line and five on the paternal, though it is only passed from mother to daughter."

The director returned her attention back to Ajela and tightened her grip. "No, this is a far simpler problem. Either you failed as a trainer or this little worm of an infernal has been coasting on a

mediocre talent and doesn't have the ability to manipulate energies as she claimed."

"I-I can, I swear—!"

Ajela's words were cut off as Svetlana pried her jaw open.

The director shook Emma. "Worms stay silent, do you understand?"

The pain began to seep even through the filter. It was intense, like waves of fire coursing along her veins. Any remaining afterglow from the pleasure was gone.

Tears burned in Emma's eyes as Ajela nodded. "Y-Yes."

"Now, listen to me, you pathetic excuse," Svetlana growled. "You have until the end of your servitude to prove yourself to me. You own a hundred years of service and you will serve every single one because when you are free of that disgusting mortal, I expect you to prove that you are worthy of being one of my generals and not a faceless minion that I will send out in waves."

Images of literally faceless demons charging toward a wall of light flashed through Ajela's mind. It came with a wave of absolutely terror of pain and agony.

Svetlana threw Emma to the ground. "Now, get your pathetic meat suit dressed and ready to leave in an hour. I will have Matt bring your selection of charms. I expect you to know the back story of your previous owner and not hear a single word about this until you are back on your knees in front of me."

Ajela knelt down. "Y-Yes, Mistress," she choked through the tears.

In her head, Emma felt the terror that that the director would do horrible things to her, before and after she is ripped out of Emma's body and tossed back into whatever hell the infernals came from.

Svetlana turned on Matt. "And you, Mortal."

He tensed.

"This is your last warning. If you don't stop with this compassion crap and falling in love with your trainees, I will have you eviscerated and served as my desert before nightfall."

"Yes, Director."

Svetlana looked at both of them. "No more fucking until she's on the bus. Neither of you deserve it."

Emma didn't know what to think as she heard the director stride out of the room. Hunter? Was there a reason that she was able to resist the possession? Was it something she could take advantage of?

She didn't know, but it sounded like she had time to figure out how to wrest control of her body back.

There was still hope.

She couldn't give up.

*t'Sade*



# Parting Gifts

# 23

It was the last day of the program and Emma was screaming inside her head. The infernals had gone through with their guaranteed transformation and she was now one of the hottest women she had ever known.

Emma was also still trapped in her own body with only fleeting moments of control. In the final days, she had managed to get Ajela to say something slightly less cruel or to demand that Matt had ravished their shared body in a different way, but other than that, she remained a prisoner.

Sorrow wracked her thoughts as Ajela cheerfully hummed to herself as she donned her outfit. Unlike the trainers, she wore a blue summer dress that danced along the middle of her thighs and had a plunging halter collar that revealed her large breasts. Along with a pearl necklace, a pair of white nylons and heels completed the outfit.

Ajela inspected herself in the mirror, her attention focusing on the thousand little things that she was unable to force Emma's body to change: a belly wasn't the hard-bodied tightness that she wanted, her ass jiggled too much underneath the tight material, and her thighs were shapely but softer than either Ajela or the director wanted. Her happy humming like a mask hiding the seething thoughts hidden behind her pink eyes.

With a sigh of disgust, the infernal turned away. (Disgusting mortal body, why can't I burn it away? Just strip this whore down to the bones and rebuild her. Her skeleton can't be that bad.)

The thoughts of using her claws to slice away her own stolen flesh brought a wave of amusement from Ajela and despair from

Emma. The images were graphic and brutal as the infernal relished at the promise of pain she would inflict on her own stolen body.

Matt entered the suite and kicked the door shut behind him. He was dressed again, but the white shirt and black trousers did little to hide his muscular form. Both Emma and Ajela felt a flickering of lust as they remembered the morning when he had fucked their ass with hard, brutal strokes before filling them to the brim with his brilliant life energies.

He hefted a large wooden crate. "I believe it's time for this."

Ajela's eyes lit up seeing box. Her memories exploded in a wave of anticipation and glee as she rubbed her hands together with glee.

The ancient chest contained trinkets, charms, and magical talismans stolen from mages and the infernal's opponents over the centuries. The trophies were doled out as rewards for the infernals who went through the exhausting process of being summoned, possessing a mortal's body, and then adapting to the limitations of a physical form. It was also a bribe to follow the plans of the director and the others who orchestrated the influx of infernals into the world.

More images flashed across Ajela's thoughts, ancient memories that came with dizzying speed. Each one was of Ajela reaching for the box, but the bodies changed rapids, cycling through the dozens the devil had possessed over the centuries. The bodies were similar: slender, lithe, and deadly. There were a thousand little differences but they also shared the same ascetic that Emma felt in Ajela's thoughts: lithe, quick, and deadly.

At the same time as the rotating images of different bodies, as did the contents of the chest. Emma saw trinkets come and go, rolling around in the chest as it was presented in different ages from inside caves, wooden buildings, castles, and more modern ones. The devil that had stolen her body had been entering the world repeatedly.

The infernal's memory lingered on her favorite reward, a pair of black nylons from a French whore. Whenever she wore it, most men would lose their ability to focus whenever they were touching the material. She had used it to sneak her way into secret societies, hidden palaces, and even into the company of the French king before she ultimate reached her end at the guillotine.

But even after death, the trinkets didn't end there. Each one gave a boost of energy in the infernal realms and shaped the devil's power to enhance their skill for the next time they possess a body. A small measure of power became Ajela's forever, increasing her abilities for her next possession. Even now, she could remember how the dozen of other trinket's had given her talents with stealth, seduction, and assassination.

"Ready for your prize?"

Ajela squealed and clapped her hands. She already knew exactly what she wanted, something black and sleek with the possibility to dominating men or breaking wills.

Matt set down the chest on a small table.

Ajela shoved him aside to yank them open.

The contents were almost blinding with power as she looked over the tools of infernal domination and destruction. There were knives that could cut through anything, cuffs that could not be escaped, and necklaces that snapped spines. She dug into the box, tossing out anything that wasn't black as she tried to find one enchanted with something to her liking.

The energy inside each one reached out for her, tingling like the taste of pineapple on her tongue. Ajela was carefully not to keep holding onto any of them for long, in fear that it would bind to her spirit and prevent her from choosing a better one. She had to make the perfect choice.

The infernal's desire hammered Emma's mind. The energies were laid bare to the helpless woman as the devil used her senses to identify each enchantment. The curls of magic made sense in that brief moment as she saw how the infernals would twist life energies into delicate knots of potential.

Ajela glanced at Matt who watched curiously.

Emma caught a strange expression on his face, a sharp focus as he watched every movement they made. He was looking for something but neither infernal or human couldn't determine his thoughts.

When Ajela's hand wrapped around a tube of black lipstick, she almost came. The energies almost burst on her grip as the enchantment was laid out for Emma: an endless tube of brilliant red

that would beguile anyone she kissed, male or female. It was exactly what she craved, the domination of others.

Emma's attention focused on a different trinket jammed into the corner of the chest, a bright pink choker. Something called out to her for the infernal charm but she struggled to focus Ajela's attention on it enough to identify the purpose of the pink lace collar.

The devil resisted her.

Emma pushed harder, driving all her will to move the gaze away from the black lipstick and over to the bright charm.

Ajela's gaze slid over, her body shaking as her desire to play with the lipstick grew. The craving to use it on Matt, to break his will before she left, rose up with a cruel joy and Ajela's pussy grew wet with the idea of destroying his mind for all the trouble he gave her. He would pay for making her obey, and if leaving him with an empty shell for a mind was it, then it would be a fitting fate for a mortal who thought better of a devil.

Emma ignored Ajela's anger and focused all her will on the pink collar, forcing herself to treat the choker as the only thing important in her universe. She didn't know if it would, but she had to try. She had to do something and there was hoping that gave her hope in the gaudy strip of lace.

Her thoughts blurred with the effort to concentrate.

Then, it snapped as Ajela let out a sigh and picked it up. She rolled her eyes and peered into the energies that made up the choker. It was only a protection charm, a powerful one but still only defense. The spell would make the wearer almost entirely invulnerable to physical attacks and even granted resistant to mental attacks.

A rider gave it the ability to melt into the skin, leaving only a pink tattoo around the neck. With Ajela's disgust, she could tell that even the tattoo had the same hearts and lace motif as the collar.

There was also a flaw in the magic, it drew attention to the wearer. There would be no sneaking around, no stealthy seductions in the corner of bars, no cutting of throats in the night. If she bound do it, the lingering energies would take centuries to make up the damage it would have done to Ajela's carefully curated style of a deadly assassin and seductress.

The collar hungered to be admired, to be lusted after, to beg others to use the wearer. There was an intoxicating longing in the enchantment, something that called out to Emma in a way that no other trinket in the box could match.

Ajela rolled her eyes and tossed it aside.

(No thank you.) Ajela's thoughts were clear and in her sharp, bitter voice unfiltered by Emma's throat. The words were clipped and precise, a blending of accent from centuries of possession.

Desperate, Emma reached out and kept their hand clamped on it. The collar dangled from their fingers before she tightened her fist around the lace. At the same time, Emma split her attention to keep Ajela thinking about the black lipstick while the energies of the collar began to latch onto their minds.

The devil had already turned away from the collar and reached for the lipstick. She shook her hand to get rid of the collar.

Emma didn't want the lipstick, the choker called to her as strongly as the lipstick did to Ajela. Without thinking, she bore down again, pushing her conscious against its prison to seep into the devil's thoughts.

Images and memories hammered her, beating against her sanity as she concentrated on keeping her hand on the choker and away from the lipstick. She didn't know why, she couldn't figure out the reason, but everything in her heart screamed out that she needed the collar to survive.

Ajela grunted as her body froze.

In her other hand, the energies of the choker were already seeping into her palm. Bright pink power curled around their hand and burrowed their way into their being. It bubbled along their senses as it crawled up her wrist and tingled along her elbow.

Ajela redoubled her effort to get the object of her desire. She bit down on her lip and then ground down until blood filled her mouth.

Thankful that her senses were muted, Emma strained to keep her thoughts together as the seconds stretched by.

With every passing heart, the choker's power bound itself into their being.

Ajela gasped as her will broke free and she lunged for the lipstick. "No!"

The collar dissolved in her hand as the power rolled up her arm, flashing both of their thoughts in a wave of pink lace and hearts, before pouring into their veins, racing along their arm, through their shoulder, and into a scintillating warmth around their necks. A firm pressure, like a lover tenderly choking her during sex, intruded through Ajela's distraction.

Ajela's fingers caught the lipstick, but the binding had already taken root and the lipstick no longer called out to her. It was sealed from Ajela for another lifetime.

The infernal picked it up and dropped it. She frowned and then tried again. "What is... what's going on? Why can't I bind it?"

Matt's eyes narrowed and then a grim smile. "Apparently someone else is still with us."

"W-What?" Ajela's head snapped up as rage gathered. "What did you do!?" (Why is he smiling? What game is he playing?)

Matt shook his head and the smile faded. He backed up and held up his hands. "I didn't do anything—"

Something burst inside the infernal and a tsunami of rage and anger welled up from the depths of the infernal's black heart. The black anger drowned out Ajela's thoughts as she let out a shrill scream that rattled the mirrors and cracked the glass of the sauna.

Caught in her head, Emma found her consciousness drowning as the hatred beat against her, seeping into her thoughts until she couldn't tell where her emotions ended and the infernal's started. She just wanted to lash out and tear apart the man in front of her.

"Silence, you pathetic mortal!" Ajela's scream rattled the mirrors as she surged forward. Bright pink claws stretched out from her nails as she slashed down. Her claws sliced into Matt's shoulder and dug into flesh, rending four ragged lines across his chest and into his belly. There was little resistance as she jammed her hand into his gut and then finished her slash with a sweep down and to the side.

Searing hot blood splashed across her face and the floor.

The shock of liquid and heat splattering across her muted senses gave Emma the start she needed. She bore her will down to pull herself free from Ajela's raging emotions around her by imagining a wall around her holding off the beating pulses of anger. Almost

instantly, her mind began to clear and she was able to concentrate on using the senses stolen from her.

Matt had dropped to his right knee. He clutched his belly where the coils of his intestines threatened to burst out of his torn open belly. He let out a gurgle of pain as he swayed.

Ajela lifted her hand as blood stained her white blouse. She pictured exactly how she was going to rip out his throat. Every detail was brilliantly savored.

He looked up with frightened eyes. “Don’t—”

Panicked, Emma tried to stop her.

The infernal’s rage was too powerful to be resisted. She slashed down at an angle, her claws leaving afterimages before they tore into his throat and snapping his collar as she opened him up from cheek to shoulder. There was a brief sight of bright white bones before blood fountained of the sound from too many severed arteries.

Emma was stunned as she watched Matt crumple to the ground with a gurgle. The spray from his throat jetted into the carpet, soaking it instantly in shower of crimson. The strange pattern seemed to waver but then solidify into an unchanging pattern of black and white and red.

Ajela bent over him and screamed shrilly, “I’ll meet back you in hell!”

Stunned, Emma could only focus on Matt’s body on the ground. An ever widening puddle of blood spread out from underneath his head, the spray from his severed arteries made a horrid squelching sound as they beat against the carpet. There were more sprays staining the furniture and ceiling.

The only thing untouched as Emma herself. Droplets of blood beaded on her skin and clothes before dropping to the carpet. Inside, she could feel bright, cheerful energies tingling along her skin as the collar somehow protected her from the mess.

Ajela backhanded the box of trinkets over and scattered them across the floor. Priceless artifacts were tossed into the growing puddle of blood, but the infernal didn’t care as she spun on her heels and stormed toward the door.

Without slowing, she gathered up her rage and anger before punching the door.

Even though her fist was small, the flash of magic hit the door with a loud boom. The impact shattered the door into a cloud of splinters and metal shards that sailed across the atrium before raining down toward the first floor.

Ajela dismissed it as she spun on her heels and stormed toward the elevator.



# Reprimanded

# 24

Ajela glared at the elevator door as it sailed down to the first floor. There were two dents in the metal from where she punched it while closing and another few dents in the side wall. Three of the buttons were also cracked and one corner of the metal plate had bent up when the screw failed.

She was furious as her mind replayed the events that had happened. Emma could only watch as Ajela remembered centuries of careful picking specific charms and powers to ensure a consistent pattern—her pattern, her style. And now, a single mistake threatened to ruin everything.

Emma couldn't help but feel joy at the idea of getting even with the infernal who possessed her body.

Ajela knew there had to be some reason for the collar binding to her. It couldn't have been her, she remembered setting it down but then trying to shake it out. Her mind focused on the difficulty to look back, to force her hand to visit. The infernal's thoughts seethed as she pictured different alternatives, eventually fixating on Matt. He had to have done something to her: charmed her, made her forget, forced her to pick. Somehow, that mortal had done it all in spite of her superior nature.

Emma was relieved that her presence wasn't even considered in the infernal's head. As far as Ajela was concerned, Emma had been completely destroyed during the possession. Though it meant that Matt had been slaughtered in the infernal's rage. Emma struggled with her feelings for Matt, he had been the one who had led her to being possessed, but he was also far more compassionate than anyone else at the program.

The elevator came to a halt.

The door started to open, but then screeched as the battered metal jammed in its tracks. The lights on the panel flashed in protest.

Ajela rolled her eyes and pulled her hand back to punch it again. The need to get out of the building boiled in her thoughts and nothing would get in her way.

Before she could hit it, the metal buckled toward her. Two hands shoved into the crack of the door and grabbed each edge. The fingernails were painted a white frost with little arcane symbols on each one. Each nail was filed down to a sharp point, like claws.

Ajela only had a split second to register surprise and then fear before the other person clamped her hands on the door, bending the metal like paper, and then slammed them open with a force that rattled the entire elevator.

Svetlana stood on the other side, a scowl on her face deep enough that it looked like it was engraved in marble. She had splinters in her white hair and one large chunk of metal stuck out of her cleavage.

Holding up her hands, Ajela opened her mouth to say something.

Svetlana released the door but there was no other intervening movement before she had Ajela slammed up against the back wall with her hand wrapped around the possessed woman's delicate throat. The powerful movement would have shattered bone as the metal deformed from the impact and the wood panelling cracked.

Ajela's eyes bugged out, fear rising up.

"I have little patience for devils who throw tantrums." Svetlana's voice was calm yet furious, a threat in every syllable magnified by the squeeze around Ajela's throat. "You risk The Plan."

The director bore down, crunching until Ajela's trachea threatened to collapse. "You assured me that you were able to handle this, unlike last time. You promised that you would show restraint yet I'm not seeing it, imp."

"I-I can! I—"

The tightness cut off the words. "Then why are you destroying my building?"

Ajela pawed at the hand around her throat. Despite her supernatural strength, she couldn't even budge the fingers that

drove nails into either side of her throat. Emma could feel the sharp points growing as they dug deeper in five points of burning agony.

Energies roiled around Svetlana as they gathered in her claws. The points became more than just sharp points but burning power that would slaughter a mere mortal and agony for the infernal possessing Emma's form.

There was a taste of pink cotton candy in Ajela's mouth. The bright energies that Emma felt from the collar danced along their shared senses. Emma could feel it humming along her nerves, strengthening skin and protected their body from the foul powers that Svetlana used.

The infernal claws didn't pierce Ajela's skin, only dented the flesh.

Svetlana frowned and looked her over. "You picked the collar?"

Ajela's anger bubbled up. She smacked Svetlana's wrist as she tried to speak.

The director relaxed her grip.

"I-I didn't!"

"Yet it's bound to you. Only an untrained imp would make just a simple mistake like that—"

Ajela smacked Svetlana's wrist again. "I know. It was trapped! That... mortal did it, somehow."

But, even as the words came out, Ajela knew it was the wrong thing. Anger fought with regret, centuries of curating her powers ruined by a single piece of bright pink magic.

Svetlana raised an eyebrow. "A slave caused you to bind against the collar? A pathetic little human with no magical ability forced your hand, a devil with centuries of experience in her empty head?"

Ajela flinched. She ground her teeth together. She wondered if she should change tactics as the real fear of not escaping the elevator became a possibility.

Svetlana's grip tightened. "Bring me Matt. Let me hear from him."

The fear spiked inside her. Ajela cringed but she said nothing.

Svetlana cocked her head, first one way and then the other. Her brilliant eyes were glowing as she stared into Ajela's eyes. "I'm waiting."

Emma's sorrow rose up as she remembered the look of pain in Matt's eyes as he slumped to the ground. The sight of his torn throat and blood everywhere still burned brightly in her memories.

Ajela sniffed and then slumped. "I... cannot."

The grip tightened and Emma felt her trachea starting to collapse.

"He was a good slave. A bleeding heart but loyal. He's served me for more years than you've been walking in this plane." Svetlana's voice grew tense, like a steel beam under tremendous pressure.

The elevator car grew icier with every word. The edges of the shadows wavered as another realm began to ooze through cracks of reality. Darkness ran liquid, pouring down the walls of the bent metal as the chrome reflected scenes from the infernal's home dimension. Soft screams echoed at the edge of Ajela's senses, cries of infernal and mortal alike that made up the background in of a realm filled with cruelty and anger.

Svetlana sighed. "Is he really dead?"

"I tore out his throat."

Svetlana's hand continued to tighten around Ajela's throat. The grinding scraped the joins of her neck together, the sound conducting with painful clarity through her own skeleton. "You child. You pathetic little maggot."

The director had Ajela's life in her hands. If she was lucky, she would only slaughter the fat woman's body and cast Ajela's soul back into the infernal realms to try again in a century or two. But the foul energies building around her hinted that Ajela had gone too far and Svetlana intended to do something far worse.

Fear, liquid and bitter, flooded through her. It echoed through Emma's mind as memories of watching other infernal having their souls burned and scarred, energy and powers stripped away until they were nothing but twisting shadows of their former beings. It was a fate worse than death since Svetlana could easily ensure that Ajela would experience centuries of torture knowing she could never regain even the might she had now.

"Let's hope you are useless at killing also." Svetlana's grip loosened as she turned and whistled.

Candy bounded into sight. It had been days since Emma had seen the infernal and the red-haired beauty looked just as stunning with

her massive breasts and narrow waist. Her body never stopped moving with her miniskirt fluttering to reveal the tops of her garters and the bare flesh between her thighs.

But now, with Ajela's magical senses, Emma could sense the infernal squeezed into the woman's body. It was a massive beast with a pig-like nose, immense horns, and bulging muscles. It was jammed into Candy's body, forced into the tiny shell with the impression it would burst free with only a single cut of the skin that contained it. There was a strange contrast to the bouncy young woman who saluted and the foul beast that glared out. "Yes, madam!" said Candy with a cheerful giggle.

"Matt is injured."

Candy's eyes snapped toward Ajela. For only an instant, the cheerful expression turned into one of pure spite and anger. There was no compassion or humanity in that moment, only a promise of never-ending torture and pain. The beast inside the human shell snarled, a silent sound that caused the air around the bubbly woman to warp and twist.

Ajela cringed again, inwardly berating herself for losing control.

Candy's head snapped back to stared at Svetlana. "Oh, no!" she said, as if the devil inside wasn't about to burst out.

"Check on him," ordered the director. "Now!"

"Aye!" Candy looked up and then jumped straight up. Black wings tore out of her shirt as she shoot out of sight with a flutter of wind and magic. A black tail, tipped with a knife, snapped behind her before it also disappeared from sight.

Risking everything, Emma reached out with her mind to stoke Ajela's guilt. She wasn't sure what she was doing, nor did she feel entirely safe with the director in front of them, but the need to make Ajela suffer was too strong. She took the emotions, the regret and fear, and tried to magnify them.

Seconds later, sweat prickled along Ajela's skin as her mind latched onto the horrible things that the directory could do. Emma didn't have the memories to explain the guilt, but the fear of what the director could do was palatable. Emma's mind couldn't even comprehend the flashes of images that burst across her vision as Ajela recalled them, but none of them were comforting.

Svetlana turned back to Ajela. “Pray that he is stronger than you thought and you somehow managed to fail in killing him. Until then, finish your obligation for your new body, the one you clearly failed to properly control. Serve your new master for the full length of his contract—”

“I will—” Ajela gasped.

Svetlana snarled and slammed her against the wall. “Do not interrupt!”

Ajela cringed.

“You serve the contract like a good little fucking imp. Then, after your master is long and dead, you spend every waking moment in this corpse to find some way to beg for forgiveness. Appease me and The Plan, otherwise we will hunt you down to the ends of earth and turn you into the example that the devils will speak about until the end of time. Do you understand?”

Somehow, Ajela managed to nod frantically even as her breath was cut off.

“Until then... until you’ve proven you are not a useless hunk of soggy flesh and brittle bones, you will get no help, boon, or favor from any other infernal.”

Another flinch. Inwardly, Ajela was reeling with the impact of the threat. No help? No assistance? She would be on her own for a century.

Svetlana’s voice took on a more sinister tone. “But if I hear a hint, a whisper, even a quirked eyebrow that even suggests that you ended your master’s life before the contract is over—”

Fear poured into Ajela’s heart as she knew the threat wasn’t done.

“—I will empower Candy with all the energy she needs to hunt you down and bind your soul to hers forever.”

A soul binding, an unbreakable servitude of one infernal to another. It was worse than any prison sentence because it ensured that Ajela wouldn’t even be able to hope for death or destruction until Candy experienced the same. She would lose all control of her body, her mind, and powers, as she became a thrall for the horrible creature that already hated her.

Ajela whimpered. Her body clenched as the mortal parts tried to lose control of her bladder and sphincter, but nothing came out.

The director stepped closer until her breasts ground against Ajela's. "I will grant her any charm to regenerate your form and I will pin you in this fleshy prison in hell until we both tire of your incompetence. You will never possess another mortal form unless it is as both hers and my desire. Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes, madam!" Ajela almost sobbed. She could imagine what it would be like to be forever a thrall of a devil like Candy; but there hadn't been an infernal thrall in centuries.

To Ajela's relief, Svetlana stepped away from the door. "You best be gone before Candy returns. If you killed Matt, then you will not leave this building under your own free will again. Now go, you pathetic excuse of a maggot."

Ajela rushed past. (If I survive this, I'm never going to lose my temper again,) she promised herself.

"Do not fail The Plan!" echoed after her, one last reminder of how close she came to destruction.

*t'Sade*



# Graduation Orgy 25

The bus was once again in front of the building, the pitch black slab making no noise but giving the impression that it was idling just like every other school bus Emma had experienced.

Everyone else had gathered outside in a festive mood. As Ajela scanned the crowd, Emma was hit the similarities of the day she had arrived and the stark differences that ten days had made in all of their lives.

No longer were there groups of fit bodies and those who were overweight. Everyone was uniform sea of hotness with hard bodies, perky tits, and bubble butts. The employees of the program wore their typical black and white outfits, but everyone else had splashes of colors that showed off taut bellies, deep cleavages, and bulges in all the right places.

With her thoughts dwelling on Svetlana's threats, Ajela let out a soft growl of need as she planned for what would come next. She needed someone—anyone—to ease the idea of spending a century in servitude to some mortal master without any support from her kind. It wasn't often, but she had been here long enough to know that, sooner or later, she would need a compassionate ear to commiserate with. A group that she didn't have to pretend to be some fat mortal or put on a fake smile.

Unfortunately, infernals rarely trusted each other and she wouldn't put it past any of them to pretend to be her ally now only to stab her in the back later.

But first, the infernal needed to do something. Emma could feel the distaste as Ajela took a deep breath and then delved into her own thoughts. At first, there were flashes of hell or whatever place

the infernal's called home, but the devil quickly filtered through them until more familiar memories came welling up.

Emma was stunned as she felt the devil scanning through Emma's own memories: rushing through her visit to prom, the way she looked at her father when he wasn't looking, and the sullen anger at her mother. She saw herself on the school bus, in grocery stores, and even at the movies.

The infernal wasn't trying to relieve Emma's life. Instead, she was plucking out little mannerisms, ways of speaking, and how Emma held herself. Their shared muscles flexed to trace through familiar patterns as Emma shifted to one side, and then the other until it felt natural.

It only took a few seconds, but when Ajela—who forced herself to also identify as Emma—smiled, it was the same brilliant smile that Emma had given her father when he said she was beautiful. A joy and pride hummed across their thoughts as Ajela settled into her Emma persona, letting the anger and rage subside as she prepared for the role of a mortal's lifetime.

With Ajela's rooting through her thoughts, the barrier between the two minds thinned even more. Tiny fragments of thoughts and words became more coherent as she heard the devil's inner monologue echoing clearly through her head.

(Okay, I need allies. The ones bound to the Director will cast me aside, so it has to be one of the recent possessions.)

The other devils would have merged with the memories of their host also, which meant that they would be influenced by shared memories and relationships. Emma's friendships would color how the infernals would respond to each other, which meant her best chance was with Malcolm, Vinh, and Alice.

Emma felt the sting of Ajela's callused thoughts. Her entire personality and mannerisms were a mask for the devil. At the same time, she was hopeful to find that her friends had somehow survived their possession also. Maybe they all were trapped in their own heads?

(No, why would they have survived possession? These mortals were never trained to resist infernals.)

Emma's thoughts froze, a shock of fear rippled as she realized her own train of thought had somehow intruded into Ajela's.

(It would take blessed or hunter blood to resist us. Thankfully, those bloodlines have diluted over the years. No chance of encountering one of those.) The devil's thoughts turned to a fierce joy. She brought up a memory of a past life, of her cutting the throat of scout from a band of hunters that patrolled the Black Forest during the first world war. (Probably the only good thing about The Plan, destroy the hunter bloodlines.)

Emma forced herself not to think about anything else, afraid that Ajela would realized she was still there.

After a moment, the devil's thoughts drifted back to her current predicament. (Okay, find the cow's friends. Their memories will make them the most agreeable to being allies.)

She scanned the crowd, this time looking for Emma's friends.

"Emma!" called out Alice. The brown-haired woman had grown her hair longer and it was a halo around her perfectly smooth face and plump lips. Her eyes were wide and shimmering, begging to be lost inside them. She wore a t-shirt and shorts, but there was nothing casual with the way it strained around her breasts and exposed her smooth midriff. Two hard nipples jutted out, begging to be sucked. Her thighs had just a hint of muscle that flexed as she stopped in front of Ajela.

Ajela put on her own smile and held out her hands. "Alice! I missed you so much!" she said with Emma's voice. They embraced, breasts pressing tightly together before their hips bumps. The heat rolled off their bodies as they ground together more intimately, each of their hands rested on the other's waist and tugging closer.

To Emma's surprise, she felt more than she expected from Alice's embrace. It was as if the distance or glass from her senses had pulled back, allowing her once again to feel heat, warmth, and pressure without the sensation of being divorced from her own body. The only reason she could think was that Ajela's taking on Emma as a persona had also brought the two minds closer.

Her second thought was if it would be easier to take charge, or more terrifying, would Ajela be able to tell that Emma still lived inside her head?

But, for all her fears, the overwhelming sensations forced her attention back to her body as if she was experiencing her body for the first time.

After nuzzling Emma's neck, Alice pulled back and sighed. "Fuck, girl, you were hot. You were always hot, but now... delicious." Her eyes flickered and Alice's lips parted slightly in desire. "I love your curves."

Emma tensed, unsure of where the words were going.

Gesturing around her to the other bodies that were sculpted to inspire lust, she didn't look away. "Everyone looks so fuckable, but you... you are a queen among us." She reached up to cup Emma's breasts. "I love how soft and beautiful these are."

Any annoyance that Emma felt with her curvy body were muted by the ache of her hard nipples being twisted and teased. Her thighs grew moist as she inched closer.

Malcolm and Vinh approached, their arms around each other's waists.

He was still the tall man but his gut was entirely gone. His pectorals and rock-hard body strained against his shirt. He even had fuller hair and a well-trimmed beard. Every movement revealed the strength behind his body and Emma's eyes glanced down to the thick ridge of his cock that swelled along his left leg.

Ajela licked her lips as she remembered Emma's time pleasuring him on the bus. After the horror from inside the elevator, she needed some cock and there was one being presented to her. "Hey," she said with a purr.

Malcolm smiled broadly, an expression mirrored by the infernal inside, "I can't wait to try out your new body."

"Mal!" Vinh said with a light swat on her arm. Like the others, she had been transformed into a slender woman with a narrow waist, elfin body, and firm breasts. Her red dress was almost painted onto her body, revealing swells that begged to be sucked on and lips that needed a cock or pussy pressed against them. A slit up the side of her dress went clear up to her armpit and revealed that there wasn't even a shred of fabric between her thighs or hooked over her hips.

Vinh stepped forward and grabbed Ajela's head, pulling her down to kiss her. "I get her first," she said firmly.

A surge of relief flooded through Emma as they kissed each other passionately. She had found friends among the others. The hard

part was keeping them close to her until the bus departed; the further away they were from the director, the better.

Emma grabbed Vinh's ass with one hand and dug her fingers into the firm buttock. With her other, she reached out for Malcolm who stepped close until her knuckles were brushing against his cock and her palm was encased in his much larger hand. She smiled into the kiss, enjoying the warmth that embraced her.

To her surprise, the trapped mortal found that her senses were opening up when Ajela took on more of her persona. The embracing of her mortal caused the senses to grow sharper and she could feel Vinh's hard nipples against her own, the heat along her knuckles, and taste the tongue that explored her mouth. After days of barely being able to sense anything, the sudden storm of raw, unfiltered senses was intoxicating and overwhelming.

The pleasure wrapped around her as Malcolm came around to stand behind her, his hard shaft grinding up against her ass as his arm came around her waist. Thick fingers pressed against her pubis and he ran his finger over the trapped fabric of her dress while he traced her slit.

Emma let out a soft moan as she ground her hips into his fingers.

"Well," Alice said with a giggle, "I'm guessing I wasn't the only one missing her."

Malcolm's beard tickled Emma's head. "You want in on this?"

"Of course," purred Alice. Her hands fluttered over Emma's body as she leaned into him. "But maybe somewhere with a bit more maneuvering room? The bus?"

They agreed and made their way to the front door. As they did, Emma noticed that many people did double-takes when they looked at her. At first, she was uncomfortable at the looks, but then she saw the naked lust and growing curiosity in the other's eyes. She wasn't like the others, her larger body with softer curves was a stark contrast to the sea of hard bodies. She was exotic.

"I can't believe how soft you are," Vinh said, her hand clamped onto Emma's breast. "So beautiful, all I want to do is bury my face in your tits."

Both Emma and Ajela preened under the compliment. Being the object of desire puddled heated between Emma's thighs. Every step she took reminded her of how slick she had grown.

Derek stood near the front opening, leaning casually against the folding door with his arms folded over his chest and the top few buttons of his white button-down revealing the smooth skin underneath.

Victoria leaned next to him, a fruity drink in her hand and her knuckles brushing against his hand as they spoke together. When the four came closer, she pulled her hand back and held open the door. "Have fun, we're wheels up in ten minutes so you better get a good spot."

Inwardly, Emma let out a sigh of relief. Svetlana's mandate that she would get no quarter had not had time to reach Derek's or Victoria's ears. It would be only a matter of time, but hopefully she could return home before they turned on her.

She struggled to keep a smile on her face. (Just keep smiling, Ajela. Don't let them question what you're doing,) came her warning thought.

Derek gestured toward the rear of the bus. "I recommend the far back on the right. Don't take up too many seats though." He winked. "Not if you don't want company during your orgy."

Vinh ran her fingers along his chest. "We're only going to need two benches. I suspect we're going to be staying in place for the whole ride."

Derek's eyes trailed down Vinh's body, lingering on the curves pressing against her dress. "Damn the darkness, you make me wish I wasn't driving."

Malcolm's hand rested on Emma's rear. He leaned forward, his breath hot on skin that even Emma was able to feel. "Don't worry, sexy. You'll be riding two buses before the end of this day."

Emma smiled and ground her curvy ass into his palm. "Good because I need a hard fuck right now."

He hoisted her up on the bus and pushed her down the aisle.

Alice walked ahead of her, tugging on Emma's hand as they hurried down the aisle to the back. As soon as Alice reached it, she turned around and pulled Emma into a kiss of her while sinking into the seat.

Emma caught herself with one knee on the bench as she kissed Alice deeply. Her hand planted on her friend's chest, tugging at the

deep collar to cup the firm breast inside. Alice's nipple was hard and she caught it between two fingers to squeeze it.

"Oh, I've been dreaming about this since I first took this body," whispered Alice. "She's wanted you the moment she saw you waiting to leave."

The words were surreal, a stark reminder that Alice wasn't herself, but Ajela's lust and closeness to Emma's thoughts made it difficult to pull apart to consider them. Instead, she was hammered with the images of what Ajela wanted to do to Alice.

Alice moaned. "I know we've all changed, but I never expected you to be this hot. Leave it you to stand above the rest of us."

The compliment flooded Emma's body with lust. She kissed Alice deeply and dug her fingers into the firm tit, rolling and mauling it as their soft lips caressed.

Behind her, Malcolm used his large hands pulling her dress up. They were thick and sure as he teased and mauled her buttocks before using his thumbs to spread them apart. The cool air tickled her pussy and asshole.

Then there was a thud as he dropped to his knees. Without hesitating, he jammed his face between her cheeks and began to suck and slobber. He wasn't gentle but rough as he ground and twisted, using his nose and chin as much as the thick tongue against her holes.

Emma's body shuddered with pleasure as she pressed back. Every lap along her slit felt like heaven, more so when the tip delved into her pussy or his lips worked at her clitoris.

But when she lifted her other hand to brace herself, Vinh caught it and brought it down between her legs. Emma's fingertips brushed against wet lips and Vinh moaned. "Fuck me."

Obediently, Emma thrust two fingers deep into Vinh's cunt as she braced herself against Alice. Her entire body rocked back and forth between the two lovers kissing her, her hips rolling as she guided Malcolm's tongue to tease along her sphincter, pussy lips, and down to her clitoris.

He was everywhere, his thick lips guiding the tongue as it plunged deep into her tight holes and wiggled deep. Fingernails dug into her skin, bruising her as he pried her open even further to get

his broad face into there, and then stretching her when he forced his thick tongue keep into her cunt and ass.

Alice yanked the front of Emma's dress up to shove her hand between her thighs. Fingertips danced along bare skin before she found Emma's dripping slit. With a grin, she curled her fingers and captured the hard nub between her fingertips. Everything was slick as she rubbed against the center of pleasure.

Next to her, Vinh grabbed her wrist and shoved it deeper into her cunt, forcing three fingers into her tight opening. Like the others, she was using Emma as much as Emma was enjoying them. With soft cries, she yanked Emma's hand into her pussy until her juices were pouring out between Emma's fingers.

Emma's moans grew wider as she rocked back and forth. Her entire nervous system was sparking with pleasure as she enjoyed the passions of her three lovers. Every breath she took drew in the scenes of cock and cunt. Every time she moved, she was up against a naked body or wet hole.

Malcolm tilted his head to lave her asshole, thrusting his tongue deep into her hole. It was longer and thicker than Emma remembered; no doubt the result of being transformed by the devil. She didn't care as he seemed to curl inside her, sending waves of pleasure ripping through her body.

Alice broke the kiss, saliva glistening on her lips. "Come for me," she whispered. "Come for me and then let me fuck him." Then she began to rub harder and faster.

Lost between two lovers, Emma rocked back and forth as the pleasure built. It was a storm of ecstasy, redoubled by Emma experiencing the full gamut of her senses once again after so many days. Both Ajela and her's pleasures added to the orgasm, causing it rush up and consume their thoughts as it threatened to burst.

Then a third hand reached up between the two and plunged into her pussy. Vinh leaned over and kissed Emma's shoulder. "Come on, get this party started."

Unable to handle three lovers at once, Emma's body surrendered to the orgasm and she collapsed as the pleasure hammered against her. White-hot ecstasy ripped through her veins as she cried out into Alice's mouth and her juices sprayed across Malcolm's face.



As her thoughts reeled and her body shuddered from the onslaught, she was dimly aware that Malcolm had abandoned her holes in favor of Alice. She watched as he stripped off his pants and stroked his massive length. Emma lifted her head to watch as he positioned himself in front of Alice.

Alice moaned as she pulled up her dress and spread her legs.

Then, without a word, he shoved his thick rod into her dripping snatch and buried it to the balls in a single stroke. His balls, each one the size of Fuji apples, clenched as they ground into Alice's ass.

Alice cried out with pleasure and clutched him.

He hammered into her without hesitation, pounding into her hole. Wet splatters flew everywhere, coating his dark thighs and staining the cushion below. More of it splattered onto her face, hot and perfumed with the smell of sex and cum.

Without thinking, Emma reached up and pushed some of it into her mouth. It tasted sweet. With a smile, she glanced to her side where Malcolm's buttocks were flexing with every thrust. She knew he would like to be pleased and she was willing to bring him the same pleasure; she could almost taste

Emma's thoughts finally were able to focus. She looked up from the ground where she had dropped to her knees. His body was next to her, his muscular cheeks flexing with every thrust. For a moment, she considered pulling back but she needed to please him as much as he did her; if anything, to cement their closeness once they returned home.

Despite the hunger that burned in both of their minds, Emma was stunned how clinical Ajela was in her motivations. The infernal thought of orgasms and survival at the same time, seducing even as she was planning her next step.

With a moan, she reached over to the rock-hard cheeks and pulled them.

Vinh stopped her as she staggered to her feet. With one hand on Emma's shoulder, she pushed down. "Cunts who come have to go to the bottom. You'll get your turn later, I promise. After Mal dumps his load and Alice comes, it's my turn."

Emma resisted for a moment, at least until she realized Vinh was positioning her on the floor to straddle her face. Then, knowing the pleasure she could inflict on the other woman, Emma got into

position with her head underneath Malcolm's splayed legs and looking up at the beautiful sight of his massive balls slamming into Alice's body with wet thuds.

Alice gasped as she clutched at the cushions, her knuckles white from the effort to hold herself still for the driving cock. "And when we get home?" A moan. "Oh fuck, when we can do this again? I don't give a fuck about her husband! Fuck him, fuck... fuck me!"

Vinh ground her breasts against Malcolm's back as she reached around to slid her finger down his thrusting length where it speared Alice's cunt obscenely. She circled around the opening, letting his thrusts pull her in and out before she moved down to the drenched hole below. "You better. I don't want to deal with her limp-dicked human if I have you four."

Malcolm laughed as he grabbed her throat and squeezed down, cutting off her breath.

A squelch of pussy juices flooded around his cock as Alice came on it.

Vinh lowered herself, cutting off Emma's sight of the beautiful rutting above her. As she did, she pulled Malcolm's cheeks apart and pressed her bright red lips on his taint. With a moan, her mouth opened wide as she began to lap.

Splatters of pre-cum, from Malcolm and Vinh, splashed onto Emma and she opened her mouth to catch them.

They tasted sweet and musky.

Despite not trained to pleasure women at the program, Emma had centuries of practice and got to work. She fingered herself as she held Vinh down with her other hand, drawing her tongue up and down the length of the heated slit.

Her lover was soaked and dripping, which only made her tastier.

Emma worked her face into the wet folds not unlike Malcolm did to her own ass. The pleasure of giving pleasure role as she blindly sucked on Vinh's clitoris before moving to her ass and driving her tongue up deep.

The world around her was muffled, but she knew that all four of them were losing themselves in the pleasure. It would only be time before she was impaled on Malcolm's cock or riding Vinh's face. They had hours of pleasure before they returned home.

Unseen between Vinh's thighs, Emma smiled to herself. It was going better than she hoped, three lovers and companions to keep her company and none of them knew what the director said.

She just might survive this.

*t'Sade*

# Drop Off

# 26

Emma yawned as she stepped down from the bus. Her shoes tapped on the concrete as she swayed for a moment, and then stepped away to let the others get off. With every movement, she felt the ache of being fucked for hours and the dribble of cum sliding down her thighs, cleavage, and even her neck. She had cum in her hair and glaze of it across her face.

She smiled and enjoyed every second.

“You look like a happy slut,” giggled Alice. She carried her shoes with one hand as she sighed.

“Better than a whore?” asked Emma.

“I’d rather do it for love than money. Or at least for the length of contract. After that, I’m going to fuck my way across the world.”

Emma’s thoughts darkened about the contract. She owed someone a hundred years of servitude for providing the body she possessed, even if it was obscenely fat compared to the others. Then her thoughts perked up, she may be softer than the others, but seeing the lustful looks warmed her up; maybe it wasn’t being so bad having a curvier body than the rest of the supernaturally fit men and women heading to their cars.

(Shit, that mortal was supposed to tell me, wasn’t he? Shit, shit, how do I find out?) The panic was clear to Emma along vague memories of agony and light that were quickly pushed down by the infernal.

Outwardly, she kept her face pleasant and made a soft sigh. “Do you know who you’re serving?”

The ground shook slightly as Malcolm stepped back. “Of course, I know. How could you not? For me, it’s Shelia. The pastor’s wife got

me in the program, so I'm going to be visiting her around noon while her husband is preaching about the sins of adultery." He chuckled. "She'll be seeing god all day long before he gets home."

Vinh staggered down. "My dietician. He was retiring and wants a live-in fuck toy so as soon as I blow Vinh's husband, I'm heading over there. Probably won't be married long." She scoffed. "Not that I would want to, fucking bastard is obsessed with love and passion. Plus, I'm pretty sure my new master is going to tie me up, torture me, and fuck me senseless until I purr."

She sighed happily and then looked up at Malcolm to kissed his thick arm. "Thank you for the railing, I got your numbers when I need another. If I can get free."

Vinh kissed Alice and Emma before she headed toward the parking lot.

An Asian man was standing in front of a car with the lights on. He looked excited to see her and said something loud in Vietnamese.

Vinh squealed and ran up to hug him, her enthusiasm obviously fake to those who knew that she had been possessed by an infernal. Little did her husband know that his death was probably already planned, if not already started.

Alice hugged Emma, her fingers sliding up the cleft of her buttocks. "So, who is it? Who's your master?"

Inwardly, Ajela flinched. (Shit!)

Emma flinched as the devil scanned through her memories, but no one stuck out as being the obvious answer. Emma herself was too distracted by the growing fear that radiated from the infernal to try to figure it out herself but felt like the answer would be obvious if she could just regain her focus without the devil rooting through her memories.

Alice stopped her finger. "You okay, Em?"

"Y-Yeah, I..." (Come on, make up a lie. Don't let her question this.) "I didn't exactly leave Matt in the best of circumstances. He decided to be petty and let me know."

"Shit," Malcolm said. "You should probably ask Derek or Victoria before they pull out. You don't want the backlash if you don't show up. I heard it can be brutal."

Alice shuddered. “It can. Those contract clauses will scar you for life.” The sadness in her eyes faded into a compassionate smile. “Need us to stay, sweetie?”

Emma shook her head, she didn’t want them to know what the director had said, or that she had killed Matt. Guilt fought with anger as she struggled to keep her rage in check; she had to be careful now, if she didn’t want things to get messy. “No, I’m good. You need to head home anyways.”

“Sure?”

(Yes, just go away. I need to figure this out with you simpletons asking me questions!) Emma convinced them with a promise to call in a few days. She got their numbers for texting and video chat before they split off to go to their own cars.

Soon, the platform was empty except for her and the two infernals at the bus. It felt very empty, not dangerous but empty. She regarded them with wary.

(They probably know by now. Shit, why couldn’t I keep my claws to myself.)

Emma wanted to laugh, but the thoughts were too intimate and she was afraid of revealing herself.

Ajela headed toward Derek and Victoria.

As she approached, Derek rolled his eyes and climbed back into the bus. “Fuck off!” he said before slamming the door shut.

They knew. Either they checked in as they approached the depot or they found out on the way, but she could feel the anger radiating from both of them.

Victoria turned to face her, arms across her sizable chest. “How could you? Everyone loved that mortal. And you just cut his throat like a spoil little bitch.”

“I’m sorry.”

“No, you’re sorry you got caught and you know it.” Victoria scoffed and turned to head toward the black car she drove.

Ajela reached out of for her. “Wait! I-I need to know something.”

Victoria stopped and glared at her. “Coming with your tail between your legs already?” she asked in a sharp tone. “How the mighty have fallen in such a little time.”

She scoffed again. “You gave the director such high hopes when you agreed to join us. Now I see that you were all bark with no balls.

Just a worm that should have been tossed over to Candy to chew on. You know she's furious, right? That poor girl is beside herself and it is taking the director everything she has to keep her from flying out here and tearing your limbs off."

Emma shuddered at the image. "Just let me know who I'm serving... please? Then I will be out of your hair forever."

She shrugged. "Your trainer should have told you... if you didn't rip open his throat before he did."

A flicker of rage rose up and the closeness of the two minds split for a moment. Ajela started forward but Emma managed to reach out with her mind and stop her.

The division in their head separated again, dulling Emma's senses for a moment before they snapped together again. Emma could feel that Ajela was desperate to have the answer before she found out through a far more painful manner. She considered her options before trying to put on a sympathetic face.

Victoria snorted. "Please? You are just upset everyone knows you aren't as good as you claimed. You don't give a shit about anyone besides yourself, Ajela. You always thought you were better than the most of us, just because you were so good at assassination and you managed the Belfast killing by yourself."

Ajela's claws began to ease out of her fingers. She clamped her jaw to avoid lashing out before she forced out the words. "I lost my temper. The director has shown me the error of my ways."

"No," Victoria said. "She said you would get no help from me or any other being until you fulfilled your contract. So I see no reason to go against The Plan. So, wait your master to summon you. Don't worry, he will and maybe you start to realize how much you have bitten off."

A memory of white-hot flames tearing into her skin rose up from Ajela's past. The agony, even decades old, was intense as her master at the time dragged her across a city to him, kicking and screaming from the smoke that burned her body. The wounds didn't heal either, she felt it burning her skin for decades after she no longer had a use for that body. The cost of failing to obey the contract would haunt her as long as the pink collar wrapped around her throat had ruined her other powers.



Emma felt sick at the memory of pain, it was far worse than anything she had experienced in her mortal life.

Victoria grinned cruelly. “Enjoy the summon, Cunt. You deserve it and many others.”

Both Emma and Ajela were determined to avoid that fate. Ajela’s control of her body came as she forced tears to well up in her eyes. Emma joined in, letting the fear leak through their thoughts and give credence to the expression on their face.

The other woman scoffed, threw up her hand, and then strode toward her limo in the parking lot. “Rot in hell when you get back!” she yelled over her shoulder. “I’m sure Candy is going to be waiting for you. She always thought of Matt as her personal pet!”

Another memory, of the infernal crammed inside Candy towering over Ajela. It was a warrior devil, broad shoulders and covered in spikes. The creature was terrifying, even to other devils, and knowing that it would be waiting for her made Ajela desperate not to return.

Ajela did something she dreaded almost as much as being summoned. “I swear, I’ll do anything!”

Victoria stopped.

Ajela steeled herself. Those words never went well when it came to infernals, the devil was in the details and they were petty and cruel. And with no natural lifespan, some of their vows could last for millennium.

Slowly, Victoria turned around, a wide smile on her lips. “Anything anything?”

Emma cringed as she said, “Yes. I really need to know. I can’t suffer those burns for a century without any help from others. You know that.”

The heels were loud on the abandoned platform as Victoria returned with smirk. “So the fucking cunt really had her tail up against her cunt. Maybe tonight will be worth it.”

“I know. What will it cost me?”

The smile grew wider as two sharp teeth picked up. “Oh, something minor, just a single curse. One little curse bound into your soul forever.”

Sweat prickled on Emma’s brow. Forever was a long time for infernals and a soul-bound curse would haunt her for the rest of her

life. Victoria had the ability to prevent Emma from every speaking again, or force her to cut off her own limbs. She could be blinded until end of time, long after Emma's body rots away and Ajela find a new host to possess. She would never escape it.

Things continue to get worse for Ajela and Emma.

Emma struggled with the choice: the agonizing pain of being forcibly summoned or being cursed forever. The pain would be temporary, but it would also set up a century of distrust; rarely did a master stop torturing once it started and she would have decades of agony in her future if she failed him before they ever met.

"A small—?"

"No, I choose. You accept or you wait until he yanks your body across the city with your skin on fire. Your choice, you miserable cunt." Victoria's lips curled as she spoke, her perfect demeanor marred by the devilish glare she gave Emma.

Both Ajela and Emma knew which way they would choose and it was the same. "We accept," they both said with a stronger voice than either would have expected to pass her lips. The barrier between their thoughts thinned even more, exposing Emma to the infernal's thoughts and giving the infernal more access to Emma's memories.

A flicker of concern rippled through Ajela's mind but then they were focused on Victoria who held up her hand. In her palm was a glowing rune, blood red and with thousands of hair-thin lines drawing up an intricate spell. It was a powerful curse and Emma could feel her stomach lurch as she stared at it.

"Accept it," commanded Victoria. "And I will let you know everything."

It took all of their combined willpower to reach out and clasp her palm. As they gripped tightly, the infernal energies burst around them. It leaped from Victoria and into Emma, burrowing past her skin and sensations, digging deeper until it was flashing across their mind and then further still. When it burned itself into her soul, her knees gave way and she sank to the ground with a sob from the pain and finality of her actions.

Victoria kept her grip tight as she leaned over to whisper into Emma's ear. "You are cursed never gain pleasure, joy, or happiness by yourself again." It was the quietest of words, but they tore

through her mind like paper as they confirmed what the magic had just done.

Emma looked up at her with horror as the impact of the curse hit. She would never be able to masturbate to an orgasm. She might not even be allowed to tease herself. No longer would she enjoy the feel of beautiful fabric on her skin or vibrations between her leg. She was forever dependent on someone else for happiness or pleasure.

A tear ran down her cheek as the impact burned through her, searing itself into her soul for this lifetime and the next. She sobbed as Victoria pulled her hand free and walked away.

“Enjoy,” she said mockingly.

With the curse came other knowledge, blossoming in her head. It was Emma’s doctor that had paid the price. She was to show up at five in the morning, ready to serve at all costs. He had already whispered his fantasies, which outfits she would wear. Emma’s old job, her own life, didn’t matter any more, she was at his beck and call for the next century.

A sob rose in her throat. The answer was obvious now that she knew the answer. She could have avoided the curse if she had just delved further into her memories. She wouldn’t have been forever denied pleasure if she just hesitated.

Victoria’s laughter echoed out as she slipped into her car. It remained beating in the air as she roared her engine and raced away.

The bus followed, leaving the possessed mortal alone in the empty bus terminal.

*t'Sade*

# Finally Home

# 27

Ajela started up the stairs to her apartment. She wasn't tired or exhausted, but her suitcase thumped against the stairs with no regard for its contents. As far as she was concerned, it was going into the trash can as soon as she found some replacements. With each step, she browsed through Emma's memories, picking out each piece and dismissing it with a thought of disgust. (Trash it, trash, oh burn that,) came the litany of dismissals with each blouse, skirt, and dress that came to mind.

Emma was surprised by the clarity of the harsh thoughts that echoed across her head. She had only gotten pieces of Ajela's memories and the occasional coherent thought at first, but it seemed like there was less of a barrier between their two minds.

She wondered if it was the curse that brought them closer or just time the devil spent inside her head.

Ajela tugged on the pink collar around her neck. (This thing is going to ruin my entire aesthetic. Why did I pick it? What was I thinking? Something must have made me do that. I would have never of hesitated to kill a mortal before.)

The suspiciousness radiated through Emma. It only grew as Ajela's thoughts started to dwell back on the memories of her killing Matt, the way her limbs resisted her at the last moment, the doubt that filled her. There had to be something there, something different that made her not be able to control the mortal's shell.

Emma cringed at the thought. What if the barrier between their minds continued to thin, would Ajela finally realize that Emma was somehow survived?

She wasn't up to wondering how she survived, but maybe the bloodlines Ajela was thinking about had something to do with it. But she remembered the Directory saying that they already confirmed that Emma wasn't one of them.

Ajela reached the door to the apartment. The familiar smells to Emma were foreign to her and she wrinkled her nose with disgust. She didn't bother with the key. Instead, she reached down and out with her magical senses. A talent from a former possession, a trinket that had melded with her spirit, activated and she easily pushed the pins into place while she turned the handle and let herself in.

(What a pig sty.)

Without thinking, Emma felt hurt and angry by the feelings.

Ajela flinched and then looked around. (Maybe not so bad, but I doubt my new master is going to have me here. Actually, I have no clue what he is going to want. Shit, maybe the mortal—)

(Matt,) Emma thought, then cringed.

(—Matt would have given more details on what he wanted.)

There was no hesitation with the correction. Ajela didn't suddenly press it and Emma felt a wave of relief that she hadn't just revealed herself.

Ajela tossed the suitcase aside and kicked the door close. She rubbed her arm and then realized that Emma's old clothes fit her poorly and dug into her body in all the wrong places.

(First thing first, get changed into something less hideous and then get a new wardrobe. I'm pretty sure this doctor is looking for something sexy.) Her gaze lifted to the clock above the front door. (Three hours until stores close and the cow—)

The thought stopped suddenly.

Emma wanted to put her own name in. She hated being called a cow, but there was something suspicious about the line of thought.

After the barest of pauses, Ajela continued her thought, (—has about a thousand in her bank account. Enough to get something less hideous and probably show off these huge tits.)

Ajela cupped her breasts, a reluctant appreciation flooding her mind. (They do feel good.)

Thoughts about Victoria's curse filled their minds. She worked her thumbs up against her nipples and stroked them.

Nothing. Just the feeling of pressure and touch but none of the aching pleasure that would have normally come.

Ajela hissed and pinched her nipples. When she felt no pleasure, she pawed at her dress and pulled it up to jam her fingers into her hairless sex. Not even rolling her fingers along her clitoris and working a finger into her hole brought even a single flicker of pleasure. She was aware of her fingers manipulating her body, but nothing pleasurable came from the touch.

(Fuck that bitch for a thousand years!)

*t'Sade*



# Job Interview

# 28

Without knowing exactly what Doctor Wilson was expecting, Ajela was working blindly and she did not like it. She crossed her arms and tried to keep the glare from her face as she leaned against the brick wall outside the door to the doctor's office. With every passing second, her thoughts grew darker and angrier.

(They should have given me a package or file folder at least.)

She thought about how she had cut Matt's throat and her glare deepened. (You know better, you fucking cow. For all we know, he's expecting us to show up at his front door wearing nothing but a ribbon.)

An image rose up, from a prior possession of when Ajela had to do that very thing, standing shivering in the middle of a London winter while standing at the back door as a magistrate jerked off on the other side of the glass. There was something thrilling about the pain and the way he made her kneel on the ice before splattering her face with his cum.

Ajela's lips curled up with other memories including when she held him under the water of the Thames until he drowned, then sliced open his body to make it look like he had been mugged.

Emma was disgusted by the devil's joy, but it also distracted her from the tickling sensation the cool breeze was doing between her legs.

Their last-minute shopping trip had set her up with a black miniskirt that barely covered the curves of her ass, a thong that did little other than to trace the line of her bare sex and a pair of socks that went up to her knees and little further. Her top wasn't much

better, a blouse that strained to keep her large breasts in check and reveal there wasn't a bra underneath.

She looked like a slut.

Ajela loved and hated it. It was exactly what would turn on most males, but there was no welcoming joy as she rubbed her thighs together or bumped her perk backside up against the bricks. No pleasure came even when she tweaked a nipple and stroked her clitoris.

Somehow, Emma knew the doctor would also love the outfit. Any male would. The thought upset her because she used to think he was one of the good doctors, a kind man who looked good. He was the fantasy that she dreamed of having.

But knowing that he thought so little of her that he was willing to sell her soul to some devil and having her possessed body turned into a sex pot sickened her.

(Well, how else do you think we're going to get free?) Ajela thought as if it was her own thoughts. Her eyes watched as a Tesla pulled into the nearly empty parking lot. The license plate said "DRKURT3." She seemed amused by her idle thoughts as she quickly hefted her breasts and ran a finger along her inner thigh.

Kurt Wilson looked like he just won the lottery as he came up. He wore his trench coat half open, exposing the trim body underneath. The drizzle clung to his salt-and-pepper beard, glistening instead of soaking it down. He jammed one hand into his pocket as he approached but there was no hiding his erection.

She could feel his eyes as he looked her from top to bottom. "Looking for me, Emma?"

Ajela almost purred as she arched her back. The buttons of her blouse struggled to keep open. "Why, yes, doctor," she said in a breathless voice. "I'm here for my check up." She turned and gave him a few. "As you can see, it really was the ultimate weight loss program."

Emma could almost feel the lust rolling off him as he held out his arm while thumbing the key pad for the door.

Ajela slipped against him, her curvy body pressing against his hip. She let one hand reached out to gently stroke along his already hard-cock.

His hand dropped to her ass, digging into the back of it as he wormed his fingers down her crack, along her asshole, and then shoved two fingers into her already wet sex.

At the first wash of pleasure, both Ajela and Emma felt a sense of relief. After a night of exploring, Victoria's curse only affected her own attempts to pleasure herself. Ajela was worried that the curse applied to everyone, not just herself. The relief was palatable and somehow Emma felt it herself. The thick fingers against her entrance worked their way into her slick sense as he wiggled his fingers. The touch was electric, pure pleasure and lust.

"Fuck, you turned out better than I could have hoped for," he growled as he pushed her roughly into the vestibule of the medical office.

Ajela stumbled forward, bending over as he hooked one finger in her sex and tugged her back. With a squeal that she knew he would love, she stumbled back against him, her ass smacking against the hardness of his cock.

"Fuck," he said, shaking his head. "Come on, in my office. Daddy wants to see the slut he just bought."

(Daddy?) Ajela's disgust almost matched Emma's. (He's a full grown man, why would he want to be my daddy?)

Emma cringed at the thought.

Inside the office, he pushed her against the desk.

Ajela obediently bent over it for a moment. When his hands roamed over her buttocks, pulling up the skirt and pulling the thong aside, she wiggled it while looking over her shoulder.

"That is one beautiful pussy." He pried her cheeks apart further and brushed his fingertips against her asshole. "And a perfect ass to fuck. I can't wait to fuck every hole in your body."

Ajela purred. She spread her legs as an invitation, hungry to feel pleasure that she was denied from herself. (Oh, please let him be rough. Use me, you asshole!)

Emma's thoughts were flooded with the rush of excitement herself. She didn't have the ability to control her body, but the pleasure swamped her as much as the devil. Even the roughness felt good, as if there was no pain, only different types of pleasure.

Instead of mounting her, though, he grabbed her hair and pulled her up while pressing against the small of her back. His grip was

strong, not stronger than Ajela, but enough that she felt it as she was forced back.

Kurt leaned into her and smiled. "Oh, I'm going to do that soon enough, Cunt. But I have Mrs Eaves in thirty minutes and I don't have the time to do you properly. But at lunch, I'm going to be shoving my cock so far into your cunt that you'll be glad you can't have babies."

He turned her around as he leaned against the chair. "Now, show me those udders. Emma always had the prettiest tits but I couldn't exactly maul them during her checkups."

Ajela swiftly unbuttoned her shirt and pulled it open. "These, Daddy?"

"Fuck, yes," he said as he grabbed them. His hands mauled her tits as he squeezed and crushed them with his grip. The same hands that were so gentle as they inspected Emma now were twisting and yanking her parts as if they were toys. He caught her nipples and twisted hard.

Ajela let out a moan as she leaned into it. "Oh, Daddy!"

In the corner of her eye, she saw a picture of Kurt and his family. He had a wife and daughter. They were both beautiful, but the daughter looked a little like Emma; though somewhere between Emma's squishy original body and the form that he was now mauling as he imagined it was his daughter he was abusing.

(Always the perverts willing to sell their soul for a shot at their daughter's cunt.)

Emma wanted to be disgusted, but then she thought about the errant thoughts she had about her own father.

Ajela's mind grew more interested. (Oh, the cow's daddy is pretty hot. Maybe there is something to enjoy?)

Startled, Emma forced her thoughts away from her father and focused on the man who was mauling her breasts. She drew all of her attention on the pleasure and pain of having her nipples twisted and pinched, the sensation of his fingertips digging into the firm flesh.

Ajela's mind followed. She purred. "Does daddy want to fuck his baby's tits?"

A surge of lust clouded Kurt's eyes. He growled as he reached for his trousers.

“No, let me,” Ajela purred as she worked his fly open.

Kurt’s cock was throbbing as she pulled it out. Then he was pushing her down to her knees. “This is how we’re going to start our mornings. Every day, I’m going to start my day balls deep into my personal cock sleeve.”

Ajela hefted her breasts and pressed them on his cock. It took only a little shifting to slide the hardness between the channel of her breasts, rocking her entire body up and down on her knees as she fucked herself on his cock. With every stroke down, his cock head peeked out from the soft mounds and she gave it a little kiss. “I want that so badly, Daddy. Please, fuck me. Fuck me harder.”

Kurt moaned as he gripped her head and shoulder with his fingers, his nails digging into her as he shoved and pulled her along his cock. “You’re going to be making me so much money, you fucking slut. When I’m not railing you, I’m going to whore you out to my patients. Bill them for services and keep it, fuck the government and those insurance companies.”

Even as she was moaning like a lust, Ajela’s disgust rose. (A common whore!? He summoned me here for happy endings and some money?)

“So much fucking money,” Kurt moaned as he thrust faster. His hand slipped from her shoulder to her head. His grip tightened as he shoved her down, pushing her until her tits fell away and he was thrusting into her mouth with short, brutal jabs.

Ajela leaned into the cock thrusting into her mouth as she seethed inwardly.

“No one is going to question it either. If they do, you’re going to make sure no one gets in my way. I’m going to be so fucking rich!”

His cock swelled as he thrust harder and faster into her mouth. His fingertips dug into her skull but didn’t cause the devil any discomfort. Soon, his balls were smashing against her chin as his length tore into her throat.

Ajela could have taken a nap compared to the horrors she had, but she had a role to play. With wide eyes, she made little gagging noises in the back of her throat as she tried to fuck herself harder on his shaft, to feel the roughness that no mortal could ever match. She needed to come, really come, but he had to keep fucking her.

Inwardly, she was enraged. (I'm a fucking devil! The Director knew this, knew that she was pairing me up with some pathetic little worm who had no ambitions beyond his own dick!)

Emma floated between the storms of pleasure and anger, weathering both as she tried not to imagine a century of being used as nothing more than a common slut herself.

Kurt groaned as he came, splattering the inside of her mouth with his cum. He yanked out to finish on her face, splattering jets of seed across her eyes and chin. "Oh, fuck, fuck, yes!"

He panted loudly as he grabbed his cock and smeared it across her face. Then, he leaned back with a smile. There was sweat on his brow and his muscular chest rose and fell. "This is going to be so great."

Ajela sat there, unable to reach her own orgasm as she looked up. She could feel the cooling slime dribbling from her face and soaking her cleavage. "What else, Daddy?"

He looked down and then rolled his eyes. "Come to work at six so I can fuck you. You leave at eight after you clean up. I expect you to learn the medical billing since I'm going to fire Grace in a few days."

Ajela stared in shock as her mind tried to comprehend what he was saying. Her anger rose despite knowing she could never lash out at him.

Kurt pointed at her. "You better dress sexier than that every day, but do that... that..." He waved his hand. "... that transformation thing so my wife and daughter never see you with your tits hanging out. In fact, never let my wife ever know what we're doing."

"Yes, Daddy."

He made a face. "Doctor if we're not fucking." Then he tossed her a paper towel.

Ajela took a deep breath as she blotted the cum off her face and tits. "And your patients, Doctor?"

He stopped. Then grinned. "Whatever they want, but let them know I'm going to be billing insurance for you. Always assume you can... wait, can you detect wires? Microphones?"

She shrugged.

Reaching down, he grabbed her by her collar. The pink band dug into her throat as he pulled her to her feet. "Then get as much out of them as you can. We'll find the codes for them shoving their

cocks in your holes, but make them agree to it before they nut inside you.”

Ajela’s anger spiked at the collar around her neck, the reminder that it had ruined her plans but also how easily she was manipulated into standing.

Emma could help but feel disgust at her doctor. Every fantasy and hope had been dashed with a quickie and ten minutes. All that was left was an empty hole of broken dreams and growing frustration. It blended easily with the seething anger of the devil storming inside her.

“But make sure you don’t have a sloppy cunt when you fuck me.” Kurt sat down heavily. “Now, get me some coffee—one sugar, one creamer—and let me get this paperwork done before Mrs Eaves gets her wrinkled ass in my office. I’d get rid of her, but her husband is going to be one of my best customers, just wait.”

For once, human and infernal had the same thoughts as they left his office. Both of them were regretting the Director’s mandate and they both knew that a hundred years of Kurt was going to be worse than hell.

“And I order you to always be wet and horny!”

The passing words sank into Ajela’s mind, a command from her master. She could feel it spreading through her thoughts as her body tingled with anticipation. Moisture and heat gathered between her, not enough she was dripping but enough that she felt her slick lips with every step.

(Fuck.)

*t'Sade*



# Office Duties

# 29

The beep on the smart badge interrupted Ajela's train of thought.

"Mr Kamel is ready for you for room two," came the sharp tone from Madison, the receptionist for Kurt's office. It didn't take long after Ajela joined the staff before the bitterness in her voice; probably all the patients that fawned over her as soon as they walked in the door.

Ajela squeezed the response button. She meant to say "fuck off, you cunt" but instead said "Thank you, Maddy. I'll be there in a few seconds."

The politeness was instantly dismissed but Emma knew it came from her influence on the devil's thoughts. More than a few times, Emma had projected a need for temperance in the middle of one of Ajela's rage and the devil had softened her words.

The most notable was when the devil was screaming at Madison for being a "stuck up cunt" in the break room when Emma had intervened.

Ajela sighed and stood up. She straightened her outfit. It was the typical powder blue scrubs but she had gotten a skirt version instead of the typical pants. Normally the skirt went clear down to her knees, but she had altered it to barely cover over her ass and pussy. She also had the top altered so there was a more generous cleavage pushing open the folded collar at the top. A pair of black knee highs and a black belt complemented the bright colors.

As much as Kurt wanted, she couldn't wear heels. With her spending her entire day on her feet or knees, they caused her too much pain. Even her infernal powers weren't enough to make a pair

of uncomfortable shoes tolerable. Instead, she had on a pair of powder blue sneakers with black laces.

He was disappointed, almost at the point of giving her an order to wear them anyways, but she stumbled onto a fetish of his: the classical nurse cap. Somehow, having that perched on top of her head was enough to turn him on. He would constantly grip it as he was fucking her face, knocking it to the side or spewing his load on it.

She fixed her hat and then rocked her hips. Her pussy was moist again and she could feel the throbbing need burning between her legs. Kurt's command from the first day still echoed in her mind and drove her body, she was horning and there was no way to ignore the desperate itch that demanded she rub one out.

(Fucking cunt,) Ajela thought as she remembered Victoria. She struggled with the curse, even to the point of trying to finger herself to an orgasm in the bathroom but it never came. But whenever one of the patients "accidentally" slipped their hand against her sex, their fingers sank in without even a hint of friction.

Turning on her heels, she started out of her cubical.

Emma remembered to lock the computer.

Ajela return to tap the keys without a second thought. Kurt may not care about locking the medical records, Madison made a point of telling the inspector about it and it took almost a half hour of eating the ass of the nasty man before he took it off his report.

Prettied up, she swayed her hips as she made her way down. The smart badge, outfits, and even the phones were overkill in Kurt's office. There was only the three of them now. Kurt had fired his other two nurses only a few days after Ajela was brought on board and she was forced to take up the slack between filling out medical records.

Even though she had a smile on her face, it didn't reach her eyes. Kurt had little interest in treating her as a way of making money. She spent most of her day treating customers, then well into the evening filling out paperwork that Madison refused to do.

On a good night, she only got about two hours of sleep and another two for her other, non-work duties. It was a good thing that infernal magic kept her body fit, otherwise she would have starved to death or accidentally killed one of the patients.

(A hundred years of this shit.)

Emma wondered how it could be a hundred years. Kurt was forty-eight, he wasn't going to live that long.

In response, Ajela's thought drifted back to the days when she had to siphon part of her energies to keep her master alive. Then, it was sex and violence that kept her infernal powers running strong and she would spend hours cutting throats or attacking competitors to allow her master to suckle on her body to maintain his youth.

(Ew,) thought both minds inside Emma's body.

Up front, Mr Kamel was a middle-aged man with Egyptian facial features and build. He was a sweet man most of the time, but his gaze dropped to her thighs the second she walked into the room.

"Good morning, Mr Kamel! How are you?" said Ajela with sugary deception.

His eyes glanced up before focusing on the breasts that strained her scrubs. "Very good, but I had a flare up and was hoping the doctor could look at it for me." He licked his lips.

Ajela felt a welcoming throb between her legs. The "flare up" was obviously an erection and she would be the one treating him. The idea of having an orgasm to sate the itch in her cunt brought an honest smile to her lips as she held out her arm. "Well, why don't we check your vitals and see about getting you healthy?"

Madison scoffed.

Ajela shot her a glare.

Madison wrinkled her nose. "Whore," she mouthed.

Ajela started to summon her claws, but Emma's thought stopped her. She rolled her eyes and turned back to Mr Kamel. With a grin, she led him through the door.

As soon as it closed behind them and they were alone in the hallway, his hand dropped to her ass.

Ajela let out a soft moan and flexed her cheeks.

His fingers reached down. "I've been thinking about this," he said in a whisper. He fingers easily curled up underneath the back of her skirt and pushed up between her firm cheeks. Fingers, soft and delicate of a man who spent his days working on paperwork, caressed her soaked slit.

(I need to come so badly,) Ajela thought to herself. She moaned and gave him a playful, chiding wave of her finger. "Careful now, if you aren't careful, you're going to raise your blood pressure."

In the back of her mind, she thought about the medical codes she would be recording on them.

(I10.) Hypertension would be good if he was hoping for a blow job.

His fingers plunged into her sex as he fingered her roughly. "Think I could get you to check with this?"

She pushed down on his finger. The pleasure of his roughness felt good and she could use an orgasm. "Oh, I would love to add that to your options."

(N52.9 for erectile dysfunction.)

Inside the room, she had him sit down on the paper bench and got him fitted for the blood pressure cuff.

As she did, he pulled up her skirt to look at her bare pussy. "You have such a beautiful body," he whispered. He was already hard and his erection tented his trousers.

He took a deep breath and leaned into her. "I can smell you from here. I love that perfume."

"Oh?"

"Take it off, please? I want to see your beautiful body."

(L08.9,) she thought to herself as she pulled off her outfit and tossed it to the side. Wearing nothing but knee highs and shoes, she nuzzled her body between his thighs as she arched her back.

His hands were warm on her breasts, gingerly touching her nipples before bring one up to his mouth. The pleasure radiated through Ajela's mind, seeping into her infernal core and sending energy crackling through her veins.

She moaned as she stroked his cock, first from the outside of his trousers and then unzipping him to stroke him. He was hard and dripping. She pumped him with her hand while working the blood pressure cuff.

It would be off, but she didn't care. She didn't need the device to know that he had a slightly elevated pressure even without her jacking him off with her hand.

Neither said anything as she worked him to full hardness. Then she pulled his head away from her nipple. “You wanted me to look at your flare up?”

He glanced down at his cock. Then he looked up bashfully. “I would love if you... be... willing.”

She tugged him off the table. “I’m here to serve you.”

When he got up, his trousers fell down to his ankles.

She took his place, scooting her bare ass to the edge of the bench and spreading her legs.

“Oh,” he said and then switched to Egyptian to whisper sweet nothings about her body.

Ajela smiled, she knew what he was saying but she needed to feel his hard cock inside her pussy. When he entered her, she hooked her knees around his body just like she knew he would love, and moaned loudly. Soft Egyptian words escaped her throat, echoed by his thoughts and desires that flooded through her mind.

He suckled on her nipples as he fucked her. It was a frantic thrusting, hungry and needy. The wet smack of their bodies filled the room.

Ajela moaned as she concentrated on the hardness filling her. Every centimeter of cock plunging into her sex set off thrills of pleasure. He touched the right places, pushing her closer to the edge she desperately needed. Without being able to pleasure herself, even his cock was enough to give her hope of finally reaching an orgasm. She clung onto it, sinking her senses into every thrust in hopes of mounting the crest before he ran out of steam.

But as his strokes faltered, she knew it wouldn’t be enough.

(No, no! Just fuck me harder! Harder! Five more minutes!)

He let out a loud groan and rammed himself in. His cock spewed into her pussy, flooding it with liquid warmth.

Ajela’s frustration beat against Emma’s as the pleasure subsided. It left the infernal feeling anxious and hungry.

Emma couldn’t help but feel the same. With having her raw senses back, she wanted more than a quick fuck herself. It had been weeks since they returned and neither of them had experienced a single orgasm, only pleasure leading up before their so-called lovers were done and gone.

“Wow,” he gasped as he pulled out. “I haven’t... it’s been years.”

(Fuck this ass! Let me come!) screamed Ajela inwardly.

“We’re always here for you,” she said with a fake smile that would ensure he would be coming up for another “check up” and having insurance pay for his chance to dump his balls into her body.

The little warmth inside her faded as she pulled the life energy from the sperm that wiggled around. All the potential, life-giving brilliance faded and she felt a little course of power racing through her veins.

It was a poor substitute for a proper orgasm from a cock that was too large and rough sex that pushed the limits of her stolen body, but it was the only thing Ajela would be getting that day.

That and Kurt coming all over her tits.

# Safety Check

# 30

Ajela licked her lips as she mounted the stairs on her way back to her apartment. She could still taste Kurt's semen on her lips though the flavor had long since leached out as she drained it of any vitality; it was nothing more than an occasional hint of musky salt and sweetness.

It was also the taste of frustration. It had been three months since the Director had abandoned her and Victoria had cursed her. Three months since she found herself enslaved by a shallow man less interested in world domination or sexual conquest, but obsessed with gathering as much money as possible.

While Kurt had only a token interest in using her for her body, it also meant that he tossed her off as soon as he got off. Left unfulfilled, she had to turn to her "patients" who were just as incapable of lasting long enough to push her to an orgasm.

Occasionally, one would finger or thrust long enough to give her a brief, shallow orgasm, but those moments were few and far between.

For an infernal that was half sex, it was torture.

Not being able to masturbate herself made it worse. Every night, she would fruitlessly stroke her sex but only felt friction of a tacky cunt or a dryness that refused to get slicker.

(If I ever get a chance, I'm going to tear Victoria open with my claws,) Ajela thought to herself as she reached the second floor and swung around for the third. In her mind, she concentrated on every detail of tearing out the female infernal's throat, complete with the stench and heat of blood against her naked skin.

Emma's mind stirred at the grotesque images. They no longer sickened her, experiencing Ajela's internal monologue had inured her to a remarkable amount of violence. The devil was also not alone with the growing need to find an orgasm.

Even though Emma didn't have control of her body, there were no more filters left between her senses and her physical form. And Ajela's constant onslaught of lust and desire had eroded into her thoughts, poisoning a mind that was already hungry for sex.

She felt the ache of her nipples begging to be sucked on, the hunger to have a hard cock driving deep, and even the desire to be pinned down and railed. The small cocks that the patients had weren't enough to satisfy her.

Guilt flooded Emma's thoughts. She didn't want to be horny, but it was hard not to when her pussy was still slick from Kurt's final fuck and the desperation both of them felt when he almost pushed their body to an orgasm, but pulled out to spray his cum across her backside.

Ajela's thoughts darkened as Emma's train of thought became her own. The images of Kurt's fuck welled up in her head as she recalled how he started talking about billing codes while pumping the last cum across her bare cheeks.

(Greedy ass,) growled the devil. (All he cares is how to bilk the government, insurance, and his customers out of as much money. As soon as he gets caught, I know he's going to just make me either kill them, distract them, or run away.)

Emma couldn't help but agree.

(Fuck the hells, why did I agree to Victoria's curse.) Earlier that day, she had to pretend to get off on her fingers as she masturbated to one of the patients; she hated the fake moans as she mimed being wracked with pleasure when she could no longer feel joy from her fingertips.

Her desire wasn't just an itch that needed to be sated but something deeper, a hunger gnawing at her senses. Every step she took, she could feel her bare pussy lips rubbing against each other, the slickness of her lust adding to the delicious friction that would never mean anything.

She still wore her nurse's outfit, a powder blue miniskirt that did nothing to hide her cunt from curious eyes and a hem that teased



her buttocks while leaving nothing to the imagination. She wore thigh highs for her master, though the worst he ever did was fucking her thighs and force her to walk around the day with his cum dribbling down her legs.

Her thoughts went back to her drive home, when she had to stop to get gas for her car. She wasn't thinking when she bent over to pick something up, but the whistle of appreciation and then the screech of brakes from the car filled with twenty-somethings definitely gave her hope.

Ajela berated herself. If she was in her right mind, she could be on her knees getting stuffed into all of her holes and riding out endless orgasms. But when she gave them a "come hither" look, they panicked and drove off with a squeal of tires instead of circling back and properly raping her.

"Fucking pussies," she muttered. "Couldn't even follow through with grabbing my ass."

Getting to her floor, Ajela lifted her hand and gathered up a small amount of power. Infernal rules flashed across Emma and her thoughts.

Emma knew the exact magic the devil was going to use, telekinesis to unlock and open the door. She had memorized the runes and could identify them in an instant. A small measure of hope remained that she would be able to use it some day, but she was unable to tap the infernal's power to make it work. Instead, she just imagined herself using the devil's powers as the door swung open.

Ajela strode in.

Emma couldn't help but feel the pang of helplessness and longing. Was she going to spend a hundred years caught in the devil's thoughts?

The door closed behind them. It latched shut but didn't lock, just in case some robber decided to rock a home robbery and get Ajela off.

Over the last few months, Emma's living room had been converted into a closet: three rows of racks filled with outfits and hangers; a stack of boxes on their side heaped with panties, bras, and corsets; long trays of shoes of every color and shape. Kurt had insisted that she entertain him during the weekends and nights with

demands for specific outfits from evening dresses, cheerleader outfits, and every type of “sexy” costume she could find from plumber to fantasy princess.

Though, neither Ajela or Emma could see the appeal of a “sexy American flag”. But Kurt liked it enough to ask for it twice.

Naturally, the asshole insisted she pay for it with her own paycheck. He paid her exactly the minimum for a nurse, and made a point that he was only paying her to avoid any question if the IRS came around.

It was a good thing Ajela didn't need physical nourishment beyond cum, otherwise she would have starved. But even with only getting an occasional meal that wasn't being sucked out of a cock or pussy, her body still never got down to her ideal shape.

(Fucking cow, how can she still be so fat?)

Emma's thoughts darkened for a moment in frustration. While Ajela's thoughts about their shared body had gotten quieter over the months, there were a few occasions where the disgust resonated through both of their minds. She cringed at the images, then forced herself to calm her thoughts, center herself, and then brought up the memories of the rush that Ajela felt when all the infernals were lusting after her as she walked to the bus.

Ajela paused for a moment, then gave a quirk of a smile. She reached up to cup her breasts, squeezing her nipples between her fingers despite not feeling even a hint of pleasure from it. (Okay, not a exactly cow. Plenty of guys want to cum over these. Or milk them.)

The softness of her breasts didn't bring her joy, but seeing them spilling out of her hands did. It was a surreal joy of beauty. Ajela admired them for a moment, then sent a little surge of power to cause them to stand up on their own, becoming firm melons that lifted themselves from her palms. Her nipples hardened until they were tenting the fabric of her outfit.

The infernal cocked her head and then used her finger and thumb to pinch her nipples. There was the familiar discomfort but she knew there also had to be pleasure. She remembered how she would moan softly as she twisted and squeezed them.

Ajela closed her eyes and dredged through her memories.

Flashes of history raced across Emma's mind, plucking out random events from the first world war, medieval times, and even earlier.

After a few moments, Ajela focused her attention on her other possessions. She struggled to remember how it felt to maul her own tits right after she killed the senator, the pleasure as she straddled his body and clawed at her tits. It was an intense image filled with blood and sex.

To Emma's surprise, she felt a tingling along her clitoris. It was almost pleasure.

The image began to fade.

Desperate for any orgasm, Emma concentrated herself on it, seeing it for the first time. She could almost feel manicured nails digging into perky breasts. When Ajela moved her hips, it came with the memory of the silk panties that were cupping her sex and being ground into the still warming corpse of her victim.

Emma felt guilty and horny at the same time as she locked the memory in place, adding to Ajela's concentration until the memories solidified and the sensations slammed into them. It wasn't her physical body that felt the way she fingered herself in the limousine afterwards, but her body responded as if was.

Together, they both released her right hand and reached down to cup her sex underneath the nurse miniskirt. Her cunt was getting moisture, though the pleasure came from inside her thoughts instead of her body.

Desperation burned brightly in their minds as more memories welled up, layering themselves as Ajela tried to lose herself in the past orgasms. More women, all possessed by Ajela, grabbed their tits, fingered themselves, and ground their bodies against a dozen different things. The pleasure—tiny shreds and fragments—added to the growing pleasure.

They moaned, their eyes clamped tightly together until tears ran down her cheeks. They were so close to an orgasm they could almost taste it.

The image wavered.

Emma concentrated on it, bringing it back into focus.

Ajela provided the fodder, a dozen intensely beautiful women being fucked and pounded. Hard cocks that she remembered how

they felt as they stuffed her pussy and slammed into her hips. The ridges that tore into her ass, her mouth, her sex.

Their right hand grew slicker as she pumped herself. The motion was the same as the remembered images, adding to the hazy fragments of images, sounds, and tastes.

Ajela panted as she sobbed with need. Just a few more seconds, just a few more and she would get off.

If it wasn't for Victoria's—

Emma tried to disrupt Ajela's train of thought but failed.

The image of the devil as she cursed Ajela slammed into place. Ajela could picture every detail, from her huge tits to her British accent. Every little fragment reminded her of the curse.

In an instant, the approaching orgasm blew away into smoke.

Ajela screamed out in frustration, pumping her fingers hard against her clitoris but there was no pleasure. It was just the raw scraping of friction against her fingers.

Around her neck, the pink collar activated as it protected her body from the claws that grew out.

"Fuck! Fuck!" screamed Ajela. "Fucking cunt!"

From the adjoining apartment, her neighbor pounded on the wall. "Keep it down!"

Ajela's eyes flashed bright pink. "I will fucking rip out of your throat, Stacy!"

The pounding stopped instantly.

Ajela let out a long shuddering growl before she slumped. "Damn it," she said in a quieter voice. "Almost made it."

Emma mulled over what had happened. They had never tried to use Ajela's memories to reach an orgasm. It would have worked if she could keep the infernal from thinking about her curse. No doubt, keeping Ajela's train away from the Director and Candy, the two devils that frightened her, would work. But, if she could do that, then maybe they would succeed?

Hope blossomed in her thoughts.

Ajela brightened up. (Yeah, something to try again. But I need more memories to use... something fresher.)

She looked down at the breast spilling out of her left hand. (I bet these beauties would get some attention if I want out.) The thoughts

of Emma's body being fat had completely dissolved in the almost of their orgasm.

Ajela imagined one of the twenty-somethings grabbing onto her tits, his fingers digging into her mounds with white knuckles as he pounded her cunt. The image brought a broader smile and she looked up at the gathered clothes as she decided to head out to a club to get laid.

Spying the little red dress with a plunging cleavage and a slit up the side in the middle, she let out a little purr. It was an impulse purchase, one that Kurt didn't know existed but the one time she tried it on, she looked like a teenage boy's wet dream.

Emma's longing rose up. (Yes, pick that,) she thought to herself, a hunger rising up as she imagined heading down to the Cooler, a local nightclub with a healthy selection of horny college boys.

Ajela froze, cocking her head. Her thoughts silenced instantly, leaving only a deafening quiet in her mind.

Cringing, Emma realized she had pushed her thoughts too much.

After a second, Ajela shrugged. She pulled out the dress and held it up to her bare breasts. It was pretty much a "fuck me" outfit. She already knew she wouldn't bother with panties and, thanks to the infernal power coursing through her, her tits didn't need a bra anymore. She picked up a pair of five-inch heels with suggestive buckles that looked like handcuffs.

With a happy little hum, she used her free hand to pull her work clothes off. Infernal runes rushed across her mind.

Emma traced after them, pretending she was the one drawing them in her thoughts.

Telekinesis plucked the clothes from Ajela's hand and flung them away. They snapped in the air as they rounded the curve, then slammed into the open washing machine.

With a couple flicks of her finger, Ajela finished loading and then starting it while walking toward the bathroom for a quick shower.

Fifteen minutes later, she was ready to get fucked.

The red dress came down to mid-thigh, and her bare legs were hairless and smooth. The fuck-me pumps lifted her ass and stretched her legs. In the mirror, her tits were threatening to exploding the stitches of her dress while still giving a view of the deep cleavage that begged for a cock.

With a purr, she blew a kiss in the mirror. She painted her lips to match the dress and darkened her hair until she looked like a femme fatal from some movie.

Memories of a past life rose through her mind, when Ajela had looked almost identical except with a thinner body. She was a spy then, hired to seduce and betray a chemist during the Victorian age. Along the way, she managed to ensure officers of multiple armies and even a memorable night with an admiral with his squire in the stables. All of them had the fuck of their lives but never saw another morning.

Emma sank into the images that flashed past her, of a life far more exciting than her own. The memories were getting to become her own, their two lives blurring together as she imagined herself being the one in hand-to-hand combat on the top of a train as it raced through Austria. She could almost picture how to hold the knife in one hand and the gun in the other.

Ajela's thoughts discarded the violent memories to focus on the ones that she desired most, the ones with cocks. She blew one more kiss to the mirror and then headed for the door.

Before she reached it, there was a knock. It wasn't a gentle rap but a pounding that rattled the thin door in its frame and shook the air.

An instant flash of danger raced through Ajela's mind. Images of the Director and Candy burned their way into Emma's mind following by a surge of terror as the infernal glanced at the nearest window.

"Honey? Are you home?" Emma instantly identified the deep rumbling voice that pushed through the door, it was her father. She could hear the concern in his voice.

Ajela rolled her eyes. (Damn the devils, now he comes around?)

She strode over to the door.

Emma resisted, but she was helpless to stop the devil as Ajela yanked open the door to confront the man between her and a proper fuck.

Even though the devil had Emma's memories, she didn't have the reflexive tilt of her head to look up at her towering father. Ajela's eyes widened as she realized she was staring at a man who was almost as large as Candy when she wasn't wearing her mortal form.

There was no way to hide the hard, bulging muscles that strained the white t-shirt with a cartoon character on them. The curls of his hair that covered his chest were clearly visible through the material with a few wiry ones sticking out. Little nipples stuck out from the fabric, almost impossible to miss compared to the deep crevice of his pectorals.

The smell of fresh soap filled the air, adding to the musk of sweat and asphalt that always surrounded him.

Ajela's mind blanked out for a second.

Then the devil lowered her gaze.

Frantic, Emma tried to pull Ajela's eyes up but there was something primal about his wide hips and the swell of his gut.

Even though he was a large man, Ajela didn't see a fat man in front of her. She only saw thickly corded muscles on broad thighs, hands that were larger than her face, and rough fingers that could wrap around her throat. Her gaze focused further down, on the bulge underneath his gut that revealed the outlines of a knotted cock that was easily the size of his fist. He was huge, even soft.

(Fuck me,) Ajela thought with her mind flooding with lust, (she never realized how hot her father was.)

She licked her lips. (Why would she ever consider anyone with this at home?)

Emma cringed at the thoughts. She had, on occasion, glanced down but it was a shameful and guilt-ridden. This was her father, her own flesh and blood. It didn't matter what horny images flashed through her mind, that was something she would never allow or even consider doing outside of her fantasies.

(At least she came at the thought of those legs between hers.)

Ajela took a deep breath and smiled broadly. Finally, she drew her gaze up in a slow, predatory look. As she looked into her face, she bit her lower lip. "Hi, Daddy," she said in a perfect mockery of Emma's tone.

(He's going to blow his load when I say those words with his cock draped over my face.) The intense wave of desire that flooded Ajela's mind hammered against her.

Emma cringed again as she tried to draw her thoughts away.

He crossed his hands on his shoulders.

(Oh the hells, his body creaks when he flexes! He's just muscle and cock!) Ajela was practically drooling.

Below, Emma's pussy grew wetter.

"Three months?" he said with a glare. "You've been back for three months and not even a phone call? Or a visit? Your mother..." he hesitated, then cleared his thought. "I was looking forward to having you over for Sunday dinner, but then you couldn't even call."

Ajela's plans to go clubbing were thrown aside. She knew exactly who was going to fuck her that night and nothing was going to stop her. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Daddy," she said as she leaned against the door and arched her back. Her breasts, framed by the fuck-me dress, pushed up as the large breasts squished together.

His eyes glanced down. Then he looked up. Then they widened as he looked down again.

Ajela almost creamed at the look he gave her. It wasn't a look a father gave, it was the look of man who realized that the hottest woman in his life was almost about to burst out of her dress right in front of him. (That's right, Daddy, think about your cock between these puppies.)

The smell of his body grew stronger. His arms tightened and his knuckles grew white.

Below, right at the corner of Ajela's vision, she saw his bulge twitch. It swelled rapidly, tenting his sweatpants with no hint of slowing.

(That's right, you're going to be fucking your baby girl in a few minutes. Oh, fuck, that is going to hurt so badly and make me cum —)

(No!) screamed Emma with all her might.

Her disgust, fear, and anger echoed across Ajela's mind.

The smile on their body froze for a moment as the devil's attention focused on Emma. Anger boiled in the infernal's consciousness. (I knew it, you're still in here, aren't you? I thought I was just imagining that I heard your pathetic whispers in my mind.)

(Stay away from my daddy!) Emma begged and raged at the same time.

(Why? I felt your hunger earlier. That was your memory, being underneath the blankets in your room that day he came in out of the rain?)



Emma knew the exact moment the infernal mentioned. It was a few years ago and she was desperately horny. When he had come in, soaked completely, she had to flee to avoid staring.

(You want it just as badly as me. You need cock in your cunt, we both know it.)

(Not with him! That's incest!)

Ajela glanced at his face and then down to his crotch.

The thick crown was tenting the fabric, pushing further away in a thick rod. She couldn't see it yet, but she could smell the heavy musk that his body was giving off. She took a deep breath to draw it in.

(Stop that! Please, not him!)

Ajela's thoughts suddenly grew guarded. (Or what? You're stuck in my head, you fucking mortal. You can't do anything if 'daddy' over here decides he wanted to fold his baby girl in half and pound your cunt so hard you'll see stars.)

Emma lashed out. (Not him, anyone but him. I beg you. Not my daddy.)

"Pumpkin? Are you okay?"

Ajela's emotions spiked with cruel joy and a sense of satisfaction. (Make sure you pay attention, Mortal, because you're going to be seeing your future in a second.)

Emma's thoughts blurred as she found herself unable to respond.

(I'm going to rip off his pants and then have him fuck my throat until he drowns me in cum. And then I'm going to make sure you have a proper, front-row seat to having him pump his baby-makers directly into your womb.)

Ajela was almost humming with glee. (There is nothing you can do. Nothing you can even try to stop me. So, get ready for a front row seat—)

Emma focused all of her attention on her body, straining to exert as much control as she could. She had to do something, something to convince her dad to leave.

The hand on the door tightened.

Surprise echoed across Ajela's mind. Her gaze shifted to her hand, watching as the knuckles grew white.

Feeling the control, Emma bore down to dig her fingernails into the door frame.

(How... how do you have control?)

At the first taste of fear, Emma knew that she had a chance. She tried to take control over her throat to warn her father, but Ajela's control was too tight.

Ajela concentrated on her hand, wresting away Emma's influence.

Desperate, Emma tried something that couldn't possibly work. She drew the remembered infernal rules across her head as if she was activating Ajela's telekineses.

Energy flooded through her, dark and foul and a rush of intoxicating power. It raced along the runes, taking shape. It felt like someone had opened a firehose directly into her face and she lost all control as she was drowning in the power that poured through her.

Inside the apartment, the washer suddenly let out a high-pitched squeal.

The door to the bathroom slammed shut.

The boxes of panties collapsed under its weight, spilling out thongs and corsets across the floor behind her.

Emma's father's head snapped up from where he was staring at her hand. He had to tilt his head to peer into the apartment. "What was that?"

Fear flooded through Emma mind, bitter thoughts twinged with terror. At first, she thought she was afraid of something but then she realized it was the infernal that was terrified.

Emma pushed her thoughts into Ajela's mind, lashing out as she tried to find some leverage to use.

Ajela tried to force her out, causing the connection between their minds blurring but it wasn't enough to hide fragments of images. It was the bindings that trapped the devil's thoughts, from Kurt's command to never let anyone know what she was doing to the Director's Plan to take over the world. Everything was wrapped in secrecy and having Emma activating her powers risked breaking those.

Her immediate fear was Kurt. Even the idea of violating her master's command made her sick to her stomach. The more she thought about the man in front of her finding out, the more she felt her body rebelling.

But it was the Director that terrified her more. The worst Kurt would do was to torture and tear her apart, but eventually the cow's body would fail and she would be torn free. Then, she would be facing the Director's fury in hell; no doubt the threat of handing her over to Candy for the rest of time was a distinct possibility. If Candy got her, then Victoria's curse would be just a mild irritation compared to the torture she could expect from one of hell's famous brutes.

Ajela managed to shove Emma's mind away. (Get away!)

Emma gathered up her rage. She concentrated on the infernal rules, steeling herself even as she grabbed for Ajela's power.

(Stop!) Ajela's thoughts were brimming with fear.

(Then leave my daddy alone!)

The infernal considered for a moment. Her eyes flickered up to Emma's father before she responded. (You want a deal? In exchange for staying out of your so-called father's pants, you can't let him know what I am.)

Emma wondered if she could trust Ajela.

(I could rape him and then tear open his throat,) came the sharp response. (Then maybe you'll—)

Still angry, Emma yanked at the power and felt it leaking out in all directions.

The lights in the hallway flickered as the bulbs rattled in their sockets.

Her father turned and looked at him, his jaw tightening.

Ajela's anger surged. (How about I just rip out your throat? I could end both of you in a second.)

In a start, Emma realized that she had almost as much leverage as the devil. (Remember your pink collar? It won't let you.)

Ajela's surprise turned into fury.

(Plus, if you die, you're going to hell and I bet Candy already has a perfect place for her new pet.)

Emma's father turned and shook his head. "That was strange. Pumpkin? What's wrong?"

Ajela was glaring, not at him but in general. In a flash, she smoothed over her face and put on a happy face. "Sorry, Daddy, I was just thinking about dealing with the landlord tomorrow."

He stepped forward, looming over her. The heat from his body and the smell wafted over Ajela, setting off little tremors of desire. "Let me look at it, I'm sure I can fix it."

Ajela's emotions rose up. (Deal?)

She spoke at the same time. "Sorry, Daddy, it's been a long day and my new job is brutal." Her voice was cheerful and a perfect mimicry of Emma's; Emma could feel Ajela reading her now exposed thoughts easily.

His attention shifted. "New job? That was why I came over, the bus company called asking if you wanted if you were going to be coming to training."

"Um, sorry," Ajela gave him a pleading look while trying not to think about how he was only inches away from her and she could just reach out to grab his beautiful cock. "I got hired by my doctor's office. He was the one who helped pay for my weight loss program and has helped me keep this figure since I came back."

His eyes glanced down. His cheeks colored as he looked back. "You... you look... amazing," he said but there was a hesitation.

(Daddy likes big girls.) Ajela's thoughts were tinged with amusement. (He's thinking about how much he wants to grab these tits, you know.)

Embarrassed, Emma scoffed. (Stop.)

Ajela's thoughts grew sharper as she recovered. She took a deep breath to enjoy his scent. (Then make the deal. Otherwise, things are going to get messy and someone is going to die.)

Wary, Emma didn't want to risk her father. She couldn't trust Ajela, but she knew that she didn't have the control to make sure he was safe. (Fine, deal.)

(Then let me get rid of your daddy, Cow.)

(My name is Emma.)

(You're a fat fucking cow. Now shut up.)

"Daddy?" she asked while putting on a smile. "I was in the middle of something, but I promise I'll come over on Sunday for dinner and tell you all about it."

His eyes narrowed.

Ajela looked down at the swells of her tits and her curves. There was no question that she was trolling for cock. A little bitterness came when she realized she couldn't have the perfect one in front of

her, but maybe she could find a couple men to enjoy instead of her desert. “Please? Daddy?”

“I... I would feel better if we could go inside.”

(Fuck yes, please. I need—)

(Stop!)

Ajela sent a wave of exasperation. (Fine, you fucking prude. But as soon as we do, we’re going to go to your club and then we’re going to get royally fucked. Hard and as many times as we can. When we get back, you and I need to have a long heart-to-heart about how you can serve me.)

Emma flinched at the hard words, but she was still horny herself. Despite the disgust at Ajela’s lust after her father, it was leaking into her and she found herself craving a hard fuck just like the devil.

Ajela smirked. (He isn’t your biological father, there is no reason you can’t say no.)

(W-What? That’s my dad.)

She took a deep breath. (No, it isn’t. This man is not your blood.)

Emma denied it.

Ajela responded by sending a wave of information across both of their minds. There were dozens ways her heightened senses could pick out the impossibilities of their relationship: he had type AB blood but she was type O, there were chemicals in their pheromones that would have been inherited but weren’t, she could even see genes in his DNA that she didn’t have in hers. More—dozens more—flashed through with the confidence of an infernal who could sense things beyond any mortal’s senses could imagine.

With each one, Emma could tell that Ajela was telling the truth; after so many months in the infernal’s thoughts, Emma knew what her lies felt like.

When the flood passed, Emma didn’t know how to respond. Her mind flickered through the information that overwhelmed her as she tried to comprehend that the man that raised her was not her father.

Ajela addressed her father. “Please, Daddy? Sunday? I’ll come to dinner, I promise.”

He looked at her with a scowl.

“I swear, I’ll tell you everything when I come over.” She batted her eyes and gave him Emma’s best smile.

“You better. I’ll make your favorite meal. Six?”

Ajela reached up to kiss him. “I promise.”

Emma reflexively cringed.

(Get your panties out of your ass, Cunt! He expects a kiss on the cheek and you know it. I’m not going to be swallowing that delicious-looking cock of his!) Ajela’s annoyance was thundering as she gave their father a proper, chaste kiss.

Her father didn’t look convinced, but he stepped back. Turning away, he walked to the stairs before he looked back. “Are you sure? Sunday?”

“Six. I’ll be there.”

Ajela watched him head down the stairs before she returned to her room. She closed the door and leaned against it. She reached down and stroked her fingers along her slit. When she pulled them up, she was dripping. (Fuck, now I’m really horny.)

(Emma.)

(What?)

(Call me Emma, Ajela.)

There was a hesitation. Emma could feel Ajela’s thoughts pull back as she calculated something. There were hints of emotions, but the ones she could tell were the ones that she felt around Alice, Malcolm, and Vinh, the desire to have someone on her side.

Ajela needed an ally, somehow she could trust. Someone who was in the same position as herself, with her life threatened by the Director and the infernals looming over them. They were in it together, no matter how much either of them wished otherwise.

She let out a long sigh. “Fuck,” she said. “Okay, Emma, let’s go see if you broke the washing machine while trying to steal my powers. That should give your daddy enough time to head out. Then we get laid, deal? I can’t think when your dad turned me on so much.”

Emma could feel her pussy dripping with desire and hated it. Maybe sex would help clear her mind also. (Deal.)

# Cleared Head

# 31

Emma had to admit, heading to a club while sharing her body with a devil was not on her bucket list. Ajela's acceptance of her presence was not what she expected.

(I thought I heard your whispers in the back of my head for months. It wasn't hard to pivot once you revealed yourself. I know how to handle a mortal in my head.)

Emma flinched. (I'm not good at hiding my thoughts.)

Ajela adjusted the dress to make her cleavage more obvious. She hadn't bothered with keys or even a wallet. She had telekinesis to unlock the car and there was no way she would be paying for anything in her red dress. With amusement, she responded, (No, you aren't. Your thoughts are a quiet whisper in my head. Now that I know what to listen for, you are pretty clear.)

Emma needed to learn how to conceal her thoughts. She never knew that Ajela even had a hint of her presence before.

(Won't help you there. I like knowing what is going on in your little empty mind. Cuts down on the chance of a mutiny.)

An image of a naked human in a narrow cage flashed into her mind. It was of Emma, with her hands tied above her head, her breasts shoved through the iron bars of the cage, and her body impaled on a thick metal dildo. The details were overwhelming, as if she was right there.

Emma squirmed at the sensations, fear rising up. The sensory onslaught made it hard to concentrate. She could practically feel the sharp edges of the dildo as it twisted slowly inside her pussy.

Ajela laughed. (You're like a pet now. Caged and helpless, my bitch forever.) But also someone who knew every intimate detail of

Ajela's torture. A secret confidant who would be forced to listen to every miserable thought with no chance of ever revealing the infernal's secrets.

Panicked, Emma lashed out with her mind.

The plate glass window of the store they were passing suddenly cracked. The sound sent a bolt of fear through her body as she watched it snake up toward the corner.

Ajela's thoughts grew instantly guarded. (None of that.)

To Emma's relief, the images of her being cage faded, leaving her once again to bob along in her consciousness. She took a second to recover her wits. (Please stop that.)

Ajela glanced rolled her eyes. (We're going to need a bit to figure out the operating agreement here. I can't have you using magic like that.)

(And I'd like not to be treated as your personal fuck voodoo doll.)

They stopped a few stores down and Ajela looked into the mirror. There was a strange mixture of determination, longing, and frustration radiating from her thoughts. (We need to clear our heads to figure out what is going on. Because right now, all I can really think about is getting laid.)

An image of Emma's father's cock welled up for a moment, then faded.

The infernal continued. (I need energy and Doctor Greedy's plans of whoring me out isn't giving me what I need. I'm starving, I'm horny, and I really want to kill someone right now.)

(Please don't,) Emma begged.

(Which is why I'm focusing on getting fucked. And it will be a lot hotter and fulfilling if I have your will behind it. Sex in the mind as much as the body. Yours is weak and pathetic—)

Emma was nonplussed but said nothing.

(—but I'm thinking if I have you popping off in my head while I'm getting filled like a cream doughnut, then I'll be satisfied for the first time in months. And I will be a lot more pleasant to deal. Charitable even, if I'm getting regular meals. I might even be willing to give you temporary control of your body if I get enough.)

Something caught Emma's attention. (Wait, this isn't just an excuse to get enough energy to do something to me?)



There was a brief moment of surprise, then annoyance. (No, not that you believe me. I don't think I could evict you. If the possession wasn't enough to destroy your consciousness, then I would need a mind-fucker to do it. Fortunately for you, the Director forbid any infernal from helping me.)

There was a briefest imagination of the Director ripping off Emma's leg. It faded instantly, but Emma could tell that Ajela was thinking of herself in the same situation.

(I'm offering this. Tonight, we just focus on one thing: feeding. No stealing magic, no ripping out throats, no more thinking about daddy dick, no fighting between us. Just orgasms. I don't care if it is cock or cunt, I just need mortal orgasms to feed from. Deal?)

Ajela drew Emma's attention to the itch between her legs, the overwhelming desire to have her legs yanked apart and her pussy stuffed to its limits. A wave of desire pummeled her, beating against her with a reminder of how long it had been since she had ridden Malcolm's cock.

Reaching down, she tugged up her dress to run her finger along her slick lips. She curled two fingers into her hole and pumped back and forth before withdrawing her dripping fingers.

Emma's thoughts blurred with her lust. (F-Fine.)

Ajela dropped her dress and popped her fingers into her mouth. She was tangy and sweet, a perfect taste. Still sucking on her fingers, she resumed walking to the club.

Emma's thoughts withdrew as she pondered her situation. Then she realized there was something else she needed to bring up.

(Do... do you think you could stop calling him 'daddy?')

Amusement. (Rather I call him 'Fuckmeat' or 'Hot Cock?')

Emma winced. ('Henry' or 'Hal' would be better. It just feels weird because he isn't your daddy, he's mine.)

(It's still going to be his daughter's womb that he's going to be shoving his dick into.)

(Hey!)

(Sorry.) Ajela wasn't. (If it makes the princess on the bleacher happy, I'll use 'Hal' while talking about that mountain-sized cock.)

(Thank you.)

Ajela snorted, then shrugged. (If we're talking about other things, how are you still here? After seeing that... Hal wasn't your biological father, I'm thinking you might have some hunter blood after all.)

(I didn't even know hunters were a thing.)

(How long until you recovered after I took possession? Days? Weeks?)

Emma thought back. It was fuzzy, but she didn't remember much of a time. I don't know... minutes?)

Ajela stumbled. (Minutes? Damn the gods, you have to have hunter blood. Either a new lineage or, I don't know, one of the Bryne-Moore or the North Harriet legacies. Any of those names ring a bell?)

Vague memories of blood lines and histories welled up. Emma focused on them, memorizing as much as she could before they faded. Then Ajela was trolling through Emma's memories looking for the names.

Emma flinched at the intrusion but it wasn't anything she could stop.

(I'm just surprised the Director missed this. She would have done a detailed background check into you, your parents, and entire families. Not to mention Doctor Greedy would have passed over genetic and blood work before you were even considered for the program.)

It had been almost a year since she last had a blood draw from Kurt. He had to have been planning for her enslavement for at least that long and she had no idea. The realization was eye-opening and a little terrifying.

(Yeah, the Director is exceedingly good at what she does.) There was a reluctant admiration for the infernal that had threatened an eternity of torture.

They said nothing as they crossed the street. They were almost up to the club.

(Anything else,) Ajela asked.

(No, thank you.)

(Well, then, let's get laid.)

# Dinnertime

# 32

When they got to the line to the club, it was already half a block long. About fifty men and women looking pretty as they waited in a line marked by a black rope.

For some reason, Emma expected to get into line.

Ajela's amusement had just a hint of mocking. (Lines are for mortals and I'm too hungry to wait.)

She strolled along the line, the sway of her hips and her casual confidence almost mocking those who waited on the other side of the room. For everyone else, she looked them directly in the eyes as she passed. (Yeah, watch and weep, mortals.)

There were whispers and hungry looks that followed her. The instant lust that she invoked went straight to her pussy, sending a pleasant throb along her sex and causing her nipples to stand up underneath the red fabric straining around her tits.

Ajela knew exactly how to look coyly away as she strolled past the bouncer. She summoned her powers with a new spell, a pheromone that would make it impossible to look away.

As the bouncer and the rest of the line turned to her, she carefully arched her back. Her tits strained against her dress as she looked up at the man between her and the inside of the club.

He was harder than he ever had been before. With a gulp, he reached out and pulled open the little steel gate.

Ajela strolled past him, causing every man and woman around her to moan with lust. Inside, she was brimming with pride and excitement. (Gets them every time.)

Emma had to admit, she was impressed. This was the first time she had gone out with her modified body. Usually she was relegated

to the back of the line, to pick up the scraps that the hot women had left behind. Now, she was the hot woman and the naked lust that followed her was intoxicating.

(Get used it, Co... Emma. This is your life now.)

(Too bad I don't have control over my body.)

Ajela's thoughts grew mocking. (Poor you, going to have tons of sex, be immune to every STD man will ever encounter, and not have to worry about pregnancy, rape, or awkward relationship for a century.)

Emma wasn't sure if that was that great of a deal for her.

(Don't care,) Ajela thought happily as she scanned the crowds. She was looking with more than her eyes, but with her full senses. She could pick out the smell of those who were hungry for sex and those who were too drunk to enjoy it. She knew exactly what she wanted, muscular men who didn't care about her hobbies but only how tight her cunt was.

Emma caught sight of a trio of fit-looking man heading toward the back rooms. They were joking with each other but she noticed they checking their watch, as if they were waiting for someone. They also had the same black trousers on; it looked like they were still wearing matching suits but had ditched the jackets. (Check them out,) she told the infernal.

(Probably gay or something.)

(No, that's the VIP rooms. It's Thursday, usually they have bachelor parties there. I've seen occasionally them pick up pretty girls to take back there.)

Ajela's interest perked up. (Always wanted to be the slut they bang back there?)

Embarrassed, Emma didn't say anything.

The infernal didn't need an answer, she could find it while dredging through Emma's memories. She latched onto one hot memory of a night when Emma had fingered herself to multiple orgasms while imagining a pair of football players partying in the back room were spit-roasting her.

(Oh,) Ajela purred. (That is a hot one. Keep that for later, we might need that to get off.)

Emma sheepishly agreed. It was surreal to know that she would be sharing an intimate fantasy such as that.

(Well, let's go announce that we need to get fucked.)

(Just walk in? Just like that?)

(Yes,) said the infernal seductress. (No man in his right mind will ever say no to this.) She hefted her breasts.

Around her, there was a ripple of sudden silence as bystanders stared in shock.

She winked at them and strolled to the back room, leaving behind a wake of silence and lust behind her.

The narrow hallway lead to three doors. There was laughter behind the first one, so she knocked loudly. "E-Excuse me," she said in a high-pitched voice.

(You sound like a girl,) Emma said disapproving.

(Don't worry, they'll be shoving something in our mouths in a moment and you don't have to hear it.) Ajela was in high spirits with anticipation.

After a second, the door opened. The man answering was fit, not quite into sports but obviously worked out. He filled out his trousers nicely. Looking at her, his eyes widened. "Oh, wow."

"Hi there!" gasped Ajela. "Could you help me?"

"Y-Yeah!"

Behind him, there were three other men sprawled out on couches. They were all wearing the same suit pants, just like Emma saw, with one of them holding two glasses in his hand and he had a blindfold dangling around his neck. The groom, she guessed, and this was his bachelor's party.

"I was here with my bitches and they ditched me. I figured they were heading back to have some fun. Are they hiding in there?"

The man who answered glanced back at the others. "Um..."

One of the other groomsmen surged to his feet. "Ray, when the hot chick asks if you are a god—"

The guy at the door rolled his eyes and looked back. "Oh god, she isn't a fucking demon in a stupid old movie—!"

Ajela's response was immediate and visceral, a surge of anger and a desire to lash out with her claws. Her nails grew longer as she pulled back her lips.

Unwilling to be in the middle of a bloodbath, Emma responded reflexively. With a surge of emotions, she reached out and took

control her body. It was only a fleeting moment, but long enough to belt out, "I'm not a fucking demon, I'm a succubus!"

There was a brief moment as everyone froze.

(Oh god,) Emma said as she was slammed with a wave of embarrassment. (I-I didn't—)

(Nice,) Ajela said. (Now let the big girl take over.) She easily regained control and pushed out her pheromones and magic, flooding the room with lust as she stepped into the door.

Emma cringed. (I can't believe I said that.)

Ajela's amusement mocked her. (It got their attention, let them know that there is a geek behind the hot body, and they are all bitches in my palm. Good job.)

Ray stepped back, his mouth dropping in shock as one hand reached over to cover his growing cock.

She smiled and looked around the room at the padded benches and walls. In the air, underneath the smell of industrial cleaner, she could taste old orgasms still clinging to the material. This was a place for fucking.

She twirled around again, enjoying how they stared at her curvy ass and large tits. "Now that I have your attention. I'm horny and I want some cock. Are you four men wanting to play, or should I find someone else to send to heaven?"

"A-Are you really a succubus?" asked the groom. He looked surprise but there was a haze of lust in his eyes.

Ajela let out a disarmingly cheerful laugh as she posed perfectly to cause her body to jiggle in her dress. "You don't really believe in devils, do you?"

"N-No! Of course not!" he said with a nervous laugh.

The others shook their heads in agreement.

She put one hand on her hip and stepped sideways. "How about hot women who need some cock? Do I look like I want to get fucked?"

The guy who stood up said, "Yeah, fuck yes."

Ajela smile broadly. "Then call me Emma, I will be your personal slut for the night."

Ray hesitated. "W-We already got a stripper...."

She turned to him. She gave him a smoulder gaze as she strolled over and pressed her hand against his sizable hardness. "Yes, but

strippers have those ‘no touching’ rules where I very much want you to touch my cervix with your dick.”

Ray paled. “Um...?”

One of the guys laughed. “Damn, she’s got you by the balls.”

She smiled at him. “Yeah, and I’m not going to charge for the privilege either. So, how about it?” Her attention focused on the groom. “Is the special boy wanting to go all the way?”

Any vows he made to his fiancée were already forgotten. His mind was already a muddled mess of lust and desire, judging from the tent in his trousers.

Ajela stepped over to him.

He spread his knees apart.

She knelt down between them. “So, big boy—”

“J-John.”

“How about I give you first shot at every hole in this body? Call it a practice run for your new wife? Some training wheels for your big night?”

He hesitated but it was a losing battle.

“No one is going to even mention this night again, I promise. Whatever happens in this room is going to stay here.” Ajela turned and looked at the others, letting a little bit of the devil rise out and color her eyes. “Right, boys?”

There was an instant wave of agreement.

She turned back and licked her lips. Reaching up, she stroked his wonderfully hard cock. “So, John, where do you want to shove this hard cock?”

“Um... your—”

She lifted herself until her breasts pressed on his thighs. “This will get a lot easier if you realize I want you to use me like a whore. Grab my head and fuck my face. Smack my ass right before you shoved it in.”

There was still doubt in his eyes, but his cock jumped at the idea of fucking her ass. She could almost feel the desire underneath her skin.

She purred with desire. “Tell you what, how about I get this beautiful cock wet so you can fuck my tight little asshole. Then, when you blow your load inside me, I pull it out and clean it off properly?” She finished with a kiss on the ridge tenting his trousers.

John groaned as his lust peaked.

“Oh fuck,” gasped Ray. “Is she really going ass-to-mouth?”

She gave him a wink before unzipping John’s trousers. Turning her attention back to him, she tugged his pants down while lifting her body. Her breasts spilled out over his thighs before she could bring her painted lips to his cock.

The smell of man flooded her senses, the musky taste of desire.

With a little growl in the back of her throat, she captured his head and sucked on the tip. It was hot and already slick.

John’s hand lifted up.

She grabbed it and smacked it against the back of her head. As she did, she sucked him deeper into her mouth. (Come on, you pussy, fuck my face.)

Emma shivered at the hunger that flooded Ajela’s thoughts.

Then lost herself as she bobbed down on the cock, sliding it deep. It wasn’t as large as the others ones she had seen, but it felt good as it burrowed deep into her mouth and tickled the back of her throat. Then Ajela pushed harder, driving her lips further down until she was kissing the base of his cock.

“Oh fuck,” John said. His hand gripped tighter.

One of the other man let out a groan of his own.

Ray sighed. “Really, Colin? Just yanking out your dick to jack it in front of us?”

“Have you seen the view from here? She ain’t got any panties on and that pussy is looking mighty fine. I can’t wait to ride her like a pony.”

Ajela wiggled it.

“Besides, you’re pretty hard too. Might as well let your bone out.”

“That’s just...”

Ajela slipped her lips up to look at him. He was hard and throbbing and very uncomfortable. “It’s hard to get balls deep in me if you’re wearing clothes.”

“Shit, yeah,” said Colin. He was obviously the most interest one of them and she noticed the short-cropped man with brown hair didn’t have a wedding ring on. They matched eye but he was already yanking his pants down a good-sized cock that stood up proudly.

The last one, who hadn’t spoken up, was a bigger guy with a little bit of a gut. He worked his buckles.



John's grip on her head tightened as he turned her back. "Ignore Horse, he doesn't say much."

Ajela opened her mouth but didn't take his cock in. She smiled and held it open. (Come on, use me, you fucker!)

(Wink at him,) Emma suggested.

She did.

John finally responded, reaching out with both hands to hold her head. Then he pulled her down, driving his cock deep into her mouth. At the resistance in the back of her throat, he hesitated but Ajela took the final step to ram her face down. He took the hint and began to fuck her face, lifting his hips into his thrusts as he pulled her down.

"Look at him go!" Colin said.

"Look... guys..." John gasped as he pounded faster, much as Ajela's pleasure. "You might as well take her pussy. I promised... MJ... I..." it was getting harder to speak as he slammed Ajela's face on his cock. "... that I wouldn't have sex with anyone."

The couch creaked as Jason stood up.

Ray cleared his throat. "And what do you call that?"

It was clear that he was referencing to John fucking Ajela's face. The cock inside her mouth swelled as he thrust faster.

Ajela let the wet gagging noises fill the room as she lost herself in the pleasure.

Behind her, Jason was on his knees. He spat on his fingers and rubbed them against her pussy, but it was clear that she was already soaked with desire. "Give it a break, Ray. The prez said a blow job wasn't sex and I'm not going to narc on him, are you?"

Fingers shoved her dress up, then grabbed her ass cheeks. He spread them apart to expose her pucker. "Besides, have you see the ass on her? I know you want to fuck this."

Ray groaned.

"Mine," growled John as he pumped harder.

"Totally yours?" Jason asked. "Or can Ray have your sloppy seconds?"

To the side, Ray shrugged. "I don't mind seconds."

The cock in Ajela's mouth swelled even more. John's fingers dug in as he began to pound her faster, putting more weight behind his thrusts. He was about to cum.

Ajela relaxed her throat and took him deep as she wiggled her ass.

Jason's cock pressed against her sex and then easily slid in. He let out a loud moan as he plunged to his limits. The hardness stretching her insides sent waves of pleasure coursing through Emma's mind and body.

(Yes,) hissed Ajela at being spit-roasted.

He didn't wait long before he was driving into her as quickly as John fucked her face. Each thrust caused the ridges of his hardness to trace along her labia, the sensitive nerves lighting up her body with pleasure.

"Oh, shit," John gasped. "I'm coming!"

Jason thrust faster, as if he was trying to come at the same time. It was a strangely friendly gesture, to make sure John had time to fuck her ass.

Cum flooded Ajela's mouth. It was salty and savory as it painted the back of her throat. Thick wads flooded her mouth and she let a little dribble from the corners of her mouth as he hammered her down a few times before holding it in place.

Jason's fingers dug into her ass cheeks, prying them apart as he hammered into her from behind. Every thrust drove her harder against John's cock, smashing her face into his base as his cock twitched inside the sloppy depths of her mouth.

Gasping, John held her. "S-Swallow, I don't want to get my pants stained."

Ajela looked up at him and then loudly gulped down his cum, enjoying how it slid down her throat and into her belly. As it did, the life energy inside it drained away and spread out to fill her body with heat and energy. She shuddered with a small orgasm of her own.

When John pulled out, his cock was glistening clean.

She lifted her head off and opened his mouth to show that she swallowed everything.

John smiled broadly as he slumped back. "Shit, she's going to kill me."

"No one going to tell," said Horse as he stepped up. His voice with a soft, delicate rumble.

The massive cock that he pumped his hand was anything but delicate. Easily nine inches long, it looked thicker than a soda can. It was also gloriously hard.

Ajela kept her mouth open as she turned toward it, like a moth drawn to a flame. (Oh, yes,) she purred.

Horse grabbed her head and fed her his dick with a few short strokes. It stretched her lips gloriously as it filled her completely. It only took seconds for him to reach the back of her throat. The pounding from Jason's thrust encouraged him further.

Horse shoved hard.

The thick crown of his shaft drove into her throat, cutting off her breath as he buried half of his length into her lips.

Ajela came hard at the discomfort, then again as he began to piston his shaft into her mouth with long, deep strokes. Unlike John, he wasn't hesitant as he held her head still and used it to pleasure himself by hammering directly into her throat.

John let out a loud groan. "Fuck, that's hot. I've never seen a chick take on Horse." His shaft began to swell again and he grabbed it to pump it slowly.

Jason moaned as he strained. "Almost... there."

Ajela lost herself while being hammered by two shafts. Horse was not gentle and she loved it, smiling as much as she could around the girth that violated her throat.

Jason came inside her pussy, splattering her insides as he let out a loud groan of release. The heat and energy filled her, sloshing around as he gave her a few more strokes before pulling out.

Empty at one end, Ajela focused on the shaft pummeling her next. It slid in and out past the rings of her throat and lips, every ridge glorious pleasure as she was used.

Unlike the first two, Horse wasn't going to come quickly.

He pumped for a few minutes before John pushed himself off the couch and came around. "Come on, Jason, move. I want her ass."

"MJ ever give it up?"

John grunted.

"Shit, man. That sucks. Well, go to town on her. I bet she likes it rough."

"I—"

Emma, sensing his hesitation, gave him a thumbs up since her mouth was full. She looked up at Horse and enjoyed the intense look he gave her as he concentrated to fucking her.

John's hardness easily penetrated her asshole, spearing it cleanly as he took his time. He was enjoying it, probably the first and only ass he would fuck. Every inch felt like heaven as he same deeper into her.

"Shit...." moaned Ray from the side. He had gotten rid of his pants and was stroking his cock. It was deliciously thick and hard, perfect for railing her backside once John was done.

For John's second round, he was a lot more forceful. He grabbed her hair and yanked on it before shoving it harder into Horse's cock. At the same time, he rammed himself home before pulling out. Then in again, long and deep thrusts that hit every pleasure button along the way.

Ajela and Emma swam in the waves of pleasure that inundated their minds, flooding them as they were used at both ends. Each thrust, every though, filled Ajela with energy until she was almost swimming in it.

John hammered into her but it was clear that he wasn't going to last long. He had never enjoyed and ass and how that he was in the nigh-perfect of Ajela's modified by, he wouldn't make it longer.

His cock gave a few more strokes before he rammed it deep into her and held it tight.

(Yes!) purred Ajela.

Then the hot flood of juices inside the third hole of hers to be violated. It sprayed and sloshed, sending off a thousand little sparks of pleasure as he came deep.

John yanked his cock out and staggered to his feet.

Coming around, he held out his dripping shaft.

Without hesitation, Emma pulled Horse off her face and then swung over to smear the cum-covered shaft that was just in her ass.

The dirtiness set off waves of pleasure from all the gathered men as they watched John glazed her. When he presented his cock, she her mouth and waited for him.

He centered his cock and thrust hard.

She took a long gulp along his length from tip to crown. She could taste her ass on hit, but it didn't matter. She was an infernal

and nothing he could do would be even close to her limit. But it still felt good to bury her face into his pubic hair, then draw back just to watch the lust on his face.

With her hand, she continued to stroke Horse to keep him hard for when John finished.

Behind her, Ray took John's place and promptly shoved his cock in deep. The thickness stretched her opening wonderfully and he took up a rhythm of short but powerful strokes that shook her body.

John took a while to come, but when he did, he slumped back with a happy smile on his face. "Shit, this was everything I hoped it would be."

Ajela moved back to horse, deep throating him as Ray pounded her ass with all his might. The shyness was completely gone and he let out a low, guttural noise as he hammered into her brutally.

She was almost brimming with energy when both Horse and Ray came at the same time. They shoved deep, crushing her body between them, and then unloaded into her. The double shot of pleasure flooded through her senses and she let out a gurgling moan around the cock choking her as she came hard.

After a few seconds of panting, they pulled out.

Ajela moaned with pleasure. "I hope you have more."

John held up his hands but then Horse interrupted him. "Sit," he commanded.

Ajela purred as she crawled up on the couch and rolled over.

Horse grabbed her thighs and spread them apart. His cock was huge as he smacked against her belly, then drew back until his still-soaked tip was nestled against her pussy. Then he stopped, as if unsure.

"Fuck me, now."

He did. Ramming his massive cock into her pussy. It slid deep until it smashed against her cervix. The little burst of pleasure and pain set off an orgasm.

Then he was pounding her. With every thrust, his thick body shook the couch roughly.

Ajela let out screams of pleasure as she was wracked by the horse cock that hammered her.

Jason up on the couch and then straddled her face. His shaft was slick with her juices and dripping cum.

She swallowed it without question, gulping loudly as her head was pushed against the cushions.

Ray pounded her face as fast as Horse fucked her pussy. She was impressed by their stamina, but also popping off with every thrust. Horse was not being gentle and his cock head rammed against her cervix and womb with every thrust; it was little someone was tapping the orgasm button repeated.

(We're going to feel this in the morning,) Emma thought.

(Not in the slightest. This still mild fucking compared to what I've had both here and in hell. Regardless, why not? This is so fucking hot, the pain after only reminds you of how good he's going to feel.)

Emma, losing herself to the orgasms, couldn't find a way to respond.

Ray pulled out as he came, painting her face with hot jets of cum.

"Oh, just want I want," gasped Ajela as she opened her mouth. Little strands of cum splatters across her mouth and she gulped it down without question.

Horse lasted a few minutes more. Five minutes of glorious pain and pleasure as he hammered against her cervix and stretched her out completely.

When he finally came, it was a hose spraying her insides. Jet after jet of searing hot cum flooded her pussy and womb. More kept coming until it was frothing around his shaft as he gave her a few moments of frantic pounding.

When he finally finished, her pussy was gaping with the intensity of her orgasm and the thick shafts that had impaled her.

Inside, Ajela was almost sated.

Horse said nothing as he pulled out. His thick cock was limp as he staggered back and then sat down heavily on the couch. It shook from the impact as he leaned back and smiled.

"Shit," John said, "that was the hottest half hour of my life. What about you?"

Ajela looked down at her splayed legs. Thick rivulets of cum poured out of her pussy as her legs twitched with the afterglow. She smiled. "Exactly what I was looking for."

A knock on the door interrupted her answer.

Jason stood up and answered the door.

It was the stripper, a blonde beauty with her hair in pigtails and the tips dyed red. She had on a little schoolgirl outfit and even a badge with cute letters: Dee-Dee. She looked down at Jason's naked body and her eyes widened. "Oh, I think I might in be in the wrong room."

She was cute, with hefty tits and a narrow waist.

A different type of lust rose up. Ajela reached out with her mind. She brushed against the stripper's inner thoughts and then send out a powerful command, (You're going to fuck us.)

There was resistance but it shattered instantly under the infernal's magic.

(Ajela!) Emma said.

Ajela dismissed her as she snapped her fingers. "Get over her cunt."

(Look into her mind, Emma.) Then Ajela drew Emma into Dee-Dee's mind.

There were already fantasies being played out in the stripper's mind. It was the same fantasies that has been haunted her all day, of being yanked into the room and abused. She wanted to be taken and roughly, to lose all control until she was forced to please.

Emma was overwhelmed by the submissive desires, more than anything she had seen before. Dee-Dee, her real name was Charlene Dristol, wanted to be used in that moment and Ajela was going to give her exactly what her guilty pleasure wanted.

"Kneel," said the infernal.

Dee-Dee pushed past Jason and into the room. Her mouth drooled with lust as she came over and then lowered herself ot her knees before the dripping cunt and ass between Ajela's legs.

Without being told, she let out a moan and shoved her face into the sloppy mass.

Ajela grabbed her head and roughly crushing Dee-Dee's mouth to her sex. "That's right, you little fuck toy. Clean me off before Jason gets to try both of our assholes tonight."

Any protest was muffled as Ajela came, flooding Dee-Dee's mouth with a slurry of cum, juices, and a surge of infernal magic.

*t'Sade*



# Therapy Consultation

There was nothing about the antiquated system in front of Emma that gave her any joy. It ran a thirty year old operating system with gray windows and buttons smeared on the screen. It also sounded like there was a hamster running on a treadmill every time she pressed the submit button at the bottom of the page.

A dialog popped on the screen. The submission was rejected.

“Oh, fuck me,” snapped Ajela. “I entered the damn thing perfectly this time.”

(You had a duplicate line seven on the second page.) Emma’s thoughts were guarded and sullen, her dark mood coloring her thoughts.

“Then why the fuck didn’t you tell me?” Images of Emma being lashed with whips welled up in the shared space between their minds, a gap between two consciousness that somehow made it easier to communicate with each other. The images were complete with other sensations, scraping across Emma’s mind as she felt the sting of the leather and smelled blood in the back of her mind.

Emma flinched and pulled back further.

A buzz from the drawer caught her attention.

Ajela rolled her eyes. “No, I’m not going to answer that.”

(You lied to him. You shouldn’t like to him.)

“Your daddy?”

Emma started to snap back but then realized that Ajela was still calling him properly.

“I’m trying to avoid him, you know that.” (I mean, that cock is just begging—)

(I know!)

(But what, Emma?)

(I don't like disappointing him. We promised we would come for dinner and you blew him off.)

(And what? Pretend to be a dutiful daughter while thinking about how much I want to feel that dick of his buried in my stomach?) The image welled up her father standing in the garage shirtless, but this time it was Emma's body pinned against the workbench as he towered over her. She didn't need to look down to know that he was naked with his cock pressed against her belly. (He's not your real father. Nothing wrong with him dumping his cum into you, Prude.)

(Stop it!)

Ajela sighed and smashed her finger against the escape button, starting the entire process over again. (Hell has nothing on human's ability to distill agony into a single data entry program.)

Despite her sullen thoughts, Emma had to agree. She was trapped and forced to experience the same frustrations as Ajela entering the form. It was a hell that not even being possessed could top. The program was obviously created by a sadist; even when everything was entered correctly, it would randomly reject the insurance claim or kick her back to the beginning.

Ajela flipped the page back on her notes. Seeing the name of the patient, she smiled. It was a younger man, in his mid-thirties, who came during his lunch hour to fuck her face violently before spraying her tits with cum. Her memories were incredibly detailed as she remembered how it dribbled into her cleavage and soaked her belly.

With one hand, she reached down underneath the bottom hem of her skirt. She was wet but her fingers gave her no pleasure as she drew them back and forth along the slick folds. A later patient had come inside her pussy a few hours later and she enjoyed the squelch of cum still swirling around her depths. She spread her lips and toyed with the tickle of cum dribbling out of her hole and onto the ground. (Think about Sunday, please?)

Emma squirmed at the quietly pleading thought. She wanted to remember the orgy at the bar herself, the pleasure of having three guys ramming their cocks into her at the same time while the stripping suckled on her tits. The onslaught of pleasure had blurred her mind.

(Oh, yes...) moaned Ajela as she fingered herself. Her fingers were instantly soaked as she drove her digits deep into herself; there was little pleasure from the physical touch but the memory sent little flickers of pleasure dancing across her body. She had to spread her leg to lean into the desk as she closed her eyes, desperately striving for an orgasm as Emma guilty remembered how Horse's cock felt driving into her ass, long strokes that shook her violently as he bottomed out into her rectum.

Emma's thoughts grew pink as she remembered every sensation of the hard shaft pounding into her, from the bumps it made as it rearranged her organs to the wet smack of his balls against her cunt. Each one sent more thrills racing across her mind.

(A little more... a little more....) The wet smacks of Emma's knuckles against her sex filled the room, beating against the sides of her desk as she concentrated with all her might on the memories as they inched her closer to an orgasm she desperately craved.

A dialog popped up on the screen. Her session had expired.

Ajela glanced at it.

The tiny disruption was too much for Emma and the memory crumbled. The rush of an orgasm—so close to reaching a peak—faded in an instant. Between one stroke and another, there was nothing but an empty feeling to replace the thin shred of hope.

“Fuck!” snapped Ajela and she yanked her hands from her cunt, dragging her claws deep into the flesh in an irrational rage to inflict violence.

For a normal mortal, the sharp points would have torn through flesh and could have killed her. Instead, the nearly invisible collar around their neck tightened and a flash of pink coursed along their body. The protection magic flooded along her inner walls and the claws simply slid across the surface before being yanked out in a faint splatter of juices of her aborted orgasm.

With another swear, the infernal balled up her hand and smashed down on the keyboard. Plastic burst out from the impact as she dented the top of the desk. Pieces bounced off the floor and walls. A hunk of PCB lodged itself into the door.

Panting, Ajela stared at ruins of her keyboard. “So fucking close!”

The infernal's frustration beat against Emma, a moment of vulnerability as the creature possessing her longed for any rush, an

orgasm or spatter of blood. It didn't matter which, she was starving. The hunger gnawed on her soul as she was denied the sustenance she needed to flourish.

Emma couldn't help but feel the same. It was impossible not to feel the need and lust beat against her thoughts. It infected her thoughts, coloring them as she found herself craving someone's hard cock or plunging fingers to evoke an orgasm out of her non-responsive body.

Kurt's head popped up from the door. "What the fuck is going on!?"

Ajela looked up. "Sorry, I lost my temper."

"Don't do that!" he snapped.

"Sorry—"

"No," he said as his voice took on a booming quality despite his voice not growing louder. "I order you not to lose your temper again."

The command shot through Ajela's thoughts, sparking along the contract that bound her to her master. Emma could almost feel seals being wrapped around Ajela's thoughts, binding her tight as a burst of anguish and frustration radiated from the infernal's mind.

Reflexively, Ajela thought about hitting the keyboard and there was a crack of pain that snapped through her senses and blurred her thoughts. She took a deep, shuddering breath before saying, "Yes, master."

"Good." Kurt said as he looked down the hall. He lifted himself up slightly.

Emma wondered why she ever thought he looked handsome; now he was just a petty asshole who didn't deserve to breathe much less

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The train of thought startled Emma.

(We're in agreement there,) Ajela's thoughts were bitter. (If I could, I would have ripped this man's throat out months ago.)

Kurt sighed. "Get yourself cleaned up. I see Jason Maki coming up the walk. He has that bitchy wife of his with him, which means she's trying to advocate for some stupid drug. Why the cunt won't let me proscribe him some Viagra and call it a day, I don't know. She's the frigid one, not him."

He shook his head. “Just soften them up so I don’t have to hear her bitching.”

The doctor started to walk away, then peered back. “Something expensive, I think the battery on my Echio is going bad and I’m going to need it replaced. Damn expensive EV.”

Ajela fought the urge to snap at him. “Yes, master.”

“Good.” He gestured toward her desk. “And that keyboard and your desk are coming out of your pay.”

Both Emma and Ajela’s frustration rose up in a wave of anger. He barely paid them as it was, and then insisted they use it for outfits for his own pleasures. If they had to pay for it, it would force them to cut back even more on food. As much as Ajela hungered for orgasm and violence, Emma could feel her body craving the pleasure of eating.

He scoffed, “I’m not made of money, you stupid cunt.”

Something snapped inside Emma. “Oh, fuck off!”

Ajela’s shock hit Emma only a microsecond before Kurt did a double take.

“What did you say?” he asked, his voice growing tense.

“I need to eat!” Emma said as she stood up, smacking her hands on the desk as she did. The anger boiled through her. “I need to pay my bills. I still have to be a human being while you are being a fucking—”

“Stop!” His voice boomed, resonating with the force of his order.

Her body responded to the command with another bolt of lightning ripping through her veins, it only took the words of a master to command the infernal, but Emma’s anger pushed it at bay. With a surge of anger, she forced herself to remain standing against the pain and screamed back, “No, you stop! Stop being—”

He said a word.

Emma didn’t know the word, but her entire body lit up in agony as reddish lighting coursed through her frame. It felt like she was jammed into an electrical outlet as every muscle in her body tensed up violently. There was a wet tearing noise as she lost control and collapsed, smashing her face against the edge of her desk before hitting the floor.

Kurt stormed over. He grabbed Emma by her hair and yanked up to shove his face into hers. "Listen, you fucking cunt! I paid for you! I own you until the end of time!"

(A century,) Ajela thought with a snarl. (A century at most and then I'm going to rip out your throat.)

The image of his corpse on the ground filled Emma's thoughts. She enjoyed a sense of satisfaction in the details that the infernal was capable of creating. She could practically smell, taste, and even feel his still-warm corpse in her memories. It faded but Emma still wanted to lash out at him for what he had done.

Kurt deserved it, more and more every day he treated them like a slave.

"You don't get to talk back at me like that!" He slapped her with his other hand. The impact was nothing compared to the electrical surge that tore through her senses. It set her nerves on fire as he exerted his command over her.

Emma would have screamed out in pain, but Ajela's control clamped down on her jaw.

(Don't let him hear you scream, never let him.) Memories welled up of previous masters torturing Ajela but quickly faded.

"You don't ever get to talk to me like that agin. If you do, I'm going to sew your mouth and cunt shut then bury you in a fucking hole for a year to soften you up. I am your master and you will fucking do whatever I tell you to!"

Ajela, fully in control again, let a fake tear roll down her cheek. "S-Sorry, master, I don't know what came over me. I'll never do that —"

He smacked her again, hard. The impact echoed against the room as he threw her back. "Now, get cleaned up and make me some fucking money."

(I'm going to rip his throat out!)

Kurt stormed out.

Ajela groaned as she stood up, every inch of her body was in pain as she straightened.

Emma cringed. (Sorry, I don't—)

The infernal laughed.

Stunned, Emma didn't know how to response.

(You... you weren't bound by his order!) Joy and hope burned through Ajela's thoughts. (You disobeyed! You actually told him off!)

(But he hurt us.)

Ajela winced as she straightened. The pain of the commands wouldn't fade easily, but something had draped over it, pushing it away. It took Emma a moment to realize it was anticipation.

Ajela's thoughts were brimming with it. (Pain is nothing. Knives, claws, and electricity I can handle. This body can heal, but I cannot break the contract. But you can.)

(What does it mean?) The events that happened felt significant, but she was still being battered by the burning of her nerves and the ache of her torn muscles.

(I don't know, but it means we aren't as trapped as we thought. It may mean nothing, but it might be something we can use if we ever have to fight back.)

Ajela smiled to herself and her guarded thoughts. She adjusted her uniform, pushing up her tits and smoothing the fabric over her hips. New desires leaked from her mind, flooding Emma was a longing for sex. "But right now, I think I want to get laid."

(What? Just like that?)

(I just found out there is the possibility of escape from a century-long slavery. I'm excitement and I'm horny and I need a fucking orgasm. You have a problem with that?)

The switch was brutal, from anger to hope to lust. Emma moaned as it flooded through her, filling her with the same longing as she felt their body grew slick with desire. (No,) she admitted. The previous weekend was nice, more than nice, as she recalled the orgasms those men had given her; Ajela's running thoughts only added to the anticipation.

(Great, so I'm going to get those two to get us off and let me enjoy a proper orgasm.)

Ten minutes later, they were in one of the examination rooms.

Jason Maki was a handsome man in his late forties. He worked out frequently and Emma knew that he had just a hint of a six pack underneath his t-shirt. About a month earlier, he had come in for his annual exam and came out with a smile on his face after blowing his load across Emma's face.

Now, he looked nervously over at his wife, Britney. No doubt he was worried that he wasn't going to get his rocks off with his wife present.

Britney was obviously younger than him by ten years, with small breasts and a scowl etched on her face. She looked more like a "Karen" than anything else, except for her bleached hair and the tight pair of shorts that clung her generous backside. She had the perfect lips for sucking cock, plush and fuckable, but Jason had said she refused to even consider going down on him.

"... as I was saying," she said with an exasperated tone, "there is obviously something wrong with him. Every time we start to get..." She flipped her fingers in the air, "... intimate, his dick goes limp. Not even enough of stiffy to get it in. I'm tired of humping a wet noodle."

Jason blushed as he set his jaw. He obviously didn't have a problem getting up during his exam, but now Ajela could sense how his wife was practically sucking the energy out of him in the room.

"Honey, I—"

"Shush, So, have the doctor figure out what's wrong with him. I don't know, give him a colonoscopy or draw some blood, there has to be something. There is no reason he shouldn't get it up, he's a fucking man. Or at least pretends to be."

(Wow, what a bitch,) Emma thought.

Ajela looked back to Jason. "Do you have—"

"Excuse me, I'm talking, not him."

(What do you say, Emma, think she would look good on her knees covered in cum?) Ajela's thoughts were evil and amused. (I bet he's get really hard with his dick in her mouth.)

Emma didn't want to agree, but her thoughts were foggy with the infernal's desire. Ajela's excitement about her ability to fight Kurt's compulsion had led to a constant flickering of thoughts of the infernal. Emma experienced every sensation as a tickle in the back of her mind, of constantly remembering how it felt to be fucked, touched, and licked.

Ajela turned to him as she pulled on a pair of blue examination gloves. "Mind if I take look?"

Guiltily, Jason gave her an apologetic look. He was already getting hard in his pants but didn't want his wife to know.



Ajela gestured down. “Drop your trousers, please.”

“Excuse me!” Britney started as she stood up from her chair. “Are you the doctor—?”

Ajela look at her sharply as she cast a spell, one that made her presence palatable in the room. “Quiet.”

Britney froze, her mouth open for a moment.

(I bet he’s getting hard now, with that mouth open like that,) Ajela thought. Without looking over, she unbuckled his pants, hooked her fingers on both his trousers and his underwear, and pulled them to the ground. As she did, she lowered herself to her knees.

Jason gasped with surprise, his fingers clutching at the fabric as it was pulled away before curling to shield his growing hardness. The smell of his excitement, the musky smell of a man excited, teased Emma and sent a flutter of longing down her own pussy.

“Step out,” she said brightly.

Jason tried to move to the side but the examination table was in the way. He made a soft helpless noise as he had to step forward, bringing his hard cock closer to Ajela’s face.

Looking up, she saw the lust and embarrassment fighting in his expression. His head was only a few inches away from her lips and she pointedly parted them as she smiled.

The smell of his excitement grew stronger as his crown began to push out between two of his fingers.

She turned her head to look back at Britney.

The blonde was still standing there, mouth gaping open. Her eyes, a pretty blue, were locked onto Ajela. The shock clouded her mind, adding to the spell that addled her mortal mind.

Ajela looked at her for a moment. “Sit,” she ordered.

Britney didn’t move for a second but then she slowly sank back into the seat.

(She’s trying to figure out why she’s getting wet,) thought the infernal with amusement.

(What you’re doing is pretty hot already.)

(Getting horny?)

Emma didn’t want to respond. Her body was craving cock and there was one right on front of her. She could almost taste it.

(Soon,) Ajela thought, (I just need to get these two ready to pop.) She reached up and pushed Jason's hand to the side. His cock bobbed from his groin. It was a nice length one, not a monster but thick in the right places with a nest of sparse hairs at the base. She wrapped her gloved hand around the shaft and stroked it.

Jason's cock throbbed under her grip.

She gently stroked it, working her palm from the base to the crown. When she smeared her gloved palm over the top, pre-cum glistened on the blue material. She held it up to Britney. "Things are looking pretty good so far."

Britney managed to close her mouth. "I-I-I...."

"I might need to check a little more." Ajela turned back and brought up her other hand, stroking and touching as she teased Jason.

Soon his cock was bouncing with his heartbeat, the head shiny and swollen as he grew harder with every passing second. The smell was intoxicating as she pumped up and down, smearing more of his pre-cum around for lubrication as she got him harder than he had probably ever been in his life.

"It doesn't seem like he's having too much trouble getting hard, Mrs Maki."

"B-Britney."

"Have you tried giving him a blow job?"

"I-I don't do that. It's disgusting." Britney shook her head, as if to clear it but the spell continued to keep her thoughts unfocused. It was erotic seeing her struggling to retreat into her bitchy shell but unable to look away from her husband being pleased.

"Oh?" Ajela leaned forward and kissed his crown. "I don't think this is disgusting at all."

Jason let out a moan. "Oh god."

"Yummy," she breathed before opening her lips to take more of it in her mouth. She was careful not to let him blow his load but she wanted him as hard as she could get him. She smiled and mouthed his end. "Oh, you are very hard. And tasty."

Britney gasped.

Ajela pulled her lips off Jason's head and then moved to the side, mouthing it as she looked directly at Britney. Her lips wrapped

around his shaft as she slid back and forth with her tongue curling along the ridges of veins that bulged out.

After a few seconds, she pulled away. "Are you sure? He tastes great and not a lot of calories."

A furrow creased Britney's brow. She was fighting the spell but it was clearly a losing battle.

Ajela smiled. "Look how hard he is," she whispered before sliding her mouth down his shaft to kiss his balls. She captured his crown with her palm, sliding it around until his head was glistening.

Her hand glided along his length, getting him harder until the pre-cum grew tacky.

Pulling back, she grinned. "Oh, might need a little more lube."

Turning back to look at Britney, Ajela reached down and shoved her fingers into her pussy and pumped hard, filling the room with the wet sounds of her soaked sex. When she pulled her hand back, her juices were clinging to her fingers with little strands. "I bet this will make it tastier too," she said as she used her slick fingers to pump his shaft.

Britney's mouth opened again. There was a lost look on her face as she licked her lips. Emma watched as she pressed her thighs together and clutched her hands on her thighs.

(She's about to give in,) thought the infernal with amusement.

(Are you mind-controlling her?) Emma pictured the spell that the infernal had used, it was relatively simple and she could pick out the parts that she knew. If she was lucky, she might be able to use it herself if she ever had to fight against the infernal.

A rush of excitement flooded Emma's thoughts, radiating through her mind until it became a wave of lust of her own. She couldn't help but be amused: when Ajela found the possibility of freedom, she got horny; when Emma thought about escaping the infernal, she felt the same.

Ajela's didn't seem to notice Emma's train of thought. (Yes and no. I've suppressed her fear and disgust, that is what is holding her back.) The infernal's senses focused on the blonde, highlighting the heat simmering between her legs, her hard nipples, and the dazed lust that flooded her senses. (She wants it, but can't get over some fucked-up childhood trauma to get it herself. She doesn't want to give in, but the idea of being made to do so turns her on. Once she

gets used to the taste and having him fucking her face, she's going to be hot to trot.)

Ajela focused on Jason. (The problem is that her husband is a wimp. He needs to man up and take charge of her cunt.)

Emma couldn't help but enjoy the taste of his cock on her lips. Wanting more, she guided their body to take his crown back in her mouth and working it around, lapping at the salty liquid oozing out and tasting her own cunt on his skin.

The infernal seemed amused, their desires the same as they shared control over Emma's body. Together, they stroked his length and teased his head until he was only seconds from blowing.

Then, just as he started to groan, they pulled off.

Ajela regained control as she looked over to Britney before pointing to the ground. "Get over here," she said in a low, commanding voice.

Britney resisted, her body trembling as the heat and lust grew up.

"Kneel," Ajela said in a sharper tone.

When Britney slipped off the chair, Jason let out a moan. His wife crawled across the floor to kneel.

"Kiss it," whispered Ajela.

"I-I can't."

"Of course you can," she said. Reaching up, Ajela wrapped her blue-gloved hand around his shaft and then cupped the back of Britney's head with her other. With slow, inescapable force, she brought the two together.

Britney resisted until the last moment, then parted her lips.

Emma almost came herself watching as Jason's cock slid into Britney's mouth. (Oh, fuck.)

(I know.)

Ajela guided Britney into giving her husband head, bringing the two together and pulling them apart. Both of them were putty in her hand, their minds dazed with lust as the thrusting grew rougher and more violent.

"Grab her head."

Jason did, his cock swelling.

"Fuck her face, teach her how to be a good wife."

Both mortals were helpless to resist as they continued to fuck and suck. Each one sent little waves of lust through Ajela's and Emma's mind.

When Jason gripped Britney's head tighter, Emma felt her body dripping with desire.

When Britney reached up to play with his balls, to guide him as he buried his entire length into her mouth and jammed his crown into her throat, the pleasure more.

Jason was close. His fingers dug into his wife's hair, his thrusts grew more frantic as he smashed her nose into his pubic hair with each short, hard thrust.

Ajela watched carefully as his energies gathered and boiled. Then, just as he was about to orgasm, she pulled them apart. Leaning forward, she whispered into Britney's ears, "good wife."

Britney's eyes widened as she looked at Emma.

Then, Jason let out a groan.

With her hand still on his shaft, Ajela aimed his cock to spray his seed across Britney's face, painting her with strands across her nose, brow, and chin.

"Open your mouth," she said.

Britney obeyed, taking the last few splatters across her tongue.

"Swallow."

As Britney obeyed, Ajela pulled the blonde to her lips and kissed her aggressively. Her tongue invaded Britney's mouth and she swooned at the taste of cum and her own flavors on the other woman's tongue.

When they broke, Britney's eyes were glassy.

"Tonight," whispered Ajela, "you're going to do this again. But you're going to be tasting me on his cock because your husband is about to fuck me." In her mind, she pictured herself on the examination table, legs spread as Jason fucked her rapidly. It was less of a fantasy, though, and more of infernal planning.

A whimper. "W-What about me?" came the broken reply from Britney.

"You can watch—"

(Get her off too,) Emma thought suddenly.

(What?)

(You said he needs to maintain her cunt, right? Show him, have her sit on your face while he's fucking you. He just came, that means he'll last longer and I'm betting seeing us licking out his wife is going to keep him hard enough to let us come ourselves.)

Amusement. (You're just as horny as me, aren't you?) But for her teasing, Ajela still considered it. (Good idea, plus I bet her cunt tastes great. Good girl.)

(Don't do that to me, Infernal.)

(Fine... Roomie.)

She stood up, pulling Britney with her. Addressing Jason, she said, "And now you. You need to do the same for her."

Both of them stared at her. "W-What?"

"You'll get a lot more head if you go down on her." It was Emma speaking more than Ajela, but the two were in agreement. "You need to pleasure each other, not avoid them. That's the way he isn't getting hard but both of you have to work on it. Let me show you."

Emma crawled up on the examination table and laid back. She motioned for Britney and then pointed to her own nose. "Get up here and stick that pretty pussy right here."

"R-Really?"

"Take off your shorts and ride my face."

Britney's cheeks were flushed as she quickly stripped. She struggled to crawl up on the table, but Jason helped her up as she crawled over and straddled Emma's face. Her pussy was swollen and dripping, the folds peeking out from the dark brown hairs that lined her opening.

(Yummy,) Ajela thought. She reached up and pulled Britney down, burying her face in the moist channel as she began to lap at the tangy sweet juices that were already flowing.

"Oh, shit," Jason gasped. "Holy shit, that's hot. That's so hot."

Emma spread her legs, revealing her bare sex to him as she clung tightly to Britney's thighs and hips. She didn't need to breath, so her mouth was plastered tight against the opening as she licked and nibbled everything.

Britney said something, but it wasn't intelligible, just a babble of someone who was getting head for the first time. Her hands clutched to Emma's breasts, mauling them as she smeared her juices all over the possessed woman's face.

Jason's hands stroked against her inner thighs. "Um... babe? Can I... I want to stick it in."

"I—"

Ajela interrupted Britney by doubling down on her licking, slurping and laving with all her might. Her fingers dug into soft skin as she clamped down on the blonde's clitoris and sucked hard.

"F-Fuck! Yes!"

The cock that drove into her was hard as steel and pulsating hot.

Both Ajela and Emma moaned with pleasure as Jason bottomed out in them. His cock felt so good stretching out her insides, the length measured out against her pussy with the head almost kissing her cervix. He didn't want before he began to thrust into her. His hands clutched to her thighs, pinning them to the examination table as he threw himself into every thrust.

Britney struggled to get out coherent words, but Emma couldn't tell if they were to deny her husband fucking or to beg for her own pleasures to continue. It didn't matter though, as the blonde's hips rocked back and forth, spreading the juices that poured out of her across Emma's face. She was coming constantly, a flood that smeared the possessed woman's face, dribble along her neck and cheeks, before it splashed onto the table.

The hard cock continued to ram into her, each thrust dragging the ridges and bumps along sensitive nerves. There was no stopping it as they felt every iota of pleasure as Jason pushed her closer and closer to an orgasm.

(Please don't stop, please don't stop.) It was both Ajela and Emma thinking as they clung onto the pleasure they could only experience from another being.

One of Jason's hands yanked from Emma's body, only to grab Britney's. They were kissing, sharing her body between them as they rode Emma blindly. Somehow, that made everything hotter as the husband and wife came. Hot juices flooded Emma's pussy while more were painted across her face, drowning her as they pounded hard.

The emotions that burned between the two was the finally push Emma needed. With a snap, the gathered pleasures ignited into white-hot flames and she came herself.

Emma clamped onto Britney's thighs as she screamed out, writhing in pleasure as she enjoyed every spurt of Jason's seed that filled her core.

As one, the three slumped.

Britney moved first, lifting herself but almost falling off. Jason caught her and he helped her off Emma's face. The tension between them had faded and Emma saw real smiles before they kissed each other.

Sitting up, Emma scooped some of Britney's juices from her face and pushed them into her mouth, enjoying the taste. As soon as her fingers were clean, she stuck her fingers into her pussy to get some of Jason's cum also.

The married couple watched her with fascination and growing lust.

Ajela glanced up and then cast another spell, a compulsion to want more, a longing spell.

Britney worried her bottom lip as she looked at Jason and then back. "Um, can we... do this again?"

Jason was just as nervous. "In case we need more help?"

Ajela grinned. "We provide a wide range of therapy services here at the office. They are comprehensive and your insurance will cover them except for your twenty dollar copay."

Jason looked surprised. "Really? Even with all that?"

In the back of Ajela's mind, she ran through the various billing codes. "Marriage counselling and erectile dysfunction therapy are both services we provide. Your insurance company won't even blink, even if we do monthly or weekly visits."

Britney glanced at her husband and back again, fighting with an internal struggle. After a moment, she peeked back at him. "What about... at home?"

It didn't take much to figure it out. Ajela grinned. "There is an additional charge, a hundred dollars an hour, but we will be glad to work with your schedules and in the privacy of your home or wherever you choose."

"And insurance?"

Ajela hopped off the table and straightened her outfit, ignoring the smears of cum that soaked the powder blue fabric. She smiled. "The service fee for home visits are not covered by insurance."



They hesitated but Ajela already knew she won. It would only be a matter of time, but Ajela knew that she would have the couple as weekly customers and a steady stream of orgasms for herself before they walked out of the office.

*t'Sade*

# One Fall Evening 34

It was the end of September and the weather had firmly moved from summer into fall. In the air was the crispness of an approaching storm and the smokey scent of someone grilling in the distance. The muted sounds of the season drifted through the open window and into Emma's office.

The last few months of working and being enslaved by Kurt had continued to take their toll. She barely got home before midnight after doing the work of his entire office. Medical billing codes, account receivables, and sending out statements were piled on top of her along with extracting as much money as possible from his clients to pay for his increasingly expensive habits.

Emma sighed and keyed in the last of the medical codes for the night. As the hard drive whined and screeched, she noted the record and carefully set the folder in the box to file. After so many months, she was confident it wasn't going to reject a code or restart.

Ajela would handle the physical filing with telekinesis before they left, but the infernal gave Emma brief control over their bodies for the tedious task of entering the codes and filing the paperwork while the otherworldly creature "checked out" or stopped paying attention to what she was doing.

That would change if Emma resisted or tried to use magic, but the brief periods of freedom were getting increasingly longer. Even though they were filled with mindless, boring tasks like entering codes or cleaning the bathroom, Emma enjoyed the chances when Ajela was not in her thoughts and she could pretend she was just a mortal again.

The front door slammed shut.

As it was locked, Emma looked up with a start. (Ajela.)

The infernal's mind instantly took control of the body. (What?)  
(Someone is coming.)

It was Kurt, she could tell by the way he stomped toward the mostly empty back offices. "Where the fuck are you!"

Ajela's thoughts darkened. (That isn't good.)

"I command you!" came the booming voice, the sound that forced Ajela to respond. "Present yourself! Get your fucking ass right here in front of me!"

The command smashed into Ajela's thoughts. She was standing up before it stopped echoing across the room. Seething, she tugged her short uniform and hurried out.

Kurt met her in the hallway lined with the examination rooms. With his face twisted in a scowl, he marched up to her and slapped her hard. "What the fuck is this!?"

The impact wouldn't have budged Ajela, but she let her head be turned to the side before swinging it back; his blow would have knocked over a lesser woman but she was used to far worse. Putting on a fake pleasant face, she asked, "I'm sorry, what are you—?"

He jammed a piece of paper in her face. "This! What the fuck did you do to me!?"

Ajela had to grab the paper and pull it away from her eyes to read it. The first thing she noticed was the insurance company letterhead, the second were the words "audit" and "fraud." She scanned the paper, using both herself and Emma to pick out the gist.

Emma's reading speed was faster. (He's being audited because of apparent fraud in the submitted medical codes,)

(Bastard was always greedy.)

(He's going to blame us.) There were times when Emma would use "us" verses "you" in mental communication, the rapid switch had gotten natural in the months since Ajela became aware of her.

(And the weekly orgies doesn't hurt getting comfortable with sharing my body,) added the infernal with amusement.

Emma decided to ignore the comment about her body's ownership. (What is he going to do?)

Ajela's thoughts darkened. (He's going to slap us around, then probably give us some inescapable command that is going to make

our lives miserable. If we're lucky, it will only be a few hours or days.)

(Are we going to fight it?)

(No, not unless... no, not yet.)

Ajela spoke to Kurt even as she was communicating with Emma. "I was only going with the guidance you gave me—"

Kurt slapped her again, a hard blow with the back of his hand. "Don't you blame this on me. You were the one who entered those codes, you're the ones who is going to take the heat!"

(Asshole,) growled Ajela. (I'm going to rip your throat open and watch you bleed.)

Kurt spun around. "Fuck, fuck, they are going to find something."

(Well,) Emma thought, (He has been telling us to commit fraud for almost a year now. Not to mention pimping us out, selling us for sexual services.)

(Not sure if we'd be guilty of prostitution since he never gave us any money. Though, it might be fun to spend a few years in prison again, I liked turning people into my bitches.)

The thought was intriguing as a fantasy but Emma wasn't ready to reenact a TV show.

(We would rule a prison as an iron bitch.) An image of a Russian prison welled up, followed by incredibly detailed memories of orgies, submission, and domination. (It's a feast of cunt, cock, and combat.)

Emma memorized as many of the memories for later, if anything to fuel their nightly attempts to reach an orgasm on their own.

Kurt paced back and forth. "Shit, they're going to get us. I'm going to have to get out of here. Let's see, I have half a million in the bank... damn, they won't let me pull it out. Why didn't I put them in a Swiss bank account? Damn it, I should have gotten—"

Ajela sighed. (He's going to hit us again.)

Kurt rush over, bringing his hand down to punch her in the stomach.

The collar tensed briefly and they didn't move. She barely felt the blow even though Kurt had put his entire weight behind it.

"This is your fucking fault!" he screamed into their face. "You. You fix it this! You fix this or I'm going to cut your—"

"Hey!" bellowed someone from behind them.

Emma's thoughts ran cold, it was her father. He stepped out from around the corner. It looked he had just come from work, with a stained t-shirt and matching blue jeans that squeezed around his bulging limbs. He had a messenger bag in one hand, the strap dangling down almost to the ground.

"Who the fuck are you!?" snarled Kurt.

"I'm her father," growled Henry.

(Mmm, daddy looks fine,) Ajela thoughts rose up, a lustful appreciation guarded by their situation.

It had been months since Emma had seen her father, but the infernal never gave up her desires for him. The fantasies of being violated by him blurred with the years of the kind, loving man who raised her. (Ajela!)

(I'm not going to seduce him, but we need to get him out of here, and fast. Kurt will do something if we don't.) She took a deep breath. "Daddy!? Get out of here!"

"No," Henry said while crossing his arms. "No one threatens my pumpkin."

Ajela's fears washed over Emma. It was surreal feeling Emma's affection for her daughter infecting the infernal's thoughts. The path of their intimacy went both ways. (He's going to make us kill your daddy.)

(You can't do that. We have to warn him.)

(Kurt will command us to kill him if he figures that out. We have maybe a few seconds for him to form the words with the command.)

Emma plunged into her memories. When she was eight, her father was hospitalized when he was hit by a bus while working on a road project. It was one of the darkest points in her life, watching her dad on a ventilator and the physical therapy.

Her mom almost left him during that.

Ajela was already delving into her mine, picking through Emma's past with terrifying frantic speed. Without the emotions tied into it, the infernal's process was far more brutal as random memories were painted across Emma's mind.

One popped up, it was from her twenties as they celebrated her new job working for the bus company.

Emma remembered the event. (Go back earlier than that.)

Another memory, when she was six. She didn't remember sitting on her father's shoulder as she watched a black car driving away. It had a strange symbol on the bumper, a stylized flower with a knife in it.

(Newer. Newer. Older. There!)

(Take charge.) Ajela's mind withdrew as new spells began to flow through her. They were foul and disgusting ones, the sensation of the magic crawling along her skin and pulsating from her veins.

There was no time to watch the spell. Emma took a deep breath. "Daddy, run, he's the Marigold bus!"

Her father looked confused for a second, then his face hardened. Kurt spun around. "What the...?"

Then his face twisted in anger. He pointed at Henry. "Kill—"

Ajela ripped control of their body from Emma as she burst into movement. Magic burned in her muscles and bones as she tore down the hall, covering the distance before the words escaped Kurt's mouth. She caught their father with one hand and bodily picked him up off the ground.

Henry's face paled. "Pump—"

She didn't wait for him or Kurt to finish their words. Spinning around, she slammed back-first through the drywall at the end of the hallway. 2x4s and conduit snapped as she burst into the front hall. Her body took the brunt of the force but the collar protecting her from any damage. A flash of pink painted the room.

As they staggered into the entry hall, she spun in front of the front desk and kicked the counter hard. They were launched further out of the practice, shattering the plate glass window as they fell into the parking lot.

A few shard caught her father's cheek as he stared in shock.

The force of her movement took them almost to the other side of the lot. His F150 was idling only a few spots over from Kurt's expensive car.

Ajela set him down.

"Run, Daddy," Emma said. "Please, just run. He's going to make me hurt you."

"Pumpkin?" He looked confused and shocked. He tried to bring up his hand.

Tears burned in her eyes, "Run!" With a more gentle push, she shoved him toward his truck.

Without waiting to see if he obeyed, she turned on her heels and sprinted for the far side of the parking lot. In the corner of her eyes, she saw Kurt staggering out of the ruined front of his practice.

(Shit, shit!) Ajela tensed.

"Stop!" came the bellowing command, the magical compulsion slamming into them with electrical jolt.

(Fuck!) Ajela screamed.

Emma panicked as their body was froze. (How do I break this?)

(I don't know but figure it out or your daddy is dead!)

Kurt panted as he staggered closer.

Above them, the cloud boiled as they threatened to spill out rain. It looked violent and angry. The storm was coming and she was locked in place, unable to do anything.

Henry was in his truck, fumbling with the keys. Then he ducked below as if he dropped them.

(No, Daddy! Run!)

Kurt gestured toward the truck. "Cunt!" he bellowed. "I command you to kill him!"

"No!" screamed Emma as the command took charge of Ajela's thoughts. There was no fighting the agony that wracked their body.

Ajela turned and stalked toward the F150, walking faster as she approached. Magic poured through her body, more spells like the ones that gave her strength and speed. A bright pink glow shone across the black asphalt as her eyes began to glow. Matching claws pushed out.

(Ajela, stop!)

(I... can't! You have to break it.)

(How?)

(Figured it out, Cow!)

Emma wracked her brain as Ajela stalked closer.

Henry looked up, his eyes brightly reflecting the brilliant pink glow that surrounded his daughter's body. He looked frightened, then ducked back down. There was a flickering of light.

"Kill him!" bellowed Kurt as he walked behind her. "Before he runs! Hurry up!"



The commands hammered into her and Ajela accelerated. In a second, she was on the other side of Henry's truck and at the driver's side door. With a snarl, she punched her hand into the steel siding, grabbed the metal frame, and ripped it off the door.

The first thing Emma saw was the keys still in the ignition. Her father wasn't trying to leave. He was doing something else, something that required spilling out the messenger bag across the floor of the cab. She saw knives and chains and a metal tin that appeared to be smoking.

Ajela reached in and grabbed Henry by the throat. With her claws digging in, she yanked him out of the cabin.

(Ajela!) Emma projected. (Stop!)

Blood oozed from around her claws in Henry's neck. He lashed out but his tiny daughter was holding him completely off the ground.

The infernal drew back her other hand to slash open his stomach. Her thoughts were strained. (I'm... fighting... this. Hurry up and stop me!)

Henry choked as he kicked fitfully. His heels slammed into the car and the tin fell out to reveal the stylized flower with the knife on it. It was nearly empty except for some clear gel. As it rolled away, almost invisible blue flames flickered in the light, sterno.

Ajela stretched out her hand, extending her claws to their fullest. It was a slow, dramatic maneuver but they both knew that when she slashed, it would be over for Emma's father.

A flash of lightning lit up the ground, followed by the rumble of thunder.

Emma couldn't control her limbs, but she noticed the smouldering was coming from her father's hand. He was holding something, a metal disk with an intricate pattern in it. The metal was red hot and it was leaving scorch marks on his palm.

As Emma's attention focused on on the strange, Ajela's thoughts followed hers and suddenly her mind went from struggling against the command to an ice-cold terror. (No! No! No!)

The infernal stopped pulling back and went to crush his throat.

Emma's panic slammed into her, locking her muscles in place. "Daddy! No!"

Ajela's mind was in a panic, the strange image flashing through her mind. With it came memories. It was a binding spell used by hunters, a sigil that would prevent Ajela from having control of Emma's body.

The panic suddenly made sense.

Emma's panic turned into white hot anger.

At the same time, it became a fight not for her father's life but the control of her body.

(You cannot have it!) screamed Ajela as she locked on control of her other hand. She pulled back to slaughter Emma's father.

Emma released her father just as the pink slash cut through the air. It nicked his shoulder and he was slammed into the side of his trust.

Ajela stole her voice. "Daddy, help me!"

"No, get away! Run." screamed Ajela with her voice.

Ajela slashed out, aiming for Henry's throat.

Emma yanked her body to the side and the claws tore through the metal bar holding up the windshield. The glass exploded out in a shower of shards.

Henry staggered to his feet, his hand still smoking from the red-hot metal in his hand. It was burning into his palm, no doubt scaring him for life.

Emma's fear for him rose up, buffering her from Ajela's rage. "Daddy, help me! What do I do? What is—?"

"Bare skin!"

(Like hell I'll let you cut me off! We will never—) Fueled by magic and self-survival, Ajela lashed out with the hand she had control. Her claws plunged into Henry's stomach.

But before the infernal could disembowel him, Emma planted her foot against the truck and kicked hard. The claws tore out of his stomach in a flash of blood. She twisted as she fell back, tripping herself before slamming the back of her head into the asphalt.

Ajela's will tore into her, fighting her in her mind even as they wrestled with their arms. Centuries of infernal anger and power verses the need of one girl to protect her father.

Emma sobbed as she found herself losing.

Then Henry straddled her hips and dropped down, slamming his bulk into her pelvis and driving the air out of her lungs. He was massive compared to her and she felt tiny underneath his bulk.

There was the briefest of hesitations from Ajela as months of fantasies came crashing through her thoughts. They had been in that position in their thoughts at night, but the events ended up with him tearing off her clothes and ravishing her body, or a barely-consensual rape that involved being impaled in all of her holes.

Lust and desire rose up into a storm of anger, rage, and defensiveness.

Emma realized she had a weapon against the infernal, her fantasies. She threw everything into crafting an scene of her being fucked by her father. The image of her pinned against the bench. Of him crawling into her bed. Of his thick cock sliding into her body. The guilty pleasures of her younger years, the intricate details that Ajela had tormented her with. Emma projected thm all at Ajela's consciousness in hopes of overwhelming the infernal.

There was only the smallest of gasps as the infernal lost control under the onslaught of lust.

Emma snatched control of both arms, reached down, grabbed the front of her uniform and tore it open with the supernatural strength still flowing through her muscles. The material easily shredded exposed her bare breasts to the cool air of fall.

Henry didn't pause. He raised his hand and brought it down right between his daughter's tits. His large hand ground the burning-hot metal into her skin, using it as a brand onto her skin as his thumb and pinky finger scraped against her nipples and crushed them into her soft breasts.

The impact came as a flash of lighting lit up the sky.

Ajela's scream ripped through the air as a new form of magic slammed into them. It wasn't the foul taste of infernal magic or the shock of Kurt's command. Instead it felt like she was being dissected by lasers, cut apart into small chunks and melted together.

The inarticulate scream faded as their positions in Emma's mind was somehow switched. Forgotten senses came back in a rush as the brilliant binds wrapped the infernal's mind in a cage in teh back of her mind. She could feel the power beating against the sides, like a butterfly's wings in a jar.

Her body burned with agony.

“P-Pumpkin?” he gasped, tears in his eyes and blood streaked across his face.

“Daddy?”

“How can I be sure?” he was groaning in pain as his hand kept the sigil planted into her skin. The smell of burning flesh was strong between them.

She shook as she grasped his wrist and pushed him away.

His hand flexed, crushing her tits harder against her ribs as she was distinctly aware of how his fingers were tight against her hard nipples. Down below, a surge of heat puddled between her legs as she was briefly lost in the overlays of fantasy and reality.

Then, he lifted his hand away.

The metal was gone, leaving behind the sigil burned into her cleavage and into his palm. She stared at it. “Daddy, I’m so sorry.”

“I... I don’t know what to do?” Tears splashed down his cheeks. “I knew Quinn had the... the book but I didn’t... understand it. Did I... are you?”

Emma sobbed. “Daddy, I’m safe. She’s not in charge anymore.”

(I will fucking tear his throat out the second I regained control,) snarled Ajela from her cage. (I will—)

(Quiet.)

(Like hell—!)

Emma exercised her will, forcing the infernal instead of requesting just like she longed to do so many times in the last few months. (Quiet!)

And then there was blissful silence. The infernal was still there, maybe forever, but she had no power.

“Yes,” Kurt said as he stormed forward. “I’m in charge.”

He had a gun.

Emma could feel the infernal magic still flowing through her veins. With only one mind controlling her, she bucked her father off and sprung to her feet. A burst of speed and she was next to him. She didn’t remember taking the steps between them, but she couldn’t hesitate.

He pulled the trigger.

The bullet bounced off her stomach.

She grabbed Kurt's wrist, the one holding the gun, and twisted hard.

Bones snapped as she broke his wrist and fingers.

The gun clattered to the ground.

Kurt screamed out in pain, his voice fading quickly in the empty parking lot.

Emma looked down at him, thinking about all the times Ajela and she had imagined his death. She could do it, she had the claws and the power. Everything could end in a second and she would finally sate the anger that had been brewing since she was possessed.

The same anger that she shared with the infernal now trapped inside her.

Emma hesitated. (Ajela.)

A snarl of inhuman rage responded to her, images of her mutilated corpse painted in the space between their minds.

(We need a new operating agreement.)

A pause. Wary curiosity bubbled up in the familiar space between their minds.

(Nothing has change between us, we are still stuck together.)

(Except you are in charge.)

(And you gave me control when I behaved. So, I offer a deal. If we can still work together, I will share this body with you. Just like before.)

(Why?)

(Because you could have done far worse to me when our roles were switch.) She made a point of looking down at Kurt as she recalled all the images that Ajela had projected of his throat being torn out. (Do you want the honors?)

Surprise slammed into her. Ajela didn't know how to respond.

Emma remembered how it felt when Ajela had released control. She did the same, giving the infernal inside her control over her arms. (Deal?)

Ajela snarled as she took command of her body. With a step forward, she brought up her claws. Then, with a slash, she tore open Kurt's throat down his sternum and into his stomach.

Kurt's eyes opened wide as he tried to speak, but the claws had missed his arteries but destroyed his vocal cords and shattered his

sternum. His hands shook as he clutched his stomach as the ropes of his severed intestines began to spill out.

Ajela snarled. "Deal, but I will regain control some day."

Rain began to fall, fat splatters of wet warmth striking her face.

"Then," Emma said as she easily regained control, "I hope that we do it as allies instead of enemies. Same as before, we're in this together, so we can't be fighting."

The energy of Ajela's spells wore off in a rush. With a groan, Emma dropped to her knees in a wave of weakness. She was about to pass out.

(I want to see him die,) Ajela was almost pleading.

Together, mortal and infernal forced themselves to watch as Kurt gurgled before them. It wasn't fast but there was only joy between them when the light finally faded from his eyes and he collapsed to the ground.

(We have a deal,) Ajela said, her thoughts sullen and angry but with a shred of hope.

Emma smiled to herself as she stopped fighting her exhaustion and let herself be tugged into the darkness.

# Savior

# 35

Emma woke up in a familiar place: her old bedroom at her parent's house. The smells of her old perfumes and the faint dusty scent brought a smile to her lips as she stretched out on her twin-sized bed and ran her fingers through the ruffles that draped over the headboard to the spines of her old anime books underneath. In the corner was her childhood pendant, a necklace her father got for her at a fair. Her toes didn't quite reach the bottom and she was instantly reminded of her teenage years.

For the first time in months, she felt free. When she moved her fingers, there was no hesitation, no requesting, no gracious permission granted. She just wanted to move and her body responded.

A soft moan escaped her throat. She settled back and squirmed under the blankets, enjoying how the sheets slid across her bare thighs and tugged at the old shirt she used to sleep in.

Sleeping shirt? The last she remembered, she was wearing her uniform.

Curious, she reached up to her breasts, cupping her large mounds through the thin, worn material. It was like touching through silk, the hard ridges of her nipples tenting the fabric. Curious, she ran her fingertips along the hard bumps, then shivered at the little curls of pleasure that danced across her skin.

She froze when she realized she was able to feel pleasure. The curse that Victoria had placed on Ajela no longer affected her. A thrill of anticipation rose up as she dug her fingers of her right hand tighter into her large tit as her other hand pushed down between her legs.

Then she reached too far and clawed her fingernails into her cleavage, scraping across the raw flesh of her branch.

Pain exploded along her skin, blurring her vision as she let out a cry of agony. Reflexively, she curled up as she twisted to the side, as if she could escape her own hand clamped onto her tit.

A whimper escaped her and she pried her hand apart. "Shit, shit."

(Go on, see if you can get off,) came Ajela's thoughts in her mind. The infernal's mind was more muted than Emma remembered, but there wasn't fury in her mind but more of a bitter resignation.

(Ajela?)

(I'm still here, not going anywhere. Even if I wanted to.)

Emma gingerly touched her brand through her skirt. It was inflamed and painful, but a morose part of her kept poking it. (What is this thing?)

An image welled up, of Henry's large hand smashing into her cleavage. The details were focused less on the impact and how large his palm was, the ease that he could easily capture both of her breasts in one palm and maul them—

(Ajela.)

The infernal drew back, but she was not apologetic. (That was one of the Bryne-Moore artifacts. As hunters, they used magic and tools while hunting down supernatural creatures. Though, that particular sigil isn't one they like to use because it traps the infernal inside a mortal instead of destroying or evicting me. It requires less energy and skill to pull off though, which is why it worked.)

Did that mean Emma would no longer be controlled by Ajela?

A flash of amusement. (Apparently having an infernal stuck inside your head is corrupting. I might not be able to command your body, but I'm still whispering in your head.)

Emma considered the last few months. Ajela had been in charge, but she wasn't trying to corrupt souls or destroy the world. Just being used and frustration.

(Some of us just want to have fun and get off. I'll admit, it was a lot easier once I figured out you were still around.)

That was true. Since that night, they had been going out more frequently to sate Ajela's lusts and encouraging Kurt's patients to keep going until they enjoyed at least one orgasm.

Emma leaned back, wondering what was going to happen next.



(I'm hoping you shove your fingers into your cunt and see if you can get off.)

She froze, then giggle. (Ajela.)

(We haven't been able to jerk off for months. Yeah, dick is great and so is pussy, but there are times when a quick fingering before sleep is satisfying. You could bring us pleasure when I could not, so I want to know if the curse is for our body or for me.)

Emma clenched her inner muscles. She did miss being able to orgasm by herself. Her fingers relaxed to stroke her nipples, enjoying the pleasure that came from just teasing it to hardness.

(So, get your fingers down there and get us off!)

With a sigh, Emma did that. She spread her legs underneath her sheets and lifted the blankets from her bare sex. Her fingertips stroked along her mound before gingerly touching the bare skin underneath.

At the pleasurable caress, both Ajela and herself let out a moan of pleasure.

(Yes....)

Emma slid her index finger from both hands into her slit, easing herself apart. She pinched and teased her clitoris with one hand while working her way further down with the other. Her opening was moist but not dripping. More importantly, she could feel every touch as pleasure instead of just pressure.

She bit her lower lip and worked harder, stroking and teasing her. Soon, she was wet and her fingers glided along her sensitive inner lips and around her opening.

(Push it in,) came the lustful command.

Emma obeyed, sliding two fingers into her channel. Her fingertips glided along slick walls. Her tightness enveloped her as she felt the pleasure of penetrating herself for the first time in so long.

Ajela's thoughts were hungry as Emma began to pump herself. Wet noises rose up as she shoved her digits deep and pulled out, stroking as she diddled her clitoris with her other hand.

It had been a long time and she felt the first quivers of an orgasm building. Her toes curled as she closed her eyes, concentrating on every shiver of flesh and twist of pleasure inside her.

Her fingers pumped faster, driving her knuckles deep as her juices soaked her hand. The movements caused her tits to jiggle, which added a sharpness to the pleasure as her brand ached. Instead of diminishing her pleasure, the pain added an intensity to it as she couldn't help but think about how her father's hand felt plastered against her chest.

Ajela seized on her train of thought and added more detailed images. Of Henry grabbing her tits and mauling them, his thick fingers easily dwarfing her mounds as he crushed and twisted her nipples.

Emma was too focused on her pleasure to resist anymore. She sank into the fantasy of her own father teasing her. Underneath her palms, her cunt grew even wetter.

The images flashing across her mind continued to get more detailed. Soo, her phantom father was kneeling between her legs with his large cock poised to enter her; neither of them had seen it but Ajela had a convincingly detailed image for Emma's fantasy.

(Look how big it is.)

Emma moaned as she arched her back, fingering herself harder. She had three fingers stuffed into her cunt as she imagined her father ramming his cock into her. She almost came at the first imagined penetrating, the idea that he would stretch her so much as he bottomed out inside her pussy.

(Fuck, yes,) Ajela almost purred as the crest of pleasure rose.

Emma was right behind her, clinging to the image as she shoved a fourth finger into her sex. It hurt a little, but so would her father as he rammed into her, plunging his cock over and over into her cunt until she screamed out his name.

Her orgasm reached a peak.

Then nothing.

Emma whimpered as she bore down, frantically stroking her. A furrow crossed her brow.

Ajela added more details, more senses to the fantasy. Emma could practically feel the heat of his body as he hunched over her. She could smell his musky scene and taste sweat on her lips. Each one pushed her harder.

Instead of an orgasm, it felt like she hit a wall. A point where the pleasure refused to burst open and give her the orgasm she craved.

(Let me?) Ajela was almost frantic herself.

Emma didn't hesitate as she let the infernal take charge of her fingers and hands.

Ajela's thrusts were rougher and harder. They were also perfectly timed with the images she was projecting and Emma could practically feel her father's cock hammer into her sex, pounding her hard as he smashed against her cervix.

Her orgasm tried to spark but hit the same wall. Something that prevented her from experiencing pleasure of her own.

(Victoria, you fucking cunt!) screamed Ajela as she released control of Emma's body. (That damn curse is still affecting us!)

Emma wanted it not to be true, but there was no other way to explain the sharp edge when pleasure refused to increase. She tried again, almost shoving her entire fist into her cunt, but it wasn't enough. Everything felt perfect right up until the edge of pleasure, then she was denied release.

There was no other answer, Victoria's curse was weaker when Emma was in charge but it still prevented them from reaching an orgasm.

With a sob, she slumped back. "Damn that bitch," she whispered as tears burned in her eyes. She squeezed her eyes but didn't want to pull her fingers out of her snatch. "Why did she have to do that to us."

A wave of guilt rose up from Ajela, followed by an image of when she tore out Matt's throat. (I have poor self control. If I didn't kill him, we would be in a different place.)

Emma had not thought about her trainer for some time. To her surprise, she felt a longing for him even though he had abused and raped her. He was still one of the most compassionate people at the weight loss program.

(I think he also had a crush on you,) admitted the infernal. (It was quite disgusting.)

Emma smiled and then turned her head to the side. (Things could have be different.)

The infernal thought for a moment, a moment of introspection. (I wonder if what you and I have now is because of that.)

(You mean, if we weren't trapped in this hell, we wouldn't be sharing thoughts?)

(No... that we wouldn't be... allies.)

Emma giggled. (Almost friends?)

(You know, friends let each other have control over their bodies whenever they want.)

(Yes, friends would have done that when they were in charge for the last few months.) Emma smiled to herself.

A flash of guilt from the infernal. (I was not a friend.)

(Want to try again?) asked Emma as she gave Ajela control.

Surprised, the infernal let out an intense wave of affection. It was the first time Emma had experience any emotion like that from Ajela, but it felt good.

Then Ajela returned to stroking her pussy. It was different when she did it, rougher but more intense. She curled up as she gasped, gripping the sheets with her other hand to hold herself up as she twisted her body. "Yeah... this time..." she gasped.

Jamming three fingers into her cunt, she let the sheets slip off her knees as she brought them up to the edge of orgasm. It rammed against the curse that prevented them from having an orgasm, but neither cared at the moment. It felt good to masturbate, even if she couldn't come.

"Oh yes... yes... fuck me, Daddy," moaned the infernal as the images of Henry return.

(You are such a fucking slut for him?) Emma thought with amusement, but she was also enjoying the images. She didn't know if it was Ajela's corruption, but the disgust she felt had faded under the onslaught, he was beautiful in the infernal's mind and she needed the orgasm as much as Ajela.

"Oh yes, Daddy, fuck your baby. Fuck my cunt."

Emma joined in. "Breed your baby girl, make her your cum slut."

She never thought the words would slip out of her mouth, but the image was intense. The pleasure they invoked hammered against Victoria's curse, bouncing against the irresistible force as her body tried again and again to orgasm.

Ajela's joy increased as she joined in. "That's it, ram your big cock into me."

"Fill me with your cum."

"Stretch my holes."

"Use me."

“Breed me.”

“Choke me.”

They continued to moan illicit fantasies, each one adding to the pleasure that was beating rapidly against the spell. A small part of Emma hoped it would eventually break through the curse. But, speaking out loud her corrupted thoughts was fueling so much pleasure that she was practically squirting across her mattress.

A spell began to form, it was Ajela’s telekinesis.

(Ajela, what are you doing?)

(I wanted to see if I could use magic,) lied the infernal. She wanted something else entirely.

Emma started to question her when the spell released.

The spell released.

The door to her bedroom swung open.

On the other side was Henry, his body half-covered in shadows as he snatched his hand from his crotch while looking guilty.

“Daddy!?” gasped Emma, clamping her thighs shut as she tried to get her fingers out of her snatch. (What the hell?)

(Look down.)

Emma glanced down.

Her father was hard. No, he was huge. Even through his stained jeans, she could see the thick rod of his shaft bulging at the zipper. It looked like the fabric was about to burst open. The tip was tucked under his belt and the leather strained against his girth.

(Remember, Emma, he isn’t your biological father.) Ajela’s thoughts were blurred with lust.

(He’s still my father.)

(He’s still going to be shoving that glorious dick into you. Either he’s going to do it until we pass out from orgasms or he’s going to be thinking about it when he is jerking off in his bed. Which one do you want?)

Emma moaned at the thought. “Daddy,” she said quietly, her voice reflected some of the lust that fantasy and infernal both fueled. She didn’t have any doubts anymore. Corrupted or not, she wanted to fuck her father.

The thought almost triggered an orgasm. A flood of juices oozed out of her pussy and it took all her will not to finger herself in front of him.

Henry grunted and looked away. "I... I should probably take a shower. I'm sweaty and dirty."

Emma arched her back, causing her breasts to tent the thin material of her sleeping shirt. "Did you dress me?"

He froze and his cock flexed. "Y-Yeah, your... uniform was ruined. I tried to find some bottoms for you but... you were too small." His cock jumped up again.

(That man desperately wants to fuck you.)

Emma let out a soft cooing noise. "What happened?"

He had a frantic look as held up his hands. "I didn't touch you! I mean, I touched... but I didn't...." But his bulge said that he was thinking about it.

Emma grinned. "No, after Kurt?"

"Oh... oh." Henry cleared his throat. "I didn't really know what to do and I panicked. I ended up throwing his body in the back of his truck before taking you home."

Ajela took control of their words. "Where you stripped us and put us to bed?"

His legs clenched and he blushed. "Y... Yes."

"Did you touch my breasts?"

There was an uncomfortable silence as Emma watched his cock straining against his jeans.

Sheepishly, he nodded.

She cupped her tits, squeezing them until her hard nipples slipped between her fingers. "I bet you wanted to touch me even more. Did you check out this new body of mine? Your new daughter?"

Her father moaned softly. Then he shook his head. "I liked your old one."

"But you want to fuck this one."

It wasn't a question.

Henry's face turned red as his bulge twitched. He ground his jaw together as he struggled. She watched as his broad shoulders tensed.

"You want to grab my face and ram that cock of yours into my throat."

He panted as a furrow crossed his brow.

(He's losing this fight,) Ajela added.

“I bet, you could smell me when you were putting on my shirt. Did you touch my pussy?”

“N-No!”

“You wanted to. You wanted to slid your fingers in, didn’t you? You want to bury your cock into my cunt and ride me until I won’t up.”

“Baby, please... don’t.... Why are you doing this?”

“Because she’s still inside me.”

His eyes widened.

“Ajela? She isn’t gone, but her hungers are mine now. That’s why I have this body, because I need more than food. I need to be loved. I need to be... used.”

She reached out for him. He had been inching closer to her and now he was within range. Her fingertips traced the thick ridge inside his pants and she was drooling out of both ends for it. “Please, I need you inside me so badly right now. I’m so hungry. I need you to make me come.”

His cock jumped under her touch.

She tugged on his belt. “Please, Daddy, use me.”

His resolve crumbled. With a moan, he unbuckled his belt and unzip his jeans.

She helped as much as she could, but she was only caressing his length as he pulled open his pants to reveal his magnificent cock to her hungry view. It was huge as she hoped, a thick length easily eight inches long and thicker than a soda can. The head was smooth with his excitement and the entire shaft glistened with the pre-cum that had been no doubt oozing out of him since he spied on her through the door.

He smelled of sweat and musk and she thought it was the great cologne possible. He grunted as he shoved his jeans down and stepped out of his shows. His stocky body was hard with muscles and scarred with hours of working out on the roads.

When he sat down on the edge of her bed, she felt so tiny next to him. Her pussy grew wetter as she spread her legs and pulled the blankets fully away, revealing herself to him.

He reached down with two thick fingers and stroked her slit. It was hard and forceful and so very wide. She moaned as she rocked

her hips against his fingers, guiding him down to the soaked opening of her pussy.

Her father shoved two fingers into her channel, easily sliding against her slick tunnel. There was only pressure. Before he got to the second knuckle, he drew back and rammed it in.

Emma was already on the edge of an orgasm. The single thrust ended with an explosion of lust. She gripped his wrist and cried out as the orgasm ignited inside her. Her thighs clamped around his hand as she came hard and long, shuddering with screamed out words as she lost herself.

When she slumped back, she was smiling.

He yanked his fingers out. They were dripping.

Emma clamped down on his wrist and pulled his fingers to her mouth. With her eyes locked on the man she loved more than anyone else, she sucked on him.

His cock jumped as she laved his fingers.

Henry stroked his cock. It was just as wet as herself. "I should return the favor."

(Fuck us, now,) begged the infernal.

Emma popped his fingers out of his mouth. "Foreplay later. Right now, I need you inside me. Please? Fuck me."

He nodded. Crawling up on the bed, he positioned himself between her thighs.

She watched with growing lust. "Have you ever thought about this while you are jerking off?"

"Y-Yes."

"Find out if it is just as good. Fuck your baby girl."

He was shaking as he fisted his cock and brought it to her glistening sex. The large head was dwarfed her opening, but she knew it would fit. He swirled it up to her clitoris and down, burrowing into her furrow until he was lodged in her opening.

"Fuck me."

Her father rammed himself into her. Only a third of his length fit before the tightness was too much, but that didn't stop him from drawing out and ramming it in again.

Emma came on his cock, a mixture of pleasure and pain setting her off. She cried out and wrapped her legs around him to encourage to him thrust deeper.



He did.

It wasn't making love, it was rutting and everything the possessed woman needed. He pounded into her, easily loosening her up until his cock head was smashing against her cervix and his balls struck her ass.

Every thrust dragged the thick ridges of his shaft along the sensitive nerves of her pussy. He stretched her out more than anyone else, adding to the intensity as she was dominated by his cock.

“That's it, breed your girl. Breed me.”

His got even thicker. He hammered her into the mattress, folding her in half as he drove himself to his own orgasm.

He was using her. Venting his pent-up lust and desire on her body.

And she was loving it.

He came hard, still pumping as his seed flooded her pussy. The wet, slurping noises grew into squelching but he didn't stop until he came again. His passions only increased as he focused on his lust, hammering into her with long strokes that never grew soft or slow.

It wasn't until his third orgasm that he finally stopped. His muscular body glistening with sweat as he held himself still, his cock pulsating as he emptied his balls into his only daughter.

Emma writhed and moaned, kissing him. “Thank you. I needed that so much.”

Panting, he towered over her with this cock still pulsating. Each hand crushed the pillows on either side of her head as he looked down.

Emma purred and kissed his sweaty shoulder. Her fingers stroked along his muscular chest and shoulders. “Now that you've taken the edge off, you can take a shower. And I'm going to join you.”

His cock twitched.

She grinned and wiggled her hips. “That was for putting my favorite shirt on. I still need to thank you for saving me.”

*t'Sade*

# The Future

# 36

“... and then I woke up here, at the house. Everything else, you know were there.”

Her father blinked for a few times, then took a swig of his cold coffee. “Wow, that was unexpected.”

Emma giggle and nodded. She had finished her own cup a while ago, despite doing most of the talking. Unsure of how to handle the sudden silence, she picked up the dishes and took them into the kitchen.

There, she noticed that there was only a single plate and cup in the dish drainer; that only happened when her mother was out of town for some reason. But it was a plastic plate, something from the local grocery store, not the usual red ceramic that had been in the house for her entire life.

Curious, she glanced at the wall calendar but it was gone.

A prickle of worry danced across her mind.

(Emma?)

Emma opened the cabinet with the plates. Empty except for more of the plastic plates.

“Your mom left me.”

Emma jumped and glanced at the door. Her father leaned on the frame with a dejected look.

“What happened?”

“When you left for the program, she went on about how it was a waste of time and there was no chance you would get...” he gestured to her supernaturally attractive body. “... that. We started fighting because I just wanted you to be happy and she was never going to be satisfied.”

“Did she know... of course I wasn't her daughter..”

“Grace, your mom... bio mom, and Lil were first cousins. Lil and I were, let's see, dating for about four months at time when Grace asked her to watch you for a few months.”

Henry looked haunted for a moment, then “It was a big ask and Lil was always a bit selfish. But then Quinn—he's your bio dad—set up some trust account that gave us about five grand a month to take care fo you.” He gave a bitter smile. “I can't tell you how much that account saved our ass when I lost my job after the accident.”

Emma grew aware of Ajela's shock.

(Your parents were Grace Harriet and Quinn Moore?) There was awe in her thoughts, like someone meeting someone famous.

(I don't know, this is the first I'm hearing about it. Are they important?)

(Oh yes, in fact they went head to head with the Director more than once. Between your dad's magic and your mom's combat skills, they chewed through a lot of the lesser ranked infernals. Pissed off a lot of the upper levels too, at least enough to get noticed by the Infernal Board. There has been a kill order on them for at least thirty years.)

(What happened?)

(No idea, I was still in the shit house when they disappeared. About twenty—)

(When I was six?)

There was a pause. (I'm not good at being sympathetic, Emma. I don't know how to say—)

Emma nodded.

“Talking your demon—?”

“Devil,” Emma interrupted. “Sorry, Daddy, yes. Ajela knew something about my parents.”

“Where they are?”

Emma sniffed. “No, not that.”

“Shit. I was hoping that they were... I don't know, somewhere you can find them?”

She looked around. Finding a seat, she saw down. “Why can't I remember them?”

Henry looked guilty. “You know that pendant I gave you?”

“From the fair?”

The smile he gave her was filled with guilt. “It was from your daddy... your bio dad. Every time you started to miss them, I was supposed to have you wear it. It would rough for a few months, but then you stopped talking about them.”

Tears welled up in Emma’s cheek. “Why?”

He rushed over and drop to his knees to pull her into a hug. “They meant for the best, I swear. They loved you so much but they knew there was a chance they wouldn’t be coming back.”

“They never did, did they?”

(They were probably killed or captured,) Ajela added. (There is no chance they would have abandoned you.)

(You think so?)

(They were the top of the hunter game. They are not the type to die in a car accident or cower in a hole while dying of cancer. Your parents aren’t that type of people. If they could have gotten to you, they would have.)

It was partially a lie, no way Ajela would have known, but it helped Emma feel better. (I guess you do sympathy.)

(I guess mortals are corrupting also,) the infernal responded with a hint of amusement.

Emma hugged her father, breathing in the smell of fresh soap and his natural scents. They had screwed most of the night and into the morning, but then they had naturally stopped for breakfast. No pressure, no expectations, just sex and tenderness.

(I like that.)

Emma smiled. “I love you. And you are my dad, not Quinn. Understand, Daddy?”

Henry’s shoulders jumped as he chuckled. “Sounds a little strange being called Daddy after being balls deep in you.”

“It was also a little hot. Ajela has been putting these fantasies in my head since she met you in the hotel room.”

“I figured there was something up. I don’t know much, but I do know that when your daughter starts looking at you like a hunk of meat, something changed. And I thought I saw your eyes glowing pink like that... tattoo around your neck?”

Ajela managed to slip some control. “Did you like being a hunk of meat for my dinner?”

His jaw tightened. “Ajela?”

“Yes,” purred the infernal.

He sighed. “Yes, it felt good.”

Emma rolled her eyes as she resumed control. “I speak for both of us, but you were the best I’ve ever had.”

He squeezed her tightly. “Yeah, I like that part too.”

(As much as I loved to get topped off again, there is someone at the front door. We should get it.)

Emma gently pushed her father away and stood up. She was at least mostly modest, with a pair of her old sleeping shorts cinched up with some rope from the garage and her sleeping shirt. “I need to get the door.”

The knock came just as she entered the living room.

She opened it up.

It was Matt. The same broad-shouldered man with carmel skin and bulging muscles. The only difference was that his short-cropped beard had hairless lines through it where Ajela’s claws had torn through his throat.

(Fuck me with a spear. How did he survive? Oh, thank the hells, Candy isn’t going to hunt me down.)

Matt did a double take. “E-Emma!? Holy.. shit!” He reached out to grab her.

Emma stepped back.

He entered the house and slammed the door shut. “What the hell are you doing here!?”

Emma blinked. The world was spinning as she tried “What?”

“They are looking for you. All of them, The Director, Derek, Vickie, and the others. Most of the greeters and trainers are here in town after you killed your master! They’re looking for blood and, if you’re lucky, they’ll just kill you. Candy is also out there and she’s looking to break you.” He looked frantic.

(Oh joys, Candy is going to hunt me down,) Ajela dead-panned.

Then he froze. “Wait, why are you here? How are you here? This place has warding. You shouldn’t be able to even see this place.”

She shook her head, ignoring her questions for her own. “Matt? How are you alive?”

Matt said nothing. He stepped back. “What’s going on?”

“It’s me, Emma, not Ajela.”

His eyes narrowed.

“I’m in charge, she’s... trapped inside me.”

“No, that isn’t possible.”

(Show him the brand.)

Emma sighed and grabbed her shirt. She pulled it up, flashing her bare breasts and still-fresh burns of the band in her cleavage.

Matt’s eyes widened. “Holy shit!”

He looked over at Henry. “You still have Quinn’s gear?”

Emma’s father looked confused. “Do I know you?”

Matt glanced at Emma and then back to Henry. “We met a long time ago. My mom and sister and I had stopped by to check on Quinn’s daughter...” Realization dawned on his face. “... who is the same age as Emma.”

He groaned. “Oh, fuck, why did I think about that. You’re Quinn’s daughter? I thought she had hunter’s blood, but the sample from Kurt was some Asian woman. Bastard just took a random sample and sent it in for you.”

Matt stared at her. “You’re really Quinn’s?”

Emma gave a sheepish shrug.

“Oh fuck, shit.” Matt groaned as he planted his hands on his head and walked in a circle. “Shit, shit, I should have never have done what I did.”

“You mean rape me?” Emma said, half amused and half annoyed. “Work me to exhaustion until I was too weak to resist being possess by a devil?”

(Fuck you repeatedly on that huge cock of his?)

(Shush.)

Ajela helpfully provided some memories, setting off a wave of longing for his dick.

Henry’s face twisted in a scowl. He stepped forward, his hands balling into fists.

Matt cringed and held back his hand. “I’m sorry. I know I drifted from the Harriet way but having your throat torn open by your daughter has caused me to seriously consider the choices I’ve made.”

Her father hesitated, then looked at Emma.

Emma held out her hand. Bright pink claws replaced her fingernails and she stretched out her fingers.

His eyes grew wide.

Matt whimpered. "You really have Ajela still in there."  
(May I?) asked Ajela.

Emma let the infernal take a little control. Magic crawled along her skin as her eyes glowed purple. "Think of it as a timeshare, Mortal. She's in charge but I get to visit. And I hope that you realize you will be paying me back, on your back or with your blood on the ground."

Both Matt and Henry stepped back.

(Ow, ow, he wasn't kidding about the warding.) Ajela relinquished control. A sour smell filled the air and a few wisps of smoke rose up from her claws before they turned back into pink fingernails.

Emma sheepishly grinned at him. "I agree, you were the sweetest thing at that program when you weren't trying to break me."

"I-I..." Matt said. "I'm not sure how to handle this but I was here to tell your dad to get out of town in a hurry. I wasn't expecting you to be here though."

Henry looked shocked. "Me? Why?"

"If they are looking for Ajela, they have to go through town with a fine-toothed comb. Your house sticks out to infernals, there is enough warding to keep it hidden. These days, that would be enough but they have GPS trackers on all the devils and they look for the places where the devils naturally avoid. There is an entire system for finding places hidden to supernaturals. That means that the Director is going to be checking out this house in a few days and she's going to figure out really quickly you have ties with the Bryne-Moores, if not also the Harriets."

Henry sighed. "Shit."

"I'm sorry, sir. It isn't good news but—"

Emma's father held up his hand. "I remember you now. I met Lil when we were helping your mom move out of her old condo."

"Oh yeah, the nightmare infestation." Matt shook his head. "Fuck, I hated that night."

Henry looked at Emma. "It was my second date with Lil, a midnight move instead of going to the movies. Another favor for Grace. We emptied out the entire place in four hours. A few days later, I saw that it had been burned to the ground after someone drove a truck through it."

"Oh, Daddy," Emma whimpered.



Henry sniffed as he looked around. There was tears in his eyes. “How much time?”

Matt glanced at the door. “I don’t know. A couple hours? The rest of the family isn’t talking to me anymore, so I couldn’t ask for help. So, it’s just me, you, and Emma, I guess.”

“Got a truck?”

“I got a bus.”

Emma looked up in surprise and then rushed over the door. It was one of the program’s pitch black buses. “You stole a bus? One of their buses!?”

“It’s inside the house’s repulsion ward, they can’t see it. And it’s designed to shield infernals from hunters which also means it protected mortals from being tracked. Between the wards, shielding, and the fact it has unlimited gas makes it a pretty good place for moving a family friend.”

She glanced at her father. He looked torn. Inching over, she slipped her arms around his bulging bicep. “Daddy?”

He closed his eyes for a long moment and then sighed. “I guess I don’t have time to put in my two weeks notice. I’m kind of glad that Lil left me for that guy she’s been banging for the last few years. It makes it easier to walk away.”

“Mom was cheating you?”

He shrugged. “I never got around to telling you that, huh?”

She squeezed his arm tightly. “No, you didn’t!”

“Well, not much to say, but I guess... no, first things first.” He slipped out of her arm and walked over to Matt.

Matt looked like he wanted to back away but he remained in place. He tightened his muscles.

“If you rape my daughter, I will kill you.” Henry’s voice was low and threatening. “I will then find some way of bring you back from the dead and kill you again. I don’t care if I have to learn magic or make a deal with some devil, I will make sure you will regret the rest of your life.”

Sweat prickled his brow. “Y-Yes, sir.”

“Until thing, I’m thinking we’ll need to come up with some agreement because my daughter is possess by a lust demon—”

“Devil,” Ajela and Emma said at the same time with a grin.

“—and I’m an old man. She has needs and she’s looking at you like you’re lunch, so you better put out if you are going to be running with us.”

Inside Emma, the infernal let out such an intense wave of lust and desire that Emma almost came.

# 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

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