

The Salacious Bequest

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Table of Contents

Chapter One.....	2
Chapter Two.....	4
Chapter Three.....	6
Chapter Four.....	9
Chapter Five.....	13
Chapter Six.....	16
Chapter Seven.....	27
Chapter Eight.....	35
Chapter Nine.....	42
Chapter Ten.....	47
Chapter Eleven.....	57
Chapter Twelve.....	62
Chapter Thirteen.....	65
Chapter Fourteen.....	70
Chapter Fifteen.....	74
Chapter Sixteen.....	79
Chapter Seventeen.....	85
Chapter Eighteen.....	89
Chapter Nineteen.....	92
Chapter Twenty.....	96
Chapter Twenty-One.....	103
Chapter Twenty-Two.....	107
Chapter Twenty-Three.....	114
Chapter Twenty-Four.....	117
Chapter Twenty-Five.....	122
Chapter Twenty-Six.....	134
Chapter Twenty-Seven.....	137
Chapter Twenty-Eight.....	147
Chapter Twenty-Nine.....	150
Chapter Thirty.....	161
Chapter Thirty-One.....	169
Chapter Thirty-Two.....	183
Epilogue.....	187

Chapter One

"I said get outta my house you useless piece of..."

My uncle paused his tirade when he spotted me in the yard. His 20-something girlfriend had a bag slung over her shoulder and was making a tearful journey to her run-down car.

"Just...GO!" he said, then slammed the door.

Millie, at least I think her name was Millie, looked sorrowfully at me. I had no answer for her, so I just shrugged sympathetically. She swore and got into her car, then raced off to parts unknown.

I really did wish I had an answer for her, but the truth was, since coming to work for my uncle Barty, she was the fourth girlfriend I'd seen dismissed in a similar fashion. I finished mowing the lawn and headed into Barty's house. I found the angry old man in his study, reading the newspaper.

"I said to get the fuck outta my house!"

"Nice to see you too, you crotchety pain in the ass."

No one in our family ever talked back to the old man, except me. Everyone else wanted a share of his fortune. I just wanted a decent summer job and since I was heading back to college in a few months, I was working double-duty as gardener and janitor at Chez Barty.

"Hmph. In my day we were taught to respect our elders."

"Yes. And you were taught to treat ladies with respect and chivalry. I believe you were also taught to look both ways then crossing a mastodon's path."

He chuckled, setting down the paper. "That woman, Jack," he said, gesturing with a fat cigar, "was no fuckin' lady."

He did have a point. No decent lady would fawn like that over a 92-year-old grouch. Millie was a gold digger, just like her three predecessors.

I grabbed a trash can and emptied his ash tray. "So, why put up with them? Why not find a nice girl your own age and settle down?"

He actually choked on his cigar smoke, "My own age? My *own* age? You seen women my age? Fuck no. I ain't puttin' my perfectly good pecker into something that ancient."

I shuddered at the thought of "his pecker" and seriously doubted it was "perfectly good."

"Just a suggestion. I take it you want to 'cruise the town' later tonight?"

It was Barty's habit to go on the prowl the night clubs, flashing money around to attract the ladies. I couldn't really complain. More than once I got lucky from his 'cast offs.'

"Not tonight my boy," he wheezed slightly. "Too much excitement. I think I'll turn in early."

I helped him upstairs, got him changed and laid him into bed. As I cleaned up his clothes, I spotted him stroking an ornate black lacquered box. He looked sad, something very odd for him.

"You alright, Barty?"

His head snapped up, "I'm fine. Just fine."

He set the box down on his end table and laid down.

"Jack, you can go home."

"Will do."

"Jack?" he asked, quietly.

"Yes?" I answered. His tone caught me by surprise.

"Even if you are a disrespectful pain in my ass, you're a good kid. Thank you."

"You're welcome, you old bastard."

In retrospect, I wish I had said something a little nicer.

Chapter Two

I'd never seen a dead body before that morning. Uncle Barty looked peaceful and calm. Probably the first time he'd done so in years. He was ice cold when I found him, but I checked his pulse, just to be sure. The first aid training I'd received screamed to do something, but the cooler, calmer part of my brain said "He's 92-years-old. What *can* you do?"

Ultimately, I called 911, explained the situation to the operator who said she'd dispatch an EMT. They arrived, checked his pulse, looked at me and shrugged.

The first person I called was Barty's attorney, Marcus Wellington. He was cranky old fart, just like Barty. They'd probably been friends since they both crawled out the primordial ooze together. Marcus arrived at the house just after the ambulance pulled away.

"Is he still upstairs" the old attorney wheezed.

"No sir. The ambulance just left."

"Oh, alright. I guess I just wanted to see the old bastard one more time."

"Yes sir."

"You don't have to call me sir, Jack. You and I will be seeing a lot of each other in the coming weeks. Call me Marcus."

"Thank you...Marcus. But why will we be seeing..."

"Well," he said with a huff, setting his briefcase on Barty's old desk, "pending the outcome of the autopsy, and there will be one, I assure you," he smiled, "You young man are about to inherit a shit load of money."

"Me? Surely, he liked someone else..." I stammered.

"Oh good lord no. Barty hated everyone in your family but you. Certainly they will get a portion of estate, cash mostly, but the lion's share, the houses, cars, investments, and so forth are yours."

By the time Marcus finished briefing me on the majority of the assets, I felt slightly nauseous. Apparently, a "shit-load" had a lot of zeroes in it.

"The rest of the family is going to kill me."

Marcus smiled, "Good thing you can afford bodyguards."

The following month was a whirlwind of activity. The funeral had to be arranged. Documents files. Paperwork notarized.

Barty's death was ruled heart failure and the following day a pretty young blonde met me at the house to present me with the keys. Her attire was all business, hair done up in a bun, crisp suit, and dark skirt, but it failed to hide just how stunning she was.

"Where's Marcus?"

"He retiring. I guess your uncle's death has made him a little more aware of his age," she said. She smiled as well, but it carried no real warmth in it.

"Oh, well, I was hoping to keep him on retainer."

"Not to worry, he's briefed me on all the details of your estate. My name's Shelly. Shelly McKay," I shook her hand, then she gave me a business card.

"Thanks, Shelly," I took a deep breath, "I guess, I should go in. Can I offer you a drink...or something?"

"No, I really should go," she said, shutting off the charm like a faucet. Then the smile returned, "Of course, If you need anything, just call me," and she left.

I couldn't help stare at her firm ass as it swished down the lane and into her car.

I unlocked the door, pushing it open, "Be it ever so humble..."

Chapter Three

The first few days were just creepy. Clearing out Barty's stuff seemed cold and cruel. I purposely saved his bedroom for last, having decided to stay in one of the guest rooms for the time being.

I had nearly finished the room when I found the black box. It was the same one I'd seen Barty holding the night he died. A closer examination found it to be a puzzle box, with lettering in a language I didn't recognize. I fiddled with it for a few minutes, then set it aside.

I finished cleaning the bedroom, scrubbed everything as clean as I could. I pulled out all the clothes from the closet and threw them into boxes. Finally staring at the emptied closet I noticed something that I hadn't before, a panel on the back wall.

Sliding it open, I found a second closet full of clothes. Woman's clothing. Slutty woman's clothing. I found a French maid outfit, nurse's uniform, lab coat, school uniform, and a host of dresses that were all patently whorish. A small dresser at the far end contained lingerie that ranged in sizes of A-cup to well beyond DD.

"You kinky old bastard," I muttered to myself.

Now I had a dilemma: Do I pitch these clothes or keep them? I opted to keep it, for no other reason than I doubted Goodwill would want this stuff. I closed the closet and decided to call it a night. The puzzle box was still by the bed, and I played with it a little more that evening before dozing off with it on my chest.

That night I dreamed. The dreams were wild and erotic. Shelly was atop me, blond hair and firm breasts bouncing as we fucked. Then she changed to Mary Williams, my first girlfriend, with short black hair. The next moment she was Millie, curly haired and cursing a blue streak as she bounced on my cock. Suddenly she was Ms. Reilly, my very hot 7th grade teacher. And then, she was a flat chested, dishwater blond, 13-year-old Amy Peters, the first girl I kissed. I stared in shock as she came, crying out my name as my cock erupted inside her.

I woke with a start. Light was streaming through the open blinds. I pulled the sheets back to find I had soaked my shorts with my own come.

"Holy..." I started, then fell back into bed.

The dreams didn't stop after that night. They kept on. At first I found them very exciting and thrilling, but soon I became exhausted, never getting quite enough sleep. The women were constantly changing, ranging from girls I hadn't seen over 15 years, to the cute Porsche saleswoman I met just that day.

All the while I was increasingly becoming fixated with the puzzle box, attempting to get it open every spare moment I had. I finally decided I needed a vacation after I bumped into a class of 8th grade girls from a nearby private school at the art museum. That night I fucked every last one of them in my dreams including their teacher. Some begged for more, others didn't. I felt a perverse form of control as I shot my seed into the smallest one, a little Asian girl with a name tag that said "Sun Li" on her uniform shirt.

Amongst my late uncle's many properties was a quaint house near the beach on Kauai. It was just the

ticket for relaxation. I spent the first day there swimming and hiking. I had to keep from smirking when I met up with a two gorgeous Hawaiian twins during a descent of a long mountain trail.

That night I did not dream of them. In fact, I didn't dream at all.

I should have been relieved, certainly I felt refreshed for the first time in a long while. I guess I'd grown accustomed to them. I shrugged and grabbed some breakfast. While I ate, I decided to work on the puzzle box. Maybe a refreshed mind would find the answers. Sadly, after tearing through all my luggage, the box was nowhere to be found. I sat, mildly distraught at the thought of losing it. I cleared my mind and pictured it, sitting safely at home on my bed where I'd left it, unpacked.

"Damn," I muttered to myself. There was nothing to be done about it.

The remainder of the trip was uneventful, both awake and asleep. By the 5th day I felt refreshed and my usual self, even if, deep down, I really wanted a lurid dream about the twins.

I returned home the following day, flirting shamelessly with a brunette flight attendant named Sheri. Arriving home, I found myself jet lagged, but feeling good. I dragged my bags into the bedroom, smiling at the sight of my mysterious puzzle box on the bed. Fiddling with it for a few minutes, I felt my eyelids grow heavy. Soon I couldn't keep them open any longer and dozed off to sleep.

That night I fucked the flight attendant in the ass while she screamed profanities.

I awoke with the familiar sensation of warm semen in my pants while I was still clutching the puzzle box.

The box. That was it. I felt so stupid. When it was near, I had the dreams. Simple as that. The next night I confirmed my theory, keeping the box downstairs in the office while I slept in the bedroom. No dream. The following night I set the box in bed next to me. I dreamed I screwed one Hawaiian twin while the other licked my balls.

That clinched it. I had to get that box open.

I decided to keep the box away from the bedroom to help clear my thoughts and get a decent night's sleep. I dug up old books on puzzle boxes, but nothing in its design matched any book I could find.

On the third day I found the trick. Not only did pieces slide back and forth, but, impossibly, some rotated. With a satisfying click the lid popped open.

Slowly, almost timidly, a faint gray misted drifted out and coalesced on the floor. I stood, half-shocked, half-awed as the mist solidified and changed color. In a few seconds, what had been a shapeless form was a beautiful young woman.

She couldn't have been much more than eighteen, twenty at the oldest. Her long hair was red and curly. Her skin was white and slightly freckled. What's more, she was completely nude. She was possessed of a pair of perfect, firm but mountainous breasts. Double-D cup, at least.

She stood, a little wobbly on her feet, to face me, completely at ease despite her lack of clothing. She was stunningly formed, flat belly and slightly flared hips. Her cunt was neatly trimmed, showing just a small triangle of red hair. In short, she was easily the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

"Where's Barty?" she asked, her voice soft, but tinged with anxiousness.

"Barty?" I asked, "Oh, um, Barty's dead. I'm his nephew. I inherited this place...and the box." I pointed at the empty puzzle box on the desk. "You knew my..."

"Yes. But I am yours now," she stepped towards me. "Please, I need you. Please Master, fuck me."

Chapter Four

"Excuse me?" I staggered back. But, even as I did, I could feel my member swelling with the prospect of taking her.

"Please, it's been so long. I need you."

"I have a few questions. I mean, you just came out of a box!"

"I know. Please, I'll answer everything, just take me," she was stroking my chest, then my crotch.

"I mean, we just met..."

"Any way you want it," she said, then kissed me hard. "I could straddle you in the chair. Or you could take me on the floor." She smiled, then said, "I know," and turned around, leaning over the desk. "Like this?" She pulled her cunt lips and ass cheeks apart, "I'll even let you in my ass. I don't mind."

The sight of her pink cunt yawned open to me sent me over the edge. My pants were off in a moment and soon my cock was at her vaginal opening. I felt something tender give way as I entered her. She cried out, then groaned with delight.

"Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me my master!"

I wasn't sure why she was saying those things, but it drove me wild. I did fuck her hard against the desk, each thrust sending pens and pencils rolling off it. The woman was wild and sensual, grinding herself into my thrusts, taking everything I could give her.

I rolled her over on the desk, wanting to watch her sexy breasts as I continued to fuck the mysterious woman. Her green eyes were locked onto mine, as she pulled me close, caressing my chest.

"Don't hold back. I want you to come. Come inside me. I need it," she whispered.

I didn't hold back. In fact I could feel every ounce of me pouring out into the woman as I climaxed. She arched her back, a long, shuddering sigh issuing from her mouth.

I staggered back into my chair, my energy sapped, but my body wholly satisfied. I watched the young woman's body rise and fall with her breathing.

Finally, I found my voice, "Who the hell are you?"

She stood, smiled, and came over to me, knelt, and rested a head on my lap. "I think the question you want to ask is *"What* the hell am I? Of course, that's getting a bit metaphysical if you ask me."

The memory of this woman slithering out of a tiny box as mist then forming into a young, nubile, goddess sprang into my mind.

"Look, um, would you like some...clothes?"

She shrugged, not moving from my lap, "If you wish. It makes no difference to me."

"OK. *What* the hell are you?"

She sat up, sitting on her feet. She stared long and hard at me, smiling with curious delight. "You're embarrassed. That's cute."

"Embarrassed? What do you..."

"Shhh. It's alright. You're embarrassed you didn't get more information from me *before* you mounted me. You're ashamed of your animal lusts. It's cute, but you need not be ashamed. There was little you could do to resist me anyhow."

"Beg your pardon?"

"It's not that you aren't a strong willed person, it's just I'm perfect. Well, perfect for you."

I just stared.

"Do you like the way I look?"

"Well yes, I think you're...."

"Perfect? Right. This form is what you most desire," she stood and walked over to a mirror. "Not that I blame you. Redheads are really beautiful."

"What do you mean, *this form*?"

"I'm a...spirit. For lack of a better term. I'm sort of...*lust* made solid. I've never really figured it out. I've come across others similar to me, but never..."

"Lust made solid? This is getting a little weird," My confusion was mounting.

"My earliest memories were of the court in Rome. Lust and orgies were rampant. People were copulating like it was the end of the world. I lived for physical pleasures. Those were grand times..." She trailed off, lost in thought.

"The court in Rome?"

"Caligula's court. Now there was a man who knew how to live."

I arched an eyebrow at her.

"Yes, I know, not the best leader, but from my perspective..."

"And what perspective is that?"

"I live on lust. Physical passion. Wanton fantasies."

"Okaaaay," I said, truly weirded out now, "So that's why you needed me to..."

"Fuck me silly? Yes I did. I was bound to that box centuries ago. Barty, your uncle, was my last Master. He had stopped...using me," she swallowed, "He's had me locked up in there for a year, at least."

"Why did he do that?"

"It doesn't matter now. You're my new Master!"

"Master?" I got, uncomfortable, "I don't want to *own* anyone, not even someone as stunningly...no, I don't own you."

"Oh, but you do. Especially after what we just did. I'm yours till you die, Master."

"Look, I'm not going to take advantage..."

"You're not taking advantage of anyone. I *need* to be fucked! Literally. If you don't, it's agony. It's lonely and painful. Besides, it can be lots of fun."

"Well, I'm sure it'll be fun, but..."

"No, it can be lots of fun," she said, seriously. "Picture a woman, any woman. As much detail as you can manage in your mind."

"Look, I'm not really in the mood for parlor tricks..." I stammered.

"Just do it! I promise, it'll be worth it."

"Fine. Let me think," I glanced around the room for inspiration and spied my high school yearbook, suddenly Mary, my girlfriend from my freshman year came unbidden into my mind. I closed my eyes to try and remember each and every detail.

"OK, open your eyes," the girl said. But it wasn't her voice it was...

"Mary?"

Standing before me was Mary, short brown hair, gray eyes, and full figure. 16 years old like I remember, but naked as the day she was born. I couldn't tear my eyes away from her plump breasts or neat bush.

"Oh God. I shouldn't look..."

"It's OK, Master. It's just me," and in a flash her body shifted into the redhead woman I'd just fucked moments ago."

"How did you..?"

"I'm not human. I'm a spirit. A shape shifter. I can be any woman you want. Or...any girl," she shifted back into Mary.

"Please don't do that," I said, closing my eyes. I felt like such a pervert.

"As you wish," she said with a sigh. "Shall I grab some clothes from my closet upstairs. I assume it's still there, at least."

I opened my eyes again, the redhead was still there, still naked. Still beautiful.

"You can't 'shape shift' some clothes?"

"No sir. Just little old me," she smiled.

"You don't have to call me 'sir,'" I said, gesturing her upstairs.

"And what shall I call you?"

"Jack is just fine."

"As you wish," she smiled sweetly.

"What should I call you, then?"

She paused on the stairs, "Um...whatever you want."

"C'mon, I really don't need that servile stuff right now. Don't you have a name?"

"No, I don't. I've been called many things, 'Miss,' 'slut,' 'whore,' 'bitch,' 'cun...'"

"I get the picture. No one in 2000 years has ever named you?"

She shook her head.

"I guess I'll have to come up with something."

Chapter Five

It took awhile to find something decent for her to wear. Every outfit she had was some slutty costume or evening wear or lingerie. That isn't to say they didn't look gorgeous on her. Finally I settled on some old sweats cut-offs and a T-shirt. She still looked unbelievably hot.

"I guess we'll have to go shopping," I sighed.

"We?"

"Yes, 'we,'" I said, "Don't you like shopping?"

"Well, yes, it's just..."

"What?"

She shifted uncomfortably, "My last few masters, your uncle included, didn't let me out much."

"Oh," suddenly I had the urge to spit on the old man's grave. "OK, well, tomorrow we'll get you some decent clothes so you can go outside."

"Thank you Mas...I mean Jack."

"Sure," I said, smiling at her, "Dinner? It's getting late."

"Sounds good," and with that she bounded down the stairs.

By the time I caught up with her, she was already into the refrigerator and was pulling out items.

"Listen," I said, "You don't have to cook for me."

"Jack. I live to please others. Well, to please *you*. You're just going to have to get used to this fact. Why don't you go sit down or something and let me cook."

I could see there was no arguing with her on this point so, I found my laptop and sat down in my biggest chair, intent on finding my new house guest a name.

A half-hour later, savory smells assaulted my nose and I had the perfect name.

"Jack! Dinner!"

I strolled into the kitchen to find a plate heaped high with pasta and cream sauce. It smelled divine.

"Daphne," I said, staring into her eyes.

"Pardon?"

"That's who you are. Daphne. From Greek mythology. A nymph that was shape shifted into a tree."

"Daphne," she smiled. "Daphne. Daph. Nee."

"Something wrong?"

"No, just trying it out. Daphne. I like it. Thank you," She rubbed her nose and sniffed.

"You alright?"

"No one's ever given me a name," she sniffed again. "Thank you." She kissed me on the lips, "Thank you!"

"You're welcome," I smiled.

She pushed me back into a chair kissing me hard, "You're wonderful," she whispered, undoing my pants and pulling my hardening cock out.

"Listen, you don't have to..."

"Yes! Yes I do," and her shorts were off.

Warmth and wetness enveloped my cock as she mounted me. Her kisses never stopping.

"Oh Daphne!" I moaned.

"Yes. Say my name. Say it my Master!"

"Daphne. Daphne. Daphne," I groaned.

"It's beautiful."

"You're beautiful, Daphne."

"Yes. Yes! YES!"

"My beautiful Daphne. My gorgeous, perfect Daphne."

"Yes. Your Daphne! Only yours! Do it my Master! Come inside your Daphne!"

"DAPHNE!" I cried, releasing every ounce of tension in my body.

We sat there for a few moments, panting and sweaty.

"You are magnificent, you know that?" I whispered.

"You haven't seen anything yet," she smiled. Slowly, I felt my cock begin to stiffen again, filling and swelling.

"Oh lord," I groaned, "What are you doing to me?"

"I just bring out the...best...in you," Daphne smirked and slid off my engorged member. She pulled off her shirt, letting the large breasts bounce free.

"Let me change for you," she whispered.

"Change?"

"Change. Let me be someone else. It's wild. I know you'll love it."

"You don't have to, I think you look..."

"It's nothing. I like to do it. Let me," she pleaded.

"Alright," I said, resigned, "But nothing underage. I don't think I'm ready for that."

She smiled broadly, "Give it time. Anything in particular?"

I smiled, "Surprise me."

She paused for a moment, a pensive look on her face. Slowly her hair shortened and darkened to black. Her skin darkened to tan, the freckles disappearing. Then she shortened and her face shifted, taking on a rounder, Asian appearance. Lastly her breasts shrank and firmed to about B-cup and her pubic hair disappeared.

"You like?" she asked, her voice lilted with a slightly Asian accent.

"I do."

She knelt, taking my still hard cock into her hand, then she kissed it softly.

"So," I breathed, "Are you still Daphne?"

"I am whatever you desire." With that, she slipped about half my cock into her mouth, sucking and licking. Her soft, small hands caressing my balls.

Unlike our previous lovemaking, Daphne didn't seem as interested in making me come. Her pace was slow and luxurious. It was easily the longest (and best) blow job I'd ever had. After what seemed like an eternity, I could feel my climax building. I looked down at the sexy nymph, her thin frame bobbing on my cock.

I reached down, putting a hand on her head, pushing myself deeper into her mouth. She complied, opening wider and allowing my entire length inside. I gripped her hair, pumping harder and harder as my climax built. Another minute and she was eagerly slurping my semen as I ejaculated hard into her mouth.

"Fuck! I don't know what came over me," I gasped.

The pretty Asian girl knelt back, smiling and licking her lips. "You finally coming to grips with your new reality. I am yours. I live to serve and please you. The more you let go, the more you give, the better it is for me."

"Have I died and gone to heaven?"

She leaned forward and kissed me, "No, it's the start of a whole new life."

Chapter Six

The next morning dawned bright and clear. I rolled over to see my redheaded Daphne watching me.

"Morning. How long have you been up?"

"Up? I don't sleep."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. I may look human, but I'm not. I don't eat, sleep, poop, or anything. Heck, I don't even breathe."

"But you're breathing now?"

She rolled on top of me, "It looks like it, because it unnerves humans if I don't. Watch."

She clamped her mouth shut for nearly a minute before I called out, "Enough, OK, I get your point. That's creepy."

"See? I mean, I can eat, but it doesn't give me nourishment. I do it to please my Master. Sorry, I shouldn't say that."

"It's OK. I'll get used to it. Just don't call me that in public. It'll weird people out," I said.

"Public?" she asked.

"Sure," I said. "Don't you go out?"

"It's been a long time. Your uncle and my last few Masters were quite protective."

"Oh, I see."

"In fact, I was surprised when you didn't put me back into my box after making love last night."

"Back in your box? Is that what they used to do?" She nodded. "Bullshit. No more boxes for you. OK?"

Daphne smiled, "As you wish. Besides, there is no need for it. I am yours. Bonded to you."

I smiled, "That's...comforting. Well, you seem fresh and clean, but I desperately need a shower."

"May I?" she asked.

"May you...what?"

"Bathe you."

I smiled. "Nothing is going to be the same again, is it?"

Bathing turned out to be very little about washing, and was soon fondling and groping. Daphne, reading my mind, shifted herself into a thin but busty blonde that was light enough for me to lift up and press against the shower wall. Hot water cascading down our bodies, I entered her with a quick

shove. She gasped as I penetrated her. No words were exchanged as I fucked her lithe form hard and rough. Her fingers gripped my shoulders like vises as we shared a throaty climax. My teeth bit down onto her soft, pale neck as I felt ounces of fluid rush out of my body.

Exhausted, I let her down, my softening cock slipping out of her. I noticed the angry bite mark on her neck, and pointed, "Sorry."

"Hmm?" she looked down at it. "It's nothing," and ran a hand over the spot, causing it to disappear. "Believe me, I've had worse."

"I think I'd rather not know."

"Suit yourself. But I *was* a bad girl at the time," she winked.

I dressed and found something suitably non-slutty for Daphne, who'd resumed her usual form after the shower. Shoes were problematic, but she altered her feet a little to fit some old flip-flops of mine.

"OK, I think you're at least presentable for public."

"Just presentable?"

"OK, even in my over-sized clothes, you're the hottest thing I've ever seen."

"You're such a sweet-talker," she laughed.

We arrived at the local mall with Daphne pouting. I had to explain that 60mph in a convertible Porsche was *not* a good place for a hand job. Or even when stopped at the bank drive-thru. Her mood brightened considerably when she entered the first store and tore through the women's clothing.

I steered her first towards some sexy, but publicly appropriate skirts and blouses. Five bags later we were back at the car loading them into the trunk.

"Do we have to go already?" she pouted.

"Nope, why don't you grab an outfit and get changed."

She did so in the car, much to my chagrin. She was now clad in a short denim skirt, pink tank top and sandals.

"Better?"

"Much better," I smiled.

After her experience in the first store, Daphne was emboldened to make purchases herself. I gave her some cash and let her loose. She insisted on keeping some of her purchases secret.

"It'll ruin the surprise," she explained.

After a large purchase at Victoria's Secret, I had to ask Daphne a question.

"Is it me, or are you purposely touching every woman you come in contact with?"

She actually blushed. "Yes."

"Why?"

"Well," she started, looking around for eavesdroppers. "I can take nearly any form, but I need...samples."

"Samples?"

"Well, I can build a body from your memories, but human memories are flawed. Let me show you," And she pulled me into an out-of-the way niche in a large department store. "OK, look at the woman in cosmetics."

I did. She was in her mid-twenties. Black hair and athletic build. Pretty in a simple way.

"Alright," Daphne continued. "Now, don't look at her, but remember how she looked."

"OK," I focused on the memory.

Daphne shifted into the woman at the counter. But not quite. The face was close, breasts were a little too large. The eyes were bigger.

"This is what's in your memory. What you remember is colored by your feelings. You like bigger breasts, right?"

I nodded.

"Right, so these are what you want her to have."

I nodded again, starting to understand. She shifted back to her usual self.

"Now, I'll go up and touch her," she strode off.

I couldn't quite make out the conversation, but along the way, Daphne managed to brush the woman's hand.

Striding back to the niche, Daphne smiled. "Now watch this," and she shifted into a perfect likeness of the woman at the counter. I glanced back and forth amazed at the perfection.

"Wow!"

"Impressed? Good. But there's more. Her name is Angela. She's not dating anyone, but is looking earnestly. She wants to finish college, but is afraid to make the time commitment. Also," Daphne turned and pushed down her skirt (which was now two sizes too big) and revealed an fairy on her right ass cheek, "She got this on a drunken bender in Cabo San Lucas when she was 19."

"No fucking way," I gasped as Daphne returned to her redheaded self.

"Yes sir. Anyways, I use their images and memories to help build better fantasies for my..." she trailed off.

"Masters? Right. That's some gift."

"And it's all yours. Care to unwrap it?"

I smirked, "In a bit. First I want to cruise the food court. And pick out some things."

At first, all we could find at the food court were overweight soccer moms shoveling fast food into their own mouths. Then I spotted a few hotter moms and sent Daphne over. While she was working that crowd I spotted something that grabbed my whole attention. She was medium height, jet black hair and slightly oval eyes, or rather eye, the other was obscured under her long black locks. Her stomach was trim and muscled, evidenced by the shirt came to just below her ribcage. Her low-rise pants left little to the imagination where her hips started their downward "V" to her pubis. Her breasts were small but firm and bounced slightly without the aid of a bra. She was stunningly beautiful. The only problem was she was about three years from becoming an adult.

She smiled at me as I watched her walk by. Before I could say anything, Daphne, returning from her "hunt" bumped into the girl.

"So sorry, young lady."

"It's OK," the teenager swallowed nervously and continued out of the food court.

"Don't tell me you..." I asked, fearing the answer.

"Oh yes. Her name's Kristin. She's a virgin. She's fifteen, turning sixteen in two months. She works at the Subway down at the end of the row. She just came in to get her paycheck. Anything else?"

"Please no," I groaned.

"Oh, this is fun. She thinks you're cute. She fantasizes about older men, even though she's ashamed and wouldn't admit it to her friends. She's painfully shy but her biggest fantasy is to have some big, strong man lay her down in a field of flowers and impregnate her."

"OK, stop!"

"She even believes in spirits and faeries!"

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"I can feel the waves of desire pulsing off you like the rising tide. It's delicious."

"I think we're ready to go."

"Alright," she sighed, "but I want to make one more stop."

I shouldn't have given in, but there I stood, waiting patiently as Daphne purchased several outfits matching or nearly matching that which Alyssa was wearing.

"I'm going to hell. You know that."

Daphne smiled and kissed me, "Let me take you to heaven first."

Heaven, it turned out, took several minutes to prepare.

I was pushed onto the bed of the master bedroom with a kiss and told to be patient and wait while Daphne disappeared into the closet with several bags of new clothes. My patience was soon rewarded when there came a knock from the closet door.

"Who is it?" I asked, playfully.

"It's me. Annie Sue," came a lilting, southern drawl. The door slid open and a blond, blue-eyed girl in her early twenties came out. She was wearing a gingham shirt, cut to expose a flat belly and large, full breasts. A trim of a white lace bra could be seen above the shirt and below the canyon of cleavage. Her short denim skirt barely contained her round ass as she bounded barefoot into the room.

"I was afraid you might be a' sleepin'" she drawled. "Momma's takin' a nap and Pa's gone to town." She sat on the bed next to me and kissed me. "Did you mean what you said back in the barn?"

"About what?" I asked.

"You know. About showin' me how them big city girls do it?"

"Certainly. The boys around here no good at fucking?"

"Gosh no. Bobby Ray just wants to lay me down and pumps and grunts in the back of his pick-up. I've seen pigs in the sty with more style. And you really shouldn't say that word. Ya know, the 'F' word," the hick girl drawled.

"Fuck? Well, darling that's the first thing you need to learn about big city girls. They can swear all they want. It's part of what makes it so hot."

"Really?"

I nodded, "Go ahead and try it."

She glanced around nervously, her long blond pigtails swinging, "F....f....fuck!" She slapped her hand over her mouth. Then cautiously, "Fuck."

"There you go. Try something else."

She giggled, "Ass."

"Good."

"Pussy. Cunt."

"Oh yeah. That's turning me on."

"Really. Me too. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck me in the cunt!"

"Oh yeah, Annie. That is hot. You can swear around me. You can even swear when we're doing it."

"No way."

"Hell yes. You feel free to tell me whatever you want when we fuck. OK?"

"Alright. Want me to get nekkid?" She started undoing her shirt buttons quickly.

"Slow down baby. Slow down. Why don't you stand up and let me watch you undress."

"Watch me?"

"Sure. You've got one hell of a body. Show me what you've got."

She did, pulling off the shirt slowly and turning away as she stripped her bra, massive breasts dropping down and big enough to be seen from behind her. She turned around, revealing bright pink nipples while she undid her tight jeans and slid them down. Lastly, the white lace panties that matched her now-discarded bra were dropped to the floor, revealing a soft mound of light brown hair.

"Very nice, Annie. You're very pretty."

She blushed, "Thank ya."

"Now, get over her on the bed. Kneel down between my legs. There's a girl."

She giggled again. "Now what?"

"I want you to unzip my pants and take out my cock."

"You mean touch it?"

"Oh, you're going to do more than touch it."

She swallowed and did as she was told, her soft hands stroking my engorged cock.

"It's so big," she whispered.

"Thank you. Why don't you kiss it."

Annie Sue hesitated for a moment, then kisses the tip. A silvery strand of pre-come stretched forth from her lips.

"Again. Longer, this time."

She did, pressing her lips harder this time. Before she could sit back, I took a hand and pushed her head down, forcing my cock into her mouth. She squealed, but didn't fight back, dutifully sucking my cock.

"Don't fight it Annie Sue. Suck it. Suck it like a big city girl."

She continued to bob up and down, sucking and licking. I dropped my head back, reveling in the sensation of a warm, tight mouth trying desperately to milk my cock of it's treasure.

After a few minutes I could feel the pressure building inside me. I looked up to see the pretty blond, pigtailed and all, still bouncing her mouth on my cock. I suddenly lost control.

I let out a guttural moan with each squirt of semen into the young woman's mouth. When I'd finished, she sat back, mouth closed tight.

"Swallow it," I said.

Annie Sue looked hesitantly at me.

"Swallow it baby. It won't hurt you."

With a big gulp, she sent my seed down her throat.

"Sexy. Very sexy."

She licked her lips, stroking my cock. "That was so naughty! I loved it."

"Good. Keep stroking me baby. Get me good and hard again."

"Yes sir," she smiled, stroking my already hardening member.

"I bet that tight little pussy of yours is just aching to be fucked."

"You have no idea."

"Why don't you show me. Get up and straddle me."

"You want me on top?"

"Sure. Ride my cock, sweetheart."

She gulped, but did as she was told. Soon big pink nipples were in my face as warmth and wetness enveloped my member.

Her movements were slow, uncertain, working my cock at different depths. Finally, Annie Sue settled on an alternating pattern, short shallow strokes followed by long deep ones.

"That's wonderful baby. Now touch yourself."

"Yes..." she let the words hiss out as she bobbed up and down. One hand found her left nipple, while the other stroked her soft blond pubes. Soft groans escaped her lips as she worked her body upon mine, writhing and humping.

"Gawd, it feels so fucking good. I'm gonna come! Gonna come so damn hard!"

"Don't hold back, Annie Sue. Let it out."

"Can't. Momma...will...hear it."

I gripped her hips and started fucking her in earnest. High pitched whines started, then louder groans and finally she lost it.

"AH! AH! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!" she cried out, then finished with a long scream of pleasure.

We slowed our pace as the orgasm claimed her senses. Annie leaned down and kissed me gently.

"Oh my word," she breathed, "that was so much better than Bobby Ray. You ain't finished, are you?"

"No, I was just about to..."

"Shh! You hear somethin'?"

"No, I..."

"Ah, crap. I think Momma's up," the blond slipped off my still rigid cock and off the bed. I got to go. I'll be back. Promise."

She grabbed her clothes and ran back into the closet.

"Annie Sue!" Came a huskier southern voice from inside the closet.

"Momma! I weren't doing nothing," Annie's voice answered.

"Bullshit you little tramp. How many times I told you to leave our boarders alone?"

"Momma, I was just takin' a bath. Promise."

"I ain't as dumb as yo' daddy, Annie Sue. Lemme see yo' snatch."

"Momma! Don't!"

"At least he didn't put his seed in ya. Get to yo' room ya tramp. I'll get to paddlin' yo' ass red later."

"Yes Ma'am."

I was genuinely started by the woman that came out of the closet. She was older than Annie Sue, about the same height, but at least 50 pounds heavier. She was wearing a tight green tube top, that barely contained big, fat breasts. Her equally tight pink skirt did the same for a plump ass. She had the same blond hair and blue eyes. I was apparently meeting "Momma."

"Now, I don't think we covered this when we discussed the terms of you livin' here. But I think it should be clear by now I don't need you stickin' yo' cock in that little hussy anymore. I can't be havin' her pregnant. Not until she's properly wed.

I was still laying on the bed, my erect penis slowly drying. I got up and pulled the remainder of my clothing off.

"And where, pray tell, should I stick my cock, Ma'am?"

"Please, call me Betty."

"Alright then, Betty. You didn't answer my question?" I stepped closer to her, "Where do I stick my cock?"

She swallowed hard, "Now listen to me. I'm a married woman. I don't take lightly to..."

"Take your tube top off."

"Mister! I don't think you understood me...."

"Off! Now."

Betty hesitated, then pulled it up over her head, letting her colossal breasts hang free.

"Happy?" she asked.

"In a moment, I will be. Skirt. Lose it."

"Now just a minute..."

"Now!"

She shimmied out of the skirt, revealing big thighs and no panties.

"No panties. Someone was planning on getting up to no good."

"Hey! I was just...hot."

"Hot," I sneered, "Right. Bend over the bed."

"Bend over? Why?"

"You need to be punished for being a hypocrite. You flounce about this boarding house with no underwear on, but call her a tramp? Bend over."

She did so, pushing her plump ass towards me. I slapped one cheek and watched it jiggle slightly. Betty let out a yelp. I slapped her again. Then again. A few more times and she cried out: "Stop!"

"Had enough?"

She nodded vigorously.

"Fine. I need to finish what I started with you hot little daughter."

I didn't wait for a response, instead I stuck two fingers into her cunt and found it dripping wet. I pulled them out and wet her anus. Then I repeated the process, wetting my cock. Before she realized my intent, I had shoved a few inches of cock into her plump ass.

"Ah! You sick fucker!"

"You're not going to tell me what to do with my cock, are you?"

She didn't respond, just whimpered.

"Are you!"

"No! No sir!"

"Damn straight." I pushed deeper inside her.

Betty gripped the bed sheets in both hands, her face buried in its folds. Even behind her, I could make out her big tits hanging and bouncing with each thrust.

"Oh yeah! Fuck yes Betty! I'm gonna come. I'm gonna come down your ass, bitch!"

"Ugh! Oh...oh God...No! Oh Lord! I'm coming! I'm fucking coming!" Betty cried.

I said nothing further, pushing myself deep inside and letting my seed pump out in warm, thick gushes. When I finished, I pulled out, admiring the naughty sight of my semen dribbling down her ass and cunt.

"What now?" she asked.

"Get that hot little daughter of yours back in here. I wasn't finished with her."

"You can't be serious."

"Very," I smirked. "And who said you could get dressed? Get your fat ass out of here and get Annie Sue back in here. Otherwise I'll make you watch as fuck your hillbilly daughter six ways to Sunday."

With another swat on the ass, I sent the older woman scuttling from the room. I was already feeling my erection return. A red-faced Annie emerged, still naked, and walked up to me.

"I don't understand. Why did Momma say to come back to you? And why was Momma naked?"

"Well, I just put Momma in her place. In more than one way."

"Really?" Annie smirked.

"Yep. Now, I want to see if her daughter is as good a fuck as she is."

"I'm better," Annie kissed me long and hard on the lips.

"Why don't you just get down on your hands and knees and prove it," I gave her a playful little push towards the bed and she went, willingly.

"Go easy on me, Jack," she whispered, flopping onto the bed and facing away from me.

"Easy?"

"Yeah, before, it was fantastic, but it was a little painful."

"How so?" I asked, stroking her clit softly.

"Well, let's just say you're packing a little more than Bobby Ray."

I smiled, "I'll see what I can do."

This entry was a fair amount gentler than what I gave Momma a few minutes ago, but I still made her gasp. I pulled out slightly, then pushed back in, going deeper each stroke. Soon I'd fit my entire length inside the blond.

"That feel good, Annie Sue?"

"God it's stretching me out! But it feels awesome. Yeah. It's fucking awesome. I can handle it."

"Can you?" I pulled out and slammed my cock home. Annie groaned loudly. "Can you handle it?"

Annie nodded vigorously, but said nothing.

"You like that?" I began thrusting deep and hard. "Your Momma liked it. She liked it a lot."

"I bet she did. I love it! Love you fucking me."

"Yeah. She liked it. She came. She came hard with my cock inside her."

"Me too!" Annie squealed. "I wanna cum! Make me come like Momma!"

"Made her scream like a little girl as I fucked her up the ass."

"Oh God."

"But I ain't coming in your ass tonight. Tonight I'm filling that tight, fertile pussy with my seed," and with a shuddering growl I did just that.

"FUUUUCK!" Annie cried, receiving my semen with good push back, driving my shaft deeper into her body.

For several long minutes, we lay there, panting and heaving. Finally I slid onto the bed, facing Annie Sue and spoke.

"Daphne?" I whispered.

At the sound of her name, the blond before me shifted quickly into the redhead I'd come to know.

"Yes my love?"

"I think I'm falling in love."

She smiled, "Not with Annie Sue?"

"No. With you."

Even in the fading light of the setting sun, I could see her blush deeply. "I love you too, my master."

I let it slide as I drifted off to sleep. Besides, I was getting to like the title.

Chapter Seven

I woke to a heavenly sensation. At first I thought it was merely a dream, but as my eyes flitted open, I saw redheaded curls bouncing on and around my cock as it disappeared between ruby lips.

I ran my hands through her long red curls, "Good morning, love."

She didn't acknowledge my having woken up. At least not verbally, but she did quicken her pace on my swollen member. I don't know how long she'd already been working my cock, but it wasn't long before the nymph was swallowing several large spurts of semen.

I watched with fascination as she pulled off my cock, smiling broadly.

"Good morning," she purred.

But my attention was elsewhere.

"Something wrong, my master?"

"Um, yeah," I blinked several times, my brain not quite processing what it was seeing. "Daphne, are you doing anything to me?"

"Meaning?"

"Changing me?"

"You mean the increased 'stamina'? I didn't think you minded..."

"No. I mean this," I said, pointing to my cock. It was definitely longer and thicker than I remember.

"Whatever do you mean. My master has always been a powerful, well-endowed..."

"Stop. I don't need the sycophantic praise," I frowned.

"Very well. You understand I feed off sexual energies. The more powerful, the more passionate, the better. It's been my experience over the years that men with larger penises are more confident, more powerful lovers. I was trying to be discreet. None of my previous masters noticed. Or at least they never said anything. I can try and change it back."

"No! I mean, no," composing myself. Then I laughed, "I'm just vain enough to appreciate it."

Daphne giggled. "Breakfast?"

"Love some."

After a refreshing shower, I descended the stairs to the smell of bacon and fresh biscuits.

"Smells delicious," I said.

"Glad you approve. It'll be a few minutes. Oh, there was a call for you. Shelly. Your lawyer."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes. Something about some forms you needed to fill out. I wrote down her number over there. She seemed a bit surprised to hear my voice."

"Yeah. She's a bit frosty. My guess is she thought you were just some floozy or gold digger."

Daphne slid a plate across the counter to me, "Well, I have no need for your gold, but I am an epic floozy."

I winked at her, dialing the phone. I got hold of Shelly. Turns out I need to fill out even more forms. She asked if she could come by tomorrow at nine and have me fill them out. I offered to take her out to lunch, but it was another icy "no."

Daphne studied my face for a moment, "Problems?"

"No, just more forms," I grimaced.

"You don't like this Shelly?"

"No. Well I do. I mean she's hot," I stopped, fearing I'd gone to far.

Daphne read me like a book, "I am not jealous. Indeed I should like to know what you find hot."

I smirked, "Well, she's blond and built like a bikini model. Just a bit stand-offish. Tried asking her out when we met. She didn't seem interested."

"I see. I guess, maybe I should 'meet' her so my master can fulfill his fantasies?"

A wicked thought crossed my mind. "I think we need to go one step further than just meet. You up for a little practical joke?"

Daphne raised an eyebrow, then smiled.

It was fast approaching nine the following day when I ran downstairs tugging a t-shirt on.

"Señor Jack?" a soft, voice called from the dining room. It was slightly accented.

Daphne, or rather, "Alma" was polishing the large dining room table. She was sporting a green polo shirt, khaki shorts and white tennis shoes. She was small, a little over five-foot, small, firm breasts and a tight ass. Her legs were thin, but toned. Alma's skin was a nice creamy brown and had big dark eyes. Her long black hair was tied in a ponytail.

"Uh, yes?" I answered after taking her in.

"Is good?" she said, indicating the table.

I gave her a dirty look. "Is very good."

She winked and was about to get back to work when the doorbell rang.

"I get! I get!" she scampered to the entryway and opened the door.

"Si?"

"Uh, yes. I'm here to see Mr. Petersen."

"Oh, Señor Jack? Come in. Señor Jack, someone to see you."

I stepped out of the dining room to see Shelly eying the small maid.

"Thanks Alma. Hi Shelly. I see you've met Alma, she's helping me out here and there. This place is huge and so damn dusty."

"Nice to meet you Ms. Shelly," Alma offered her hand to Shelly, who took it gingerly. Alma smiled widely.

Well, the deed was done, but we had more fun in store for Shelly.

"Come into the office. We'll get started."

Shelly was still watching Alma, who bounced off to the kitchen. I hadn't directly supervised Daphne's costume selection, but I was fairly certain that young Alma was not wearing a bra. I smirked and gestured towards the oak-paneled office. I sat on one side of the heavy desk, while Shelly slipped into a leather-bound chair on the opposite side.

I had a brief vision of the first time Daphne and I fucked. Right here against the desk.

"Something amusing?" she asked, noting the grin that had spread across my face.

"Huh? Oh, just remembering something my uncle had said about lawyers and papers," I lied.

"And that was?"

"Nothing that I'd care to share in a lady's presence."

She appeared mollified, but still annoyed. She pulled out several folders of paperwork.

"Why do I sense a hand cramp coming on?"

"My apologies," she tried to smile, but it was forced.

"Right," I said, drawing a pen from the drawer. "Let's get to it."

The fifteen minutes that Daphne and I had planned on went by mercifully quick as a handful of forms were signed and shoved to the side.

"Señor Jack?" the intercom beside the desk came to life.

"Yes?" I answered, locking the intercom on.

"Pardon, Señor. I need...instruction," the voice quavered, unsure.

I smiled at Shelly, feebly, "She's still learning her way around the house."

Shelly seemed uninterested.

"I'll be just a moment. Sorry."

"As you wish," she said, apparently bored, and flipped open her cell phone as I left the room, making certain the intercom was still on.

Alma was waiting, as planned, in the bedroom. As I came in, she winked and nodded to the wall intercom. It was on as well.

"What is it Alma?" I said, feigning irritation for my downstairs audience.

"I am sorry. I need to know where to put your cleaned socks."

"Second drawer," I sighed.

"Thank you, Señor Jack."

"Is that it?"

"Are you not happy with me?"

"No, I'm fine. I just have a lot of paperwork to get through."

"I see. Can I make you happier?"

"Alma, please, not now." She tugged her shirt off, small, dark nipples stood out from her chest.

"Alma, please put your shirt on!"

"Señor Jack, let me make you happy," she tugged off my belt and undid my fly.

"Alma, honey, please get off your knees. It's not right. It's not..." with a loud slurp, the Latina girl pulled my rigid member into her mouth. "Oh, God..." I groaned, my head resting against the wall mere inches from the intercom.

From the speaker I could hear Shelly shuffling papers. Then she tried clearing her throat, rather louder than necessary. We ignored her. Alma groaned and moaned, working my cock in her mouth as loudly as possible. With one hand she stroked my member, the other pulling her hair out of its ponytail.

"Alma. Alma, stop. Oh God, I'm going to...going to..."

She pulled off, replacing the pumping motion with her hands.

"Do it," she cried. "come on my titties," Alma begged in her thick accent.

"Fuck!" I cried out, hot ribbons of semen spattering her firm, petite tits and caramel skin. One even caught the underside of her chin, dribbling down her neck.

She giggled warmly, "Now, you happy?"

"Very," I breathed heavily, "Let me clean that up."

"No, no. You go work. I clean up." Alma winked and got up for the bathroom.

I zipped up, caught my breath and headed back to the office. Shelly appeared to be several shades of red deeper, but said nothing.

"Sorry about that. Like I said, she's new, but eager."

I didn't look for a reaction, just started back on forms. A few questions later, Alma appeared at the door, hair still down, but fully dressed.

"Señor Jack? I go now. You have a good day?"

"Yes. Very good. Thanks. I'll see you next week?"

"Of course. And it was nice meeting you Miss Shelly."

Shelly didn't look up, just nodded. I winked to Alma who promptly bounced out the front door. It was a scant 10 minutes later when the doorbell rang again.

"Keisha! I totally forgot you were coming today!" I stepped aside, letting a busty black woman into the house. She was just into her thirties, her trim, muscular body wrapped in a sari of vibrant colors. She spoke with a powerful, slightly accented voice.

"Jack, my dear," kissing each cheek, "You are such a scatterbrain. Whatever shall I do with you."

I laughed, leading her past the office, "This is Shelly, my lawyer. Shelly, this is Keisha Vass, interior designer to the gods."

Keisha laughed, but Shelly was obviously annoyed at yet another distraction.

"Shelly, have a seat, I'll be only a few minutes while I show Keisha the basement. Barty never finished it properly."

She huffed, but sat quietly.

We descended the stairs and I whispered, "Daphne, that is one hot body."

She flashed a brilliant white smile, then spoke in her clear, loud voice. "As you know, Jack, I must get to know my clients. I need to know them intimately." We were now directly under the office, where we knew the voices would carry.

Keisha peeled off the sari, revealing (much to my delight) nothing but dark brown skin.

"Keisha, this isn't very...professional."

"Silence. Strip!"

I did as I was told.

"Excellent. You are in excellent shape, Jack. A man who pays attention to his body deserves an equally beautiful home. Now, let us see your passions."

"Pardon?" I asked, my erection forming quickly at the sight of her nude body.

"Your passion. Your spirit. Lay down."

I did so, my cock standing rigid like a flagpole.

Keisha moved over me, straddling my cock. "Give me your passion." She sank down upon my cock, facing away from me, and started hard and rough on my member. Black pendulous breasts swayed and bounced as she worked my body. "I can feel you spirit! Give me more," she called out.

I gripped her hips and pushed her forward, sending the woman to her hands and knees.

"Yes! I can feel it! Let it loose!"

I managed to slide my legs back, one at a time, and soon I was kneeling behind the dark-skinned woman, thrusting and pumping.

"This what you want to feel?"

"Yes! Yes! Your power! Your strength! Your might! Ahhh!!!" she cried out, arching her back as I lost control and flooded her womb with hot semen.

We both breathed heavily for several minutes, then I slipped out of Keisha.

"Yes," she breathed, pulling her sari back on. "Yes, I think I can design your room." She kissed me on the cheek and headed out, while I redressed.

It was apparent that Shelly had heard, she was looking quite pissed when I got back.

"Crazy woman. But her art is second to none," I said, trying to reassure the lawyer.

"Whatever. Can we get back to work?"

"Sorry. Where were we?"

She shoved a page under my nose, that I read carefully, then signed.

Half-an-hour later we were nearly finished when the doorbell rang yet again.

"I swear, this time I'm not expecting anyone," I smiled at Shelly. She didn't return it.

The woman that greeted me at the door was breath-taking. Just as much as Shelly, because Daphne and I had planned it that way.

"Jack? Sorry to drop in on you like this. I was in the area and didn't have your phone number."

"I'm sorry, you have me at a loss."

"Oh! I'm Sheena. From the Antiques Exchange."

"Right. Come in. I'm kind of in the midst of some paperwork, but..."

"Oh, I can come back," she started.

"No, no. Feel free to wander about. Most of the furniture I want to get rid of is in the living room and den."

Shelly had wandered out to see what the holdup was. She barely disguised her surprise. Sheena was a younger, bustier, blonder version of Shelly. Sure, Daphne had played with the nose and placement of the eyes, but it was apparent that Sheena could be a long-lost sister. We even made sure to dress her like Shelly, smart navy business suit jacket and skirt, though the skirt was a bit shorter than would probably be allowed in a courtroom. Even down to Shelly's matching high-heels and white nylons.

"Shelly, this is Sheena. Sheena, Shelly my attorney."

The women shook hands briefly.

"Make yourself at home, Sheena. I'll be with you in a moment."

Shelly followed me back into the office to conclude our business. It wasn't fifteen minutes more before the last page was signed.

"Thank you for your time Jack. I'll just sort some of these papers before I go. If that's alright?"

"Fine. I'll check in on Sheena."

At the mention of her near-doppelganger, Shelly stiffened. It was obviously unnerving her.

I found Sheena next door in the dining room.

"I'm not sure I want to get rid of anything in here," I said.

Sheena smiled, "Sorry, just taking a look around. These are some magnificent pieces," she said, stroking the table gently.

"You think so?"

"Oh yeah. Old furniture can have so many stories to tell. Who has eaten on them, slept on them, even...you know," she blushed.

"I do?"

"Yeah. You know," her voice dropped to a whisper, "Fucked on them."

"On my dining room table?"

"Sure. Why not," she grinned, sliding between me and the table. "Isn't it a wild thought. Anyone from elegant ladies and lords to scullery maids and lusty stable boys."

"Or antiques dealers and their clients?"

"God, yes!" she cried, kissing me hard on the lips.

Her hands were undoing my fly as I hiked up her skirt. I tugged off her lacy panties as she pulled my cock free of my boxers. I hoisted Sheena onto the table, where her bare, hairless snatch yawned open to me. She was still tugging my cock towards her spread cunt.

"Oh fuck yeah. Come to mamma you big boy."

I was inside her in a flash, drilling her tight, wet hole. Sheena undid her blouse, exposing a lacy white bra and ample breasts. I had just stuck my face into her plump cleavage when the sound of someone clearing their throat made me stop.

"Sorry to interrupt, but I need to go. I...uh...need one last signature."

Sheena didn't miss a beat, "Bring it on over. I don't want him out of me."

Shelly flushed, then walked over, trying not to be obvious about ogling either Sheena or my swollen cock half-inside her. I signed the paper with a free hand. Shelly scooped it up and started for the door.

"Sweetie. You don't have to run off just yet. If you don't mind sloppy seconds that is," Sheena said with a wicked grin.

Shelly paused, then broke into the fastest run she could manage in high heels. When we'd heard the front door slam, I turned back to Sheena, "Where were we?"

"Showing this bimbo what a real man fucks like."

"Right," and pulled her hips toward me, driving my dick deep inside her.

Chapter Eight

"Let me get this straight, you *want* to go to High School?"

"What's wrong with that?" Daphne mused. She was curled up on the couch, her head in my lap. We'd just finished *The Breakfast Club*, when she'd made the pronouncement.

"It's just...well, most people aren't too keen about it the first time, let alone a second."

"I haven't been. Ever."

"Oh, but still. You're an adult and it's full of..."

"Teenager. Raging hormones and teenagers. For me it's a buffet."

"Even so..."

"Look, my education is severely lacking. I've never had any formal education. I can read and write a little, but nothing fancy. I want to be a more 'well-rounded' sex spirit."

"Could you pass for a teenager?"

She sat up and shifted into a teenage version of her redheaded self. The breasts were a little smaller, as were her hips. Even her muscular legs diminished into thinner stems. Even that was pretty hot. Her hand stroked my hardening member through my shorts.

"C'mon. What do you say?"

"Alright, but you know my rule, I'm not fucking minors."

Daphne pouted, but shifted back to her adult self, "Oh alright."

"How do you propose to make it work?"

"Well, I can go in pretending to be my own mom, get the forms filled out, and presto! I'm a student."

"OK, but no fucking around at school. You are *my* sex spirit you know," I smirked.

"Always my master."

It turned out to be surprisingly easy. All I had to do was to drop her off and pick her up. Later we went shopping as recounted the details.

"I'm Stacey Leslie Ursula Trent," she said.

I nearly choked on the soda I was drinking, "SLUT? Isn't that a bit obvious?"

"You'd think, but no one caught it," she smiled. She was slowly fine-tuning "Stacey's" look as we went. She insisted on keeping the red hair, but the breasts were fluctuating between Daphne's F-cup and a respectable teenage B. The hair was shoulder-length. and she was about the same height, with narrower hips and thinner legs.

"Really, I wonder about our educational system. And would stop that with your breasts. Keep them small or you'll attract nothing but attention."

She pouted, then pulled them in to around a C-cup. "Better?"

"How old are you supposed to be?"

"Sixteen," she replied.

"It'll do, but just barely."

"OK. I do want to attract *some* attention you know."

We were loaded down with bags when hit the food court. I was trying to stay a little away from Stacey as it would look a little to creepy to have my following her around. I had just grabbed a seat when she looked over her shoulder at me.

"Be right back," and ran off, bags in tow.

My heart nearly stopped when I saw where she was going, the raven-haired girl (Kristin, I think) we'd met the last time we'd come to the mall was eating lunch by herself. Even clad in a dumpy Subway shirt, she was cute. Stacey made a subtle slip on the tile bumping into the other girl. A few words were exchanged, then a laugh, finally a few more words, then waves good-bye.

Stacey disappeared into the bathroom with her bags and Daphne emerged, dressed in a new miniskirt and blouse and slipped onto the seat across from me.

"OK, I have a new friend at school."

"Already?"

"Well, maybe 'friend' is a bit strong, but she likes me and offered to show me around school on Monday."

"Good grief," I sighed.

"Hey, she's smart, cute, and friendly. Don't knock it."

"I'm not, it's just...I have a bad feeling."

"Oh, it's just because you want to do her and your outdated ethics won't let you enjoy yourself."

"Outdated?"

"Sure. I remember a time when a girl that age was no girl, but rather a mother of three."

"Look, I know history as well as you," she raised an eyebrow, "Alright, maybe not as well, but this isn't the Renaissance, it's the 21st Century. Twenty-two year-old men do not go around screwing sixteen-year-old..."

"Fifteen," Daphne corrected.

"Oh, that's so much better. I'd get arrested."

"Fine, have it your way."

"Oh, that reminds me, I want to stop by the Adult Boutique on the way home. There's a few supplies I've been wanting."

"Really?" Daphne asked, "Yum."

I'd felt a little self-conscious going into the store at first, but accompanied by my super-hot girlfriend, every man in the place stared at us with unabashed jealousy. As a result, I probably lingered just a bit longer than was absolutely necessary.

She wasn't helping either, "Excuse me? Yes, does this come in a bigger size?" Daphne was waving an exceptionally large dildo in the clerk's face. He blushed, furiously.

"Um...no," he swallowed.

"Damn. What's the point if it can't even match my boyfriend's cock."

The girl stocking shelves giggled. I had the good sense not to say a word, but paid for our things and left.

Daphne laughed maniacally when we got into the car. I just shook my head, "Anything bigger?"

"Sorry, I couldn't resist. You could almost feel the other dicks in the room shrivel in shame."

"You are evil."

"I know, but you love me just the same."

"Damn, but I do. Now, about tonight..."

I managed to outline my desires for the evening, with Daphne smiling and licking her lips the entire way home.

"You OK with this?" I asked as we got into the house.

"Definitely," she smiled. "You go upstairs and change. I'll change down here and go outside. 10 minutes?"

"Sounds good. Love you."

"Love you too."

We parted company. I put on a nice suit and tie, and grabbed the bag from the boutique. I emptied its contents onto the bed, arranging them for future use. A couple of items, though, went into my coat pocket. After I heard the front door close, I ran downstairs, opening a bottle of wine and lighting the dinner table candles. It wasn't long until the doorbell rang.

"Ah, Shelly, so good of you to stop by at this late hour," I smiled.

"Shelly" was dressed as buttoned-up as possible. Her long blond hair was up in a bun, white blouse buttoned up to her neck, and a tight skirt that ran down past her knees. She did have on some sexy high-heels, but her beautiful bust was obscured by an austere suit coat. Everything she wore was a matching dark gray, down to her shoes. Even her glasses matched. In fact, the only spots of color came from her fierce blue eyes. Daphne was a perfect mimic, down to the frustrated look in Shelly's eyes.

She stepped into the foyer apprehensively. "Yes, well, you are my most important client..."

"Oh. Well, I was hoping...well, come into the dinning room."

Shelly arched an eyebrow, but followed me. She heaved a sigh of annoyance when she saw the candles and wine.

"Listen, I'm not really in the mood for this. I'm your attorney and..."

"And I need your council. Fair enough?"

She sighed again, but lifted a glass and sipped it. "Fine."

"Very well. I have a legal question."

She said nothing, her face telling me to get on with it.

"Like I said, I have a legal question. I'm single. I have no immediate plans to settle down. What would be the legality of, say, propositioning someone, some woman, to say, be the mother of my child."

"Like a surrogate?"

"No, no. It'd be her egg, her child as well."

"I see, so you'd be propositioning some woman to have sex with you, and bear a child."

"For a fee, of course."

"Of course. Well, ethically it's gray, but legally it's fine as long as it's drawn up and signed ahead of time."

"OK. And what would someone charge for this...service."

"I have no idea."

"Well," I smiled, "What would you charge?"

"Me?" she was taken aback. "I don't know, I wouldn't....now just a damn minute!"

Shelly sprang to her feet.

"Hear me out, please."

"In your fucking dreams you pervert. Why don't you just knock up one of your household whores?"

"Well, Alma doesn't appear to be fertile. Keisha's a bit too old for child bearing and Sheena's engaged

to someone else."

"You're fucking serious? You had sex with an engaged woman? With me in the house? Oh God, I watched you do it. And that poor Mexican girl! She's too young to be a mother!"

"And that's why I'm asking you. You're smart, beautiful, and old enough to bear children, just not too old."

"I am not having this conversation. Good-bye."

I grabbed Shelly's hand. "Don't go. I'll make it worth your while."

"Let go of me."

"Please reconsider," I whispered.

"No, thank you," she growled.

"Alright. Have it your way," I said.

I surprised myself at just how fast I managed to get the handcuffs out of my pocket and around one wrist. Shelly cried out as I twisted her arm around her back and cuffed her wrists together.

"You son of a..." she began to say, but a swift kick to the back of her legs sent the blond to her knees. A second pair of cuffs locked her legs together.

"This could have been a very profitable venture for you my dear." I scooped her up and tossed her over one shoulder, "But this does save me a bundle of money, and I get to tear into that tight pussy."

"Fuck you!" she screamed, thrashing so hard her high heels fell off.

"Look, I offered you money. I mean, you could have named your price. But instead you continued to treat me like something you scrapped off the bottom of your \$400 shoes." I told her as I hauled her up the stairs, then tossed her onto the bed. Her eyes widened in shock as she saw the array of "toys" laid out for her.

"Yeah, I kinda figured you'd refuse," I said, locking one of the leg manacles onto her right leg. "That's why all the gear." I undid her leg cuffs, then locked the left into a matching manacle. The spread of her legs, made the tight skirt ride up to mid-thigh. My erection threatened to burst out of my pants.

She fought a little harder when I undid her arms, but soon those were locked securely to either side, leaving the blond spread eagle on the center of my bed.

"Listen you fucking pig! I'm not going to be your whore! I'm better than you! Better than you'll ever hope to be!"

"Now you're chatty. Save it." I pulled her hair out of its bun and let the fall around her head. Then I shoved a ball gag into her mouth, strapping it around her head.

"Much better. Now, I'm going to enjoy this," and pulled out a pair of clothing scissors.

Shelly tried to scream.

"Oh hush, I'm not going to cut you. Just strip you naked and fuck you all night long until you're pregnant with my child."

It was tricky going, trying to get the skirt and coat off, but I eventually managed it. I got the white blouse off without much trouble, leaving her just her underwear.

"Well now, someone's dressed for fun," I smiled.

Shelly was wearing a push-up bra and matching panties, both made from sheer, see-through material. I undid the bra, then snipped the straps, exposing her bountiful mounds of flesh.

"Now those are some damn fine tits, if I may say so."

I dropped the scissors and popped open a bottle of baby oil, drizzling it all over her chest. I left it to ooze and run across the plump mounds while I undressed myself, a large erection springing forth as I dropped my boxers.

It took all my willpower not to tear her skimpy panties off. Instead, I focused on her big, firm breasts. My hands massaged the oil around them and over them. I spread the greasy liquid all over her torso and neck. Her already tanned skin now shown bright and wet. The effect was quite stunning, so I spread even more oil, coating her body liberally. I finally cut the straps off her panties, revealing a neatly trimmed and surprisingly wet blond snatch.

I straddled her chest, pressing my swollen dick between her well-oiled breasts. Pumping it slow and long, I pressed my cock's head into the bottom of her chin. Each thrust brought a new whimper.

"You didn't think I was just going to fuck you and be done with it, did you? Oh no, I'm going to enjoy each and every moment."

Shelly swallowed in fear.

"But don't worry, I plan on cumming in your sweet little twat several times tonight. The thought of spraying your pretty face with my semen, while exhilarating, just doesn't match with my long term goals."

My cock was good and oiled by now, and all the rubbing and thrusting was getting me pretty riled up.

"And speaking of which..." I pulled off her chest and shifted down the length of her body. Without any warning, I shoved my slick member into her pussy, eliciting a muffled scream from my lawyer.

"Oh fuck yeah! That's nice and tight. It's not going to take long," I pumped in and out of her for only a minute more before I felt my control slipping. "Here it comes, Shelly!" and with a guttural moan I climaxed inside my unwilling lover.

I didn't pull out afterward, just let my cock harden up again, and began fucking her a second time. This time, however, Shelly's hips worked with mine, pushing up to meet my every thrust.

"You like that, don't you, bitch?"

She nodded vigorously. I reached behind her head and undid the ball gag. She gasped for air, then started moaning.

"You're one wild slut." I said, increasing my pace.

"God help me, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! FUCK ME!" Shelly cried out.

"Yeah. You never been fucked by a real man. A big fucking man."

"Harder! Harder you big mother fucker! HARDER!"

I bit down on her neck as I came again, this time even harder than before. She screamed profanities as my spunk spattered her already full pussy.

Breathing heavily, I pulled out and admired her body once more.

"God you're beautiful," I said, slipping a robe on and reaching for the door.

"Hey, don't you want to undo these cuffs? Let me love you properly?"

"No, I think not. Lawyers just aren't to be trusted."

"Wait! Jack! You ass! Let me go!"

"Maybe. In about nine months or so," I smiled and shut the door behind me.

Chapter Nine

Fear not, I released Daphne shortly thereafter. She admitted it was one of the wildest nights she'd ever had.

School, much to my dismay, started a week after that night. I didn't think I was the selfish, controlling type, but a sex goddess like Daphne in a building with horny, sex-starved teens did not instill confidence.

About a month into school, I got a ring from Daphne's cell.

"Hey. Put our toys away, I want to bring a friend home," Daphne was whispering.

"A friend?"

"Yeah, Kristin. It's just a study thing, OK?"

"This probably isn't a good idea," I replied.

"Hey, it'll be fine. I promise, no funny stuff."

I didn't get to respond, she'd already hung up. I tidied up the bedroom, locked the hidden room in the closet, and made sure none of her lingerie or toys were out. I even made a quick pass on Daphne's room.

It wasn't really her room, well, she didn't sleep there at least. It was a hodge-podge of teenage crap that she'd collected, just to keep up the pretense of being a school girl. She had her iPod, CDs, laptop, posters of bands I'd never heard of, and her teen clothes. She messed up the bed and tossed some clothes around, just so it looked like she lived there. He finished just in time to hear the front door open.

"Jack! I'm home!" Daphne, or rather, Stacey, dragged out the "O" to sound like the little girl from Poltergeist.

"Hey kiddo!" I smiled, descending the stairs.

Kristin was staring at the floor, avoiding my gaze.

"Kris, this is my super cool cousin, Jack. Jack, Kristin."

"Hey there. Stacey's gone on and on about you. Thanks for showing her around and everything."

Kristin's eyes were still locked on the floor, "It's nothing, really."

"You girls hungry?"

"Starved!" Stacey cried out. "Whatcha want Kristin?"

"Nothing. I'm fine."

"Come on," Stacey tugged the raven-haired girl up the stairs. "Can we have some pizza rolls? Pretty

please?"

"Sure," I replied, "Coming right up."

I watched in barely disguised lust as the two teenagers bounced up the stairs. The pizza rolls were fetched a few minutes later by a smiling Stacey, who gave me a quick kiss and a flash of her thong bikini under her skirt. The plaid skirt barely covered her ass, and the black T-shirt was quite form-fitting. My erection came swift and firm. I'd really gotten used to our afternoon trysts.

Two hours later, I would get my wish, but not before taking our guest home.

"I insist. It's too far to walk and it'll be getting dark soon."

"Um, alright. But drop me off a few houses away. My foster parents will probably freak if they see me in an older guy's car."

"Understood."

We hopped into my brand new Mustang convertible and took off. I wanted to put the top down, but Kristin vehemently said no. Even so, the girls laughed and giggled the whole way from the back seat. Hugs were exchanged down the street from Kristin's house, and she even managed a quiet "thanks" as she got out.

Stacey slid into the front seat with me. Once Kristin was out of sight she kissed me hard on the lips.

"We should get going Mister," she affected a high-pitch voice, "My parents will freak if they see me with an older man."

"Well then," I gunned the engine, "Let's go."

I raced the car through town, while the redhead teen stroked my already rock hard member.

"Gee Mister, you're so much bigger than my boyfriend. And all I do with him is suck on it."

"Why don't you show me, baby," I smiled, thanking the heavens that I opted for the dark tinting.

"I dunno. I mean, you are kinda old for me," she smirked.

"Well, there's \$50 in it for you?"

"\$50? Just to suck your dick?"

I nodded.

"You're on, Mister!"

With a pop and a zip, my member was out and inside the teenager's mouth. I drove as best I could, aiming for the outskirts of town and the (hopefully) unoccupied park there. The hot teen kept bobbing up and down my shaft, bright red hair cascaded around my lap.

"Holy shit!" I cried as I ejaculated in her mouth. Fortunately we had stopped at an intersection, otherwise I would've jammed the engine into overdrive. Stacey started to rise, but I pushed her back

down.

"Not yet baby. People are around."

She didn't argue, but continued sucking and licking my semi-rigid cock.

I finally let her up when I'd parked the car in a secluded nook off the main road. We were several miles into the huge park outside of town. I got out and stretched my legs.

"Now what?" the girl smiled.

"Why don't you pull off those panties, bend over the hood and earn some college money?"

"Really? How much?"

"One-hundred."

"I don't know, my boyfriend..."

"One-fifty."

"And you're pretty big..."

"Two hundred."

"Two hundred?"

"Two-fifty if you get naked."

She swallowed, then stripped. Stacey was even hotter in the nude. From her flame-red hair to the neatly trimmed pubes between her legs.

"Awesome. Now bend over."

She did as ordered, placing her hands on either side of the Mustang's turbo intake and pointing her firm ass and red cunt at me. I unzipped my fly and pulled my cock out, stroking it erect. I used the big head to rub against her clit. Stacey moaned with delight. After several inches of cock were shoved into her, she was groaning. A few moments later, with all my length and girth inside her, Stacey was screaming with pleasure.

"Fuck me Mister! Fuck me hard! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Yeeeeeees!" She arched her back, climaxing.

It wasn't long before I was filling her young twat with semen.

I slid out, catching my breath and admiring the view.

"Mister, you are one fucking animal," Stacey breathed heavily.

"Oh, I've got one more treat for you," I smiled.

"Really, how much?"

"Just kneel," I said.

"But..."

"KNEEL!"

Stacey dropped to her knees on the dirt, fear creeping onto her face. She gasped when I stuck my dick in her mouth, but Stacey sucked nonetheless. She even stroked her own cum-soaked clit.

After several luxurious minutes, I pulled her head off my cock and proceeded to come on her face. It was a wild and unbridled climax as several ounces of thick semen coated her pretty young face and dripped down onto her budding breasts.

She got up and then staggered onto the hood of the car. Stacey was a sexual mess. Mud on her feet and knees. Semen dribbling down her inner thighs, and more come on her face and chest than should have been humanly possible. Not to mention the wad of spunk she'd already swallowed on the road up her.

"You are such a fucking slut, you know that?"

She just nodded.

"I suppose I should get you paid and home before it gets too late."

Another nod and she got dressed.

We were nearly home before I spoke again, "You know, you don't have to stay as Stacey."

She grinned, "I sort of have to. The clothes won't fit me as Daphne."

We both laughed heartily.

"So, what's the deal with Kristin? I can understand being shy and all, but she seemed down right timid. I mean she's practically hiding under her hair."

"Not practically hiding, literally hiding."

We were now pulling into the driveway. We got out and headed upstairs.

"Let me get cleaned up and I'll show you," she said.

She stripped again, changed back into Daphne, and got into the shower, blasting dirt and come from her body. I merely sat back and enjoyed the show.

She toweled off and wrapped herself in a robe. Then Daphne was gone and Kristin was there. She reached up and pulled the hair that always covered the left side of her face.

It was burned. Not gruesomely so, but enough to mar what should have been a stunningly beautiful face. It ran up her cheek to her ear and temple. She turned, there were more burns around her back and shoulders.

And then suddenly, Daphne was back.

"Ouch," I said.

"Like you wouldn't believe. You caught that she lives with foster parents?" Daphne asked. I nodded. "Her folks were both killed in a house fire about eight years ago. Her pajamas caught fire and she fell out a window. Broke her arm, but the fall saved her life."

"Poor thing."

"Absolutely. She's scarred in more ways than one. That's why I was drawn to her. I want to help her. I just don't know how."

"Well, I think it's great you're helping."

"Thank you Master," she smiled. "So, what came over you tonight? I thought you didn't do teenagers?"

I blushed. "I guess you finally wore me down."

Chapter Ten

It was a few weeks later that I came home to an interesting sight. I'd been running errands all day and had a load of parcels when I got in the door. Bent over and dusting the furniture was a very hot, brunette in a French maid outfit that barely covered her ass.

Her hair was done up in a bun and her ample cleavage promised to burst out of the corset top.

"Monsieur! I did not 'ear you come in. Forgive me. Angelique will get your brandy and slippers right away."

I put my stuff down and sat in the old but very comfortable leather couch by the fireplace. It had been switched on and bathed the room a soothing aura.

My slippers and brandy were both excellent. Especially watching Angelique bend over to undo my shoes and slip them on my feet.

"Will there be anything else Monsieur?"

I slid a hand up a fishnet stocking thigh.

"I can think of a few things," I smiled.

"Monsieur! What will madam think?"

"I don't think you really give a damn."

"Not really. That cow was yelling at me all morning...Pardon, I should not say such things."

"Why don't you come sit on my lap and tell me about it."

She giggled, then sat. I shared some brandy, then we kissed. Then I had her top down, with big brown nipples for me to suck on. Angelique wiggled out of her panties and stockings, and I could feel her moist cunt pressing into my aching member.

"Fuck me Monsieur. Fuck me 'arder than that bitch. Use my pussy," she purred in her thick French accent, "come inside me."

Somehow I managed to free my cock and push it up into her waiting hole.

"Oh oui. Zat is good."

She was facing away from me on my lap, each leg laid over an arm of the chair. In each hand I had a big handful of breast as the maid bounced on my cock.

"Oui! Oui! Give me zat big cock!" she cried out, gripping my balls with one hand as I shot hot wads of semen into her tight snatch and fingering her clit with the other hand. Then she cried out, cunt gripping my cock hard and massaging it for every drop of cum.

"Merci," she said, kissing me hard on the lips.

She pulled off of me and slipped out of her nearly ruined uniform. Then the maid was no longer there, but Daphne was, pulling on jeans and a T-shirt.

"So, what did you get me?" she smiled.

"Well," I said, zipping my pants and standing. "First, I found some occult books using the authors you gave me a couple of weeks ago."

"Yea!" she cried, skipping over to the paper wrapped boxes, "These are the guys that actually studied magic, not the losers that just made stuff up." As she pulled them out, she eyed them curiously. They were brand new.

"These are way too new..."

"I couldn't get the actual copies, but a few thousand dollars toward a library expansion made the university at least see their way clear to scanning and having new books made."

"You are the best Master ever!"

"I get that a lot," I smiled as she peppered my face with kisses. Then she suddenly stopped. "Wait, you said 'first.' Was there something else?"

"Oh, just penthouse reservations in Las Vegas."

"Really? What's the occasion?"

I smiled wickedly, "Just the Adult Entertainment Industry Expo."

Her eyes went wide, "No way? A convention hall full of porn stars? I may die of an overload!"

"Well, let's hope not. I'd like to keep you around a while."

Las Vegas was an five-hour road trip. I'd originally wanted to fly first class, having never done so in my life, but it would've been awkward trying to get Daphne, with no form of ID on a plane. And I just didn't have the heart to cram her back into her box for the duration.

Along the way I taught her how to drive. It was an interesting experience to say the least. She wouldn't be able to drive very often, but at least it gave me a break during the really empty portions of desert.

We arrived in Vegas about one in the afternoon and checked into the hotel. Daphne was feeling quite frisky, but I put her on hold until I'd had a nice hot shower to wash the road grime off of me. Afterward I gave her a proper hotel bathroom fucking against the counter.

Clean and refreshed, we both dressed, grabbed our floor passes and headed downstairs.

I felt like a kid in the proverbial candy store. So did Daphne. Because she looks so unbelievably hot, I'd had her dress it back a bit, modest blouse, knee-length skirt, even glasses (which were fake, if you looked close enough). She still turned heads as she wandered around from booth to booth. To her credit, she managed to be quite discreet when touching the actresses at their booths. A stumble here, a slip there, even backing into one or two. It was all good fun until we got a surprise of our own.

"Excuse me," came a soft British voice from behind us as we watched a product demonstration.

The woman behind us was very beautiful. She was in her late thirties at least, shoulder-length brown hair and stunning blue eyes. She was dressed, as most of the actresses and models were, short shirt, tight top. She was definitely one of the plus-size models, sporting a giant chest and wide hips. Despite that, her tummy was flat. Her eyes were locked onto Daphne's.

"Sorry to bother you, I just thought that, well, you might like to join me for a drink."

Daphne actually stammered for a moment. It was the first time I'd ever seen her flustered.

"Sorry to be so forward, it's just, I thought you looked quite beautiful and was afraid you'd be wander off with someone before too long."

"Oh, well, I am here with my boyfriend," Daphne smiled, "But I'd still love that drink."

The strange woman looked over at me approvingly. "Oh yes, quite lovely too. Here's my card, I have to work a booth till seven, but after that you can call my cell number and we'll meet up."

Daphne's hand caressed the other woman's as she took the card. Then she leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek.

"Why don't we forgo drinks. Caesar's Palace. Room 603. 7:30. Wear whatever you like. Bring whatever you like. My name's Daphne, this is Jack."

The woman looked momentarily shocked, then smiled. "7:30," she said, then walked off.

"What...the...*fuck*?" I stared at Daphne.

"Before this night is out, you will have one of your biggest fantasies fulfilled." She started walking away, then turned and kissed me, "By the way, you are most welcome."

"I don't understand. What just happened?"

"I got picked up by a strange, but beautiful woman at a porn convention. It's really not that difficult to understand, you know."

I shook my head, as if that would make it work properly, but to no avail. Daphne handed me the woman's card. Nicole Andrews. The name sounded familiar.

"Come on silly, we have shopping to do!"

Shopping, it turned out, involved buying every Nicole Andrews DVD the convention had, then out to get candles, lotions, oils, sex toys, and condoms.

"Condoms?" I asked coming back to our room around 5 o'clock. "Why condoms? It's not like you can get pregnant."

"No, but Nicole can. But she's on the pill. It's more for her piece of mind. I mean she doesn't know you from Adam."

"Does she have anything contagious?"

"Not that she's aware of. Besides, she only does solo videos and picture layouts. Nothing hardcore. Here, load up one of her videos in the DVD player while we get the room ready."

"I guess I assumed porn stars get it a little more often than most. I mean propositioning a stranger at a convention?" I said, sliding the disk into the player.

Daphne was placing candles around the spacious room, opting not to light them yet. "Well, hardcore actors would, but she does photo layouts for her website and videos of said photo shoots. There are a few too many 'crazy fans' to allow herself intimate relations with just anyone."

"But she got over that to talk to you."

"It was a big leap for her. Apparently I'm quite the thing to get her motor running," Daphne winked at me. "She really prefers men to women, but women are a safer bet. She figures you're safe since you're with me."

"So I'm just getting sloppy seconds?" I joked.

"Well, sort of. She does think you're hot, she just spotted me first."

My attention had wandered to the DVD. Nicole was modeling poolside. Her tits were massive, her black bikini top barely containing them.

"Sorry, you were saying something?" I asked distractedly.

"Never you mind. Settle onto the bed and get comfortable. I'll finish decorating the room."

"Uh-huh," I said, pulling off my shoes and slipping onto the bed.

Around 7:00 Room Service knocked at the door. Daphne insisted on answering it in her skin-tight pink nightie. The poor clerk nearly creamed his pants when she bent over to search her purse for a tip.

"You are sadistic, aren't you?"

"It's the biggest thrill he's gonna get. Beside, you know that I'm yours. All yours," she said, sliding onto my lap.

"Indeed," I smiled, kissing her softly.

"Now, a point of business," Daphne said, her face now serious.

"Business?"

"Yes. I need your permission."

"For?"

"For tonight. I need your permission to be with someone else."

"Seriously?"

"Yes. You really need to understand this. I belong to you. I am yours to command. To do with as you

please. I am a servant. Bound to you for the duration of your life. Get it? You are my master. I am your slave."

"You don't have to..."

"It's not a matter having to, or should, or any other ethical quandaries you may have. I am not human. I don't want to be free. I want to be loved. I want to be owned. I want to be fucked. Got it?"

"Got it," I said.

"Good. Now, give me permission, dammit," she smiled.

"Like: I grant you permission to be with Nicole?"

"Not as a question. And you probably don't want to leave it open ended or use euphemisms like 'be with'."

"OK. I grant you permission to have sexual relations with Nicole Andrews for the next 72 hours, provided that I am present."

"Very good, Master. Now lie back."

"Getting an early start?" I said, laying down.

She undid my belt and pulled my pants and boxers down, exposing my already rock hard cock.

"Sort of," she grinned, "I just want to put some of this excess energy to good use."

"Excess?"

"You're incredibly aroused right now. You have been all afternoon. I've been absorbing it like a sponge. And now I want to put some of it into action before our guest arrives."

"What did you have in..."

I never finished my sentence as waves of unbelievable pleasure washed over my groin. Why I didn't ejaculate right then and there, I'll never quite understand. I chanced a look down at my lover's hands. Like a sculptor with clay, she was massaging my cock. Caressing and stroking it. For lack of a better word, she was coaxing it. Encouraging it to get bigger. And bigger.

"Holy..." I breathed, waves of delirious joy were making it hard to formulate a complete sentence.

"Nearly there my Master," she breathed. Her eyes were focused on nothing but my member.

When she finished, she slumped down onto the bed beside me. My dick was still firm and hard, but the tip now extended several inches higher than it did before she started.

"Good God," I whispered. "Was that...necessary?"

She looked pale, but still smiled. "It was. Nicole is used to using larger...toys for her photo shoots. I wanted to make sure she enjoyed this evening."

"Are you going to be alright?" I asked, caressing her face.

"I will be. That just took a lot out of me."

I started to kiss her when a knock at the door stopped me. I got up, and fastened my pants as best I could, swearing "If that's the room service boy, here to sneak another peek, so help me..."

I threw the door open with more force than I'd planned. On the other side was a startled, but beautiful Nicole.

"Um, so sorry. If you'd rather not have me over..." she stammered.

I laughed, pulling her inside by the hand, "No, no. Please come in. I thought you were the room service boy come to ogle Daphne some more."

Nicole's eyes fell upon Daphne, "Well, I wouldn't blame him."

To her credit, Daphne blushed appropriately. She was standing again, full of life and color.

"We ordered some champagne and fruit. Care for some after a long day on the floor?" she asked, pouring a glass.

"Love some," Nicole said, dropping her duffel bag onto the floor.

Daphne passed her a glass, then grabbed a big fat strawberry from the tray. Ever so gingerly, she put it to the model's lips. Nicole opened and bit down on the berry, red juices spilling down her chin. Quick as could be, Daphne was there, licking the juices and then kissing the older woman hard on the lips. Nicole obviously had no objections to getting right down to business.

Not to be left out, I took my place behind Nicole, kissing and licking her neck. Daphne guided my hands up over her large breasts, then over Nicole's. I could feel my newly enlarged cock trying to fight its way out of my pants.

As I unbuttoned Nicole's blouse, Daphne knelt, taking the woman's pants off. Then her bra and thong followed, leaving our guest stripped bare.

"Lie down on the bed," I whispered in Nicole's ear. "On your stomach. My girlfriend and I have plans for you."

"Really?" she said, a hint of hesitation in her voice.

"Not to worry," said Daphne.

Nicole laid down, albeit hesitantly. While I took off my shirt, Daphne pulled out the assortment of massage oils we'd purchased. I started in on the model's shoulders while Daphne started on her feet.

"Heaven..." purred the Brit.

Daphne and I simply exchanged smiles and continued to work on the busty woman. When we were finished with her back, arms, and legs, we had her flip over. Nicole was smiling, her bright green eyes heavily lidded with relaxation. I went for her breasts, massaging the massive globes of flesh while Daphne saw to her thighs. It wasn't long before the redhead was face-first in Nicole's neatly trimmed

bush.

"Yes," Nicole hissed.

I stripped my clothes and rolled on a condom while I watched my girlfriend eat the porn star's pussy. Sensing my readiness, Daphne slid up Nicole's body to start kissing her on the mouth. Then she started nibbling on Nicole's ear.

"My boyfriend's gonna put his great big cock inside you now. Just try and relax," Daphne whispered.

"What do you...Oh fuck!"

From behind Daphne, and unseen by Nicole, I had slid onto the bed and pushed the head of my cock quickly into the model's wet hole. Daphne silenced any more words from Nicole with another hard kiss. I continued to push myself deeper in.

Daphne sat up, pulling her nightie over her head to reveal her large, firm tits. She began fingering her own snatch with one hand while pinching a nipple with the other.

"You like that? You like being fucked by my boyfriend? You like his big fat cock inside you?"

"Yes," Nicole breathed.

"I can't hear you," Daphne sing-songed.

"Yes! Fuck yes!"

"That's right! Nobody fucks like my man! Fuck her, Jack. Fuck her hard and rough."

Nicole's hips started bucking hard, "Fuck me! Fuck me! I'm cumming. I'm cumming! FUUUUUCK!"

"That's right, let it out baby," Daphne purred. "Come on big boy, finish what you started inside me."

I pulled out of Nicole and tugged the condom off. Daphne was now on her hands and knees on top of Nicole, kissing her softly. I pushed into Daphne, who arched herself like a cat.

"That's it Jack. Fuck me too. Fuck me like you fucked Nicole. Hard. Rough," she moaned.

My hips met her ass with a loud slapping noise. Each time, she moaned a little louder.

"Yes! Yes! come in me! I want to feel you explode in my pussy!" Daphne pushed her ass up into me, driving me deep inside her as I went over the edge, pumping and thrusting my seed inside her.

"You two are fucking insane!" Nicole gasped. "I love it!"

"You ain't seen nothin' yet," Daphne replied, positioning her crotch over the other woman's face. "Snack time!"

Nicole didn't hesitate to lick and nibble at Daphne's wet snatch.

"Eat it, baby!" Daphne purred. "Eat my lover's cum!"

I just stared with rapt fascination as the two women went at it. After a minute or two, Daphne raised

her ass back up, lifting her pussy a few inches over Nicole's lips. She grunted and flexed a few times, then a thin stream of white fluid dribbled out of her womb and into Nicole's waiting mouth. It was one of the wildest, most erotic things I'd ever seen.

Panting and gasping, Daphne laid down on the bed next to Nicole. I remained kneeling at the bottom of the bed, my erection full and ready.

"This is..." Nicole breathed, "So fucking wild."

"Thanks," I said, "We aim to please. Ready for seconds?"

"There is no way you could be ready to go already," Nicole gasped, seeing my erect member. "In a minute, though." She got up and found the bag she'd left on the floor. Digging around she pulled out what I thought at first was a simple purple dildo. But as she came toward us, she began strapping it around her waist.

"Mind if I drive for a bit?" She smiled, then licked her lips.

"Be my guest," I replied, gesturing to the prone form of Daphne.

She didn't dive right in. Instead she laid down on Daphne and began making out with her. Tongues danced and fingers played as the busty model enjoyed my girlfriend's body. Daphne responded in kind and parted her legs dutifully as Nicole moved to penetrate her pussy.

The lovemaking was slow and beautiful. Two heavenly beauties, each with massive tits, screwed and writhed on the bed, all while I watched on. After a while, Daphne and Nicole rolled over, with the redhead now on top, impaling herself on her lover's tool.

Nicole smiled, seeing my eagerness to join in. "Sorry to leave you out, love."

"Not to worry," I said, an idea forming in my head. I grabbed one of the oil bottles that we'd used earlier and dribbled it down the length of my shaft. "She still has one perfectly good hole to use."

I moved in behind Daphne, who had bent over slightly and parted her butt cheeks to me. I wiped some oil on her anus, then pushed the head of my cock into her ass. It popped in with some slight pushing. It was insanely tight and I knew it was going to take some work to get my newly enlarged member any deeper inside her. As I worked into her, I could feel Nicole's strap-on pumping in and out. The action added a wonderful new sensation to the lovemaking.

"So full..." Daphne groaned, "Gonna...burst."

I knew she would be fine, the show was for Nicole's benefit. The older woman seemed to be delighting in the pleasure and control of the situation.

Daphne threw her head back, her hands running through her hair.

"Too much. Too fucking much. Gonna cum. The pressure...it's too much...Need to cum. Have to cum!" Daphne reached down to finger herself. "Yes. It's close! Please God! Let me cum! I need to release! The pressure! The fucking pressure! GOD LET ME CUM!"

And come she did. With a scream that was so primal and fierce, she tensed and collapsed, breathing

hard and groaning. Her eyes fluttered open and she smiled weakly.

"Thank you," she whispered and disengaged from both Nicole and myself. I was still pretty close to blowing, so I continued to stroke my cock as I watched the two women slowly make out. Even so, they kept one eye on me, and stopped just long enough to take several ounces of hot semen across their epic breasts with a mixture of laughter and gasps of pleasure.

It took them a good while to clean each other cat-style, but it was worth every minute. When they'd finished, I was invited to lay down between them to rest as they sandwiched me between lord knows how many pounds of tit-flesh. I drifted off to a blissful sleep.

Sometime during the night, I was awoken to two different tongues working my semi-erect cock. I kept my eyes closed, letting the women work my member to its full hardness. After a few minutes, it had reached the desired hardness because I could feel the women break away. Sneaking a peek, I saw the older woman beginning to straddle my body, carefully aiming my cock into her waiting womb. My girlfriend got up and went around behind Nicole, nibbling the porn star's neck and fondling her huge breasts.

Soon, Nicole was halfway down my member, her eyes half closed in dreamy bliss.

"You like fucking my boyfriend, don't you?" Daphne whispered.

"Yes," whispered Nicole in return.

"I mean...really like it?"

"Yes...I really, really like fucking your boyfriend. I love the feel of your man's cock inside me! I want him to fuck me with his big fat cock!"

I opened my eyes and smiled, then gripped the larger woman's thighs to give her a proper fucking. She was already on the brink and was screaming my name in no time at all. Nicole pulled off and proceeded to stroke my member furiously. Soon I was erupting semen all over the model's huge tits. Exhausted, I fell back asleep watching Daphne clean every inch of our new friend.

Sunlight was filling the room the next time I awoke. This time I was alone in bed, Daphne was curled up on the sofa in her robe watching TV.

"Where's Nicole?" I asked, getting out of bed.

"Morning, Master. Nicole had an early shift at her booth. She did leave you a note," she said, pointing to the end table.

Jack,

You and Daphne are fantastic lovers and beautiful people. Last night was without a doubt, the most incredible lovemaking I've ever experienced.

I wish I could stay and play all day, but duty calls. Please visit me on the floor before you go.

Call me anytime you're in Florida!

-Love, Nicole (305-555-3291)

"Guess we're going to Florida sometime soon."

"Sounds like fun," she said, rising from the couch and walking over to me. "Let's see if I can pay my own way." She dropped a handful of casino chips from one hand to the other, then clasped both hands around them. Closing her eyes, I could see Daphne concentrate, then a golden glow came from between her hands.

With a heavy thud, the chips landed on the bed next to me. I lifted a chip, it was metal now. Not just metal.

"Gold? You can change things to gold?"

Looking slightly more pale than before, she nodded. "There was a lot of sexual energy last night. I was practically vibrating with it this morning."

"That's great, but I don't think we need the money."

"It never hurts. Besides, I know one of your biggest dreams has been to live in a castle." She winked at me.

"One too many readings of *Once and Future King* I suppose."

"Never!" she giggled. "There's money, but there's also Kristin."

"You gonna turn her into gold?"

"Ha. Ha. No. I'm going to heal her face and body. It'll just take some experimenting and research. Transmuting one inanimate object to another is fairly simple. I chose gold since it's so damn useful. But a living thing..."

"I'll get you some lab mice," I said.

"Thank you, Master."

"I don't get something. You've altered me, why not do the same to Kristin?"

"Well. Don't take this the wrong way, but a penis isn't as *complex* as a face."

"Gotcha."

"So," Daphne said, shape shifting into a petite redhead we'd "bumped into" on the floor yesterday. "First, I'm going to 'recharge' my batteries, then you're going to shower, and then we're going to hit the casinos."

"We are, are we?"

"If it pleases my Master," she said, dropping her robe and mounting me. The form she had assumed had barely there A-cup breasts and shaved snatch.

"Oh it pleases me..." I said, feeling her tight cunt stretch itself around my full member. "It pleases me."

Chapter Eleven

Emptied, showered and dressed, I took Daphne (clad in the shortest red dress she owned with matching high heels) out on the town. It was still early, but the casinos were plenty full.

"So what are we doing?" I asked.

"Buying you a castle."

"I didn't think they sold them here."

"No, but they can be built...for a price."

"Ah. And my current cash reserves are insufficient."

"Probably. Besides, don't you want to know how your uncle amassed his fortune?"

"Gambling?" I asked incredulously.

"Poker, to be precise. I would turn invisible and read peoples thoughts from a distance. I found I could nudge the image of their cards into his mind. Got to be a pretty big player."

"And here I thought he was some shrewd businessman."

"Hmph. Well, I need to hit the bathroom and lose these clothes, then I can be fully invisible..."

"Do you have to?"

"Well, your uncle..."

"My uncle was many things. But he's not me. Do you have to be invisible?"

"No."

"Do you have to be at the table?"

"No."

"Then watch from a safe distance. Hell, I'd let you play, but they'll never pay out to someone that doesn't have an ID, let alone a social security number."

"Oh. OK."

"Listen, I may be your Master, but that doesn't mean I'll treat you like property." I said, stroking her face gently.

"My Master," she whispered, kissing me softly on the lips. "My wonderful Master. Remind me to please you later."

"Like you really need reminding?"

I found an open poker room, bought some chips and sat down. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Daphne grab a seat in the viewing gallery.

The players seemed to be from various backgrounds and locales. The one that caught my interest seemed to be a southerner. A wealthy loudmouth I could only assume was from old oil money.

My first hand was interesting. I got my cards, 4 of hearts and 7 of clubs, then I looked around at the other players. Like some creepy real-life video game, I could see their cards, floating ethereally over their heads. I had to chuckle.

"Somethin' funny, boy?" the southerner sneered.

Oh yes, he was going down, even though I would have to fold that hand.

Although several players came and went, the southerner, a Texan it turned out, named J.J. Walker, stayed in it. Slowly but surely I piled more and more chips on my side of the table as he bought in again and again. Smartly, I'd pass off piles of chips to Daphne to hold in her purse from time to time, keeping my piles reasonable and not scaring J.J. or any of the other players off.

Around 3pm my goddess girlfriend and I packed up and skipped town a cool million dollars richer than we had started. But not before saying goodbye to Nicole. And by saying goodbye, I mean a quick and dirty threesome in the ladies bathroom.

"A million dollars for a few hours work? Not bad." I said, somewhere outside Bakersfield.

"Once word gets around about you cleaning out J.J. Walker, don't be surprised if you get an invitation or two to some 'private' games."

It was nearly midnight when we got home. I was exhausted, but still had just enough juice left in me to bang Daphne silly up against the bedroom wall.

The next few weeks were spent researching land and calling Realtors while Daphne was at school. When she was home (and after she did her homework), she retreated to a small room in the basement that I'd affectionately named Daphne's Laboratory.

Periodically she'd need me to help out. And that usually involved one thing.

"Hey, got a sec to help me?"

I looked up to see Daphne standing at the doorway of my office.

"Sure. What's up?"

"Just the usual. Sit tight and then answer the door in about five minutes."

"Can do."

"Thank you, Master."

Sure enough, five minutes later there was a knock at the door.

"Uh, yes. Um Mr. Aston?" The woman at the door was in here late thirties with short blond hair. She was wearing khaki shorts, Keds, tank-top and over shirt. On her left hand was a simple diamond ring. Her hips were slightly wide, with full, but not ample chest. She looked the stereotypical soccer mom. She looked quite nervous.

"Please, call me Jack," I smiled.

"Um, Jack," she swallowed. "My name is Linda. Linda Daniels. We spoke the other day about my...um...gambling debts."

"Ah yes, come in," I said, catching onto the plot. "Have a seat in my parlor, right here, on the couch."

"Thank you. Please, Mr. Aston...Jack, I can't really pay. My husband doesn't know and..."

"And he doesn't need to know."

"Good. Look, if I can just get some more time..."

"Oh no, no. No more time. If I give you more time, it will look like I'm getting soft," I said, sitting down next to her. "If I look soft in front of my associates, that's bad for business. We'll get your debt

settled. Right here, right now."

"Really? How?"

"It's a simple exchange of services," I smiled wickedly.

"Oh no. No, no, no."

"Mrs. Daniels, you're laboring under the mistaken belief that this is a choice. You're overdue on payment, and now you will pay."

"I'm leaving and calling..."

"The cops? Betting is quite illegal in this part of California. Call your husband? What will he think. Please Mrs. Daniels. Linda. Let's be adults."

"I...I...I..."

"Mrs. Daniels!"

"Yes?" she quivered.

"Enough. Strip for me. I've never been with a soccer mom, and I want to enjoy every minute of it."

She got up and started for the door, then paused and dropped her purse. Turning around she pulled off her outer shirt, then the tank top. Her bra was plain and white. Then she kicked off her shoes and tugged down her shorts. Her panties were matching white. The whole time, she kept her eyes on the ceiling.

"Very beautiful, Mrs. Daniels," I said, unbuttoning my pants and pulling my cock out. "How many children do you have?"

"Four," she whispered.

"Four? You've kept yourself in very good shape after four children. Finish stripping, please."

She pulled off the bra and panties. She was pretty, in a simple "Susie-homemaker" sort of way.

"You're almost paid off. Now get on your knees."

Linda did as she was told and I stood up to put my cock at her mouth.

"Long and slow, Mrs. Daniels," I said. "And after I cum, you will swallow it."

She nodded, not wanting to speak. Then she opened, pulling my swollen member into her wet mouth. At first she worked gingerly, then picked up confidence.

I was lost in the moment as I watched her short blond hair bounce with each thrust of my dick. I let her suck and lick my cock for a good long time before I let loose. Linda gagged at first, then sucked and finally swallowed the load.

"Very nice. Mrs. Daniels. Very nice."

"Then we're...we're even?"

"Oh yes, quite," I said.

She scooped up her clothes and started to head for the bathroom.

"Ah, before you go, I'd like to make you an offer."

"What? What offer?" she had that hunted look on her face again.

"\$1000. \$1000 if you bend over that couch right now."

"Just bend over? Nothing else?"

"Don't be so naive. Of course there's something else. I want to fuck you while you're bent over my couch."

"What? Now?"

"Yes, now," I said. "I want to know what four kids does to a pussy."

"I...I don't know," she stammered.

I reached into my desk and pulled out ten crisp \$100 bills.

"One grand for one fuck. That's at least a car payment or two. Unless you're too ethical..."

"Two thousand," she blurted.

I smiled, "Slut. Two thousand it is," and I pulled another set of bills from my desk. I set them on the table by the couch. "Here they are, now bend over."

Nervously she did so, head down in shame.

"Spread your legs a little," I said as I slid up behind her. She cried out a little when I pushed my dick down her pussy, then started to work my cock with her vaginal muscles.

"Oh Mrs. Daniels. You are a fantastic fuck!" I cried and then slapped one ass cheek, then the other. Soon I was pounding her cunt with my big dick and making the housewife groan and scream. She started to play with herself and finally climaxed. Gritting my teeth, I released my seed into her quivering cunt.

I pulled out when I was done and zipped up.

"Take your money and go," I said, sitting back down at my desk. "Our transaction is complete."

"Th...thank you," she whispered, then disappeared out the door.

I was surprised that I didn't see Daphne come back in, so after about ten minutes I went looking for her. It wasn't until I heard her yell "Eureka!" from the basement, that I found her.

"Good news?" I asked, opening the door to her lab.

"Yep! I think I found the spell, see?" she showed me a small hamster.

"It looks like a normal hamster to me," I said.

"Yes, but this one was albino up until a few minutes ago," she smiled. "It was draining, but it worked."

"OK, so you can cure Kristin?"

"Yes! Yes I can! It's pretty simple..."

And as she spoke I saw it happen. The color fled from the little hamster and its eyes went blood red.

"No! No! No! It's not permanent! Fuck!" she began to cry.

"Hey, you'll get it worked out. I know you will."

"I hope so. Kristin's getting more depressed as time goes by. No dates, no dances. I'd hate to see her live her life not knowing love and affection."

"Hey now, keep your chin up. I've got something to show you anyways that may cheer you up," I said, pulling her upstairs.

"What?"

"I'm not telling and no mind reading! I want this to be a surprise."

It wasn't the quickest surprise, as it took nearly 20 minutes to get there, but in the twists and turns of the hills outside of town I pulled into a little vale that was misty in the coming of evening. Several ancient pine trees shielded the spot from the even the driveway. A small brook ran down behind an empty field, about 4 acres in size.

"OK," Daphne said, "What's this?"

"This is home," I smiled.

"This?"

"Well, this and this," I said pulling a tube out of the trunk of the car. I unrolled the blueprints on the hood of the car. It laid out a great estate with bedrooms, a ballroom, massive kitchen, library, studios, a laboratory, and more. It was three stories of fantasy come to life. The final drawing included two large spires on the front of the castle. "What do you think?"

"Now *that's* a home."

Chapter Twelve

The final price tag on the castle came out to nearly \$20 million. More than even my deep pockets could manage. I was going to need several trips to Vegas and Reno to finish the project. Even so, I'd gotten a contractor and a crew together to start work on bringing utilities to the remote site.

"So, I've decided to spend your holiday break in Reno," I said one morning while Daphne and I strolled the wooded park near the house.

"Reno?"

"It's quieter than Vegas, but I figured a few weeks there would help offset the steadily climbing costs of the new house," I said.

It was a cool morning in early December and in spite of the chill, Daphne still wore very little. Today she was in a long white skirt and blouse.

"You know that place needs a proper name. 'The new house' just doesn't do it justice." Daphne said, leaning up against a nearby tree. Glancing around for observers and finding none, she shifted into a busty black woman we'd met at the Vegas convention. Her ebony skin was an exciting contrast to the white outfit.

"I'll think of something," I said leaning in for a kiss. My hands found their way up her blouse, stroking soft tit flesh without the interference of a bra. Her hands were at my fly, pulling and tugging my cock out into the crisp air. She lifted her skirt, and knelt, pulling me into her dark mouth. The contrast of my white cock and her black lips was the wildest part of the outdoor blow job. I leaned forward, thrusting and bracing myself on the tree. I couldn't hold back any more.

"Ugh! Suck it! Suck my cum!" I growled, emptying my balls into her mouth.

My watch beeped as she stood up.

"Shit. Time for school, babe," I said, kissing her on the lips. She shifted from the model straight to her Stacey form. It's usually a quiet transition, but today it was accompanied by a scream. Not from Daphne, but from a set of bushes nearby.

A blur of black and white shot out from the bushes heading away from us, but Daphne was on top of it in less than a second. Despite her small size, Daphne could possess immeasurable strength. Strength that was really pissing off her best friend Kristin.

"Fucking put me down!" the raven-haired girl screamed.

Daphne did no such thing. "Stop fighting me and I'll put you down. But know this, you run and I'll bring you back again and again."

Kristin continued to fight for a moment longer, then gave up and sighed.

"What the fuck was that? I thought you were my friend, but you're...you're...What the fuck are you?"

"Kristin, calm down," I said. "Daphne isn't human, as you've guessed. Even she isn't sure what she is."

"I'm a spirit. I live on sexual energy and I'm bound to one person for the duration of their lifetime," Daphne said.

"Daphne? I thought you were Stacey!"

"Stacey is part of me. It's a role I play. I wanted to see what high school was like," she smiled. "He named me. For the first time in over two-thousand years I have a name. I'm not property, I'm his...lover." We exchanged smiles.

"So what does that make me? A tool for your little school experiment?"

"No. You're my friend. You've been a great help to me and I want to continue being your friend. And...I want to help you."

"Help me?" Kristin said, some of the anger dying down.

"Help you. Heal you."

Kristin's hand shot to her face, making sure the long hair was covering her scars. "I don't need..."

"Kristin, you need it. I can feel your pain. Your sadness. I know you want to believe in magic. It exists. I exist."

Kristin's lips quivered, tears welling up in her eyes.

"You can fix my face? I can be normal again?"

"I don't know how yet, but I will. I will," Daphne scooped Kristin into her arms. "I promise."

The girl sniffled loudly. "Thank you," she whispered.

Confident that Kristin wasn't going to blow our cover, I let the girls go on to school, while I headed back to the house.

Later that day, the girls came over, both laughing and giggling. I don't think I'd ever seen Kristin smiling that broadly. Stacey bounced over to me on the couch and kissed me hard on the lips.

"Good afternoon Master!" she cried.

"I take it you girls had a good day?" I wasn't comfortable yet with us being in the open with Kristin, but I went along with it.

Kristin grabbed a chair opposite, smiling, but quiet.

"Uh, huh. I've got a new lab partner! Together we will crack open the mysteries of the cosmos!" Both girls laughed. "But before we experiment, I need a snack."

"Um, ok. We can go upstairs..."

"Oh, no need. I want Kristin to watch," the redhead purred.

"I don't think that's a good idea. It's personal and she's only fifteen," I said.

"Sixteen," Kristin corrected.

"You're still a minor," I countered.

"It's OK, Master. It will heighten the energies," She was already digging into my pants for my cock. It was out and finding its way under her skirt and into a wet, exposed cunt. Stacey had undone her blouse, letting her large teenage breasts bounce free, but my eyes weren't paying attention to that.

Kristin had hiked up her long black skirt and had two fingers inside her black panties while she watched us. Her one exposed eye locked onto mine. Her breathing slow at first, then longer and faster. As we pumped harder and faster, so did Kristin. Her eyes closed and her lips mouthed silently: "Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me."

I exploded inside Stacey's cunt, but it was Kristin's body I was fucking in my mind.

Kristin excused herself after a minute or two while we redressed.

"Am I going to have to become Kristin before you rape that poor thing?"

"Not funny," I said.

"I know. It wouldn't be rape anyways. She wants you too badly."

Later that night, I would find out just how badly.

I'd gone to bed early, Kristin had managed sleep-over permission, even though it was a school night. It was dark when I heard my door open and a dark haired girl crept in.

"Kristin, this isn't a good idea..." I started.

"Hush. Kristin is sleeping, it's me, Master."

"Daphne? Look, I told you it isn't right..."

"Come on. You know you want her. It'll be really kinky. Take me with the real thing just down the hall," she was pulling down my sheets and starting to kiss me on the lips. "Please Master?"

I didn't really get the chance to answer. Kristin had lifted her nightshirt just enough to let me see her black snatch and pale legs. My boner was out of my boxers before I knew what was happening. My lips were on her lips, my hands up her shirt and gripping small, soft breasts. She gasped in delight as I rolled her onto her back. I went down, licking and tongue fucking the young girl with wild abandon. Kristin clenched her legs as she came quietly.

Finally I could take no more and pulled her legs apart. Penetration was slow and tight. She cried out when the head broke through. "Fuck me, Jack! Fuck me! I'm not a virgin anymore, fuck me and make me scream."

She was incredibly tight, and every thrust brought a new cry of pain and pleasure.

"So big! So fucking big! I feel like I'm gonna split open."

"That's nothing sweetie, I'm not all the way in yet."

"Fucking god!" she cried as I shoved more into her.

She cried and screamed and bucked for what seemed like an eternity when I finally ejaculated into her womb.

Gasping for air, I sat back and took in the dirty sight of the half-naked girl in my bed.

It wasn't until I heard Daphne's voice behind me that I realized what was up.

"That was fucking awesome," Daphne said, setting a hand on my shoulder.

Kristin, the real Kristin, smiled on the bed, my cock still inside her.

"Oh shit," I whispered. "Please tell me you're on the pill."

Chapter Thirteen

She was not on the pill, but after a few weeks of peeing on every pregnancy test we could get, we decided it was going to be OK. I was pretty pissed at both girls, but Daphne insisted she was in her lab at the time and didn't see us together until I was finished dumping my seed into the teenager's womb.

Kristin was very apologetic. She was just as scared as I was about becoming pregnant. She was just letting her body rule over her mind. Confident she wasn't pregnant, I'd left Kristin with enough money to get birth control from the local free clinic.

"Just because you duped me the first time, doesn't mean I don't want to fuck you again," I said as I handed over the money and kissed her on the cheek.

"Take care baby," Daphne said, kissing her on the other cheek. "We'll be back in two weeks. Maybe I'll have a solution then."

"I hope so," she said kissing Daphne on the lips. A little longer and harder than I was expecting. "Love you guys."

"Love you too, sister," Daphne said.

Once we were on the road, I had to ask Daphne. "Sister?"

"Kristin is kindred spirit to me. Something in her burns with an intense fire. She's hungry to be loved and give love."

"OK."

"It's the closest thing I've ever had to family. It's...complicated for me."

"I understand. You don't have to rationalize it to me."

"Thank you, Master."

The next two weeks were spent with nearly every waking hour in a casino. There were two tournaments (where I cleaned up both). The final damages put us up nearly \$4 million. Daphne had even figured out a way to nudge the big \$1 million spinning wheels to the right number. We hit two of those at separate casinos.

We were hanging out in the hotel bar, ordering drinks and going over our winnings.

"A little over six million. Nicely done, my love," I said, patting Daphne on the knee.

"You're quite welcome. When can they start construction?"

"It's getting a little too cold to pour concrete, so it'll be sometime in March. Right now they're getting all the utilities and stuff hooked up and the land where the castle sets leveled out."

"Awesome. Everything's on an upswing. Just wish I could figure out how to help Kristin," she said.

"It'll come to you," I said. The waitress brought over a tall pint of stout ale. "Ah. Mother's milk." I said, taking a sip.

"What?" Daphne asked. "What did you say?"

"Mother's milk?"

"Yes. Yes, that's an idea. Finish your drink, I want to head home soon."

"OK."

Not only did she want to go, she wanted to be charged up. We must have fucked in every bathroom from Reno to home. And that's no mean feat.

As soon as we got home, she bolted down to the basement and got to work. She came out of her lab the next morning and held a brown and tan hamster in front of my eyes.

"Eight hours," she said. "Eight beautiful hours and counting!"

"Huh?" I said, rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

"It hasn't changed back in eight hours. I think it might be permanent."

"You mean, you can heal Kristin?"

Daphne nodded, unable to speak anymore.

"Well, there's a Christmas present I don't think she was expecting."

Indeed, she wasn't and the scream of delight that came from delivering the news nearly blew my eardrums. Kristin made up for it though, by blowing me.

The poor thing could barely get her little mouth around my swollen cock, but she sucked it admirably while Daphne licked the base of my cock and my balls. The poor teenager nearly choked on the wad of semen I shot into her mouth, but she managed to get through it nonetheless.

As I laid down in my favorite chair, Daphne pulled Kristin into the next room to talk "girl stuff" as she put it. I dozed off quickly and awoke to my name being called from the front of the house. I glanced at the clock, it was nearly 8pm.

"Jack! Come here for a moment. We need you for something, then Kristin needs a ride home."

I found the girls on the stairs. Daphne, in her Stacy form, and Kristin leaned over the first few stairs, her skirt hiked up, and panties removed. Her tight, wet pussy yawned open slightly. My cock stiffened quickly in my jeans.

"Kristin has something to ask you, Master," Stacy purred.

"Jack. Please...fuck me," Kristin whispered.

"I don't think he heard you," the redhead said.

"Fuck me! I need to be fucked!"

I raised an eyebrow in confusion, but Stacy just waved it off.

Not wanting to argue with a pretty little pussy, I pulled out my fully erect cock and started to push it in. Kristin groaned loudly.

"Want me to stop?" I asked.

"No," Stacy said. "She can take more, can't you?"

Kristin nodded, her face buried in the carpet of the stairs.

I pushed in more, then back out, then more.

"More," came the reply from Kristin, her voice strained.

I complied, pushed another few inches down her cunt.

"Oh God...more."

"More what?" asked Stacy.

"More...please. I want more of your cock, Jack!"

Another few thrusts and I was buried to the base of my cock. By now I was supremely aroused and was nearly ready to explode. Kristin was gripping the stairs, white-knuckled. Stacy reached under started to finger her friend's clit. It wasn't long before both of us were coming.

We finished and separated, Kristin kissing me on the cheek.

"Oh, I nearly forgot your present!" I said, trying to break the uncomfortable silence. I'd gotten her a laptop and an iPod.

"I'm afraid the laptop will probably have to live here, so as not to attract..."

I was cut off by an epic bear hug from the teenager.

"Thank you. Thank you. Thank you."

"You're welcome," I said, smiling.

"Thank you. Both of you. I promise, I'll make it up to you both. I swear it," she said, wiping tears from her eyes.

"It's nothing, really," I said, but Daphne cut me off before I could continue.

"It's time to get Ms. Kristin home. We'll hook up at school tomorrow."

The drive to Kristin's house was quiet, and no words were exchanged until she hopped out, kissed us both and whispered, "I love you both. Very much." And took off for home.

Daphne slid into the front seat, "Home Jeeves!" She laughed.

"Mind telling me what the fuck is going on?"

"Drive off, I don't want to loiter here."

"Alright, but you owe me an explanation," I said.

We got home and Daphne ran upstairs to retrieve something. I was waiting for her in my recliner when she got back and slipped onto my lap.

"Jack. Do you know why your uncle went through a parade of cheap floozies in his later years, despite the fact that he had me?"

"Um, no. I guess I never really thought about it. Senility?"

"No. He was a right sharp old bastard, but he missed one opportunity in life. He had no children."

"Oh, I just figured he never wanted any."

"Well, he was a little busy with me. Fucking like mad. Drinking. Gambling. By the time he realized he had no heir, he was into his 60's."

"And you..."

"I can do many things. Bear children isn't one of them. It's sort of my curse. I can have. I can love. But I can't have a baby."

"So, about tonight?"

"Well. I love you Jack. I love you more than any master I've ever had. I don't want you to be childless. I know Kristin loves you. I know she wants kids..."

"Did I just knock up a sixteen-year-old?"

"No, no. She's still on the pill. Look, the process of healing Kristin's face is going to have some...side effects."

"Namely?" I asked, butterflies starting to churn in my stomach.

"I'm going to be imparting some of my power into Kristin. She's going to be able to change forms. The albino hamster started doing it this week. Different colors and sizes. It's really bizarre sometimes."

"OK. I'm not following what this has to do with tonight."

Daphne pulled out a scroll of paper and gave it to me. I unrolled it and read.

I, Kristin Reid, do swear with my soul and every fiber of my being, that I will be beholden to Jackson Aston for the remainder of my days in payment for the restoration of my body and the bequeathing of magical powers from the spirit known as Daphne. Henceforth, I will serve him as my Master. Seeing to his every need and desire.

Furthermore, upon my eighteenth birthday, I will offer myself to him as both his bride and mother of his children.

I do this willingly and with all my heart.

Signed,

Kristin Rachael Reid.

I read the document two more times before I put it down.

"This really isn't right," I said.

"It is. First, I cannot leave you without an heir. It's wrong of me. Second, I cannot leave another being to run around with my powers of shape changing. It's too dangerous. And finally, Kristin wants it anyways. She wants more than anything to be loved and have babies."

"What's to say she'll stay after the change?"

"You underestimate me, Master. This is a binding magical contract. It can't be broken. And even if she could, she won't. I can see into her. I've taken the measure of her and it's solid gold."

"I feel like you're getting me into a lot of trouble," I smiled.

"Oh, nonsense. There's a lot more trouble to be had. I have to train young Kristin in the ways of pleasing a man. She needs to get stretching and working out to be ready for Valentine's day."

"Valentine's day?"

"Yep. That's the day we do it. I'll lay out the details for you, but some of it has to remain a surprise for both of you. I need a lot of power that night, and the shock and surprise usually boosts it."

"Surprise and shock?"

"Yep," she said kissing me. "I think all this talk has got my man aroused. Shall I put on something special for tonight?"

"Surprise me," I chuckled.

"As you wish...my Master."

The surprise was I was treated to a belly dance strip tease. Daphne had taken on the appearance of

an Arabic woman, early 20's, with large plump breasts and wide hips. Her royal blue outfit hid only her breasts and crotch, the rest of her mocha colored skins was exposed for my viewing pleasure. She was barefoot. Her long, waist length hair was tied back in several places. She had wide, expressive, almond-shaped eyes that peaked out over a translucent veil.

With so few clothes, it didn't take long for her to be completely naked. She didn't speak, just went to work on her knees, sucking my member with her dark lips. She only gasped as I shot several thick streams of come across her magnificent breasts. I wasn't nearly done. She laid on her back, while I stood. I lifted her hips to mine, fucking her with big downward thrusts. I finished by spraying her belly with semen. Feeling particularly pleased with the sight, I rolled the dancer over and penetrated her ass. This time she cried out. I decided to not break my streak and pulled out once again, this time spraying her ass and lower back with my seed.

The woman lay there, panting. She was a sweaty, cum-coated mess. I zipped up and headed for bed. Twenty minutes later, Daphne was slipping into bed, wearing only a long t-shirt.

"That was so fucking hot!," she whispered, pressing her body close to mine.

I was about to mention something about how much larger her breasts felt, but nodded off before forming the words.

Chapter Fourteen

The next month seemed to fly by in a haze of nonstop sex. Daphne took to working around the house as Monique, the French maid, which meant I couldn't function unless I fucked her silly. Little Annie Sue (and her mother) paid me a visit as well. This time, Daphne added the touch of making Annie 6 months pregnant.

The wildest adventure came one afternoon when Kristin was out working (she couldn't quit, without arousing suspicion about where she got her money and tech gadgets). We'd gotten a room in a cheap hotel downtown. Altered to look like a 29-year-old expectant mother with short brown hair and large, swollen breasts, Daphne had prowled the streets to find us a hooker that would be willing to fuck her husband, since he had "lost interest" in her since becoming pregnant.

The girl was probably in her mid-twenties and went by the name "Mindy." Mindy had long black hair, trim body with modest B-cup breasts. She sported a simple leather bustier top with matching miniskirt.

"So, you've want me to just fuck 'im?" Mindy asked, her New York upbringing showing through.

Daphne cleared her throat nervously. "Well, yes. It might be nice if you...you know...suck him. He likes that."

"What guy don't?"

I'd gotten naked on the bed, and Mindy soon joined me. Daphne, calling herself "Debbie" sat on a chair next to the bed. Mindy got to work on my cock, managing to work it pretty far down her throat before gagging slightly. I let her work me for several long minutes. Then I put her face down on the bed, and started to eat her shaved cunt.

I don't know if she was faking it or not, but she swore and screamed her way through two orgasms. I let up off her and rolled condom on my cock.

I pushed it hard and fast into the hooker's cunt, forcing another cry from Mindy.

"Like that?" I asked.

"Fuck yeah! Fuck me with that monster cock!"

"You want it? You want it?"

"Yes! Fuck yes!"

"You wanna eat my wife's pussy while I fuck you?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. I'll do fucking anything as long as you keep that fat cock in me!"

"Billy!" Daphne exclaimed.

"Shut up woman and your fat ass in bed!"

Debbie, somewhat reluctantly, did as she was told.

"Lie down bitch and let this dirty whore eat your pussy!" I ordered.

Debbie spread her fat thighs apart and Mindy dove right in, licking and nibbling the pregnant woman's cunt. Debbie closed her eyes and started groaning, letting the other woman's tongue work its way into her body.

Big, swollen breasts bounced and swayed as I fucked one woman and watched the other. I knew I wasn't going to last, but held on for a few minutes more. Finally Mindy came, as did Debbie. I pulled out and ordered Mindy up and over to make out with Debbie. I pulled the condom off and sprayed both women with as much semen as I could muster.

Even Mindy was shocked and amazed by the whole thing.

"You two are fucking perverts. You can call me any fucking time!"

We let Mindy shower while the two of us fucked again. She emerged from the shower in just enough time to see my enormous cock, buried in Debbie's fat ass, climax, sending rivulets of come down her wide thighs. Debbie collapsed as I pulled out to pay Mindy \$2000.

"Two Gs? You two all-fucking-right in my book. Best o' luck!"

We got out of the room as quickly as possible and headed for home.

The next morning I was in for a bit of a shock.

"I think I'm going to need to call in sick for the next week," Daphne said. I had gotten up late and not finding her in bed, I got into the shower alone. Daphne had wandered into the bathroom, sounding downbeat.

"You get sick?" I asked, stepping out of the shower.

"Not as such," she said. And then I saw it. Her breasts had been getting bigger. A lot bigger now.

"I can't hold them back anymore," she said. "They're completely swollen and I'm ready to burst!"

"Why?" I asked, both confused and concerned.

"It's part of the transformation process. I've been storing up energy. I've never stored up this much before and now..."

"Now you've got, what, G cups?"

"G if I'm lucky! I can't go to school like this," She shifted to look like Stacy, but the mountains of flesh were still there. "See?"

"OK, want me to call it in?"

"No, I already did, pretending to be my own mother."

"So, now what?"

"Well, we just wait till this Friday. It's a 3-day weekend, and Kristin's made plans to be here all weekend. Thanks for arranging to have her foster parents 'win' a trip for two to San Diego."

"The least I could do. What about Kristin this week?" I asked.

"She'll manage. I've put her on a strict, no-sex diet. She's to be either working, studying, or working out."

"Tough love?"

"Of a sort," she laughed, "I want her so fucking horny this Friday that she nearly explodes at the slightest touch."

"What about us?"

"Oh, there's nothing stopping us," she purred.

I couldn't resist her. Besides, I had to come all over those monstrous tits.

Later that day, I found the only place in town that carried J-cup bras and some over-sized blouses and t-shirts to go over them. The owner was staggered that someone needed them. The bra was functional, if a bit drab. Daphne herself wasn't in any pain, but they were getting her way, and starting to severely piss her off. I found a website that carried lacier versions of the same size and had them overnighted in time for Friday. Daphne did not want to be looking like some old granny on our special night.

In the meantime, I decided to put Ms. Megaboobs to good use.

It was Thursday afternoon and my doorbell rang. The teenage girl standing there was blond, blue-eyed, and busty as all get-out. She was wearing a blouse, plaid skirt, white socks and black leather shoes.

"Lola? What are you doing at my house? Students aren't supposed to call on teachers after school hours."

"I'm so sorry Mr. Manning, but it's kind of an emergency," the blond gushed. My parents will freak when they see me!"

"Lola. Look, you can't..." my eyes drifted down her blouse, it was strained to the breaking point. "My God! What happened to your...never mind. Get in, before one of my neighbors sees you!"

Lola bounced inside and I shut the door behind her. From behind her, the skirt was barely covering her ass.

"Thanks! Like I said, my parents will full-on shit themselves when they see these," she rubbed her chest. I could feel my erection start quickly.

"Did you have surgery or something?" Wondering how this could happen to a sixteen-year-old girl.

"No. It's Debbie. That bitch. You know how she started filling out all the sudden this year?"

"Yes. I mean no. No. I don't ever notice those things."

"I can see you staring at them all day!" Lola corrected me. "Anyways, she got some herbal supplements from some little island near China or something. She was bragging last weekend at her slumber party."

"Herbal stuff? That's usually a crock of..."

"No shit, sir. Sorry. Anyways, I got jealous and stole the bottle," she sighed.

"And you took some?"

"Some? Try all."

"Lola..."

"I know! Now my parents are going to see and freak out. Then they'll make me see a doctor! I don't want to go under the knife!"

"OK, look you've got to tell them the truth. There's no way around it. Besides, they'll understand."

"No they won't. They're into this whole born-again purity crap. They won't let their daughter run around with J-cup breasts! If only I could figure out a way to keep me safe. A reasonable explanation for my breasts getting bigger."

"The only logical answer is pregnancy," I said before my brain fully kicked in.

"Pregnant?! Of course! Mr. Manning, you're a genius! You can get me pregnant, then they can't do anything to me!" She started unbuttoning her blouse, "My period just ended, so I should be ready."

"Lola! I can't..." I protested, but her blouse was off, revealing huge globes of flesh and pink, perky nipples.

"It's no biggie! I'm not a virgin anyways. I'll just say it was some guy I met at a party. From out of state. It'll be a cinch!"

She was now naked in my entry way, standing there looking wonderful and smelling heavenly.

"Oh God..." I whispered, then kissed her. While we made out, she undid my pants and stroked my penis to full length. Before long I had her pressed against the wall, penetrating my young pupil and made sweet love to her body.

"Mr. Manning! It's so....big!" Lola cried. "More! More! Give me a baby! Fill me! Fuck me!"

"You like that?" I asked, driving the full length of my shaft inside her. "You like being fucked by an older man?"

"Yes," she groaned.

"You like being fucked by a big, fat, cock?"

"Yes!"

"You like being fucked by your teacher?"

"YES! Fuck me teacher! Fuck me teacher! Fuck me!" She cried out, body quivering with orgasm.

I couldn't hold back either. With loud, harsh grunts I came inside the young girl, feeling every last drop of me splash around her insides.

I was far from done with her, however. Another fucking session took place on the stairs, then later I had her bent over the couch.

"Now," I said, redressing and letting her do the same. "Not a word to anyone. Got it?"

"Yes sir!" she smirked. "Have you seen my panties? I can't find them."

We looked around for a few minutes, but after watching her blond cunt peek out at me from under her skirt three or four times, I finally had enough. I fucked the little woman with the massive tits right there on the floor, doggy style. Then with a swat on her ass, I sent her home. Without her undies.

A moment later, Daphne ducked back into the house.

"I am positively vibrating with energy now. You best get to bed. I want you nice and rested for tomorrow. Kristin's coming at sundown.

I kissed her on the forehead and went to bed.

Chapter Fifteen

It was odd waking up alone, but Daphne was trying to keep her distance so as not to entice me too much. I stayed out of her way as she prepared the open space in the basement. She must have made four or five trips down there, making everything ready for tonight. I took upon myself to prep Kristin's stuff for the evening, including a white silk robe and matching blindfold. Daphne had even written out a small speech I was to make, a bit of a ceremony between just Kristin and myself. It was all very arousing and I was counting the hours until sunset.

Mercifully, sunset came soon enough and I waited with nervous pacing by the front door, myself garbed in a black silk robe. Finally there was a soft knock on the door. Kristin was there, jeans and t-shirt with a backpack slung over one shoulder.

"Am I in the right place?" she joked. I smiled and hugged and kissed her gently.

"I've missed you," I said, honestly.

"Me too," she smiled.

"Oh, here," I handed her a bag. "Go change in the bathroom and meet me in the living room."

"Where's Daphne?" she asked, dropping her bag and taking mine.

"Downstairs, waiting. We have some stuff to do before we meet with her."

"Do you think this will really work?" she asked, halfway to the bathroom.

"I do. I trust Daphne. She'd never lie to me and I don't think she would to you either. After tonight, you'll be a part of us both. Forever."

"I know," she whispered. "I can't wait."

A few minutes later, now clad in her white robe, Kristin joined me in the living room. I had the lights off and the fireplace going. I was laying on some fat cushions and gestured for her to join me on the floor. Between us sat a small table with a large goblet of red wine. I could see Kristin tremble slightly.

"Have a drink. It'll calm your nerves," I said.

"Wine? I'm not 21, you know," she smirked.

"I think, after tonight, contributing to the delinquency of a minor will be the least of my crimes."

She laughed and drank deeply.

"So, you ready for this?"

Kristin nodded, swallowing the wine. "Yes. Yesterday I was on the verge of throwing up all day. Then this morning, there was a sort of peace. A calm I'd never felt before. Like, somehow, it's going to be alright from here on."

"So, you're not nervous?"

"No. Anxious as hell, but not nervous," she smiled.

"Well, have another drink and we'll get started."

She drank and then asked, "What do I need to do?"

"Just follow directions. Daphne has it all planned out. But we have some stuff to do just us two."

I got onto my knees and Kristin did the same. I took her hands into mine and kissed them. Then I pulled out the scroll Daphne had prepared for me.

"Kristin. I love you and I want you. I want to care for you, hold you, and be with you. I promise to be loving in all that I do for you. You shall never want for anything. I will be your friend, your lover, your knight, and your master. I will watch over you and protect you, all the days of my life."

Kristin smiled, tears starting to form in her eyes. I handed her the scroll.

"Jack. I love you and I want you. I will be yours. I promise to be faithful in all that I do. I will be your friend, your lover, your lady, and your slave. I will serve you and pleasure you, all the days of my life."

As she finished, I pulled out golden choker and clipped it around her neck.

"Let this be a symbol of my love, my protection, and my ownership of you," I whispered.

"I am yours," she replied.

We kissed long and hard for several minutes.

"I want you so bad, Jack," she whispered.

"If you're ready, we can head downstairs and get started."

"Yes. I'm ready," she said, then finished, "Master."

After tying the silk blindfold over her eyes, I kissed her forehead and led her downstairs.

Daphne had outdone herself. Candles filled every available space in the room. The floor itself covered in layers of soft blankets. Pillows were placed along one wall. On another hung manacles, handcuffs, and other sex toys. A long table held various lotions, oils, ointments as well as pitchers of wine and water.

Daphne herself was clad in robe that matched Kristin and mine, except it was red. I led Kristin to Daphne and put the young woman's hands into the older one's.

"Kristin. You have sworn your obedience to my master. You are now bound to him, just as I am. You must now prove yourself worthy of being his mistress and slave...and my sister."

"I am ready," Kristin whispered.

"I know you are," Daphne said, kissing her on the lips. "Tonight you will be ours. You will refuse him nothing. You will refuse me nothing. Submit and you will be rewarded."

"I understand."

"Very well," Daphne said. "Kneel and we will begin."

She knelt and I pulled off my robe. I got in front of Kristin and pushed my dick into her mouth.

"Suck it, slave," I said.

She opened wide and took me in. I let her play with the tip, licking and sucking. Daphne knelt behind her, and stroked her small, firm breasts through the white robe, while licking and nibbling the girl's earlobes.

"You like sucking Master's cock? Suck it harder. Suck it good and hard. Make him explode in your mouth. That's a good little slave, please the Master and you will be rewarded greatly."

Kristin picked up the pace, pulling me deeper into her. I couldn't hold back. I gripped her head tight

and ejaculated into her mouth. She coughed and gagged, but swallowed all the same.

"Very good," Daphne whispered. "Now stroke the Master's cock."

She did as she was told, taking both hands and wrapping them around my still engorged member and pumping. Daphne helped out, dribbling massage oil down my cock. Soon the teenager's hands were a blur of activity, stroking my cock and fondling my balls. I groaned with delight.

"Good," Daphne said in one ear, "Make him cum. Make him come all over your face."

Kristin pointed my dick at herself and got a full load of semen all over her pretty face and down the front of her robe.

"Messy, messy girl. Lick yourself clean," I said finding a comfortable place on the blankets to watch. Using her delicate fingers, she wiped the spunk off her face and ate it all dutifully. When she was done, I rolled onto my stomach.

Daphne chimed in, "The Master is weary," she put a bottle of lotion into Kristin's hands and led her to me, the blindfold still in place. "Massage his aching muscles and he will be pleased."

Despite her tiny hands, Kristin massaged and oiled my body thoroughly and completely. It was wonderful to have every muscle in my back kneaded and worked on.

I rolled over and let her do the same to my front. Even without asking, I got another hand job, but I stopped her just short of coming.

"Very good," I said. "Now, stand up and take off your robe. Leave your blindfold on." Kristin pulled off her robe hesitantly. She was still uncomfortable about being seen naked with her burn scars.

"So very pretty," I said. "But I've always wanted to see something. Lay down and spread your legs."

Daphne eased over to where Kristin was and knelt down, holding some shaving cream and a razor.

"Hold very still," she whispered. Applying the cream to Kristin's pubic mound elicited a soft giggle and as soon as she felt the cold razor on her snatch she froze, perfectly still. It didn't take long for Daphne to finish the job, and with a wet towel, presented her freshly shaved cunt to me.

"Daphne," I said, "I think young Kristin needs to release some of her pent up frustrations."

"What does my Master have in mind?"

"Kristin. Stand up and finger yourself. You have one minute to bring yourself to orgasm. Don't bother faking it. Daphne will know. If you don't climax, I will be forced to belt your pretty little ass."

"Yes, Master," she said, standing up. She parted her legs slightly, then started playing with her now bare clit. She groaned and moaned, but she failed to climax in the time allotted. I took a belt from the table and gave her a quick snap.

"Time's up!" I said. She squealed, but kept fingering herself. "One more minute."

Kristin doubled her fingering, grunting and pumping. I could see the sweat beading on her body. Another snap of the belt made her scream. "Faster!"

Finally she came, pussy juices dribbling down her legs. Her knees buckled and went down on the ground.

"I came Master! I came!" she whined.

"Very good," I said, dropping the belt and pulling her back to her feet. I brought her over to the wall and lifted her up, skewering the young thing on my thick member. She howled with delight as it

worked deeper and deeper into her body. I bit and nibbled at her neck, leaving red marks where I sucked hard at the young skin. I gave it to her with long, hard thrusts. I didn't count her orgasms, and only let her down after I'd finished mine.

"Thank you Master. Thank you for fucking me. Thank you for loving me."

Kristin was panting hard now, sweaty and exhausted. I was pretty sore myself, but knew we were nearly there.

"Kristin," Daphne said. "You have nearly completed your trial. One more task and you will be judged worthy." She tipped a glass of water into the girl's mouth and she drank deeply.

"Yes," Kristin breathed after swallowing. "I think I know what's coming. I am ready. I give it to you willingly."

"Say it," Daphne demanded. "Say it! Beg for it!"

"Please Master," Kristin pleaded. She got down on all fours, head lowered. "Fuck me! Fuck me up the ass! Let me please you and show you my devotion!"

Daphne knelt and poured oil down Kristin's butt crack. She even played with the young thing's anus. "She is so ready for you my love," the redhead said, smiling.

I went in slow, but with a fair amount of force. It had to be rough and wild, Daphne had said. This was the last bit of sexual energy that would be needed for the change. Kristin cried out in pain, feeling her anus stretch dangerously tight.

"God!" She cried, "God it hurts!"

"Let the pain become pleasure," Daphne instructed. "Relax and let him deeper into you."

"I...can't. The pain is too much!"

"You will!" Daphne commanded, "You will take it! He is your Master! Control your body! Conquer your fear. Give in to him!"

"I...will! I will!" Kristin sobbed.

"Beg for more!" Daphne instructed.

Kristin whimpered, then took in a deep breath. "M-more! Master, give me more!"

I was now buried to the base of my cock. I was fully inside the sweaty teen.

"Come in my butt! I want to feel your hot seed in my ass!"

I couldn't resist her begging. I fired several heavy pumps of semen into the girl's ass. I finally felt myself go limp and slid out, a hot, sweaty mess.

"Now," Daphne cried. "Take off your blindfold sister and join me!"

Kristin did just that. Daphne stripped off her robe, revealing even larger, swollen breasts.

"My God!" Kristin said, then dove into Daphne, hungrily sucking at the swollen tits. To my shock and amazement, she was getting milk or something out of them. She'd spend one minute on a breast, then switch. Back and forth drinking down an impossible quantity of whatever Daphne's breasts contained. Soon, Daphne was just a petite thing with small breasts, pale skin and white hair. She looked what she was, drained.

Kristin doubled over in pain. "It's burning me!" she cried out, then she screamed. There was a moment when everything went a little fuzzy for me, then it cleared. When I looked down at Kristin, I

saw it happen. Her hair curled slightly, then breasts swelled several cup sizes. Finally, the scars melted back into her skin, leaving it fresh and untouched.

"Make love to her," Daphne croaked.

She had warned me this would happen, and I mustered my strength and spread Kristin open to me. Surprisingly, I felt Kristin's hymen tear as I penetrated her. It was like her first time, all over again. We made long, slow, sweet love to each other, while Daphne watched.

I could feel Kristin tense and cry out at the same time I climaxed inside her.

"I love you, Master," she confessed.

"I love you too," I said.

"And I love you both," said Daphne, the color now returned to her hair and cheeks.

Chapter Sixteen

We slept where we finished fucking that night. Kristin and I exhausted beyond anything we'd ever experienced before. It was somewhere around noon before either of us mortals had the strength to move, let alone walk. Of course, Kristin's naked body was far too alluring for me to leave alone, and I spread her unconscious body open to me and penetrated her. I fucked her slowly and gently until she awoke, then we made love in earnest, my thrusts meeting her hips with vigor and passion. When she climaxed, her legs squeezed my body, pulling me deeper into her, begging me to release myself inside her, which I did with a guttural moan.

Daphne came downstairs, naked as last night, carrying sandwiches.

"I thought I heard fucking," she said, in a mock motherly tone.

Kristin giggled, "Sorry Mom. We'll keep the fornicating down next time."

"I somehow doubt it," the redhead laughed. "You two need to eat, then we take Ms. Kristin out on the town to test her out."

"What do you mean?" Kristin asked between bites.

"Well, it's more than you've been healed. You've got some of my powers. You have the ability to mimic or become any woman."

"Oh my..." Kristin said, dropping her sandwich. "Seriously?"

"Seriously," Daphne smiled. "Changing you would have been too overt. You need the ability to go back..."

"No!" Kristin cried, "I'm not going back! You can't make..."

"Kristin!" I surprised myself. "Kristin. You are bound, or did you forget?"

"No," she whispered.

"No?"

"No, Master. It's just..." She began to cry.

I held her to me, "I understand. It's tough, but when you're here with us, you can be anyone you want. But out there, you must be what they expect. At least for awhile. Maybe you can change a little. Over time."

"Promise?"

"I promise. And once you're out of school, you can make the decision yourself," I said.

She laughed, "Oh, tough decision there."

"Now. Dry your tears and get your hot little ass upstairs. I think you and Daphne can share wardrobes now," I said.

Daphne laughed, "She can share anyone's now!"

There was a bit of truth to it, however. Watching Daphne and Kristin, they were roughly the same build and size. They were like sisters. And it was hot.

By the time I'd eaten and dressed, the girls were nearly ready. I walked in on the girls staring in the mirror.

"A little less baby fat now," Daphne coached.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Just trying to make young Kristin look a little closer to 21," Daphne said.

I spied her in the mirror. She would pass for at least 19 now. A moment later she looked a little older. She was young and cute, but wouldn't be mistaken for a minor.

"Just don't want my Master arrested," Kristin smiled, then kissed me on the lips.

Both girls were in tight jeans and cropped sweaters that failed to cover their flat, perfect stomachs.

"I appreciate it," I replied.

I gestured for the girls to head out. They had a surprise for me. Exposed on the small of their backs were tattoos. Kristin's was a large blue butterfly. Daphne's, a series of oriental characters.

"You like?" Kristin asked. "I've always wanted one, now I can have any I want!"

"It's beautiful. A butterfly is perfect for you. What's that say?" I pointed to Daphne's backside.

She smirked, "Concubine."

"I should have guessed," I said, smiling in return. "Ready?"

They nodded and ran downstairs and into the car.

Both girls got into the backseat to make out and fondle each other. Kristin had gotten into the lesbian thing with both feet. It took all the control I could muster to keep from crashing the car as Kristin came with Daphne's hand shoved down the front of her jeans.

I drove to a mall on the other side of town. Kristin looked different, but not that different, and we didn't want to risk her being spotted by someone she knew, particularly since she worked at the mall nearest us.

This mall was a fair shade nicer and ritzier than the one we usually frequented. It was nice to splurge on the girls in public for a change. I got them jewelry, shoes, lingerie, and more. I even opted for a couple's massage at a day spa attached to the mall. Daphne decided to go invisible (she didn't need a massage) but could still enjoy the sensations coming off the two mortals. Of course, I couldn't let the private room go to waste when the masseuses were done.

"Fuck me, Master!" Kristin cried. I was mounted behind her, fat breasts pressed flat against the rich wood paneling, "Fuck this unworthy slut!"

Daphne had materialized behind me, fingering Kristin's clitoris and licking my balls. We were through just in time as the cleaning crew came in just as we finished dressing.

"I am so loving this lifestyle," whispered Kristin over lunch. "I can't imagine ever going back to my mundane world of school and cliques and all that crap."

"Yes, but you need to, don't you?"

"I suppose," she sighed.

"Look," I said, "if you don't go back home, your foster parents will come looking for you. The police will want to question all your friends," I gestured at Daphne, "Odd questions about your comings and goings will come up."

"And you know you don't want to worry your foster parents," Daphne said. "They may not be your parents, but they did take you in and care for you. They deserve some consideration."

"You're right," Kristin sighed again.

"It's only a little over a year, then you're free," I consoled her.

"OK," she smiled.

"Now, with our shopping done, I think it's time we showed Kristin our next big thing," I said.

"Oh my," Kristin said, a little thrilled, a little excited.

Finally, it was excitement that won out.

"A castle? A fucking castle?" she screamed when we got up to the mountains.

"There's no place like home," I said, laughing.

We headed home and Daphne pulled Kristin off into her room to "get ready" as she said.

I laid down on my bed for a moments rest before the festivities began. It wasn't long before I was called on the intercom to come down to the basement.

In the center of the room, which had once been our harem love nest, was a simple table with three chairs around it. There was only one light on, above the table. On one end was a mousy teenager, maybe fifteen. Goth black hair, black dog collar, white t-shirt, and ripped black jean skirt. She had on dark eye shadow and blood red lipstick.

The other side of the table was occupied by a woman in a police uniform, blond hair in a severely tight bun. Her uniform shirt a bit too small and the skirt a bit too short for regulations.

"Detective, I've brought in Ms. Tiffany Larson for questioning, like you asked."

"Thank you, Officer..?"

"Jones sir. Miranda Jones."

"Thank you," I said, catching on quickly. I looked "Tiffany" up and down. She seemed a little afraid, but determined not to give into the fear.

"Solicitation?" I said, grabbing a seat opposite the girl. That's a dangerous trade for someone that's what, fourteen?

"Fifteen," she corrected, adamantly.

"Excuse me," I said sarcastically. "Fifteen it is. It's still dangerous."

"I can handle myself," she snarled.

"You can, huh?" I said, my eyes not leaving hers. "What about if I put your pretty little ass into the holding cell with the psychos and the drunks? I imagine there are some lesbo nuts that would love some teenage cunt."

"You can't scare me," Tiffany said, "I ain't gonna give you the name of my pimp, I know that's what you're after."

I looked at Officer Jones, "She's smarter than she looks."

"Apparently," Jones said.

"Officer, I think Ms. Larson is concealing a weapon of some sort."

"Hey, fuck you!" the girl interjected.

"Would you be so kind as to restrain her and perform a full strip search?" I finished.

Tiffany made a break for the stairs but the amazonian cop scooped her up effortlessly and had her handcuffed to the table in no time.

"You fucking dyke! I'm going to sue your fucking ass..."

Officer Jones took off her tie and stuffed it into the girl's mouth.

"You have the right to remain silent," she chuckled, unbuttoning the first two buttons of her shirt. Jones knelt and tore off Tiffany's shirt, revealing a petite pale frame, firm and small breasts and no bra. Her pert, dark nipples were rock hard when exposed. The quivered slightly with each shuddering breath.

"No weapons here," she said.

"Continue," I replied.

"Yes sir," Jones smirked, already going to work on the skirt. The skirt came off with little effort. She was wearing pink "Hello Kitty" panties underneath.

"Pink?" I asked, "Doesn't that break some Goth dress code? We may have to charge her with a few more violations."

Jones smiled and yanked down the panties, showing me Tiffany's neatly shaved pubes. "Noting here sir," she remarked.

"Full body search, Officer."

Tiffany screamed as Jones brought a finger up and slid it into her cunt. The blond closed her eyes as she penetrated the girl, enjoying the feel of her tight pussy. I watched in delight as she worked a few more fingers into the girl, pumping and grinding. Finally the police officer, hiked up her own skirt and fingered her own cunt as well, pumping both in rhythm. After several minutes both the woman and the girl had climaxed. Sweaty and panting, Officer Jones slid out of Tiffany.

"Nothing sir," she gasped.

"Very well," I said. "Tiffany, are you going to cooperate?"

Tiffany flipped me off with both cuffed hands.

"Very well. We're just going to have to go deep," I said, yanking my swollen cock out of my pants, "Very deep."

Tiffany groaned something like "Stop," but I paid no heed.

"You had your chance to play along," I said, forcing myself into her cunt, "Now we play hard ball."

I picked her up and let her hips onto mine so I could thrust as deeply as possible. I banged her for several long minutes, enjoying myself.

"Officer Jones," I said, taking a breather, but not leaving Tiffany, "Would you be so kind as to search young Tiffany's anus for any contraband?"

"Yes sir!"

"And please disrobe. I'd hate for you soil your uniform."

"Yes sir. Thank you sir."

The blond stripped out of her confining clothes, revealing a muscled, busty beauty.

"See young lady?" I said, indicating Officer Jones, "This is what a healthy life and good behavior can

do for a body?"

Soon, I was fucking the teenager's cunt while the other woman violated her ass.

"Are ready to give me what I want?" I groaned, my climax close at hand.

Tiffany nodded vigorously.

My balls erupted, filling her little twat with my semen.

I pulled out, leaving the white fluid to trickle down her leg. "Now, that wasn't so hard, now was it?"

"No," the younger woman groaned.

"Very well," I said, zipping my pants up. "Officer, if you would be so kind as to clean up the suspect. Don't want to leave any incriminating evidence behind."

"What?" the girl cried out, but soon the larger woman had her pinned, tongue buried deep to lick out every ounce of semen I'd left inside her.

Gasping and heaving, Tiffany climaxed herself hoarse. "I'll talk! I'll talk!" she cried out.

"See," I said to Officer Jones, "You just need to talk their language."

We all laughed and the police officer melted into Daphne, while Tiffany became Kristin.

"God, I love this," breathed Kristin. Then she kissed Daphne, then me.

"Phew, you two stink," observed Daphne.

"And you don't?" asked Kristin.

Daphne just smiled, "I *never* stink."

"Yes ma'am," Kristin said with a mock salute.

Upstairs, Kristin started filling our immense bathtub with water and bubbles while I stripped. She was waiting for me when I was ready and let me into the tub first. Without a word, she slipped in behind me and straddled my body, kissing me softly.

"I love my Master. He fucks me the bestest!" she giggled.

I just smiled and let her kiss me until my cock stiffened in response. I felt sure that she would push herself down onto my shaft, but she merely teased it, letting her tongue dance in my mouth. Finally she seemed to be able to bear no more.

"Make love to me Master," she whispered. "Make love to your servant. Let her feel your manhood inside her. Let her feel your power, your love. Let her stare into your eyes as you fill her cunt with your seed."

I pulled her hips down until my cock penetrated her tight folds. Her eyes locked onto mine as we slowly pumped in and out for what seemed like an eternity. Eventually, I quickened the pace and a few minutes later, eyes firmly on each other, I climaxed, sending a rush of myself into her body.

She smiled and said, "Thank you," kissing me softly on the lips.

"You're welcome," I said with a smirk. "I'm so glad you're part of the 'family' now."

"Feels good to belong," she sighed.

We washed each other and dressed in robes, heading downstairs to the heavenly smell of a fresh cooked dinner.

Kristin and I thoroughly stuffed ourselves, being quite hungry. We retired to the living room for a movie (which young Kristin promptly slept through). I carried her up to bed and let her sleep while Daphne quietly sucked my cock. I climaxed after several minutes and then drifted off to sleep.

I woke to sounds of Daphne and Kristin in the bathroom.

"It won't work without the full scarring. I'm sorry sweetie," I heard Daphne say.

Kristin huffed, "I know! It's just..."

"Your heart isn't in it?" I said, entering the bathroom.

Kristin hung her head, "I don't want to disappoint you, Master."

"You're not. Keep trying," I said kissing her on the forehead.

Both women (already dressed), appraised my naked body and smiled.

"Ah-ah!" I said. "Practice first. Fucking later." Time was of the essence, since Kristin needed to get home today.

After fifteen minutes of trying, Kristin had mastered going from her old look to her new one and back again. Then she played around with different forms. Blond, brunette, redhead. Thin, average, thick. A, B, C, D cup and then some. Before we knew it, it was time to go.

"Aw, fuck!" Kristin swore. "I'd wanted to make love one more time before I left."

"Another day," I said, grabbing my car keys.

We kissed her goodbye just outside her house and she scampered in. Her foster parents weren't home yet, but it was only a matter of time before they were.

"A most productive weekend," Daphne said, smiling to herself.

"You're extremely pleased with yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said, "Yes I am."

Chapter Seventeen

"I beg yo' pardon?"

"You heard me. Get down on your knees and eat your daughter's pussy. Unless you'd like her to eat yours first," I said.

Annie Sue, fat with child, but still hot as ever, nodded vigorously. "I'll do it, Jack. I liked it when you made me go down on Debbie Ann last week."

Annie Sue's mom, Betty, turned beet red. "I will have no part of this..." Betty, an older and more plump version of her daughter stroked her own distended belly unconsciously. Though the term "very pregnant" was grammatically incorrect, there were few phrases that fit the nine month pregnant twenty-year-old.

"No part?" I asked incredulously. "That isn't what you said six months ago when you just had to have some big cock in your pussy. Don't act ashamed, those were your words. Now you're fat and swollen with my child, just like Annie Sue. She, I wanted to knock up. You..." I paused for effect, "You were an unexpected event. Nevertheless, if you want me to take you and your daughter in, as well as your respective babies, you'll do as I say. Get your clothes off and get down and eat some pussy, bitch!"

Annie Sue was already naked, but Betty hesitated before stripping out of her clothes. She'd actually trimmed down a bit during the pregnancy, but she still possessed monstrous tits and wide, heavy ass.

Getting on fours, she dug her face into her daughter's wet cunt, licking and nibbling noisily. I pulled my cock out and stroked it absently while I watched. Realizing I was wasting a perfectly good hole, I got onto the head of the bed and pushed my hardened member into Annie's open mouth while I faced down the bed at her mother.

"That's a girl," I whispered, feeling it slip deep inside the young girl.

I bobbed my dick in and out of Annie's mouth while I watched her pregnant mother eat pussy. Both women possessed fat heavy tits that giggled deliciously with every thrust. While I was enjoying forcing my cock down the pregnant girl's throat, a naughtier, more delightful idea crossed my mind.

I pulled out of Annie and pushed Betty off of her daughter's cunt. Whatever reluctance she had earlier displayed seemed to have vanished. I rolled Annie onto her side as her big belly was now quite an obstacle to fucking her properly.

My climax was quick, hard, and deep as Annie herself cried out with pleasure. Betty was next to us, fingering herself as she watched me fuck her daughter. I let Betty come, then I pulled her to the floor on her knees and pushed my softening cock into the mother's mouth.

"Suck it," I said, delighting in the knowledge that she would be eating both my come and Annie Sue's.

Despite her gasping, Annie Sue remained on her side, watching the spectacle on the floor beside the bed. A hand found its way between her legs and she began to grind her own wet cunt with eagerness.

Betty's attentions soon had me hard and ready to go soon enough.

"Suck it!" I cried out again, "Suck it hard you bitch. That's right you dirty slut. Eat my cock."

Annie Sue cried out as her body tensed with orgasm. With a jerk, I pulled out of Betty's mouth and let loose with a spray of come that coated her face and splattered down to the huge globes of flesh on her chest.

"Annie Sue! Snack time!" I cried out, but the younger woman was already rolling off the bed and licking the juices from her mother's face and tits.

I just sat down on the edge of the bed, enjoying the show.

After ten minutes of licking, nibbling, and eventual pussy eating, both women seemed sated and happy.

Betty's body shrank and her hair turned to Daphne's familiar amber and gold. Annie Sue's hair darkened and her belly shrank to Kristin's flat, perfect abs.

"My Master is good," Daphne purred.

"*Our* Master," Kristin emphasized, "Is GREAT!"

Both women laughed, stood and kissed me on the cheeks.

"Off so soon?" I asked.

"We'll be just a moment," they said. "Besides, it's your surprise."

I sighed and watched the women go, naked and gorgeous. The last few weeks they'd play some really wild fantasy, then scuttle off to the basement to work on some spell or other they'd found. They kept telling me it was a surprise meant for me and I just had to wait and see.

I wasn't complaining. The sex had been magnificent. Two women at once had "raised the bar" immeasurably. We had introduced new fantasies into the mix, including a few of Kristin's devising. Today's was her's as well, after having been told about the Annie/Betty encounter by Daphne. The next step was to have Kristin figure out how to appear as Annie Sue and voila.

Kristin had "been in the family" now for nearly three months and I could not recall what it was like before that.

Both girls were doing well in school. I kept a little attention on Daphne's progress, though it wasn't of any consequence. I just didn't want to see her grades slipping and phone calls to the house. Kristin, however, I made sure was doing her schoolwork and keeping her grades up. Not that it matter. She was brilliant and intuitive. Skills that seemed to be aiding Daphne in their little laboratory in the basement.

It was a little unnerving being the only "normal" person in the house, but they had sworn their undying obedience to me, so there wasn't much to worry about. Even still, it was unsettling.

I busied myself with work. Work being checking the progress of the castle. It was about half finished, the foreman sending me pictures a few times a week, especially when they'd hit a milestone of some kind.

Today's photos made me smile. The first of two 5 story towers had been built. The west tower. Most of the two-story main building was done and the already finished basement had been completed first in the construction.

I was starting to worry about word getting out about the castle's construction. Surely some news hound would find a 21st century castle newsworthy. I fired off an email asking the foreman to "as subtly as possible" remind the crew they'd all signed non-disclosure agreements. As a final protection, I added a \$25,000 bonus to each man if no one outside the work crew found out about the castle during its construction or for one year afterward.

Nothing like peer pressure to keep people in line.

I got dressed and went downstairs to watch TV or play a game. Anything to get my mind off the two hotties I was not, currently, fucking.

I'd made it about fifteen minutes into some inane documentary when a voice startled me from behind.

"Master, would you like to take me to the Prom?"

I turned around to see Daphne, well, Stacey, actually, standing there. She was dressed, barely, in a half-shirt and a jean skirt.

"Prom? I'd love to but I can't take a teenager..."

I was stopped by the sight of a vial of bright blue liquid. At first I thought it was a trick of the light, but the vial actually glowed.

"You can't. But your teenage self can."

"Pardon?" I asked.

"Take a sip. Just a little one," she said, handing me the vial. "It's harmless, I swear."

I popped the lid and slipped it. I expected it to taste funny or awful or something. It tasted like water."

I looked at her questioningly, then I felt it. A shuddering sensation throughout my body. Muscles shifted and moved, bones reset, skin tightened. Then my vision swam and suddenly Stacey looked, dare I say it, hotter.

"Oh God, I'm so horny." I said, my voice just a little different.

I glanced my reflection in a nearby window. I was a teenager again! Sixteen, maybe seventeen.

"What the fuck?" I asked.

"It's only temporary. If you drank the whole thing it would last for about a day. As it stands, this should wear off in a few more minutes. Now, will you take me to the Prom?"

I took the redhead in my arms and kissed her hard, my hand lifting her skirt and tugging the thin thong panties down. With a pop and a zip, my cock was out and then inside the teenager's pussy as I lifted the girl off the ground and up against the nearby wall.

"Fuck...yes..." I grunted, my teenage body screaming to fuck and to come inside her.

Stacey wrapped her legs around me, taking me deep inside her. My body surrendered to the pleasures it was getting and ejaculated hard inside the girl's body.

"I love you Stacey," I whispered.

"I love you too, Master," she smiled, then turned into Kristin, "But I'm not Stacey."

"What? Why?" I asked, my cock slipping out of her and my body shuddering with the transformation back to my normal age.

Daphne strode in, "It wasn't meant to be a trick," she said. "I just wanted to see if she could fool you. Now she can go to the Prom...as me."

"Why can't she go..." I started to ask, but the look on the dark-haired girl answered it for me. In high school, she was still shy, scarred, Kristin. No dates, no boyfriends. If she showed up with some young buck, people would talk. A lot. However, busty, flirty Stacey could take anyone to Prom and no one would be the wiser.

"You're OK, not going to the Prom?" I asked, regaining my pants and my wits.

"Oh, I'm going," Daphne shifted into a young, but well-endowed Indian girl. "I'm going as Padma, Stacey's pen pal from India."

I looked this new form up and down. "Very nice."

"So...it's OK?" Kristin asked nervously.

"It's perfect."

Chapter Eighteen

Shape shifting, as it turns out, is complicated business.

I had to undergo the process a few times to get used to it, including getting my tuxedo made (I may have been a teenager, but by God I was going to get a tailored, perfect tux for the evening).

The night of Prom we got started early, Padma treating us to a Indian strip tease, followed by her eating Stacey's cunt, then ending with her on my lap fucking me wild and hard.

We finally dressed and went out to dinner at a five-star restaurant for a sumptuous meal. The limo ride there included, of course, a nice quickie with Stacey. The ride to the dance itself featured another quickie, this time my cock found its way into Padma snatch once more.

Prom was, as it had been for me a decade before, a shallow, but gorgeous affair. I danced with both girls off and on all night.

Earlier that day I'd secured a room at the hotel so we might enjoy ourselves in luxury and privacy.

Alas, the best laid plans.

Somewhere around the vapidness that was the crowning of Prom King and Queen, someone had decided to set off a number of very potent smoke bombs. Most of the kids freaked and panicked running for the doors. Recognizing smoke bombs from my own misspent youth, I calmly collected the girls and grabbed a seat and waited for the nonsense to settle down and then we would make our way upstairs or outside as the situation warranted.

It wasn't until the cops kicked the doors in and further panicked the teenagers that I knew the shit had hit the proverbial fan.

I leaned over to Padma, "Please tell me you showed our young ward how to turn invisible."

She looked at me blankly, then nodded vigorously.

"Good, both of you under the table, strip and turn invisible and get the hell out of here. I'll join up with you as soon as I can."

They started to protest, but I cut them off, so they did as told. I felt soft kisses on my cheeks as they headed out.

Apparently, since I was the only one (including the faculty) that was cool and calm, that meant I was guilty as sin. A pair of very stern looking cops grabbed me by the arms and dragged me outside. I was frisked and then deposited, unceremoniously, onto a curb and was told to stay there and shut up.

I scanned around for any sign of the girls and found none. There seemed to be an inordinate number of police and rescue equipment.

A severe looking woman in civilian clothing with a badge around her neck approached me after conferring with the officers that had brought me out of the building.

"Slow night?" I asked as she approached.

"I beg your pardon?" she asked. Up close I could tell she was Hispanic, mid-thirties. Her black hair was drawn back into a tight bun. She was dressed professionally, but I could still make out a firm, well-conditioned body underneath.

"Slow...night?" I drawled the question out. She did not look amused. "Seems like a lot of cops for a

smoke bomb."

"And how, exactly, do you know it was a smoke bomb?" she asked in a tight, serious voice.

"Green smoke doesn't seem like something normal. My guess would be a smoke bomb."

She arched an eyebrow at me. "So why did you do it?"

"I'm sorry?"

"Why did you set it off?"

I laughed. A guilty teenager would have most likely confessed under her withering gaze. Hell, even and innocent one. But I wasn't a teenager, not mentally at least, and I wasn't going to play games.

"What's so damn funny?" she asked.

"You," I said, getting myself under control. "Does that seriously work? 'Why did you do it?'" I mimicked her voice as best I could. "Seems rather cliché if you ask me. I did not, despite what you think, set off anything. I was enjoying a pleasant evening with my date and her friend when everyone panicked. I saw that there was no actual fire, so I sat down and waited for the disturbance to settle down then left."

"Your date? You were alone when the officers found you."

I sighed, "Honestly, you're going to try the whole 'trap me in a lie' routine too? My date and her friend were in the bathroom at the time. At present, I do not know where they are."

An officer came over and whispered in her ear, handing her a large evidence bag.

"They found clothing under your table. Women's clothing. Underwear and all."

"Really? Can I see?" I asked with mock excitement.

"Listen you..." she controlled her anger. "Why was there clothing under your table?"

"Is there a problem with that?" I asked.

I could see her temper mounting. I knew she had nothing to go on except to bully me into a confession. "There are two girls running around with no clothing on. Possibly the same two girls you took to the Prom."

"And you're saying I put them there?"

"No."

"Am I being charged for possession of lacy underthings?" I asked.

She sighed, "No."

"Am I being charged with...anything?"

"Not...at...present."

"I see. Well, I'll bid you good evening. Perhaps my date and her friend are still around. Clothed or unclothed, it doesn't matter to me." I started to stand up.

"Now you listen to me," she pushed me back, "I don't need to charge you with shit, young man. I'm a fucking detective and what I say goes, you get me?"

Her blouse had fallen open slightly and I was afforded a short, but full glimpse of her firm breasts.

"You fucking pervert," she cried. "I will bury you!"

She looked enraged. My guess was she'd destroyed more men than she'd fucked to get where she was. A horny teenager wasn't about to get in the way of her career.

"Hey," I smiled, "I'm just a kid."

"You sick little deviant," she continued. "I'll..." she started to say when a button popped off her blouse. "Fuck!" she swore and then another and another. She glared at me, but I was several feet away and my hands were folded neatly on my lap. That wasn't to say I wasn't grinning like a Cheshire cat.

She jumped and grabbed her gun, spinning around. In doing so, she let go of her blouse so it fell open revealing a nice, albeit plain B-cup bra.

"You...you wait here," she said and scampered off into the building.

A soft and familiar voice caressed my ear, "It's time to go Master." I grabbed the dropped evidence bag.

Invisible hands helped me to my feet and together we made a break for it. I thought of returning to the limo, but we would be seen too easily. Instead, we headed for a nearby park and hid among the bushes to wait.

The woman detective returned a few minutes later, sporting a police jacket and railed against the nearby officers for letting me escape. Several kids had gotten into their cars and left and soon after, the police dispersed, with the woman detective being the last to leave.

The girls got dressed and we decided it would be best to head home. Fortunately, the limo driver had not left with the other traffic. I made sure to tip him heavily when we got home.

It was getting late and Kristin needed to be home in an hour or so. It seemed a waste of an evening's formal wear, so I turned on the outdoor speakers and danced with the girls in the gazebo behind the house.

The sheer exhaustion of the evening had left us mortals spent, so I just took Kristin home after dancing. We kissed good night.

"Thank you Master. That was an evening I'll never forget," she smirked.

"You and me both," I replied. "We'll try that again next year. No cops this time."

"Promise?"

I shrugged. "I'll do my best."

Chapter Nineteen

"And you are?" I asked, knowing full well who the well dressed woman was on my doorstep.

"Detective Caroline Martinez," she said, her face contorted by confusion.

"And to what do I owe the honor?" I asked, again, knowing full well why she was here.

"May I come in, Mr. Aston?" she asked.

I stood there for a moment, then said flatly, "No." I was innocent, but I didn't want her poking about, especially with the girls gone and no explanation possible for a room done up for a teenager girl.

"Very well," she sighed and then went on to explain that my fingerprints were found at the scene of some vandalism a three nights ago at a local high school's prom.

"My prints? Really?" I had been busted when I was twenty-one for a bar fight. I hadn't started it, but sense of honor said I needed to end it. My then-girlfriend thought it was a bit much, even though it was her honor at stake. Uncle Barty had bailed me out. It was what had begun our friendship. I paid the fine and did the community service, but my fingerprints were now in the possession of the local PD.

"Yes." she said.

"Odd, I think the last prom I attended was...well more than a few years ago."

"I see," she said, "but we can put you at the scene..."

"No, you can put my fingerprint at the scene. I'm sure someone older than the kids, like myself, would stand out like a sore thumb. Do you have any witnesses that puts someone like me at the scene?"

"No."

"And you have a full fingerprint?" I dragged out the word "full."

"It's a...partial." she said.

"So it could be anyone with a vaguely similar fingerprint to my own?" I asked.

"Yes...but...you look awfully familiar. Are you sure you weren't..."

I sighed, "I don't have an alibi, if that's what you're asking. I was home. Alone."

She nodded.

"Was there anything else?"

"No, I was just trying to see..."

"Detective Martinez, I really don't see the point to this. Dragging me into your investigation will just lead you nowhere. I live my life quietly. My uncle left me a shitload of money and I plan on peacefully enjoying it. I don't see how screwing around at a high school prom fits into those plans."

Behind her, I could see Kristin, driving my old Chevy Blazer drive up and then quickly drive off, seeing the police car in front of the house. The phone in my pocket buzzed.

I could see from the caller ID it was Kristin. When I answered, it was Daphne's voice.

"Master, I know you can't talk. Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm fine Shelly, funny you should call," I lied.

"Do you need our help?"

"No, no, I completely forgot about the paperwork you wanted me to sign. I'll be in later today. Listen, while you're on the line, I have a legal question for you."

Detective Martinez went pale.

"You see, they claim to have found my fingerprints at the scene of some high school prom and think I had something to do with some vandalism of some kind."

"You're evil Master."

"I know. It sounds crazy doesn't it. Well I have a Detective Martinez here..."

Daphne interrupted, "Get her badge number, scares them silly."

I put my hand over the mouthpiece to talk to the woman in front of me, "My lawyer wants your badge number."

I rattled it off on the phone.

"Master, do nothing. Just get rid of her and call us when it's safe."

"Uh-huh. OK." I hung up the phone

"Detective, my lawyer says I shouldn't talk to you anymore, but she also thinks you're on a wild goose chase and should give up now."

"I see," she gritted her teeth. "Very well Mr. Aston. I'll leave you be. Good day."

"Good day, Detective."

She walked briskly back to her car and drove off. I called the girls to let them know she'd gone.

"We'll give it an hour and then head back, just in case she's waiting around out of sight."

"Agreed. Miss you girls."

"Miss you Master!" both girls shouted into the phone.

I was surprised to find only Daphne coming through the door.

"Kristin apologizes, Master, but she had to get home," Daphne said, a garment bag thrown over her shoulder.

"Did you girls have a good errand run?" I asked, eying the bag.

"We did, but this has nothing to do with the earlier errands. This, we picked up after we saw Detective Martinez at the door."

"Really?" I asked.

Daphne unzipped the bag to show me the contents.

"Outstanding," I said. "You up for this?" I asked.

"Always, my Master. Always."

An hour later I was driving up to the land where our castle was half finished. Dressed in jeans and a t-shirt and my hiking boots, I pulled up behind the foreman's trailer and got out of the Mustang, surveying the area for any workers.

It was Sunday and the site was quite abandoned. I made sure the foreman wasn't in his trailer before I unlocked and popped open the trunk of my car.

The Hispanic woman inside was bound at the ankles, wrists, and had a hood over her head. She was surprisingly light as I tossed her over my shoulder and carried her and a small backpack into the construction site.

I laid her down over an empty barrel and admired her body for a moment. She was dressed in a sharp blue blouse, navy skirt and matching high-heels. One of the shoes had fallen off when I'd put her down. I pulled the other one off and then unzipped the back of her skirt, tugging it off. The plain white panties came off next, exposing her tan ass and dark black snatch.

I wanted to taunt her. To revile her. But the feeling in my cock told me the best way to show her who was in charge here.

I unzipped my fly and pulled my swollen cock out. I guess she heard the sound because she started to squirm. I put a hand on her ass to steady her and then I slipped my other hand in between her legs to play with her cunt and clit.

A moan escaped from under the hood and I continued to play with the police woman's exposed privates. I didn't speak, I let the silence do the work for me.

Finally, the scent of her was too much and mounted the detective, hard and rough without another word. She was tight and hot and felt like silk as I pushed deeper and deeper into her body.

My hand arced back and came down with a hard smack on her ass cheek, making her squeal with pain. I reared back and gave it to her again and again until her left cheek was bright red. Not wanting to ruin the symmetry of her perfect ass, I did the same thing with my right hand until it was equally red.

It was her long, shuddering scream that sent me over the edge and I came in Caroline's pussy.

I pulled out, stroked myself a few times and then entered the woman's anus. This time her scream was even louder. I gripped her by the hips and rammed myself into her over and over, violating her ass with every thrust. Another ten minutes of work and I was ejaculating down her ass.

Having had my fun, it was time to get down to business. I pulled the hood off her head, to find her smiling.

"You're not supposed to be smiling, young lady."

"Sorry Master, this is just so fucking wild," she said. "I'll get back into character."

I dug around in my bag for a thick black marker. I pulled the detective off the barrel, had her kneel on the ground, and finished stripping her down. In large block letters, I scrawled the word "SLUT" across her naked chest.

Then I found the ball gag and nipple clamps and applied them to the woman. I left her hands and feet bound. I dug my digital camera out and took several revealing pictures of the woman from every angle. That might be enough to dissuade the good detective should she get more curious, but Photoshop has done a lot to discredit photographic evidence. I needed to "up the stakes."

I put the camera away and pulled out the camcorder. I removed her ball gag and started recording.

"How's my favorite slut, Caroline?"

She smiled wickedly for the camera, "Hot, horny, and ready for some cock."

"You want some cock, Caroline?"

"Yes...yes please. I wanna suck your big cock."

I walked up and let her take me in her mouth. It was tricking filming, but I managed it pretty well. She did her part magnificently. I let her work my cock for a good five minutes, all while calling her names. Finally I pulled out and jerked myself off with my free hand.

Daphne must have put some extra magic or mojo or whatever it was she did into my climax, because it was huge. I was a one-man semen font, coating the woman's face and chest with a thick coating of spunk.

Gasping, I managed, "Who's my slut?"

"I am," she managed through the come on her face.

"I can't hear you?"

"I AM! I'm your fucking slut!" she screamed, looking right into the camera.

I shut it off and put it away. "That was great, Daphne. Just perfect!"

When I looked up, Caroline was gone and Daphne was there. She'd shape shifted small enough to remove her bonds, then back to her normal shape.

"Are you really going to send that into the cops?" she asked.

"Only if Detective Martinez insists on making the subject of her investigation. Otherwise, I'll start with the photos, then the video. Knock on wood, it won't come to that."

Daphne looked worried.

"It'll be fine," I said.

"I just feel guilty for dragging you out to the prom and starting this mess, you know?"

I laughed, tossing her a towel and clean clothes. "It's hardly your fault. And up until the smoke bomb, I was having a blast."

She smiled, getting dressed. "Good, because your birthday is coming up and Kristin and I have something very, very special planned."

I finished packing and was heading back to the car. "Does it involve that blue potion and public places?"

Daphne smiled, getting into the car after me. "Potion, yes. Public, no."

Chapter Twenty

"Drink the whole thing," the note on the bottle said. "Then open the bag, get dressed and come downstairs."

It was a large vial of the glowing blue liquid that had turned me into a teenager a month ago. It seemed to glow even brighter than the last one had. It made me nervous.

What also made me nervous was the fact that the basement had been off-limits to me for the last week. I didn't like secrets, but I tolerated it for the girls' sake. On the table was the bottle and the note and a duffel bag.

I took a deep breath, popped the cork and chugged the contents. I waited and soon the shuddering started, harder than before. Muscles and bone contracted and I felt myself shrink. It was unnerving and made me nauseous and scared. When it ended, I realized my clothes were too big. I dug into the bag and found shorts, shoes, and a t-shirt. I stripped and redressed, then took a look in the hallway mirror.

I nearly screamed at the sight of my thirteen-year-old self.

What were the girls planning? Some babysitter fantasy? An older woman? The possibilities boggled my mind. I opened the basement door and headed downstairs. The reality of what they had planned nearly blew my mind.

What I found was a pretty close approximation of my seventh grade classroom. Chalkboards, desks, books, even a globe. But that paled in comparison to what I found in the classroom.

Behind the teacher's desk, looking as gorgeous as I remembered her, was Ms. Reilly. She was gorgeous in her tight blouse and skirt. Brown hair tied up in a bun, blue piercing eyes peaking over her black-rimmed glasses. My thirteen-year-old cock twitched with excitement.

Then I saw her. Amy Peters. Thirteen and beautiful. Well, for thirteen. She was flat chested, just a hint of breasts starting to show. Dishwater blond hair and bright green eyes. She had her long hair back in a ponytail. She was in pink. She was always in pink. Today it was a pink sundress and matching Keds.

"Oh my..." the words failed to cement themselves in my brain.

"I see young Jack Aston has finally consented to join us," Ms. Reilly proclaimed to a nearly empty classroom.

The voice made me freeze, early teenage anxiety rushing to fill me with worry and doubt. I shoot it off. *I'm not a teenager*, I said to myself.

"I'm...I'm sorry, Ms. Reilly," I said, my voice nearly cracking.

"Yes, well, let's begin. I know neither of you have had detention before, but I couldn't let what you two were doing in the gym go without saying something. Kissing and other...displays of affection are forbidden on school grounds."

Amy blushed deeply as did I. I remembered our first kiss. It was in the gym, but Ms. Reilly didn't catch us. In fact we never got caught in the few months we were together until her father got transferred and I never saw my first love again.

"Now, you two are my best students, so I will cut you some slack..." She began but was cut off by the classroom phone ringing on a nearby wall. Our teacher went over and answered it. "Yes? Yes. I see.

I'll be right down." With a sigh she hung up the phone. "There's an emergency faculty meeting regarding some vandalism in the bathroom. I will be gone for some time. I expect you two to work on homework or something while I am gone and we'll talk when I get back."

When the click-click of her high heels had gone, Amy leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

"Sorry I got you into trouble," she whispered.

I laughed, "I thought I got *you* into trouble."

"Hmmm, maybe you did. Should I be mad at you?"

"Well, we could kiss and make up," I offered.

Getting up, I led her back to the reading area of the classroom, filled with pillows and beanbag chairs. I laid Amy down and kissed her softly on the lips.

"I like kissing you, Jack," she whispered.

I chuckled.

"What?" she asked.

"It's nothing," I said, kissing her again, this time I slipped my tongue into her mouth. She gasped with delight at first, then got into the spirit of the kissing. My hand drifted down to her thigh and she pushed me off.

"Jack!" she said, her voice just barely over a whisper. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," I said, touching her again. This time, she didn't recoil.

"I shouldn't be doing this," she said, her smile revealing her secret enjoyment.

My lips were on her neck now, nibbling and licking her around the wide opening her dress made. My hand slid up her thigh until it brushed the bottom of her panties. I slid the hand around to cup her small, round ass.

My other hand held her ribcage, with my thumb experimentally reaching out for her small breast. It grazed the soft flesh and I got a moan of pleasure as my reward. She even arched her back to push the small mounds closer to me. I leaned down and kissed one through the material of her dress.

Emboldened by her response, I started to tug the dress up. Soon I could see the pink, flowery pattern of her cotton panties. My cock got even harder at the sight. I continued pulling the dress up and over her head. Her bra was a simple white thing with just a touch of lace around it. To my complete shock, she undid the clasp for me.

"Amy...I...." I wanted to tell her I loved her, but the words died in my throat. Years of fantasies and dreams had made this moment otherworldly. It was everything I'd dreamed it could be.

My mouth again found her breast, this time flesh met flesh as nipple and tongue danced.

Amy leaned back, parting her legs slightly as my hands drifted up her inner thigh to the warmth and slight dampness of her crotch.

I let up off of her to go down and pull her shoes and socks off, then back up to tug down her panties.

"Be...gentle..." the teenage girl breathed.

My mouth went to the soft blond mound between her legs and she gasped in surprise, totally caught off-guard. My tongue parted her wet folds and found her tiny clitoris with just a little probing.

"Oh...oh God...Jack," she groaned. "That feels...so good."

She tasted wonderful and licked long and hard for a long time. Small hands ran through my hair, telling me she wanted more and more of my attentions. Finally she tossed her head back and cried out a long, deep sigh of relief.

"I love you, Jack," she gasped. "And I want more. So much more."

"What do you want?" I asked. "Say it and it's yours."

"Take me, Jack. Make love to me," she whispered.

I just smiled, taking in her beautiful, naked body.

"Please?" she continued.

"Of course," I said with a smile, stripping out of my clothing. I was happy to see that not all of me was thirteen as Amy's eyes went wide with surprise at the size of my member.

"Oh my..." she said, swallowing her fear. "I didn't know it was going to be *that* big."

"Does it scare you?"

"A little," she said. "OK, a lot. Just don't hurt me."

"You're still OK?" I asked.

She nodded, not daring to speak anymore. Amy laid down, parted her legs and took a deep breath.

Her small hands gripped my shoulders as I broke her hymen. There was a small cry of pain when it happened, but, after a moment or two, she relaxed and parted her legs further, wrapping them around the small of my back.

"Alright?" I asked, holding myself back.

"Yes, yes I'm. I can't believe it. I'm not a virgin anymore," she said. Unconsciously I moved a little deeper inside her, "Oh God! Yes. I can take more. More please Jack. Give me more."

Inch by inch, I pushed into my girlfriend's pussy, stretching it open to me. She was incredibly tight, like nothing I'd experienced before. I was lost in the fantasy. I was there, back in Seventh grade, fucking my thirteen-year-old girlfriend. It was heaven.

For a long time, I stroked in and out, letting her feel all of me.

"Yes! Yes Jack. It's happening again! I'm...I'm...YES! YES! YES!" she cried out with every stroke I gave her.

I couldn't take anymore, my climax would be held back no more. With a grunt I released the tension, a pressure borne of years of waiting and wanting. The semen exploded out of me into her womb and I kept pumping it for nearly a minute. Every gush was pure ecstasy.

"Oh...wow," Amy sighed, "You did it. You...put it in me and you...ejaculated. Inside me." She shuddered with delight. "I can't believe you're inside my body. Actually *inside* me. It's so wild."

"I know, I've wanted to do that for so long," I said.

"It hasn't been that long, has it?" she asked, kissing me softly.

"I guess...it's just felt like ages. You're just so beautiful. So perfect," I confessed.

She blushed deeply and glanced over my shoulder at the clock, "Oh no, we're going to get caught. Ms. Reilly will be back any minute!"

We hurriedly dressed and got back to our chairs, scribbling our homework assignments halfheartedly as we sneaked glances at each other and giggled.

Ms. Reilly came into the room with a sigh and plopped down at her desk. She didn't seem to notice us for nearly a minute, and then, slowly, raised her head and looked at us.

She studied Amy's serene and pleased face first, then my smirking face.

"All right young ones. Time to go. Ms. Peters you may go, but I would like to speak with young Jack first. In private."

I gulped, but Amy went right to work packing up.

"I'll...I'll see you later, Jack," she said, scurrying out the door.

So much for honor among thieves, I thought to myself.

"Now. Mr. Aston," my teacher began, sitting on her desk and peeling her sweater off, her eyes never leaving mine. "I smell something in here. Something that I shouldn't smell in a classroom."

"Ma'am?" I asked.

"Sex, Mr. Aston. I smell sex."

"I didn't know you could..." I began to say, but she cut me off.

She got up and walked over to me, leaning over and staring me in the eyes. I tried like crazy to fight the urge to look down her now open blouse to the bountiful globes underneath.

"Oh yes, there's a smell to it and you reek of it," she said.

"Well, ma'am, I don't know..." my voice wasn't nearly as confident as I'd wanted it to be.

"Yes, you've been naughty with Ms. Peters. What did you do? Please tell me everything so I can inform her parents and possibly the school nurse."

"Everything?" I asked.

"Did I stutter?" she asked. "Leave nothing out."

"Well. I...uh..that is...we...we kissed."

"Oh well then, stop the presses. Two teens kissed. Film at eleven."

"And then I touched her breasts!" I blurted out to shut her up.

She smiled, "Now we're getting somewhere. And then what?"

I swallowed, trying to wet my dry mouth, "I undressed her. Well I took off her dress, but she took off her bra."

"And her panties?"

"Well, that was me. Then I...um...I don't know the word..."

"Do try," she said coolly.

I took a steadying breath, "I licked her."

"Licked her? Like a dog?"

"I licked her...privates."

She raised an eyebrow, but said nothing, gesturing for me to continue.

"I licked her and then she...um...climaxed."

"Good boy," she said, then stopped herself, "No! That was wrong. What else? Did she do the same to you?"

"No. We just had sex after that," I blurted out, then slapped a hand across my mouth.

Ms. Reilly smiled victoriously. "Did she climax then?"

I nodded.

"And you as well?"

I nodded again.

"Very well, I will have to inform the school nurse to give Ms. Peter some special medicine so she won't get pregnant. As for you..." she started, my stomach turned to ice, "You will be left out of this, if..."

"If?" I asked, knowing she had me lock, stock, and barrel.

"Let's just say a lady can appreciate a man...or a boy...that can perform cunnilingus."

"Cunn...what?" I asked.

"Oral sex. Licking my privates!" she finished.

"Your...privates?"

She sighed, unzipping her skirt so it fell to the floor, showing me a black lacy thong. "I swear, you are one of my brightest students, but sometimes the most dense." She tugged the thong down and got onto her desk, spreading herself open to me. To my shock, her cunt was completely hairless.

"What happened to your...privates?" I asked dully.

"It's called a pussy, Jack. And I shave it. Now don't dawdle. Get your face in here and lick me," she gestured to her crotch.

I knelt down and started licking her, slowly and gently like Amy. Ms. Reilly purred with delight. I stepped up the pace and pressure, guessing she would want it rougher. I was right.

"Jack! Yes! Jack you fucking little genius! Eat me! Eat my pussy baby!" she cried out.

Experimentally, I pushed a finger into her cunt and was rewarded with a loud cry of pleasure. With my tongue on her clit and my finger in her cunt, my Seventh grade teacher came loud and hard.

I got off her and stepped back.

"Oh Jack! I'm not done with you," she said, unbuttoning her blouse and dropping the bra. Her breasts were gorgeously plump and firm. Then Ms. Reilly pulled her hair out of its bun, brown curls cascading down around her face. Then she surprised me by spinning around and facing the desk, her tight ass pointed at me. "Hop to it Jack, Ms. Reilly wants to see what you're made of."

I unzipped my fly and pulled my swollen dick out and pressed it into my teacher's waiting pussy.

"Holy fuck!" she cried. "You are one big motherfucker," she said.

I said nothing, just smiled and went to work banging Ms. Reilly as hard as my young body would allow.

She cried aloud as I bottomed out inside her. Each and every stroke brought out cry, a whimper, or a moan. Again and again fucked Ms. Reilly till my body went stiff and my balls erupted inside her.

"Fuck!" I cried out, losing control of myself in the moment.

It was then I heard the quiet gasp behind me.

Ms. Reilly must have heard it too as we both turned our heads to see the source of the sound.

Little Amy was standing there, books clasped against her chest, as if they would defend her from what she saw.

"Jack! Jack, I thought...I thought you loved me!" tears welled up in her eyes.

I pulled out of my teacher to turn and face my girlfriend. "Listen, Amy...I...I..." What could I say?

"Ms. Peters. Jack has been doing me a service in return for my silence on the matter of your...behavior in my classroom."

"You told her?" Amy cried.

"She already knew!" I whined.

"Enough. Mr. Aston has behaved admirably. I was content to let you off the hook, Amy, but it appears you'll need to be educated."

"Ma'am?" she whispered.

"Undress yourself and come to me."

"Ma'am!"

"Now! Or more than the school nurse will hear of this!" Ms Reilly bellowed.

Amy jumped, dropping her books.

"C'mon Amy," I pleaded. "Just do as she asks and we can get out of here."

Reluctantly, Amy stripped, once again, her beauty taking my breath away.

"You are," Ms. Reilly said in an awed whisper, "Quite pretty."

"Not as much as you are!" Amy blurted out.

For a moment, just a moment, I saw a blush creep onto the teacher's face.

"Thank you, dear. Now, Mr. Aston has wowed me with his oral skills, perhaps you'd like to do the same?"

"Oral...skills?"

"Oral sex. Come lick my pussy young lady!" Ms. Reilly sighed, "I thought you kids were supposed to be hip and into these things!"

Amy bit her lower lip and looked at me. I nodded, mouthing "It will be OK."

She stepped forward and the teacher resumed her seat on the desk as she had with me. After a very hesitant start, Amy found a comfortable position and rhythm to the lovemaking. Her head bobbed and tilted, making the teacher gasp with surprise.

For myself, the sight could not have been hotter. Amy, kneeling on the floor, licking my big-breasted teacher, right there on her desk. My erection came back quickly and strong.

I didn't know if I should ask or just help myself, but I knelt behind the girl, cupping her breasts from behind, and nibbling her ear. Amy didn't seem to object at all. In fact, the only noise she made when I penetrated her from behind was a muffled gasp

I made love to her slowly, steadily this time. In no rush to finish or to bring her to orgasm. I was just there, helping her enjoy what she had to do for our teacher.

OK, I was enjoying the hell out of myself.

And so was she. Soft mewling noises came from the teenage girl as did the louder groans from Ms. Reilly.

Soon, we were working together, my thrusts driving Amy's mouth hard into Ms. Reilly's cunt. The older woman looked down on with perverse delight and then climaxed loud and long, not caring for the world if anyone outside our threesome heard her.

Once she'd finished, Ms. Reilly slid down the desk and onto the floor in front of Amy, where they exchanged a long, wet, pussy-juice-coated kiss.

I groaned with delight, watching them make out. My teacher broke off the kiss and whispered into Amy's ear, "I think your boyfriend is going to come in your pussy again."

Amy just groaned.

"You like that, don't you. You want is hot, slimy come in your little pussy, don't you?"

"Uh!" Amy grunted as I fucked her harder.

"I can't hear you," the teacher chastised, "You like his semen in you, don't you?"

"Yes!" Amy cried, "Yes ma'am. I love his come. I want him to come in my pussy!"

"Well," smiled Ms. Reilly, "You heard the young lady."

"Yes...ma'am!" I said, my balls unleashing their contents one more time.

"Oh!" Amy cried out as she felt it happen.

Ms. Reilly brushed her cheek softly and, after I slid out of her, she laid Amy onto her back and parted her legs without a word.

The language that issued forth from young Amy's mouth, at any other time, would have definitely gotten her a month's worth of detentions in any other situation. For myself, I quietly relaxed on the floor next to the women, watching the teacher dig around Amy's cunt with her tongue, excising every last drop of semen from her pussy.

It was the inactivity that did me in. Exhaustion took over and my eyes drooped, my final sight was the two women smiling at me, whispering, "We love you, Jack."

Chapter Twenty-One

I awoke late the next morning, finding myself in bed, still naked, but alone.

My body felt good, relaxed. I smiled at the naughty memories that danced in my head. Did I really do that? Did I really just fuck my thirteen-year-old girlfriend *and* my seventh-grade teacher? My cock became rock-hard at the thought of it all.

Good thing too, because my door opened a moment later and a naked, pale, and weary Kristin slipped into the room, followed by an even paler and wearier Daphne. The latter was clutching a doll of some kind that she placed on a nearby dresser before slipping into bed beside her young apprentice.

"God I'm so tired," Kristin groaned.

"Not in the mood then?" I asked.

Daphne laughed weakly, "Far from it my Master. We are in desperate need of your attentions to replenish ourselves. If you could find your way clear to fuck young Ms. Kristin here, I think we'll be just fine."

Kristin smiled and kissed me gently on the lips, parting her legs as I moved atop her young, nubile body. She gasped as I entered her tight cunt and spread herself open wider to accommodate my member.

We kissed and groaned as we made love, slow and gentle in the soft sunlight of our bedroom. It was only a few minutes later when she arched herself up to me, letting me know she had climaxed. I pushed in deep, letting her body enjoy the moment before I resumed my search for an orgasm.

That was only a few minutes later when I came, hard and deep into the teenager's body. I cried out "I love you," as my body emptied of its fluids.

When I rolled over, I found that the color had returned to both of my lover's faces.

"Feeling better?" I asked.

Kristin nodded, "Infinitely better. That was taxing."

"I see. And what mischief were you two up to while I slept?"

"Ah," Daphne smiled and got up, fetching what, upon closer inspection, appeared to be a wooden hand-carved figure of a woman, no more than three inches tall and featureless, save for very well-endowed breasts and hips.

"Playing with dolls?"

"After a fashion," Kristin smiled. "We realized a few weeks ago that the castle is going to be too big to manage just the two of us."

"Three," I corrected.

Daphne smiled, "That is sweet of you to offer, but you are our Master and it is your castle. We would not dare to make you serve us."

I started to protest, but the looks on the girls' faces cut me off right then and there.

Kristin continued, "As I was saying, we're going to need help I figured a cook, a maid, and a gardener at least. Now, obviously, we can't just get someone out of the wanted ads, so we have to be...creative. Literally."

"Huh?" I asked.

"We need to 'create' some help," Kristin gestured to the figure. "We're going to start with the cook, since she'll be the most help around the house right now."

"OK," I said, finally understanding. "How's this work?"

"Well," Kristin said, "We've poured a lot of magic into that little figure and the way I figure it, we can duplicate Daphne."

"Duplicate?!" I asked, unbelieving.

Daphne shook her head, "Not quite, but one form of me, with her own personality, self-awareness, and decision making. She will still be bound to you, of course, but it will be separate from me, but still part of me. The books are vague on what it'll be like." Daphne looked uncharacteristically nervous.

"Are you OK?" I asked.

"I'm fine, it's just the...process...has me concerned," she said.

"How so?"

"Well," Kristin blushed a little, "Or lovely little nymph...is going to have to give birth."

"Birth?" I cried out.

They both nodded.

"No fucking way."

"Yeah," Kristin said, "And you'll have a part in the...conception."

"How..?" I asked, but Daphne answered by pushing the little figure deep into her wet cunt.

"Kristin," Daphne whispered, "I need help. I think it needs to be...deeper."

Daphne assumed a doggie-style position as Kristin pushed her hand half-way up to the elbow. Daphne shuddered, "Gods above and below, that's a LOT of power."

Kristin pulled her hand out, "Now, Master. Make love to her."

"I'm not sure about this. Is it...safe?"

"I can't imagine anything that can go wrong," Kristin said, "Besides, Daphne's immortal, she'll be fine."

I got behind Daphne and entered her. Kristin was behind me, hand down between my legs, stroking my balls making them tingle.

We fucked in that position, Daphne on her hands and knees, groaning with pleasure. After a few minutes of this I noticed a change in Daphne. From behind it was hard to see, but the shadow on the bed revealed it all to me. Her belly was swelling, slightly at first, then increasing as we fucked. Despite my shock, I was still aroused, Kristin's attentions on my scrotum having the desired effect of making me hornier and more eager to come.

Finally it happened. I grunted and Kristin placed both hands on my balls, holding them tightly as I ejaculated hard, and I mean hard. I was a fountain of semen inside Daphne's pussy.

With a barely human scream, Daphne came, her body arching back to reveal a huge belly.

I slipped out of her and, with Kristin, we helped Daphne off the bed.

"Where are we..." I started to ask, but Kristin was already tugging us toward the bathroom and into the giant bathtub.

We didn't fill it with water, but we did lay a very fat Daphne into it.

She screamed again, her belly distended and large.

"Is she going to be OK?" I asked over the wailing.

"Yes!" Kristin shouted back, "I can feel it. It's coming! I can feel her. Our sister is coming!"

If I hadn't seen it myself, I would never have believed it. Fully formed, a woman, streaked with semen and vaginal fluid was expelled from Daphne's cunt. Daphne looked no worse for the event once it was done, albeit clearly tired, but immensely happy.

The other woman. The new woman, got to her feet shakily and I led her into the shower to clean her off while Kristin attended to the redhead.

As I washed her body, I took in her features: Long brown hair, green eyes, and small mouth. She was clearly older than me, just at maybe forty, with a motherly smile. That wasn't the only "motherly" feature on her. She was possessed of a pair of colossal breasts and a broad ass. Despite their size, the breasts still looked firm and youthful and her belly was flat and smooth. She was average height, maybe 5-foot-8.

When she finally spoke, it was in a gently, soft tone with a slight Germanic accent. "My name is Milena," she said. "I am glad to meet you...Master."

We kissed then, slowly and gently. Then, to my surprise, she turned away from me, and put her hands on the shower wall, pushing her big ass and brown-haired cunt towards me.

"Would you like to sample the merchandise?" she asked.

"Milena," I said, "You don't have..."

"Yes," she said, with heavy lidded eyes, "I most definitely 'have to,' my Master."

In retrospect, I shouldn't have been surprised when I found her hymen intact, but it didn't matter. Soon we were fucking like old, familiar lovers. She cried out in German a few words I didn't understand, but it didn't matter, I was fucking her, making her mine with every thrust.

I was startled when I managed to come once more, this time with enough force to make my legs wobble with the exertion.

"Oh," Milena sighed. "My master is good to me. So very good."

She turned and I sucked her massive breasts for a long time until we were good and prune from the water. I shut off the water to find the other girls smiling at me from the edge of the tub.

"You OK?" I asked of Daphne.

"Never better."

"Ladies, this is..."

"Milena," they said in unison.

"You heard?" I asked.

"Not as such," Kristin said.

"It's more like...we felt it," Daphne continued. "It wasn't vivid, but we were there with you. In the

shower. We can feel what she feels. Draw strength from the encounter. This is better than we imagined."

Milena smiled. "Now, I think it's time you and Kristin had a proper breakfast my Master."

"Yes ma'am," Kristin and I said in unison.

Chapter Twenty-Two

It took some getting used to, having a third woman around the house, but the cooking was divine and not having to wash a single dish was wonderful.

Milena, for her part, was amazing. She even had a life story to share. It was pure fabrication, but it made her seem perfectly real.

She was from a farming village in northern Germany. When she was seventeen, she lost her virginity to a local boy who was already engaged to the mayor's daughter. The ensuing scandal had sent her packing to Frankfurt where she spent the next ten years working as a hooker. Finally she bought her own brothel and kept on working and taking care of the girls until she was 41, when she met a strange, but handsome man from America and she followed him to California where she swore to live out the rest of her days taking care of him and his mistresses and being his willing sex slave.

Aside from being a master chef, Milena loved having sex in her kitchen (she'd claimed it as hers from day one) and was quite fond of using food in our love play.

Tonight I was pouring hot fudge over her massive tits and licking it off. Milena was naked on the kitchen counter while I worked the dark, sweet fluid over her body. I had made a mess of her big breasts and, after a long time of sucking and licking, decided to pour some fudge down between her legs.

This made her cry out, "Oh God! So hot! So fucking hot!"

I paid her no mind and buried my mouth and tongue into her cunt. It was a delicious mixture of chocolate and pussy juice, so I lingered there for a long time, letting Milena enjoy several orgasms.

Some of the fudge had dripped down further, so I rolled the big woman over and proceeded to pour some more into her ass crack.

It was a wild new experience for me, but I enjoyed it immensely. Finally I'd had enough playing around and pulled the cook towards me, so she was bent over the counter, her big ass opening up for me.

"Ja! Do it, my master! Fuck my ass!" she cried out as I penetrated her anus. I didn't hold back either, in and out I dove wildly while my lover groaned and cried out.

Gripping her hips, I pushed in all the way one last time and came hard and deep inside Milena bowels.

"Ach mein Gott!" Milena said as I pulled out of her. "You are so fucking big! It's a good thing I love you so much or I would never let you do that again."

"And you do love me, don't you?" I said, kissing her the lips as she turned around.

"Love is not the word, my Master. Beyond that. I am yours. Body and soul you own me."

"As do I," said Daphne, who had just slipped down the stairs silent as a ghost.

Milena smiled and went over to kiss Daphne on the lips. Then she turned to head up the stairs, "I must clean up, then I will fix you something to eat my Master." She curtsied and left.

"Enjoying your new toy?" Daphne said with a smile after kissing me softly.

"Absolutely," I said, grabbing a wet paper towel to clean myself up. Daphne took it from my hand and did the cleaning for me, taking some time to lick a few spots of fudge off my face for good measure.

"So," Daphne continued, "Ms. Kristin's birthday is coming up. Seventeen. Did you want to get her something?"

"Well, I am getting a little worried about her borrowing my car all the time," I said.

"You mean..?" Daphne squealed with delight.

I pointed towards my study, "There's a brochure on my desk."

Daphne scampered off, then squealed again, "No way! No fucking way. A mini? A mini cooper?"

I nodded, "With custom paint and all the bells and whistles."

"Custom paint?"

"Yep. Iridescent purple. No car like it on the road."

"Won't her parents suspect something?" Daphne said, putting the brochure down with a worried look on her face.

"Oh, she'll 'win' this one mysteriously."

Daphne's mouth went thin, "And her foster parents aren't going to suspect anything? After winning that trip a while back?"

"Who knows. We'll play it by ear. At least it'll only be another year before Ms. Kristin is legal and all that."

Daphne nodded, looking at the brochure again.

"What's the matter?"

She sighed, "Just a little jealous I guess. I wish I could drive, but the whole driver's license thing is tricky. It's one thing to get a fake license for buying booze..."

"But it won't hold up to a police computer check. Right, I've thought the same thing. There will be some private roads up on the castle property for you play around on."

"Oh!" Daphne exclaimed, "I nearly forgot! The whole reason I came down. You got an email from your foreman. The castle will be done in two weeks!"

I had to set back on the kitchen counter, "Two weeks? No shit?"

Daphne shook her head, "Dead serious. Time to get packing!"

"Man, I hate packing."

"Not to worry. We'll add another member to your 'staff.'"

I arched an eyebrow, "So soon? Can you handle another?"

"I can handle anything," she smiled wickedly.

That weekend was Kristin's birthday party. She was, of course, floored when she saw the car. There were hugs and kisses galore. Kristin insisted that I fuck her right then and there in the garage on. So with no foreplay or pretense, she hiked her skirt, dropped her panties and I fucked her rough and hard on the hood of her brand new car.

Once I'd satisfied both her and myself, we got into the car and we let her drive us to dinner at a quiet little French restaurant on the outskirts of town. We came home an hour later to finish celebrating and to, as Daphne put it, "make ourselves a maid."

Tonight we were in Daphne's, or rather, Stacey's room. I'd taken the potion that turned me into my thirteen-year-old self. The door creaked open and my 7th grade girlfriend, Amy and her best friend Megan came in. Amy was the same as the last time we'd been together, thin, but developing curves. Megan, however, was still thin and boyish, with long red hair in braids and braces on her teeth.

"I dunno Amy," Megan whined when she saw me. "Are you sure this is a good idea?"

"Good?" Amy said, closing and locking the door behind her, "It's the best. I'm telling you, having sex is the best! I've never felt so good and I totally want you to try it."

"My mom says it's a sin," Megan fidgeted with the cross around her neck."

"Screw your mom," Amy said with a sigh. "She's had sex, hasn't she?"

Megan just stood there for a minute, then nodded.

"Right, you've got like seven brothers and sisters? Trust me, your mom has sex. A lot."

"But with your boyfriend? Won't that be, like, weird?"

"It's OK. I'm right here, it's not like he's cheating, I want you to have sex with him. Heck, I'll do it with him first so you're not weird with it," Amy said, pulling her dress off.

"Amy! You're going to show him your...boobs?"

Amy laughed, "I'm going to show him more than that. He's seen it all anyways."

I nodded, pulling my shirt off. Megan closed her eyes for a moment, then hesitantly looked back at us.

"Wow Amy, your boobs are getting big," Megan said with admiration.

"My mom's like a D-cup, so I'll probably get big like her," Amy said, sliding onto the bed with me.

"You think? My mom's huge, like E or something. I don't know if I'm going to get anything."

I was starting to caress and fondle Amy's naked body.

"Whatever, Meg," Amy sighed, "You'll be just fine. Now let me enjoy this."

My mouth found Amy's pert little tits and I sucked them gently. Her hand drifted down and unzipped my jeans. She dug into my underwear and stroked my cock, begging it to get bigger and harder.

"I want it so bad," she whispered, pulling down my pants, freeing my monster cock.

"Oh my God!" Megan cried out once she saw my member. "That's...huge!"

"I know," Amy smiled, "And it feels wonderful."

"Are they all...that big?"

Amy shook her head, "I sneaked some of my brother Billy's pornos. None of them are nearly this big."

Megan was babbling something, but neither Amy nor I were listening. My girlfriend was straddling me and sliding my big cock into her very tight pussy.

"That's so good," she groaned as it inched into her body.

"How did you fit...all that..." Megan wondered aloud.

"Megan, just let me fuck my boyfriend. You'll have your turn soon enough."

Amy got into it then, pumping up and down on my shaft, letting her little breasts jiggle with every

downward thrust.

I just marveled at the beauty of her perfect teenage body as it made love to me. Eager and hungry for an orgasm. After several long, delicious minutes, climax she did.

Amy arched back, her hands grabbing fistfuls of sheets, and she let out a long, sweet groan of pleasure as her body tensed with delight.

Amy slumped and rolled off my body to curl up next to me. Megan just stared in wonder and fascination at the sight of us.

"You did it!" she exclaimed.

"Duh, Meg," Amy said, not opening her eyes, but breathing in my scent deeply.

"It's just...wow," she said, breathing heavily. "It was awesome."

Amy smiled now and opened her eyes, "How about we get you looking more...presentable."

"Huh?" Megan asked, but Amy was next to her friend, pulling her glasses off, undoing the braids in her hair and finally spreading some bright red lipstick on her lips. Then she pulled Megan's top and shorts off to leave her in matching bra and panties, both were white with blue flowers on them.

"Much nicer," I said.

Megan blushed, "You think so?"

I nodded and reached to cup her head in my hands. "You're very pretty, Megan. May I kiss you?"

She looked from me to Amy and back again. Then she nodded. I moved in slowly and kissed her gently on the lips.

I stroked the small of her back and she started kissing me back. It wasn't long before she was sliding onto my lap where we made out for a good ten minutes.

"I like kissing," she said in a whisper, almost afraid to admit it to herself.

Amy slid next to us, "You should try it with a girl." And promptly locked her lips onto her best friend's.

My cock came to full attention watching the two teenage girls make out. Megan gasped as she felt my member push up between her legs to press into her panties.

"Oh...my...God..." Megan breathed.

I laid her down on the bed and tugged her panties off as Amy did the same for Megan's bra.

I found Megan's cunt to be smooth, just wisps of red hair starting to form there. Her breasts were small mounds of bright pink flesh.

I knelt down and licked her crotch experimentally. She groaned with delight. Smiling, I licked her again and again, making her groan and whine until I dove my tongue in and made her gasp.

I tongue-fucked the redhead until she cried out my name.

"You ready then?" I asked. She nodded fervently, her hands stroking her own nipples with pleasure.

Amy slid up behind me to kiss me and whisper, "Enjoy yourself, Jack. Go easy, she's only twelve, you know."

"Twelve?" I gasped.

Amy nodded. "Didn't you know she skipped a grade?" I shook my head. "Oh. Well, you're in for a

treat. She hasn't even had her first period yet."

Twelve? Prepubescent? I had a moment of doubt, but her thin naked body writhing before me drove me on.

I wasn't even thinking now. I was on top of her. Her legs were parting. Wetness around my cock. Her scream as I broke her membranes, making her a woman at the tender age of twelve. She was crying something in my ear as I pushed deeper into her body. Stop? She wanted me to stop? I couldn't. My body was possessed by something primal that drove me deeper inside the girl.

Then I stopped. Was I in control again? No, my cock was bottomed out in her, the tip pushed hard against her cervix. I pulled out, then back in, banging the bottom of her womb.

The fog of lust was clearing and I could make sense of Megan now.

"YES! Oh God! It feels so good! Keep going! It doesn't hurt anymore."

I pushed in and out. In and out for as long as I could manage, but her tight cunt and cries of pleasure sent me quickly over the edge and I was erupting hard into the twelve-year-old's pussy.

We laid there for a moment, catching our breath. I was about to say something when there was a knock at the door, angry and urgent.

"Megan! Megan, you alright baby? I heard screaming!" came the severe voice from the other side of the door.

I pulled out of Megan and had rolled over just as the door flew open to reveal Milena, dressed in her most serious black dress.

"MEGAN ANN BRAUN!" the Germanic matriarch bellowed. She took in the sight. Two girls, pussies red and dripping with semen. My cock, still fat and swollen, wet and just slightly bloody from her daughter's hymen. "How could you? How..." her eyes drifted back to my penis, which I flexed for effect.

"You girls get out," she cried. "And get some clothes on before your father sees you!"

Milena shut and locked the door behind them.

"Now you, young man. You..." she stared at my cock longingly. "You..."

I reached down and stroked myself.

"God save me..." she whispered.

"Should I get dressed Mrs. Braun?" I asked in mock meekness.

"No. I mean yes. I mean..." she trailed off.

"Yes?"

She bit her lip, her eyes focused intently on my manhood.

"Mrs. Braun?"

"Yes?" she asked dreamily.

"I won't tell."

"What?"

"I won't tell anyone if you...want to."

In a sudden rush, she reached up her dress and tugged her big white panties down and was straddling me. With one hard motion, she impaled herself onto my cock with a howl of delight.

While she bounced on my member, her hands undid the buttons of her dress, revealing her massive breasts, barely contained by a simple white bra. With a tug, the bra was gone and she was forcing big globes of flesh into my mouth, which I sucked eagerly.

"Fuck me little boy! Fuck me with that big fat cock!"

I couldn't speak with her breasts in my mouth, but I got the sense that my opinion didn't matter. I was a tool for her pleasure and it was wild.

Suddenly she was upright, swearing loudly. My body responded in kind, erupting hot fluid into the older woman's cunt.

Once she caught her breath, she buttoned her dress and got off me, finding and redressing in her panties.

"Never speak of this again," she reminded me as she left.

I smirked and stretched, enjoying the feeling of complete satisfaction. Then I remembered, I wasn't done yet.

I left the girl's bedroom and headed for my own, where I found Kristin burying something deep into Daphne's cunt. Milena was stripping out of her clothes and joining them on the bed. When she was done, Kristin came over to me and touched me on the forehead. Instantly, I felt my body change back into its adult form.

"You know the drill," Kristin whispered in my ear.

Daphne was on hands and knees, waiting for me enter her.

"You up for this again?" I asked Daphne as I got on the bed.

"Anything for you, Master. Anything."

I was inside her next, Kristin fondling my balls, working her magic from behind me. Milena was merely a spectator, watching and waiting.

As before, Daphne's belly stretched and bulged with every thrust and pump. After a few minutes, Daphne cried out.

"I'm ready! Do it Master! Come inside me! Come!"

That sent me over the edge and again, I erupted a fountain of semen into the nymph's pussy. She screamed with delight when it happened and we had barely a moment's respite before Milena was carrying her sister into the bathroom.

I thought I wouldn't be as shocked the second time around, watching Daphne give birth to a full size woman.

I was wrong.

It was still as amazing as before.

This time, the woman that came out was brunette and tall, and nearly as busty as Milena. I lifted her up and took her to the shower to clean her up.

She was maybe 6 feet tall. She had strong, shapely legs that tapered into a small tight ass. Her belly was flat and toned above a smooth, bald snatch. Her breasts were big, at least a D-cup. Her face was

friendly and smiling as I cleaned her. She looked to be about twenty.

"Nice to meet you," I said with a smile.

She returned my smile. "Hello my Master," she said in a gentle British accent. "My name is Victoria."

"Really?"

"Yes and I am here to serve your every need. I can tell you need something right now."

"What's that?"

She slid down to her knees and amazingly, took my cock into her mouth, sucking it hard and long. It was an amazing blowjob. It was long and slow and it took me a good long time before I came, groaning, into her mouth.

"Welcome to the family, Victoria."

She stood up and kissed me. "Thank you, my Master."

Chapter Twenty-Three

It was good thing we were moving, four women take up a lot of space. Somewhere in between the constant fucking, we packed the house. Actually, Victoria did. And she was the perfect English maid. Her mannerisms, language, and attitude seemed to be lifted from another century.

That didn't stop her from fucking like a rabbit in heat and still remained classy and sexy all the time.

I ran errands with the various girls, buying them bedroom sets and clothing to match their personalities. Each got a king size bed, but each had their own style. Milena's was a sort of a country cottage. Victoria had a (surprise, surprise) Victorian theme. Kristin didn't want her own room, but I insisted she have her own space. Her's was a modern looking set of white painted wood. Daphne just upgraded her "Stacey" motif of pink to a larger room.

For my room, I opted for a custom built bed that would hold two king mattresses together. It was dark cherry wood with dressers and chairs to match.

The master suite had a sitting room off to the side with a small entertainment center and a couch.

Every bedroom had a fireplace, gas powered. Even with all the women in the house, it still had four empty bedrooms.

The castle was filling up nicely and we "officially" took residence on a Friday afternoon in Autumn as the leaves were just starting to change.

Milena had cooked a small feast and everyone ate, even though only Kristin and I needed to. After dinner I rounded the girls up and into the main room. In a castle of old, this would probably be the throne room, but here it was just a large, windowless room that had a large fireplace on one end and was filled with cushions, pillows, and big chairs and couches. I also made sure the floor was good and soft, with thick carpet and a double-thick pad underneath.

This was going to be our play room.

I rounded up the women, all them clad in silk robes, each a different color. Daphne was in pink, Kristin in black, Milena in blue, and Victoria in silver.

"Ladies. The castle is a reality and I want to thank each of you for your help in making it happen."

They all smiled and stripped out of their robes.

"Ready to go are we?" I asked.

Kristin spoke up, "We have a game we want to play. Pick a number between one and four."

"Um...two."

Milena smiled, "That's me." She got down on all fours.

"Another number?" Kristin asked.

"Four?"

Daphne bounced into place to Milena's right.

"Three." I said, catching on.

Victoria got in line on her hands and knees as well.

"I guess I'm last," Kristin said, getting in line on the far right. "Now Master. You fuck Milena for ten

seconds, then pull out. Then Daphne for ten. Next Victoria, then me. Then start over."

"And the object of the game?"

"The winner gets to be the alpha female for the next month. The winner being the girl that makes you come first."

"I see," I said, unbelieving.

I got behind Milena and starting to fuck her slowly while the other three counted to ten. It was distracting at first, but as I moved down the line, I got used to it pretty quick.

I was dead set on making sure the game lasted several rounds. They made it pretty hard. Milena suggested that I might enjoy it better in her ass. Daphne squeezed and tightened her cunt around me. Victoria just purred compliments in her soft, accented voice. Kristin just bucked and ground my dick as hard as possible.

On the third pass, I was about to come in Victoria, when the count was up. I thought I could get it under control, but by the time the girls counted to five I was coming in the seventeen-year-old Kristin.

"Thank you, Master!!" she cried as my seed filled her womb, my cock buried to its base.

I stumbled back, exhausted, but very satisfied. I just barely got out of the way of a dog pile, featuring young Kristin at the bottom and a bevy of female flesh all clamoring to eat, suck, or lick my come out of her pussy.

After a lot of grunting, squealing, and screaming, the women got off Kristin, who was gasping and panting for air. Victoria was closest to me and slid closer. Without a word, she took my cock into her mouth and slowly worked in and out of her mouth.

Kristin managed to pull herself up to prop her head on her hands to watch me and Victoria. Meanwhile, Daphne got to work between Milena's thick thighs, licking and nibbling the older woman's cunt.

It was amazing to watch the women go at it on the floor, wild and reckless with themselves. Kristin alternated watching me and Victoria and the other women. After a few minutes, I caught her eye and she crawled up to lie next to me, kissing me softly while Victoria continued to suck my cock.

"Thank you my Master," Kristin purred between kisses.

"For what?" I asked.

"I don't know...just...thank you."

"You're...welcome," I said, realizing I was going to come soon.

Kristin, who knew my body pretty well by now, understood and said in a loud voice, "The master's going to come!"

Milena and Daphne ceased their lovemaking and headed over to my side. Victoria increased her pace, sucking harder and more urgently. Gripping her head, I thrust upwards, driving my shaft deep into the brunette's mouth and cried out, "I love you! I love you all!"

With a great rush of semen, I was suddenly exhausted, but very satisfied.

The girls, however, were not done. Victoria sat back. Daphne laid down underneath the maid, mouth wide open. Slowly, Victoria's open mouth emitted a long stream of come that dribbled into the redhead's mouth.

Once the transfer was done, Daphne got up and repeated the process, oozing my seed into Milena's mouth. Lastly, the big chef got up and finished the process into young Kristin's mouth. With an overly dramatic gulp and a smile.

For the next few hours I fucked all four women in virtually every orifice. They wouldn't stop. I would fuck Daphne up the ass, then Milena was straddling me. Then Victoria was on her hands and knees. Kristin got fucked up against the wall while the other girls held her up.

It was blur of sex and fluids and I had gotten completely lost in it when I was suddenly fucking Daphne from behind and I saw her belly swelling with every thrust I gave her. My head cleared then, remembering our task for the evening.

There was a large full bathroom downstairs, attached to the main room we were in. Milena half carried me to the shower while Victoria and Kristin carried their sister to the tub.

A few screams later, a small, 5-foot-2 Hindu woman lay in the tub with Daphne. Of all the women that Daphne had "created" thus far, this one was at least slightly familiar.

"Padma?" I asked, lifting her into the shower.

She smiled, "You remember me, my Master? I am so pleased." She was older than when I'd attended homecoming with the girls, around twenty. She wasn't tall, but full chested with dark, flawless skin and bright white smile. She had a round, firm ass with short, muscular legs. Her long black hair went down to her waist.

I washed her off and we proceeded to make out in the steamy shower. She smelled sweet and tasted wonderful. Soon she was in my arms, up against the shower wall where we made love slow and deep. Her nearly black nipples and exotic dark skin had me rapt with fascination. Padma cried out as she came once, then a second time.

I let her down and she proceeded to suck her own cunt juices off my cock, then started pumping it with her hand. A few moments later, I was spraying white ribbons of semen over her dark skin.

"Thank you, Master." She smiled, licking the come from her body. "I enter your service willingly and with delight."

Chapter Twenty-Four

I awoke the next morning to find that Padma had gotten to work early. She was outside with a pad and paper, laying out the plans for gardens, pools, fountains, gazebos, and more. She was wearing a khaki skirt, button down blue blouse and white sneakers as it was unusually warm that Fall morning.

I slipped in behind her and kissed her on the neck.

"My Master graces me," she said with a whisper, no sarcasm in her voice.

"Busy morning?" I asked, keeping my arms around her.

She nodded. "It's much too late in the season to much planting, but I can get started on a gazebo here," she pointed to a rise that looked out over the nearby forest and even off to the Pacific Ocean. "It should have a magnificent view, especially at sunset."

I nodded.

"I want to put a fountain in front of the castle, something old and classic like at Versailles," she showed me a sketch of something like Poseidon and dolphins. "Then behind the main building a pool with waterfalls and lights. Something natural looking."

I smiled at her.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think," I said, kissing her once on the lips, "That you're a fantastic addition to the family."

She dropped her notebook and pushed me back onto the grass. Padma pulled her long hair out of the bun it was in and started to strip out of her clothes, shimmying and bouncing to an unheard beat.

Naked, she continued to thrust and gyrate for my pleasure, her almond-shaped eyes locked on mine. I unzipped my fly and pulled out my cock to entertain myself while she danced.

She straddled me and I laid back. Padma squatted down, her short legs flexing with the effort and managed to impale herself on my swollen cock. Her hands played with her large breasts and erect nipples as she used her legs to move up and down on my cock slowly.

It really didn't take much at this point to make me climax, and climax I did.

"Padma! You hot little goddess!" I groaned as my balls emptied themselves.

The dark-skinned woman just smiled and slipped off of me. When she dressed and I got up, we kissed again and I sent her on her way to explore the grounds.

My stomach growled and with that I headed promptly for the kitchen.

"There you are," Milena said with a bit of a pout. "How am I supposed to keep you fed if you don't come to me for breakfast?"

"And good morning to you, Milena," I said with a smile.

She sighed, "I love my Master too much to angry with him. Come, eat."

There was a plate of fresh fruit, cheese and some eggs with toast which I scarfed down.

"So hungry," she cooed, unbuttoning her gingham dress to reveal ample breasts and pink nipples. "I hope you saved room..."

I always had room for her magnificent breasts, which I took eagerly into my mouth and suckled.

While I sucked, she finished undressing herself and when I let up she turned her nude body away from me and leaned over the nearby counter.

"You know how I like it my Master," she said, pushing her ass out and spreading her legs.

I did indeed, unzipping my fly and was soon inside the German woman with a hard thrust that made her cunt clench around my cock.

"That what you like?" I said, giving her another thrust.

"Ja," she groaned.

"You dirty kitchen slut," I said, nibbling her ear as I fucked her harder.

"Ja. Your wench. Your slut..."

I reached back and slapped her hard on on buttock.

"Ah!" she cried out.

I gave her another smack on the ass while I continued to fuck hard and rough against the kitchen counter, the slaps ringing off the tile floors. Then the slapping was drowned out by moans, then by screaming as the big woman climaxed.

I sent a rush of semen into her body with a hoarse grunt of pleasure.

After catching my breath and pulling up my pants, I slapped Milena once more on the ass. "Thank you for breakfast Fraulein."

"You are most...welcome," she said between heaving breaths.

I kissed her on the cheek and strode off to wander the rest of the castle. It was beautiful, simple architecture with a warm, homey feel. I did, however, notice that the walls were pretty bare and had a slightly sterile feel to the place.

I needed some art. Something classic and gorgeous to match the women in my life. I knew just who to talk to about class.

"Master," Victoria bowed slightly when I came into the office. This was my "man space." Desk, computer, games, liquor, you name it. Victoria, who had taken on a role more like personal assistant than housekeeper, was dressed in a white blouse and navy dress skirt with matching 4-inch heels. "I've compiled a quick summary of your investments. I'm sorry I didn't get to them sooner. There are several that need to be dumped and a few that could use more money."

"Is that so?" I said, sitting down at my desk.

"If I've overstepped..."

"No, no. I'm no investor. These just seemed like good bets at the time. I take it you have more...experience in the matter?"

She smiled, "You could say that. Daphne has endowed me with a wealth of knowledge, from art and history to investing and law."

"Excellent, I think I can use all of you."

Another smile, this one more wicked than the last.

"I live to serve you, Master."

Statuesque. The word came unbidden into my mind. That was the word for Victoria's body.

Statuesque. She was toned and muscled and curved. Of course, vocabulary was completely shot from my mind as she slowly stripped out of her business attire and revealed her perfect body, bald snatch and flawless firm D-cup breasts.

For added effect, she left her hair in its tight bun, her glasses on , and, much to my delight, the high-heeled shoes.

Victoria confidently walked over to me and tugged my now rock-hard member out of my pants and stroked it gently as she got down on her knees.

She massaged it base to tip, slowly, letting me savor each stroke. There was no rush, no over-excitement. Just a slow, gentle hand job.

It was heaven.

Then it got better when she began using her tongue on tip while continuing her stroking of my cock. I laid back in the chair and closed my eyes, letting her suck and lick for a good long time. When I finally came, it wasn't the eruptions like earlier that day, but a slow, but powerful rush of semen into Victoria's mouth.

She swallowed and smiled. Then got up to dress.

"No need for that," I said, patting my lap.

Still nude, she slid onto my lap, giving me a warm, wet kiss. "How may I serve you?"

I pulled up a few art web sites and asked her opinion on several pieces. I found some I liked, mostly nudes, of course, but from a variety of artists and periods. I booked Victoria an appointment with a local art dealer and was satisfied with our selections.

Next we surfed over and cleaned up the mess that my investment portfolio had become.

That took us several hours, and my attention was wandering from the screen to the hot, naked goddess in my lap.

She sensed my needs and pulled my cock out of my pants and pushed it inside her cunt.

"That's not what I had in mind," I whispered in her ear.

"Oh, you are a very naught boy," she purred and lifted herself off my cock and moved her body forward a little. Soon, my cock was halfway down her anus and Victoria was groaning. Her legs were parted and she took advantage of the position to finger herself, while my cock inched deeper into her backside.

She let out a sudden gasp when two things happened at once: First, my cock was fully inside her ass and second, Padma opened the office door with my lunch.

Padma bowed, "My apologies, Master. Milena wanted me to bring you..." she was watching us fuck and lost her train of thought.

"Put it on the desk and strip for us," I instructed.

She put the tray down and proceeded to slowly peel out of her clothing, showing us ever inch of her dark body. When she was done, she walked over to Victoria and I.

"Very nice," I said, pausing in my anal fucking, "Please kneel and see what you can do to...entertain Victoria."

Padma went right to work, digging her fingers into Victoria's cunt. First one, then two fingers. It

escalated from there as I started fucking the Brit harder and harder. Soon Padma had a whole hand inside her sister's womb, rubbing up against my cock in her anus.

I couldn't hold back anymore. Deep inside Victoria's anus, I ejaculated a wave of hot semen. Victoria cried out with delight, leaning back to kiss me.

Padma disappeared to get a wash cloth so as to clean both myself and Victoria up from our dirty lovemaking session.

I decided I needed a genuine rest, so I sent the girls off while I ate lunch and took a nap on the large sofa that filled one wall of my office.

I was awoken by Daphne, home from school and changed into an oversized T-shirt.

"How was your day, Master," she asked, kneeling before me.

"Busy," I said with a smile. "You girls keep me busy."

"Anything I can do for you?"

I thought about it for a moment, "I don't know. I've had sex with your sisters several times today. Including about every orifice you could do it in."

"So...you're bored?" She asked.

"Oh no," I countered. "Far from it. I'm just at a loss for what to do next."

"Well, my sisters are beautiful and talented, but there are somethings they can't do. Some fantasies they can't satisfy."

"Like?" I asked, my cock already stiffening.

"I know you liked this one," she said and shifted into flat chested, skinny Megan. The big T-shirt was almost falling off her, one boney shoulder was exposed, showing freckles and pale skin underneath.

"That was...naughty," I breathed, but my cock still hardened even further.

"That was nothing," she whispered. "Imagine more. Imagine her submitting to your every desire. Sucking you. Fucking you. Letting you use her little pussy. Her tight, virgin anus." She had inched up on me, whispering in my ear now. "A submissive little twelve-year-old slut. Worshiping you like a god. Bearing your child."

When she pulled away from me, the large T-shirt was now tented in front by a large, distended belly. I pulled the shirt off to see the twelve-year-old, breasts small, but full and tight and her belly heavy with child.

"Do I please you master?" she asked in a soft voice.

I leaned down and kissed her breasts, making her squeal with delight. I sucked the tiny mounds of flesh, licking the erect nipples. My hands found their way around her ass, pulling her to me on the couch. She didn't resist, she held me eagerly, her body pressed to mine.

"Take me...take me now. I am yours..."

I scooped her into my arms and carried her light body out of the office, down the hallway and into the bedroom where I laid her down. It was an erotic sight to see her small body swollen with child.

I was out of my clothes pretty damn fast and had rolled the pregnant girl over. Standing beside the bed, I lifted her light body up and entered her with a slow, satisfying push.

"Oooooooh," Megan cried out as I found my way all the way to the bottom of her cunt.

I gripped her and pushed in and out for a good long time, loving the feeling of her tight little cunt around my big cock. I must have been abusing the hell out of her cervix, but it felt wild and wonderful.

I pulled out of her pussy and re-entered her body, this time via her asshole.

"AAAAAAAH!" she screamed as her anus was deflowered and I dominated yet another part of her body. It was even tighter than her cunt, almost to the point of being painful to me. My cock dragged in and out of her ass slowly, almost luxuriously as we fucked.

I was ready to explode, so I pulled out once more and flipped the redhead onto her back.

Jerking my cock furiously, I sprayed ounces of semen all over the twelve-year-old's body. It was on her face, her tits, her belly, her cunt, even her legs.

With a groan I flopped onto the bed, my body totally exhausted.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her pull out another totem and there was a bright white light as she pushed power into it.

"Do we need to..?" I started to ask.

Megan shape-shifted into Daphne, though still covered in come, "Not tonight love. Rest yourself. The magic will keep indefinitely, so there's no rush to use it."

I nodded, my eyes drifting shut to sleep and to dream of more lovely beauties.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Fall rolled on into Winter as the castle became a full-fledged home. The more time I spent with the girls, the more I fell in love with them. They were all unique and wonderful, with their own traits, histories, and fetishes. Finally I decided it was time to spend some quality time with each of them.

"Taking us...out?" Padma asked, clearly confused.

"Yes. I want to spend one-on-one time with each of you, individually. I have activities in mind for each of you. Based on what I want to do, I'm going to start with Ms. Victoria.

The tall brunette blushed, "Me?"

I nodded. "I've given Daphne instructions on what to pack, so it'll be a complete surprise for you. All of you, actually."

Daphne smiled. She was in on the plan and had heartily endorsed it when I brought it up.

"We leave tomorrow morning, Victoria. Please be ready."

Of course she was ready. Daphne had packed her and Victoria was, if anything, very well organized.

I led her up the ramp to the private jet I'd chartered. Thankfully, the pilot and attendant were the sort that didn't ask questions like "Identification please?" so I didn't need to secure Victoria a fake passport or driver's license.

The forward compartment held the cockpit and a small galley for the flight attendant. The back, was a spacious area with recliners, couches and drinks galore.

"Will there be anything else, sir?" the cute blond flight attendant asked. She was clearly flirting, despite the presence of Victoria in tight pants, a revealing v-neck sweater, and high-heels.

"Not right now, Mindy" I said with a wink, spotting her name on her uniform.

"Very good. Please remain buckled until the pilot announces we're at cruising altitude. Most of our clients prefer to be left alone and I'll only come back when called. Is that satisfactory?"

I nodded, and squeezed Victoria's hand.

The attendant smiled and retreated to the forward cabin, closing the door behind her.

There was an announcement from the cockpit and we were airborne in a matter of minutes. Flying private jets was definitely the way to go. We had arrived at the airport and were in the skies in less than an hour.

Victoria and I had been kissing for a long time when something chimed, indicating that we could remove our seat belts. We did so, eagerly. Tugging and pulling, we stripped out of our clothing until we were naked and rolling on the floor like horny teenagers. I sucked her tits, while she stroked my cock with fast, smooth movements.

Next thing I knew, she was pushing me back onto the plush carpet and she was mounting me, her tight pussy squeezing my cock all the way inside her.

"God, that's heavenly," she whispered, moving up and down on my cock.

I just smiled and let her work up and down, slowly and pleurably. It was like a massage on my dick. It was good long time before I climaxed. When I did, it nearly took me by surprise it was so subtle, but totally satisfying at the same time.

"That was...magnificent," I breathed. Victoria smiled, kissed me, then slid off my body. Eventually, we dressed and I called Mindy for some snacks. Again, she was all smiles and flirtation. I was tempted, just for a moment, to ask her to "join" Victoria and I for another round of lovemaking. I decided against it, hoping that maybe Daphne could take her form whenever we got back from the trip.

Victoria and I chatted about history and art, both subjects she was very well versed in. After having her soundly trash me in chess for three straight games, I excused myself to the bathroom to compose my ego. While in there, I realized I was being stupid. She had part of Daphne's knowledge and as such, probably encountered some of the greatest minds throughout the last two-thousand years.

When I returned, Victoria smiled and asked, "Checkers?"

I laughed, "No, no. I don't think my ego can take a whole lot more. Perhaps a massage?"

She just smiled, "As you wish."

One of the selling points of the jet was its "executive amenities." That meant a full bar, plush chairs, and amongst other things, a massage table. I stripped and got on the table, where she covered me with a thin sheet to keep me from getting cold.

She buzzed for Mindy to bring some oil and in a few moments, I could hear the blond's feet come in walk over to Victoria. I blushed slightly, realizing I was completely nude under the sheet. I hoped it wasn't deemed too inappropriate for the jet.

"Will there be anything else?" Mindy asked.

Victoria paused, then spoke, "How about you take the left and I'll take the right."

Before I realized what was going on, I felt not two, but four hands on my back.

I jolted up, "Mindy, please, you don't have to..."

My words were lost when I realized that, not only was Victoria completely naked, but Mindy, her long willowy frame topped by small, but firm B-cup breasts, was naked as well.

"Yes?" the flight attendant asked.

"I...uh...Mindy...er..." I stammered.

Victoria touched Mindy's arm, "I promise, he makes love with much more deftness than he talks."

"Thank goodness," Mindy smiled, pushing me back onto the table. "Just relax sir. This is a...complimentary service."

The girls went to work on my lower back.

"Indeed, sir," Victoria continued, "Our Miss Mindy here approached me while you were in the restroom and inquired as to our relationship. I got right to the point and explained it was quite...open."

"She also said you were hung like a bull," Mindy giggled.

"I used no such language!" Victoria protested. "I merely said, in the great and wide world of male genitalia, yours was without equal."

"Thanks," I mumbled into the bed. Their hands were relaxing and the endorphins were making me quite drowsy.

"I've turned the cabin temp up a few notches," Mindy said, and I don't think we'll need this." Someone pulled the sheet from my body and it was still quite warm. I guess it would have to be since

both women were nude and not showing any signs of being cold.

"Oh my," Mindy murmured, "You weren't kidding." She was massaging my left leg, pulling it away from the right and I could only guess that she had just caught a glimpse of my flaccid member, dangling there.

"I told you, my dear," Victoria said, smug and quite pleased with herself.

While Mindy busied herself with my legs, Victoria transitioned to my head and shoulders.

I lost track of time, lost in my own little world when I was brought back to reality by Victoria's voice, "I think we've done all that we can on this side, let's turn over, shall we?"

They helped me over and the sight of the two naked beauties brought my cock to attention in short order.

"Oh, yes. Yes that is very nice," Mindy said apparently to herself.

"Why don't you experience it firsthand?" Victoria said.

"I thought I'd give you first dibs," Mindy countered.

"Oh no dear. I've already partaken of the forbidden fruit today," Victoria smiled.

Mindy blushed just slightly, then climbed up on the table, straddling my legs and started massaging my cock. I merely groaned with delight.

"I think I have some condoms in my purse, if you like," Victoria was saying as Mindy moved into position over my erect penis.

"I'm on the pill," she said, "I think I'll be OK. It's just..." She paused.

"Yes?" I asked.

She smiled, "It's just so...big. I'm a little scared."

"Go slowly and relax," Victoria advised. Of course she wasn't too worried, she was built to handle me. It'd been a long time since I'd fucked a woman outside our little circle, and she was a professional porn star that enjoyed big toys.

"OK," she said, swallowing her fear and lowering her pussy onto my cock.

I penetrated her just a few inches before she stopped.

"You OK?" I asked.

She nodded, her face a mixture of pain and pleasure. Mindy lowered down a bit more, her cunt spreading wider open to receive my manhood. Suddenly she slipped and the last half of my member punched into her womb.

"FUCK!" she cried out.

Victoria was there beside her, holding the blond.

"Oh. Oh God. I'm so full. It's stretching me out. But it's good. I'm good. Oh yes." She rocked up and down experimentally on my shaft. "Yes, I can handle this."

Victoria kissed Mindy softly which surprised both myself and the flight attendant. But the woman's shock was short-lived and she returned the kiss with vigor.

I reached up and fondled the blond's small breasts, making her moan just a little. I pinched a nipple and she gasped. Victoria's hand found its way into Mindy's blond snatch, rubbing it vigorously.

I was pleasantly surprised when she came quickly (and loudly).

"Oh my," she whispered, "It's been too long since I've had a good fuck. Hell, it's been a long time since I've had a bad one, either."

Victoria and I chuckled. I just let her stay there for a moment, allowing her a few minutes of bliss as the climax ebbed and flowed through her body.

Eventually, I broke the silence, "Ready for more my dear?"

"Yes sir, may I have another?" she joked.

"Oh yes, but this one's on my terms."

She smirked wickedly and Victoria helped the blond off the table and my cock. I put Victoria on the couch, and had young Mindy get on all fours so she could partake, both of my assistant's cunt and my cock from behind.

She was a natural at it, tongue digging into Victoria's pussy while I pounded her pussy hard from behind in a standing position.

Mindy's cries of delight were muffled, but still audible over the jet's noise and Victoria's cunt. The blond's tight ass jiggled slightly with each thrust as I drove deep inside her body.

She cried out, her pussy clenching around my cock, while she came.

Mindy brought her head up, "I...I don't think I can take much more. So full...so good."

I pulled out and had her climb up on the couch where I stood before both her and Victoria, jerking my cock hard and fast.

Mindy caught on, just in time to gasp, wide mouthed, as I came hard onto her face and into her mouth. I managed a squirt onto Victoria's large tits with my remaining load.

"That was fucking kinky!" Mindy exclaimed, swallowing her mouthful of semen and wiping her face.

"You guys are the wildest."

"You ain't seen nothin'," I winked.

"I bet."

We kissed and dressed after a few minutes.

"I need to get up front to make sure the flight crew doesn't need anything," she said apologetically.

"We understand. We should be getting in soon?"

Mindy glanced at her watch, "We should be arriving at..."

"Ah-ah! It's a surprise for Ms. Victoria."

"Oh! Well. Yes, I'll check with the captain, but we should be there in about twenty minutes."

The blond scampered off to leave me and my brunette lover to relax on the very comfortable couch.

"So, where are we going?" Victoria asked, her curiosity finally getting the best of her ten minutes later.

I glanced out the window and smiled, "I guess it'll be hard to hide now," I said, nodding towards the window.

Gazing out, we could both make out the distinctive skyline that was New York City.

"New York?" Victoria said with an uncharacteristic squeal of delight.

I nodded.

"Museums?"

I nodded.

"Theater?"

I nodded again. "And more."

She pounced onto my lap and kissed me just as Mindy came over the intercom and told us to buckle up.

We touched down and taxied to a private hanger owned by the company I rented the plane from. We kissed Mindy goodbye (safely out of sight of her employers) and loaded into a waiting town car for a drive downtown to our hotel.

We checked into our penthouse suite and started to unpack. It was nearing evening when I sent Victoria to the bedroom to dress herself. The garment bag had been packed by Daphne, so Victoria had no idea what was inside.

I got on my tuxedo and waited patiently in the suite's living room for her to finish up. It took her nearly an hour to get dressed, but the wait was worth it.

She was in a tight black dress that showed her every curve. It was strapless, allowing her large breasts a lot of cleavage. Her hair was done up in a curly bun, leaving her long neck exposed. She had on long black silk gloves and four-inch high-heeled pumps. Her lips were full and red and she wore stunning (and huge) diamond earrings and an equally ornate diamond necklace.

"God, your beautiful. I mean, really, beautiful."

To her credit, she actually blushed a little. "Thank you, Master," she said with a slight curtsy.

"Join me on the balcony, I have a present for you."

"Another gift?" she asked, stroking her necklace, "My master is far too generous."

I smiled and led her out on the balcony. The city was laid out in all its glory below us as I took her hands in mine.

"Victoria," I said, looking into her deep green eyes. "You are a wonder. All of my girls are special to me and I wanted to show each of them just how much. You are all bonded to me, but I am bonded to you. You are a goddess. A goddess of art and music. You have shown me the beauty of paintings, tapestries, and even opera."

She giggled a little at this, remembering how hard she had to try to make me listen and appreciate the art form.

"For the rest of my days, I will be indebted to the contributions you've made to my soul," I said, digging a small box out of my pocket and opening it.

Victoria gasped as she saw the large emerald ring inside it.

"Victoria, I claim you for myself. I love and worship all the days of my life."

I pulled the ring out and slid it on her left ring finger.

"Say you'll be mine."

Tears welled up in her eyes and she fought for composure. "My Master," she said with a smile, "You know I will always be yours, but I will pledge it again. I, Victoria, swear my body, my spirit, and all that I am to you my Master. I will serve you for all eternity."

We kissed long and hard as the world raced down below us.

"God I want you, but I don't want to spoil your dress before the evening's festivities."

"Festivities?" she asked.

"The Met. Balcony seats for La Traviata."

"Really?" Another uncharacteristic squeal.

"Yes, and passes for the after party. I'm sure you'll enjoy flaunting your new jewelery for the high society snobs there."

"Oh yes, that will be fun."

"Ready to go Mrs. Aston?"

"Mrs...Aston?"

"Oh yes. For the week you are to be my wife."

She beamed.

"I thought you'd like that," I said.

She pulled me to her and kissed me hard. "Thank you for this honor Master. I suppose I should see to my 'wifely' duties."

Victoria sat down on a nearby patio chair and pulled my crotch to her face where she undid my fly and pulled my softened cock out. Within a minute she had it rock hard in her mouth, bobbing and sucking it expertly.

With one gloved hand she played with my balls and the other she stroked my cock, keeping the tip in her mouth at all times. Five minutes later I was losing my mind.

"Victoria! God I love you! Eat my come baby! Suck it all down you lovely slutty goddess! Fuck...YES!"

I came hard and rough, my cock spurting seed down the brunette's long throat. She licked my cock clean and zipped me back up.

"Well, I'm ready to go my love," she said with a kiss on the cheek.

That evening we dined at a five-star restaurant, then enjoyed the opera. The party afterward was lavish. Even though we knew no one, Victoria was the life of the party. Even a young chorus girl, who couldn't have been much older than twenty, was quite enamored with my 'wife.' As thrilling as a threesome sounded, the trip was just about Victoria and I.

We got back to our hotel room and Victoria wanted to go and dress into something else.

"I bought you something silky and slutty for the evening," I began, "But I just want you. Here and now. Naked and in my bed."

"Yes Master!" she said loudly.

"That's my girl," I smirked.

She undressed me quickly and pushed my naked body into our bed.

Then she undressed herself, slowly and deliberately. The dress went to the floor, followed by her shoes and nylons, then her bra and thong panties. The gloves she kept on, but she pulled a few pins from her hair to let it fall down around her face.

"I love you, Victoria," I breathed as she slid onto the bed and mounted me, her hairless cunt accepting my cock without a second's hesitation.

"Yes my Master. I love you. I love your cock. I love your big, fat cock inside my tight pussy," she moaned as her body worked up and down. "My Master's cock is all that I need. I am his. His and only his. I belong to him. I am nothing without him. He makes me whole."

I was going to explode, but her words kept me focused elsewhere.

"I am his slut. He is my Master. My everything. My god and I will worship him for all eternity."

She arched back, her normal calm completely forgotten.

"I AM JACK ASTON'S SLAVE AND I LOVE IT!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

When I came, it was so hard I nearly passed out. Her cunt spasmed and sweat coated her body.

She collapsed, panting heavily atop me where we kissed for several minutes.

"That was...incredible," she breathed.

"Thank you," I said softly.

"No...Thank you," Victoria's gaze was fixed on me. She pulled off her gloves, but slipped the ring onto her bare hand. When she did that, she gasped. "This ring...isn't just jewelery, is it?"

"Nope."

"What is it?" she asked, examining the jewel. "I can feel...power."

"Daphne's gift. You won't be able to change dramatically, but you can alter yourself a little."

"Like...how?"

"Oh, that's for you to figure out."

She sat up on the bed and the first thing that happened was her already large breasts grew several more cup sizes.

"You like?"

I nodded.

Then she plumped out her ass.

"How about this?"

"It's not really your look. Your beauty is your leanness, your trim body. You're statuesque."

"Statuesque?"

"That's the word I think of when I think of your body."

She blushed again.

"I know," Victoria smiled and her face and body slid back about a decade to show her young, maybe fifteen or so, with over a B-cup breasts. "Just like back in boarding school?"

She slid back into bed and I rolled on top of her, entering her teenage body without another word.

It was delightfully forbidden and I loved every moment of it until I came inside her womb, making her cry out my name over and over.

Morning came, but I slept in late, thoroughly exhausted from the evening's entertainments. By the time I opened my eyes, it was after ten and I found Victoria in front of a full length mirror, trying out different noses, hair colors, breast sizes, and heights.

"You know I find you beautiful just the way you are."

She jumped at the sound of my voice. "Master! I did not know you were up. I was just..."

"Playing?"

"Yes. Playing. Forgive me Master, I was being...inattentive to your needs." She nodded to the growing tent of fabric directly over my penis.

"Well, get the lube from the bag on the dresser and come over here. I think I know of a way to earn my forgiveness."

In a matter of moments, I was balls deep into the woman's ass as she screamed and groaned into her pillow. I came quick and hard down her anus with a delighted sigh of relief.

"I'm going to shower. Care to join me?"

"I thought I'd unpack, if that's alright with you."

"Go ahead. I believe Daphne left you a note in your bag, be sure to read it."

"May I ask what we're doing today? So I may dress appropriately."

"Central Park. Just a walk around the park today. Simple, quality time. We have tickets tonight for Wicked at 8, but we'll be back to change before then. I don't want to wear a suit all day long."

"Sounds delightful."

While I showered, Victoria laid out jeans and a long sleeve shirt along with my newly acquired black leather jacket. I didn't know what to expect when I came out of the shower for Victoria to wear, but it surprised the hell out of me.

She was a in sweater and leggings combo, with tennis shoes and her hair in a pony tail. For someone usually so classy and formal, it was quite a shock. But that was only half of it. Her belly was stretching the sweater and rounding her body out to a good eight months pregnant look.

"Is this...alright?" she asked hesitantly.

"You're...beautiful. But you don't have to..."

She put a hand to my lips, "Shh. Daphne suggested it in her letter. For this week. I want to be your wife. Your one and only lover. I can't actually bear you children, that's Kristin's blessing. But I want to. Is it crazy? Am I...insane for wanting that?"

"I guess not," I said with a smile.

"Thank you. Just play along with me. For the week. Besides, other than last night's dress and the outfit I wore on the plane, all the clothing Daphne packed me is maternity wear!"

I laughed heartily at that. "I guess she got us."

"Well...I got you, Master," she said and kissed me softly.

"I suppose I should let you call me Jack from here on out."

"Only in public, Master. It wouldn't be right for me to completely forget my place."

I took her by the arm and led her out to the elevator. There were a few double-takes from the desk staff that I'm sure meant they had noticed Victoria before and distinctly did not remember seeing her knocked up on the previous day.

The two of us laughed to each other as we grabbed a taxi and headed to Central Park.

It was either the brisk weather, the fact that it was a Monday, or a combination of the two, but the park was sparsely populated and very quiet.

We held hands in a distinctly domesticated way, kissing and holding each other as would any "normal" married couple. An elderly woman smiled as she passed us, finding the two of us quite cute.

"If only she knew the truth," I whispered to Victoria.

"That I'm some supernatural creation born to serve your every sexual need and desire. I think that would kill her instantly rather than surprise her."

I laughed and kissed her gently.

For whatever reason, we never found cause (or need) to find a quiet place in the park for a quick and dirty fuck. We just talked and joked and laughed throughout the day.

Evening found us having dinner in our hotel suite and off to the play, where, despite being heavy with faux-child, Victoria still struck a gorgeous sight in a maternity dress that showed her legs and ample cleavage. We both enjoyed the musical immensely, commenting and talking the whole way home about its unique spin on the old classic "The Wizard of Oz."

That evening, we put her new ring to the test.

I was told to get in bed, "I'm inspired by the musical," she said and disappeared into the bathroom with a bag in hand.

Fifteen minutes later, the door opened and I found myself looking at Victoria, clad in a black teddy and stockings. She was back to her usual body shape, but there was something different.

Stepping into the light I chuckled when I saw what it was. Like Elphaba from *Wicked*, she had turned her skin green and her hair black. I was going to fuck the Wicked Witch of the West.

"I love you," I said with a broad grin on my face.

She slid onto the bed and unzipped my pants, pulling my dick out. Her hands, soft as ever, were tipped with black nails and she worked my member up and down.

"I'll get you my pretty...and your big cock too!" she said with a laugh.

I didn't laugh, because my pink cock disappeared down her green mouth, trimmed with black lipstick. All I managed was a soft groan as she hungrily worked my cock with her lips and tongue.

She was wild, unbridled as she sucked me off. Once or twice I thought I was going to explode, but she would pause, gripping the base of my cock to hold off on my orgasm.

Victoria got up and literally ripped her clothes off without a word, peeling the fabric off her body till she was completely naked.

Then she mounted me. Mounted me hard and proceeded to fuck me with hard, hungry motions, her hairless green cunt gripping my cock tight. Victoria's eyes were open wide, watching me as she had her way with my body. Her big breasts bounced and her mouth was agape as she panted and fucked

me.

"God I love fucking you!" she yelled. "I love fucking your great, big cock!" She arched back, her tits lifting up and her head thrown back while Victoria ground into my hips. Her flat, muscled belly tensed as an orgasm gripped her body. Her hands tangled in her hair as she let out a primal scream.

I felt certain that she would let me come at that point, but the slut had other plans. Victoria got off my cock and turned in place, putting her cunt right in my face while she started to suck my cock again. I pulled her wet lips open and drove a tongue in hungrily. Nibbled and licked her clit while she deep throat my cock. Victoria's scream was muffled this time with my big dick down her throat. Gasping and panting, she let my cock out of her mouth.

"Am I wicked for not letting you come?" she purred, stroking my cock.

"Yes," I groaned.

"I can feel it. You're ready. You're frustrated," Victoria kissed my dick. "And there's nothing you can do about it, is there?"

I was up before she realized what was happening. Pinned to the bed on her belly, I parted the witch's legs and rammed myself into her.

"You fucking cock tease," I growled, forcing myself deeper into her body.

"Ah!" she cried out as I grabbed a handful of her hair. I was fucking her hard now. Beyond fucking. I was using her body for my own pleasure. In and out I went, our bodies slapping in fast rhythm. She was crying out for more as I drove deep inside her cunt.

"God that hurts and I love it!" Victoria screamed.

I shoved my cock deep and pulled back on her hair hard as I exploded in her womb.

"Take it all you fucking slut!" I snarled through clenched teeth, my body reveling in the release and the pleasure.

"I take it! I take your come with pleasure and delight, Master! Thank you for honoring this worthless whore with your seed."

Gasping and sweaty I fell back on the bed, closing my eyes and trying to catch my breath.

When I opened them a minute later, Victoria was laying there smiling at me, her skin and hair back to normal, but her belly huge and pregnant.

"I love you, Master," she said with a smile.

"And I, you my slave."

Sleep came with no effort after that.

The next morning we were dressed and out the door just like the previous morning. Today we had museums on our list of things to do. I couldn't help it, on the cab ride over to the Guggenheim, I actually caught myself stroking Victoria's pregnant belly. She laughed and blushed, mouthing, "I wish."

I mouthed back, "I know. I love you."

The museum was incredible, with Victoria's being a font of knowledge and all forms of art and art forms. That night, we turned in early, but not before some quick pregnant sex.

The next morning I awoke earlier than usual, the sun hadn't quite risen yet. Victoria was waiting at

the edge of the bed, naked and skinny with my camera in hand.

"Photograph me?" she asked.

"May I ask why?"

"All the art work we saw yesterday. So classic and timeless. I want to be part of that."

I didn't argue, I just dressed and led her onto the couch in the living room where I starting snapping pictures, with the morning light as a back drop. She was beautiful in every pose, both artistic and naughty. After about a hundred pics, she asked if I would shoot some more with her pregnant. "Just so I can remember this week and pretend that it's real."

"I love you. That's real."

"I know, and that's enough to make me happy for the rest of my life."

She swelled up and and I took more photos, this time with her in a big overstuffed chair in the corner. Finally we moved to the bedroom where I took some more of her normal, pregnant, and finally green.

"Just so I have proof to the other girls of how fucking kinky you can be."

She laughed laid back on the bed. "Why don't you get out the tripod and join me, Master?"

I set up the camera, aiming it at the bed and set the camera to take a picture every ten seconds. Then I stripped and got into bed.

I came in every orifice in Victoria's body that morning, getting a memory card full of smut for when we got home.

Victoria and I spent much of that last day in bed, talking, touching, sweating, and groaning. That evening, dressed in a long black dress, we ate a small dinner on the balcony overlooking the city.

She stood facing out over the railing admiring the hustle and bustle of the metropolis.

"Thank you, Master," she said in a quiet voice.

"Hmm?" I asked, getting up to stand behind her.

"This week. It's been...more than I could ever imagine. I feel so special, so loved. I miss my sisters, but I will miss our...intimacy."

"It doesn't have to end, we can always have this closeness. And we can always make these getaways an annual event."

"Promise?" she said, pushing her body back into mine.

"I do."

"Thank you," she said as I kissed her neck. I nibbled and bit at her neck while her hands snaked behind her back and found the zipper of my pants. Soon my cock was out, hard and eager. Then she hiked up her dress, parting her legs and bracing herself on the railing. "Make love to me, Master. Here, in sight of these millions of people. Let them know you own me. That I am yours and no other man shall have any part of me. My womb, my lips, and my ass will know only your cock. Gladly and without hesitation."

I was inside her pussy as she finished talking. Slowly, deliberately, we made love on the balcony. She cooed and groaned as I worked in and out of her body. To my surprise, she pulled the dress up over her head, leaving her body naked except her high heeled shoes.

"Behold New York!" she shouted, "Jack is my master! His cock is all this slut will ever need!" She

squeezed my cock out of her pussy and bent over further, pulling her ass open to me. "I willing let him violate my body!"

She guided my cock up her anus and squealed as I pushed deep inside her. Her big tits dangled in the cold New York air as I rocked back and forth for a good fifteen minutes. The eruption was intense and I felt my knees go weak as I poured my seed into Victoria's ass.

"I love you Victoria and you are mine forever!"

"YES!" she screamed, her own climax cresting with mine. "THANK YOU! A million times...thank you."

Chapter Twenty-Six

"Well, welcome home you two!" Daphne greeted Victoria and I at the door. "You look alive and in love. I'm so happy the week worked out so well."

"Thank you, my sister," Victoria kissed Daphne on the cheek, "Thank you for the idea...and the ring."

"It worked?"

We both nodded vigorously.

"Excellent, now keep it a secret from the others," Daphne said in conspiratorial tones, "I don't want to ruin their surprise."

"Speaking of..." I said, heading upstairs to the master bedroom.

"Yes, your next trip is all set. Milena is positively vibrating with anticipation. You're all set for next week."

"Next week? Already?" Victoria pouted.

"So many women, so little time."

"Well, I've used up enough of my Master's time," she kissed me softly on the lips, "Thank you. I will treasure this experience for all eternity."

She then grabbed her bags and headed for her room.

"Wow," whispered Daphne, "That was something even I didn't expect."

I pulled her towards the bedroom and closed the door, "I'm genuinely in love with her now. Like I am with you and Kristin. It was erotic, fulfilling, and yes, powerful."

She kissed me on the lips, softly, "I'm glad I please you Master."

I pulled off the sweater and jeans she was wearing and laid her naked on the bed. Then I stripped myself.

"Shall I...change?"

"No," I whispered, slipping on top of the redhead. "I want you, just like this. She parted her legs and I was inside her, where we made love for what felt like an hour. I just wanted to be in her, to love her. Finally my body tensed and a rush of semen filled my lover while she groaned with delight."

"Thank you, Master," she breathed. "That was intensely satisfying."

"I love you, Daphne. I really do."

She blushed and snuggled into me.

We laid there for a long time until the phone next to the bed broke our reverie.

Daphne grabbed it and answered, "Hello? Hey Kristin baby. You getting away? An hour? We'll be ready."

"Ready?"

By way of answer, Daphne pulled out the totem she'd imbued with power a few weeks back.

"Last one and I want all the girls to be here tonight. It's already charged, we just need to finish the job."

I nodded, understanding. I felt the house was full enough, but for some reason, Daphne insisted on one more woman in the house.

I dressed and found Milena in the kitchen. She fed me lunch and insisted on letting her suck my cock. I couldn't refuse the buxom German and soon I was filling her mouth with wads of come.

While I was out, Padma had finished having a greenhouse built. It wasn't fully stocked yet, but it was a warm retreat from the cool Autumn air. She too had missed me and we fucked, quick and hard against the glass wall of the greenhouse.

"God, I missed you Master," she breathed heavily, pulling her pants back on.

"And I, you," I said. "I'm looking forward to spending some alone time with you as well. It'll just have to wait until after the holidays. Is that OK?"

"It's always OK. I'm really looking forward to it and I'm not jealous, I'm excited to be a part of this family."

"Family?"

"Sorry, Master, do you not think of us as..."

"Yes. Yes I do. I just never really let it sink in. Thank you Padma."

"I do what I can to please my Master," she said curtseying.

I looked at my watch, "We better head back to the house. Kristin should be here and moment."

We hiked back to the "house" just as Kristin pulled up.

"MASTER!" she squealed, leaping out of the car and into my arms. "I have soooo missed you!"

She kissed me long and hard all the way upstairs and into my bedroom. The other girls hung back as the teenager pushed me onto the bed, hungrily pulling my pants down then stripping herself naked.

With a groan of delight, she impaled herself on my hard member, fucking me vigorously and roughly. She swore like a sailor while pumped up and down on my cock, her bright eyes full of desire and need.

She came twice before my body released its load of semen into her quivering vagina.

"Thank you, Master. I needed that so badly."

The other women, who had quietly watched the whole affair, were now stripping out of their clothes and getting around the bed. Kristin, her composure now regained, finished undressing me, then got the totem out and pushed it deep inside Daphne's pussy.

On all fours, Daphne lowered her head and lifted her hips for me to enter her from behind. Kristin did her magic on my balls and after fifteen minutes of slow, deep thrusts, I was coming into a very swollen redhead.

We rushed to the bathroom where Daphne pushed out a small Asian woman. She was clearly an adult, with large C-cup breasts, but she couldn't have been any taller than 5-foot. Her black hair was long, nearly down to her waist.

I pulled the small woman into shower to clean her off. She was quiet, with delicate features, small feet and hands. Without a word, I lifted her into my arms where we kissed long and wet. I lowered her lightweight body just enough for me to penetrate her pussy. She cried out for a moment when I broke her membranes. I didn't use the walls of the shower, just held her small body to me while we

made love.

Her climax was swift and loud and mine followed close behind.

"My name is Mei," she whispered in my ear. I look forward to many years of service my Master."

"Welcome Mei," I said with a smile.

We stepped out of the shower to find the other women in various states of lesbian coupling, most involving trying to get my semen out of young Kristin. The teen screamed that she'd had enough, and Milena and Victoria both back off, smiling wickedly.

"Ladies, meet Mei."

They all kissed and embraced their new sister, who positively beamed with joy.

The next day, I found out what Mei's job was going to be around the house. Despite being small and delicate, her hands were gifted in all forms of massage, acupuncture, and general pleasure.

I was laying on my back while she massaged up and down my body, focusing on pleasing and teasing me. To my shock, she made me climax after ten minutes and she wasn't even touching my cock, just massaging my balls and around my thighs.

Mei smiled, despite having my seed spattered all over her face. "Now roll over Master and I will finish your massage."

I did so and she worked my back so well I fell asleep within minutes. What must have been a couple of hours later, I opened my eyes to find Mei sitting on the floor, naked and meditating.

I got off the table and sat down next to her.

"That was amazing," I said, kissing her on the cheek.

"Thank you," she said with a smile, offering me a cup of tea. Her hair was back in a long pony tail, and her breasts were full and firm, not sagging an inch. The rest of her was tight and lean, with her pussy bald and smooth.

I finished the tea, then laid Mei down on the floor. The fireplace was going and it cast a soft, dancing light over her naked body. She parted her legs, welcoming me inside her. She was small and light, and I felt the need to be gentle and slow as our bodies joined. We were sweating and breathing hard soon after and the pace increased, my big cock stretching her little body as her legs parted further to let me in deeper.

With a hard, deep push, I climaxed, making the darker woman gasp in surprise as I flooded her womb.

"My Master is good to me," she whispered.

"And my servant is good to me as well," I responded, kissing her on the lips.

Yes, she was definitely a worthwhile addition to the household.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Milena nearly broke down the door to my room the morning we were to leave.

"Eager, my love?" I asked with a smirk.

She blushed, "It's just...the way Victoria looked after you came back and the way she looks at you now. I want that."

"Well, I'll do my best."

As before, Daphne packed Milena's luggage so the big woman wouldn't know what was in store for her.

I had arranged for a new car, a big off-roading Toyota FJ Cruiser, for the trip. Milena didn't know what to say or expect. I just loaded her and the gear into the SUV and (after kissing the rest of the girls goodbye) we were off.

It was nearly two-hours later when we arrived at the private cabin I'd acquired in the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was secluded, but only 10 minutes from a nearby ski town. A blanket of snow had covered the ground, leaving everything looking clean and virgin. Like a pristine postcard.

The cabin, was actually quite spacious, with a large, well-stocked kitchen, a hot tub, and a sauna.

"Oh Master!" Milena squealed. "It's perfect! A week of you all to myself," she said, pulling me into her large bosoms and kissing me fiercely. "Now, what would you like for dinner?"

"Oh, we're going out." She looked hurt, but I waved her off. "I think you're a magnificent chef, but tonight you are not my servant."

"Really?"

"Yes," I pulled a garment bag out and handed it to her, "I have reservations in an hour, so get dressed and we'll head into town."

Milena dressed quickly, and soon she was ready in a navy dress that hugged her many curves. She was sporting gloves that matched her dress and high heeled shoes that made her calves flex nicely.

"Does my Master approve?"

"He does," I said, straightening my tie.

"I am ready whenever you are," she said.

"There's just one more thing," I said, leading her out onto the balcony attached to the master bedroom. Snow was just starting to fall lightly.

"Milena," I began, "You are full of love and life. You are magic in the kitchen and the bedroom. You make our castle a home. It's warm and lively due in no small part to what you do. You have been bonded to me, but I now bond myself to you."

I got down on one knee and pulled out a ring, this one ice blue, just like her eyes.

"Milena, take this as a token of my love and adoration. You, like Victoria and the others, are a goddess. And I love you."

I slipped the ring onto her finger as she started to sob softly.

"Master...I...am...unworthy."

"Shh," I stood and kissed her on the lips, "You *are* worthy."

Milena managed to compose herself and we drove into town. She was all smiles when I told the hostess that Mr. and Mrs. Jack Aston had reservations for the evening.

"Mrs. Aston?" she beamed, "Really?"

"For the next week, you're my only girl and as such will be my wife. Happily married and on our anniversary."

"I'm too old for you," she said over appetizers.

"I hear being a cougar is in. Besides, if there was ever a woman born to be a MILF, it's you."

"MILF? But I...we..."

"Oh yes we did. You fertile thing. You've given me nine children over the last fifteen years."

She smiled at the thought. "Nine? Not ten?"

"Or we're working on number ten on this trip," I said with a smile.

She blushed again, then smiled wickedly.

We ordered dinner and enjoyed a quiet evening spent talking, laughing and flirting.

By the time we got back to the cabin, the snow was coming down in earnest. I lit the fireplace in the living room, not a gas one either, an honest-to-goodness wood fireplace that crackled and popped delightfully. There was a large blanket that Milena threw down on the floor and we snuggled up on it, watching the flames. I unzipped Milena's dress, pulling it off of her and she did the same for me.

That night, I made love to her, face to face. Slowly, deliberately. She was my only world in that moment. With gloved hands, she pulled me into her deep folds and when she cried out, "Master! Give me your seed! I will bear your child, let me my love, my master, my only joy!" I exploded inside her, genuinely wishing I could grant her wish.

Panting and exhausted, I slipped out of the big woman, loving the sight of her massive tits and round ass. All she was wearing were the gloves, so I had her pull them off. When I replaced the ring, she gasped, just as Victoria did before her.

After an explanation, Milena played with its powers. Slimming down at first, then plumping up her breasts even bigger. I just laughed.

"Victoria did the same thing," I said.

"Anything else?" she inquired.

"Well, she did let me fuck the teenage version of her," I said with a wink.

Milena's body slimmed and tightened until she was probably sixteen. Her breasts were still a massive double-D.

"I bet you got a lot of unwanted attention from the boys."

"And the girls," she purred. "My friend Elsa was quite good at eating pussy."

"Nice, but I'm more interested in how well young Milena can eat cock."

"A big girl like me," she said, licking the head of my cock, "Is always hungry."

While on all fours, the teenager sucked and licked my cock for a long time before.

"Good girl," I cooed, "Ready for a snack?"

She nodded, not letting my dick out of her mouth.

"Good, 'cause here it comes!" I yelled as hot semen gushed into her sucking mouth.

She kept licking and sucking and got me hard again. This time, the big-chested teen straddled me and rode my cock for a good long time.

Before I could come, she slipped off and starting jerking me off by hand until I was spraying jism all over her magnificent breasts.

Milena licked herself clean, then shifted back to her normal, older self. We didn't bother to leave the blanket that night, just dozed off watching the fire.

I awoke the next morning to the heavenly scent of bacon and eggs. I found Milena in the kitchen, dressed in a short skirt and button down blouse. Without a word I bent her over the counter and quickly fucked her fast and hard until I was pouring my seed into her body. I slapped her ass and kissed her cheek.

"Morning lover," I said with a smile.

"Good morning indeed, Master. Breakfast?"

"I'd love some, but I think I need to get dressed first," I said.

"On the table," she said with a nod.

On the table were boxers, jeans, a t-shirt, and a sweatshirt.

"See, that's why I married you," I said, dressing quickly. She slid a heaping plate of food in front of me and got to work on it. I noticed that it hadn't stopped snowing overnight and it was getting quite deep.

"We're well-provisioned, right?" I asked.

Milena nodded, "Whoever you hired did a fantastic job. Tons of food and wine for us to enjoy."

I got my boots on and dragged in several cords of wood so they would be dry and ready to go on the fire throughout the day.

When I got back, Milena was waiting by the back door, naked and gesturing for me to follow her. The back deck was enclosed and contained a large hot tub which was bubbling and steaming quite deliciously.

"Oh that's just what I need," I exclaimed, my face and hands quite chilled from my excursion outside. There was a large screen TV and DVD player mounted beside the tub and Milena had already loaded it with some lesbian porn and then slipped into the tub.

I stripped and joined her, the water burning ever so slightly, but feeling fantastic otherwise. Milena slid next to me, her hand grasping my cock and stroking it slowly as we watched the two women, a pale blond and a dark skinned black woman slowly strip each other, then go down on each other.

Soon a strap-on was brought out and the ladies proceeded to fuck each other silly. By the time the first part was done, my head was spinning from the heat and I had to hop out of the hot tub and sit on the edge to cool off a bit.

Milena was quick to take the opportunity to swallow my cock down her mouth and suck it furiously until I came, swearing and groaning her name.

When I came to my senses, I noticed the snow had stopped falling.

"Up for a little hike?" I asked.

"Absolutely," she smiled.

I got dressed and left Milena to sort out her snow suit while I went down to sort out the gear. There were several sets of snowshoes based on weight. I found ones for me, but I had no idea how much my big, beautiful Milena weighed. I knew it was rude, but I called upstairs, "Milena, how much do you weigh?"

"One sec, I'll check," came the reply. Then a moment later, "120!"

"OK, One...wait. That's not right."

Before I could question her, Milena came down the stairs, looking like she was twenty and very trim, but still very busty.

"You like?" she asked, turning around.

"I do, but I still like you the way you normally look. More to love."

She giggled, "I know, but Daphne packed me a regular and a smaller snow suit. Makes sense, it'll be easier to get around in the snow at half my normal weight."

"Fair enough," I said, getting the right shoes and helping her get them on.

We hit the mountainside and began an upward climb at a steady pace. It only took us an hour to reach the summit where we were rewarded with a spectacular view of the mountains and valley below.

"Looks like the roads are blocked," I said, looking down the mountainside.

"Oh well," Milena said with a smile. "Imprisoned with my lover. What a punishment."

I kissed her gently for a long time.

"You're so cute," I smiled.

She laughed, "If you knew what I was thinking for this afternoon, you wouldn't call me cute."

"Really, what did you have in mind?"

She filled me in as we went back down towards the cabin and when we got inside got right to work.

It's amazing the fun you can have with some rope and massage oil. Tied up, with one limb to each corner of the bed, I slathered Milena's body with oil, coating and massaging her curvy, plump body. I even had enough rope to tie her massive tits together and gag her mouth. Finally, I brought out a large vibrator that Daphne had stashed in our bags, turned it up to high and pushed it into her cunt.

It was an incredible feeling of power.

She strained and pulled at her bonds as I slipped out of my robe and stroked my already stiff cock just inches from her face. I straddled her chest, then pushed my cock between her huge tits. Thanks to the rope, it was blissfully tight and felt wonderful to fuck the massive globes.

Every thrust felt good and it would cause the tip of my cock to pop out of her tits, nearly hitting Milena in the chin as she watched me violate her breasts.

It didn't take much and with a groan of pleasure, I came, spraying the woman in the face as she watched me.

"Don't fret my dear, I'm not nearly done with you yet."

I pulled the mouth gag down, but before she could protest, I replaced it with my cock, pushing it hard down her mouth.

I bobbed up and down slowly at first, then picked up the pace. I could hear the vibrator still working and glancing down her body, I could see Milena's hips working up and down, despite being tied down.

Though my cock blocked most of her mouth, I could still hear a muffled scream as her climax rolled through her body.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" I swore and finally ejaculated in her mouth.

Pulling out, I left her on the bed to go get a glass of water. I watched her as she wiggled and squirmed, the high-speed vibrator making her come again, this time she cried out, her mouth free of the rope and my dick.

My thirst quenched, I strode over to Milena and removed the vibrator from her pussy. She breathed a sigh of relief. This tranquility was short-lived as I put the buzzing machine back into her, this time up her ass.

She screamed and swore, but I just pushed harder. Then I put my cock into her pussy and delighted in the sensations of both her cunt and the vibrator working just under my cock. I grabbed her oily tits and squeezed them as I fucked her hard and rough.

Then I pulled the rope off her breasts and banged her even harder, making the globes of flesh bounce and flop with every hard thrust. She cried out over and over, swearing and pleading, then begging me to finish.

"Come in my pussy, Master! Fill me with your seed my one and only!"

Being in charge, I wasn't about to take orders, so I pulled out and sprayed semen all over the busty slut. But I didn't stop there, using the enhanced stamina given to me by Daphne, I continued to jerk off for another twenty minutes, spraying Milena with enough semen to impregnate an all-girl high school.

Then I pulled out the camera and documented my handy work.

"I love my Master," she cooed. "He covers me in love."

We both got a good laugh and I released Milena's bonds and helped her shower off.

The next day the plows had finally made it up to our part of the mountain, so we piled into the SUV and headed into town for a day of shopping and dining.

She had shape-shifted into her smaller, younger self, mostly to torment the other women. While her hips and butt were tight and firm, her large G-cup breasts strained at her sweater. They bounced and swayed like real breasts, so even jealous women couldn't just brush her off as "fake." She had on a short skirt with leggings and tall leather boots to show off her shapely legs.

"You're evil," I whispered as I saw her leaning over a jewelery case, pressing her massive tits into the glass.

"You know I'm this way because you want me to be this way," she said without looking at me.

"How do you mean?" I asked.

She stood up, smiling at the woman behind the counter who was clearly not happy. Milena turned to me, "Victoria, Padma, Mei, and I are all born out of your lust and desires. We each represent you

innermost desires, fantasizes, and needs."

We headed out of the store and I asked, "So I wanted some foreign slut with massive tits and big backside?"

"Who wouldn't?" she giggled.

We found an indoor cafe and sat down by a central fireplace to eat. Milena peeled off her sweater to reveal a white tank top that barely covered her large chest.

"Are we going to get arrested?" I asked.

"What? Nothing's exposed, and I doubt any of the men here mind."

"I suppose not," I said with a laugh, scanning the room.

"They're all staring," she leaned forward to whisper. "But your's is the only cock that will ever be inside my pussy. They'll all go home and jerk off thinking of my big tits or fuck their wives and girlfriends imagining it's me underneath them. But you, my Master, will be the only one to fuck me. Long and hard, over and over, making me scream with delight."

The erection that formed in my pants nearly bust my zipper.

"I'd call you a tease, but I know you'll deliver."

She smiled and kiss me, "You know these leggings don't go all the way up?"

I just stared at her.

She continued, "Nope, they only go up to my upper thigh. Beyond that...I'm naked and exposed."

I grabbed her and dragged her into the cafe bathroom, barely remembering to lock the door. Setting her up on the counter, I hiked her skirt up to find her pussy, bare and wet, waiting for me. I got on my knees and tongue-fucked the brunette until she cried out.

I got up and undid my pants. Lifting her off the counter I thrust inside her cunt, making her gasp with pleasure. We went at it for several minutes before my pent up desires found their release inside her womb.

"My master is so good to me," she whispered in my ear as we redressed.

When we exited the cafe, I noticed most, if not all, of the patrons staring at us. The owner, an pinched woman behind the counter was scowling ferociously. I took that as my cue to leave a hefty tip on the counter and make for the exit, my German love slave in tow.

"Oh. My. God," I said, standing on the street outside.

"Have I upset you Master?" Milena asked.

"No, I just can't believe I did that. I came unglued and needed you so badly. And I just took you. Right there in the bathroom!"

"It was powerful and exciting," she said, holding me tight. "I think you're getting the full meaning of what it is to 'Master' a woman."

"Just so long as I can control myself not to get arrested."

"My Master can do anything he wishes and with anyone he wishes."

I kissed her and guided her down the street to some galleries that were open. It didn't last long before she was telling me how her pussy ached for me and that she was quite certain she had room

in her womb for even more of my seed.

We 'indoctrinated' several more bathrooms that afternoon. By dinnertime, Milena seemed sated, or at least a little more in control of herself. We had a quiet dinner and talked about food and wine and the few pieces of art we saw that day.

That night I drove her home and, with a nice slow session of lovemaking, went to bed.

I was exhausted from the previous day's activities, so I slept in late. By the time I woke, I found Milena to be gone, but the smell of food permeated the cabin.

I got up, showered, and headed into the kitchen. I found Milena, plump and gorgeous, cooking breakfast in a short skirt and lederhosen.

"Ja, Mein Herr. Goot morning" she said, her accent thicker than usual. Her hair was done up in pigtails, and her breasts were pushed up into a huge mound of cleavage.

"Da missus said she'll be out for da day, but I was to make sure you had everything you needed."

"*Everything* I need?"

She blushed, "Herr Aston what vill people say?"

"They'll say that I bent the serving girl over the counter and fucked her silly!"

"Herr Aston!"

But I was behind her, hiking the skirt up and tugging her panties down.

"No. Dis is wrong! Your vife! She..."

"She isn't half as hot a you Milena, give it to me. I want your pussy. Now!"

"Ja! Ja! Fuck my pussy!" she cried out as I pushed inside her again and again. I reached around and pulled her blouse open, her breasts spilling out of them and over her lederhosen. I fondled them while we fucked. Finally I was ready and, with a grunt of pleasure, I came in cunt.

"Very fucking nice, Milena," I said, pulling out of her and zipping up. "You were worth the expense to fly over from Germany."

"Danke," she said, panting.

"Now, I'll take my breakfast in the hot tub. Don't bother redressing. I expect you to serve me...naked."

"Naked?"

"Yes, naked. Without clothes. Nude. I expect you to be this way all day until my wife returns."

"But..."

"Milena, I will be fucking you all day. I cannot be bothered with undressing you. Now be a good serving wench and bring me my breakfast as I asked."

I got undressed and got into the hot tub, letting the heat seep into my body. It felt wonderfully good. A few minutes later, Milena came in carrying my breakfast tray and wearing no a shred of clothing. Her hair was still in pigtails and they hung low, just over her breasts, but not covering the areolas.

"Very nice. You may feed me."

She knelt on the steps of the hot tub and proceeded to spoon eggs into my mouth. Then some juicy sausage (which required some sucking on her fingers so as not to waste any delicious juice) and

finally some English muffins, sourdough, of course.

"An excellent meal. I want to relax for a bit. Why don't you lie down in one of lounge chairs and entertain yourself."

"Herr Aston?"

"I wish to watch you masturbate. If you need to, scurry off to your room and get a toy or two."

"I don't know what you're..." she began, indignantly.

I cut her off, "Please. A slut like you without a dildo or some other plaything? I refuse to believe it."

Milena blushed again and then disappeared upstairs for a moment, then reappeared with a large dildo.

"See?" I said with a smirk and finding a comfortable position in which to watch the show. "You may proceed."

She turned the lounge chair so it faced me and got onto it. Milena started playing with herself slowly, gently. While one hand was at her crotch, the other found and pinched her large nipples. Her eyes were closed as she fingered herself more vigorously. Soon her hands were a blur of activity as she ground and gyrated herself for my amusement. Suddenly she tensed and cried out.

"Very nice. Very nice indeed. Now the dildo my dear. And all fours if you please."

She rolled over, big ass high in the air, and slid the big toy into her pussy. She let out a groan of delight as it went in and out of her body. Her big tits jiggled and shook as she fucked herself and I was far too aroused to leave her alone.

I got out of the hot tub, the air cool and bracing, but it did nothing to abate my erection. I ran a finger up Milena's sopping wet clit and took those juices to wet and lubricate her anus.

There was a moment's protest as I started, but soon they were incomprehensible cries and whines as I forced myself into her asshole.

Back and forth I rocked, each thrust making it further down her sphincter. I reached down with one hand and pushed the dildo in and out with the rhythm of my sodomy.

"Mein Gott!" she screamed, "I'm coming. I'm...COMING!" Her body tensed and shook as it took hold of her. The screaming drove me over the edge and my balls erupted their cargo deep inside the maid's ass.

I gripped her ass for a long time, pushing and clenching, letting every drop I had ooze down inside her.

Spent, I pulled out and sat down on a chair beside her.

"Milena, be a dear and clean my cock."

Shaking and sweaty, she retrieved a towel and clean semen and cunt juice from my dick.

"Thank you my dear. My robe please."

She bounced into the house, then came back with a soft, black robe which I put on and headed back into the house. I went into the living room and grabbed a book from the shelf and sat down in a big arm chair.

"You may go make yourself useful in the kitchen my dear. I think something special for dinner would be nice. Off you go!" I slapped her on the ass and sent her scurrying to the kitchen.

I actually enjoyed the two hours of quiet and relaxation. I could tell Milena was enjoying herself by the way she was singing in the kitchen. I'd never really paid attention to her voice, but it was lovely. Melodic and strong.

Eventually, Milena came out of the kitchen to see if I needed anything.

"Kneel," I said, getting up and taking off my robe. I pushed my semi-erect penis into her face. "My wife will be home soon and I have further need of you. Suck my cock, slave."

She opened and took my swelling member into her mouth. Sucking it and licking. With one hand she pumped the base and with the other, she stroked my balls. After two hours of inattention, it felt heavenly. The pace increased, my hand on the back of her head, urging her on.

"Harder you slut!" I yelled. "She'll be home soon! Don't make me paddle your ass for not getting me to come!"

Milena sucked harder and pumped for furiously. It didn't take much more and soon I came, cursing loudly as semen erupted down the woman's throat.

I pulled out of her mouth and smiled at her.

She smiled back, swallowing the last of my seed, "Thank you for playing with me Master."

"Any time my love," I said, pulling her to her feet and kissing her softly.

"Dinner should be ready at 6. Lunch?"

"Love some. Go and get yourself dressed, otherwise I won't be able to keep my cock out of you."

"And that's a bad thing...how?" she winked at me.

We went hiking after lunch, dinner cooking slowly in the oven and not needing any direct supervision. We made out on the peak, overlooking the valley.

"I love you Milena. I am so happy to have you in my life."

"My Master is too kind," she said with a smile. "I live for you. I love to cook for you and to be your sex slave. When you are taking me, fucking me, I feel the most alive."

"Anytime my dear, anytime."

Dinner that night was wonderful. Candlelit and romantic, we feasted on lamb and couscous, with several bottles of red wine to wash it down. Milena wore a long black dress, cut low to show off her assets. Her hair was down, curled slightly and framing her round face beautifully.

When dinner was done, I turned on the stereo, finding some slow dance music and offered Milena my hand. After twenty minutes of dancing, she pushed me onto the big armchair and proceeded to pull her dress down her body, slowly and luxuriously.

I smiled to see her undergarments consisting of only a push-up bra and thong panties, both black like her dress.

Once those garments were gone, she strode over to me and unzipped my pants, tugging my erect member out and stroking it softly.

"Thank you, Master. Thank you for a wonderful time. I feel honored and loved that I got to spend alone time with you."

"You're a wonderful woman Milena and it was a pleasure, every minute."

"For our last night, do you want anything different or special?"

"Every time with you is special. Just sit on my lap and make love with me. That is what I want."

"As you wish," she said, sliding onto my lap and letting my cock into her pussy.

She sighed with delight, letting me all the way into her. My mouth found her bountiful breasts and sucked them hungrily. The my lips found hers and we held a long, delicious kiss as our bodies ground together in slow rhythm.

Our climaxes happened at the same time, her pussy clenched around my cock as my cock filled her pussy with semen.

"I love you, Master," she breathed.

"I know," I said with a smile and kissed her again.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

The holidays were upon us in no time at all. The girls went crazy decorating the castle. Everywhere you turned there was another Christmas tree. A huge live one prepped by Padma and decorated by Milena was placed in the main hall. The whole place smelled like a forest.

Mei had decorated every nook and cranny of the place with garland and ornaments. Victoria had filled the house with Christmas music of every possible genre. Both she and Milena would break into song at a moment's notice, Victoria, a rich alto and Milena an angelic soprano. In fact, all the girls seemed to be gifted singers, even Kristin, whose talent was all the more impressive as it was natural.

Since Kristin wouldn't be able to join us on Christmas day itself, I gave the girls their presents on the 23rd of December.

Padma got a book of medieval and renaissance gardens, including plans for hedge mazes.

"Subtle my Master," she said with a smile and a kiss, "But I love it."

Milena got brand new cookware, she'd been using the old stuff from Uncle Barty's house.

"I expect the meals to get better now" I teased her. She kissed me and went to work unboxing everything like a little child.

Mei got candles, incense, and an antique tea set I'd imported from Japan. She also got five hand-made kimonos from Japan in green, blue, red, black, and white. She smiled broadly and kissed me as well, "Thank you, Master. I shall put them all to good use."

Victoria's present required a trip to an unused room in the east wing of the castle. I'd secretly managed to fill it with bookshelves and books. Not just any books. Leather-bound copies of virtually every classic work made. I also managed to find or commission reprints of ancient manuscripts and illuminated texts from before the renaissance. She squealed girlishly and covered me with kisses.

Daphne, who I felt was next-to-impossible to shop for, I got a car. A small Subaru WRX that she could race around the property.

"I don't want you taking it off the grounds, otherwise you'll get arrested for not having a license, but this should satisfy your 'need for speed.'"

She laughed and kissed me hard on the lips.

Finally I got to Kristin's gift. She was halfway through her Junior year and was only six months away from her eighteenth birthday. I was more and more in love with her every day and I knew what was to come. I handed her a simple envelope. She took it with a puzzled look on her face.

"Open it," I said.

The girls all crowded around, none of them knowing what it was.

She pulled out an embossed card and read it aloud. "This card enables Ms. Kristin Reid to one dress of her choice at..." she paused, her voice catching in her throat. She swallowed and continued, "At Lady Elizabeth's Bridal Boutique."

"That's the most expensive and finest place for wedding dresses in the state!" exclaimed Victoria.

"I...I know," Kristin stammered. "You really mean it?"

"Kristin, you'll be eighteen sooner than we both realize. It's time you started looking for your dress."

"But my foster parents..."

"Are nice people, but once you're eighteen, you're an adult. You can move out *and* get married. All legal."

Tears formed in her eyes, "Thank you Master! Thank you. I will be a good and faithful wife. I swear it on my soul."

"I know," I said, kissing her on the forehead. She curled into my lap and laid there for ten minutes. Finally, she regained her composure.

"OK," she said getting up. "Time for Christmas dinner and then our Master's present!"

"A present?" I asked incredulously. "What's that?"

"Ah-ah!" Daphne said with a smile, "You'll have to wait and see."

Dinner was delicious, as always, and once we'd stuffed ourselves, we returned to the living room, massive tree in the corner and fireplace roaring beside it.

Daphne led me to the middle of the room and instructed Mei to undress me.

"We couldn't figure out what to get you, you have like...everything," Daphne said with a chuckle, "So you're going to fuck us all."

"OK," I said a little confused.

"At once."

"I think that might be physically impossible," I said.

"Not really," Victoria interjected, she had stripped naked and was having me lie down while the others undressed. "We talked it over and it's just a matter of trying. We drew lots. Padma and Milena will rub themselves with your feet. Mei and myself will enjoy your fingers. Daphne," she indicated the redhead who was now slimmer and lighter than usual, "will be on your face, while Kristin, lucky little girl, will be enjoying our Master's most incredible organ."

"So I just lay here and let you ladies use me?"

"Oh no," Kristin said with a smile, "How many men can say they've satisfied six women at once?"

I laid down on the thick blanket and pillow that Milena had laid out. She and Padma sat at my feet, legs spread and pulled themselves toward my feet, where they rubbed my big toes into their wet snatches. Next Victoria and Mei got on all fours, squatting back so I could push two fingers into each woman's pussy. Then Daphne straddled my face, her delicious pussy hovering just over my mouth where I could lift up and lick her wet folds. Finally, I felt Kristin's tight cunt enveloping my cock. I couldn't see her, but the sigh of pleasure was loud enough for all to hear.

The girls did, indeed, all the work, except for Daphne, who required my full attention. And I loved every moment of it. The first girl to climax was Mei, on my right hand. I could hear her voice clearly and feel her shudder as the orgasm took her.

The next was Milena as she gripped my right foot tight into her sex. Victoria came third gasping and groaning. Fourth place was a tie between Daphne and Padma, both crying out my name as they came.

Last, but certainly not least, young Kristin began bouncing more vigorously on my shaft. The other girls helped her out, gripping her breasts, fingering her clit, and playing with my balls until we both tensed and felt that sweet release from deep within.

"Merry...Christmas," I managed between gasps of air. The girls returned my salutation, kissing me on the lips with reckless abandon.

What a way to end the year.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Winter came and went pretty quickly, due in no small part to the projects I'd set upon for in and around the castle. Padma had her hands full laying out the maze she'd designed over New Year's. It was a combination stone and hedge maze that sounded too good to be true. Victoria was helping her design the stonework and Mei was busy sculpting topiaries in the greenhouse that would adorn various parts of the feature. On top of that, Padma was putting the finishing touches on a large gazebo that overlooked the city.

She was looking pretty worn and tired by late March so I decided to modify our plans and got Daphne to help me out.

"But, Master, I'm so busy. I can't just leave these projects behind," Padma complained. "I mean no disrespect, but I am sworn to serve you and make this a home for all of us."

"Not another word young lady. We're going."

Mustang was idling in the driveway, loaded and ready.

Padma started to speak, but quickly shut her mouth.

Daphne came out and handed me a clear vial of liquid. She gave a similar one to Padma. "Sorry Sister. I couldn't figure out any other way to do this."

Padma looked confused.

I answered, "I don't want to spoil the surprise, but suffice it to say that we need to take a commercial jet to get where we're going. For Victoria, I could charter a flight to New York. For where we're going, I need to go with a commercial flight."

"You need to travel incognito," Daphne continued, "Since you don't have an ID or passport. Drink that and the next thing you know you'll be there."

Padma looked from me to Daphne and then to the bottle. "OK. If you're sure."

"I am," I said.

"It'll be fine, trust me," Daphne said with a smile and a kiss on Padma's forehead.

Padma uncorked the bottle and downed it one gulp. She made a face and handed the bottle to Daphne who held it out. Padma was confused for a moment, then she, like Daphne did when she first emerged from the puzzle box, turned into a fine mist and disappeared into the bottle, which Daphne quickly corked.

"One genie in a bottle," she said with a smile, handing me the bottle.

"And she's safe?"

"Like a baby in her mother's womb. She's asleep and won't be aware of anything until you get to Hawaii. Oh, I'm so jealous."

"In due time my dear," I said, kissing her on the cheek. "Think you can manage the projects without Padma?"

"Master, I *am* Padma. I am all of them and all of them are me."

"I keep forgetting that."

"I know, but we love you just the same."

The flight to Hawaii was long, but thankfully uneventful. I worried what the TSA goons would think of a presumably empty bottle with a cork in it, but they let it roll by without incident.

I landed, rented a car, and drove to the vacation house I hadn't seen in over a year. It seemed like another lifetime ago when I was here last. Before Daphne, before Kristin. Before my life had become so insanely blessed.

I popped the cork and Padma drifted out.

"Daphne?" she asked, looking around.

"She's back at home. Welcome," I said, leading her to the balcony that overlooked the ocean, "To Hawaii."

"Hawaii! Oh you shouldn't have!" she squealed with delight.

"Oh, but I did."

The sun was starting to set and I handed the mocha-skinned beauty a yellow strapless bikini. I did, of course, watch her change, but rather than take her right then and there, I led her down to the nearly empty beach and pulled her into the water.

"I love you, Master," she said, after dunking herself in the water and emerging, dripping wet, her long black hair straight down her back, nearly to her ass.

"I wanted to find a place as naturally beautiful as you are my love."

She held me close to her body, pressing her large breasts into my chest, "I bet you say that to all your Indian sex slaves."

"Technically, I guess I do," I said with a smile.

Padma's right hand dipped into the water and found the ever-increasing bulge in my swim trunks. She gripped it tight, stroking and massaging it.

"You keep that up and I won't be able to get out of the water without embarrassing myself."

"Well then," she said, digging my cock out and then pulling the crotch of her suit bottoms aside, "I guess we'll just have to take care of things here and now."

"People are watching," I whispered.

"Let them. Let them watch and see how my Master may take my body any way and any where he so desires. You do desire it, don't you Master? You want to be inside me. Taking me. Making me your mate. Fucking your willing servant until she..."

I grabbed her and thrust hard and deep inside Padma's cunt, making her cry out.

"Yes!" she said in a hoarse whisper.

The light faded and soon our thrashing and bucking was left unseen by anyone on the shoreline. Padma's legs wrapped tight around my body as we worked in unison until she cried out, "Master!" and came.

I held her tight to me as I too climaxed, my thick member pumping my seed into her shaking body.

"Thank you, Master," she said with a big smile as we swam back to the beach, "This is already the happiest I think I've been in my life."

"And we're just starting," I said. "Hungry?"

"Starving."

"Good. We need to get dressed and go. I have reservations."

The dress I'd had Daphne pick out was a white strapless satin dress that was slit up to mid-thigh on each side. I thought I was pushing things with the gloves, but Padma slipped them on without question or pause.

"You look stunning."

"Thank you, Master," she said with a curtsy.

"Join me on the balcony, I've got something for you."

We stood on the balcony, Padma looking a little nervous.

"You know," I said with a smile, "none of your sisters were nervous at this part."

"Oh?" she asked self-consciously.

"No. But that's OK. You're you and I love you. You have brought beauty to my house and nature into my life. I want to thank you."

"You don't have to," she said.

"But I do," I countered, dropping to one knee. "I adore you and want you to know it." I pulled out a ring, Padma's was bright yellow topaz, and I slipped it on her finger.

"Oh my Master."

"I pledge myself to you, just as you have to me. For this week, you are my one and only love. This week, you are my wife, my friend, my lover, my everything."

"Thank you," she said in a weak voice.

I pulled her to me and kissed her. "Dinner, Mrs. Aston?"

"I would be honored, Mr. Aston."

Dinner was a four-star Hawaiian restaurant, complete with hula and fire dancers.

It was good food and good fun, but the looks my dark-skinned companion gave me throughout the meal said she was hungry for something more than local cuisine.

The door had barely shut on the house before Padma was kissing my lips and digging out my cock. Having successfully freed it, she unzipped the side of her dress and slipped it off, revealing nothing underneath. Clad in only her white gloves, she knelt down and took my cock into her mouth.

I was quite erotic to watch my pale member slide in and out of her dark lips. Her big, expressive eyes looking up at me, pleading with me silently to ejaculate in her mouth.

Who am I to disappoint a pretty lady?

"Oh...God," I grunted, "I'm..." But my balls released before I could even finish the sentence.

Padma swallowed the load I'd shot into her mouth, then grabbed me by the hand and dragged me to the bedroom. Tearing off my clothes, she threw my naked body onto the bed and mounted me.

Her bald snatch was a blur of motion as she bounced up and down on my shaft. Her plump breasts bounced with every thrust up and down and her big eyes were closed, focusing inwardly on her own

pleasures.

A few minutes later she was crying out, her head throw back and big tits thrust out in front of her.

"Forgive me Master, I was...preoccupied."

"No need to apologize," I said with a smile, "You were quite entertaining to watch."

"But you don't want to just 'watch' do you?"

"Not in the slightest."

I gripped her hips and rolled her to one side, positioning Padma underneath me, her legs pushed up to her head. I could feel my cock slipping even deeper into her tight cunt, making her gasp. I pulled out and pushed in a few times, but I was ready. With one last hard push, I buried myself to the base of my cock and let my body do the rest.

"So hot," she whispered, feeling my seed fill her up.

Spent, I slipped out of her and laid down my head down on my pillow. The exhaustion of travel finally setting in. Padma, eased herself onto my chest, gloved hands stroking my pectoral muscles gently. The secret of the ring would have to wait until morning.

It didn't wait long into the morning, however.

"Master! This is amazing!" Padma screamed, barging into the bathroom where I was enjoying a very hot, very strong shower.

She experimented with the ring, swelling and reducing her breasts, then her belly, making it go from flat and muscled to nine-months pregnant.

"Thank you! Now I know why the others were so happy, but so secretive after their trips with you."

She stuck her head in the shower and kissed me hard on the lips.

"So, Mrs. Aston, what did you want to do today?" I asked, letting her into the shower where her long black hair was soon drenched.

"I just want to be with you," she said with a smile, taking the loofah out of my hands and scrubbing my back. "I would like to see some waterfalls and volcanoes, if I may."

"You...may," my voice caught as Padma's hands drifted around my back and around my already swelling member. Her hands were soft and delicate. Very delicate in fact. I chanced a look down to see two tanned hands working my cock. The shade of skin was right and the deep purple nail polish was right too, but the size of the hands were small. Too small to be a woman's.

I turned around to find a younger Padma smiling up at me. Her breasts were small and pointy and she couldn't have been much older than thirteen. But that didn't stop my ardor for her body.

I lifted her lightweight form and, pressing it against the wall, penetrated her hairless cunt while she cried out. Padma's hands were gripped tight behind my head as I went in and out of her pussy, faster and faster.

Her voice was high-pitched and soft as she climaxed over and over. Finally, I gave her one hard thrust and came inside her womb.

"Breakfast?" I asked, letting her slide off my cock.

"In a bit," she said, keeping her child-like form, "You need a thorough cleaning."

While there was soap and water involved, the bulk of the cleaning involved her mouth and my dick.

Eventually, there was breakfast. A small cafe on the beach where we "newlyweds" fed each other pineapple and melon.

We drove around the island, finding a few places to walk, hike, and just lounge about.

Exhausted at the end of the day, we grabbed some Oriental food and took it back to the house, where Padma insisted she could teach me how to use chopsticks.

The evening degenerated from there, and soon all eating utensils were abandoned in favor of each other's fingers.

Changing into swim trunks and grabbing blankets and some bottles of wine, we ran down to the deserted beach and found ourselves making love off and on all night long until the sun came up.

I arose to find Padma dressed in a silk sarong and making me breakfast.

"Good morning my Master," she said with a bow. The loose fabric came open slightly, showing her full breasts. "Can I get you anything?"

"Anything?" I said with a leer.

She slowly peeled her clothing off and walked over to me.

"Anything you desire. Merely ask and I shall comply."

"Suck my cock," I said.

"With pleasure."

She pulled my cock out of my boxers and got to work, sucking and pumping my member. I let her work on it for several minutes, then pulled her off.

"How may I please you, Master?" she said, her eyes pleading.

"Get the oil off the counter and lube your ass."

"At once!"

She didn't do it quickly. Instead, Padma knelt on the kitchen floor and bent over, pushing her ass towards me and spreading her cheeks apart. Pouring oil on her hand she fingered her anus, letting the motion smear the oil up and down her crack.

"Now...what can I do...for you Master?" she groaned.

I said nothing, just watched her.

"Please Master!" she begged, "Let me...please you."

Again, I sat silently.

"Master! I'm hot and wet and ripe for you! Fuck me! Fuck me, please. Let me suck your cock or take you in my pussy."

"Beg for it you slut."

"I am!"

"Beg for what you really want right now."

"I want you...I want you...to fuck me..."

"Say it!"

"Fuck me, Master! Fuck me in the ass! Take me! Violate my ass! It's yours and yours alone! Come in anus! Fill your slut with your hot seed!"

I pushed her head down and lifted her ass up so her legs were nearly straight. With hardly any effort, I was deep inside her asshole and fucking her long and hard. It took a lot of restraint, but I kept at it for a long time, fucking the Hindu woman for a long time.

Finally, I pulled out and told her to kneel before me. A few strokes later and I was painting her face with hot semen.

I sent her off to shower off come and oil while I finished breakfast. We finished the day on the beach, Padma in the skimpiest bikini legal, which she decided to fill out with a few extra cup sizes.

"You're torturing these other men," I said finally in the late afternoon.

"I know."

We turned in early since the following day was going to be busy. Before sunrise we drove to a nearby heliport and met our pilot for an excursion out to Niihau. We were dropped into an uninhabited section of the island just after sunset with our packs, food, and a sat phone (just in case). I had to pay the pilot triple to leave us there overnight and promised we'd be good and meet him back at the landing site just before sunset the following day.

As he sped off, I felt Padma wrap her arms around me, "Now I have you all to myself."

"You've had me for several days now," I countered.

She peeled off her clothes and laid down in the grass beneath a nearby tree.

We made love long and slow under the rising sun, Padma's voice ringing out and echoing off the nearby cliffs.

When she redressed, her outfit was even skimpier than the previous day's, she wore a black thong and a small bikini top that failed, on more than occasion, to contain her large breasts.

The outfit was immaterial as nearly once an hour I was stripping her naked and forcing my cock into her body. Against a rock, against a tree, under a small waterfall and even on the beach. We fucked like wild animals, not caring a damn about clothing or decorum. We fell asleep, exhausted but happy.

The next day was, again, a blur of sex and sweat and groaning. I was deep inside Padma when I heard the chopper return. I ejaculated hard and she threw her skirt and shirt on while I dressed and we raced for the helicopter.

I paid the pilot handsomely again and we flew back, the whole time Padma flashing me her bare cunt from under her skirt, my semen slowly oozing out of it.

I banged the living shit out of her when we got back to the beach house for tormenting me like that.

The sun rose the next day on our last full day in Hawaii.

"I want to go home, but then again...I don't," she confessed as we laid in bed that morning.

"I know how you feel. It's relaxing and wild, but I do miss the other girls."

"May I plan tonight's activities?" Padma asked.

"Of course," I said with a smile.

I lingered in the hot shower while she made a few phone calls. We spent the day hiking and by 6pm, Padma insisted we head for home. She shooed me out of the house to go hang out on the beach and

not to be home until seven.

The sun was starting to dip below the horizon when I wandered back to the house. Out on the deck, the table was set with flowers and candles. Padma, garbed in a white sarong, was sitting at the table with a striking looking Hawaiian woman standing beside the table.

"Go inside and clean up. I put some clothes on the bed for you," she said, giving me a kiss as I walked up.

I took a quick shower and got the silk Hawaiian shirt and shorts on. Then I went out on the deck where the strange woman sat me down.

"Jack," Padma began, using my name and not my usual title, "This is Kim and she'll be our waitress tonight."

Kim smiled and curtsied slightly, "I'm starting you off with wine and appetizers of crab wontons." I took a good look at her, she was medium height with small, firm breasts and a thin build. Her features were Asian/Caucasian mix with long black hair and mocha colored skin. She was wearing a strapless yellow bikini top with a floral print wrap around her lower body. The wrap parted slightly so I could see a matching bikini bottom underneath it.

When I tried to make eye contact with the woman, her eyes flitted down or away to Padma. Something was up, but I had no fear that wouldn't enjoy it. I just went along for the ride.

"Sounds wonderful, Kim."

Kim disappeared inside, leaving Padma and I alone for the moment.

"Jack?" I asked.

"Forgive me Master, she thinks we're married on our anniversary. It seemed an easier-to-swallow story than Master and slave."

"No need to apologize. You are my wife for the duration of this trip, so we might as well live it up."

Kim returned with plates of food and a bottle of white wine. She poured, asked if we needed anything further, then vanished into the house.

We drank and ate as the sun set and the outside world faded away into darkness. Soon there was just our little island of light.

We finished our food and a fair amount of the wine when Padma rang a small bell on the table. Kim darted out and cleared the plates.

"Are you ready for the main course?" she asked Padma, not me.

"We are."

Kim went back in and brought out plates of food. My plate was loaded with grilled fruit and a steak that my nose was telling me was no ordinary piece of meat.

"Kobe?" I asked.

Padma nodded, "Only the best for you my love."

Kim pressed a button the CD player and some soft Polynesian music began to flow out of it. She proceeded to dance rather close to me, shaking her hips to the rhythm of the music. To my surprise, the wrap was removed several minutes into the dance.

I was further shocked when the bikini top was likewise removed a few minutes later.

I wasn't as shocked when she unsnapped the bottoms and peeled them off, but I was pleased. And aroused.

Her ass was tight and firm and she didn't have a tan line to be seen. I wanted to reach out and stroke her soft skin, but I'd been to enough strip clubs to know the rules.

I wasn't expecting it, so I was delightfully surprised when Kim slipped onto my lap, grinding her crotch into the erection in my pants. It took all my restraint just to sit there. Restraint that vanished when she leaned down and kissed me hard on the lips.

Then my hands found her waist. Then her breasts. She didn't pull away, in fact, she pushed her chest into my hands.

Her hands worked at my cock, urging it bigger and harder.

"Oh my," she whispered. Then turned to Padma, "May I?"

Padma was getting out of her seat to come closer to us. "You may, but let it be clear, I'm just paying you for a show. Not...services.""

Kim was already digging my massive member out of my pants, "God no. *This* is free."

Before I could process anything further, Kim was lowering her neatly shaved cunt onto my cock. She was planted firmly on my lap, facing away from me. I reached around and grabbed her small tits.

I let out a groan as I bottomed out into the young woman. Padma's sarong was being pushed down, exposing her large black nipples. I took one into my mouth and, to my surprise, saw that Kim took the other.

Padma groaned and Kim whimpered as we made love. Padma slipped the rest of her outfit off, leaving both women nude in the candlelight.

I pinched one dark nipple and Kim let out a soft cry. Padma's hand found the other woman's cunt, fingering it slowly while Kim and I suckled her.

Finally, Kim climaxed, crying out my name. She was shuddering with pleasure and we all stopped to watch her. Eventually, Padma took advantage of the break in the action to drop down to her knees and lick Kim's pussy and my balls.

Kim came again, this time loud and hard. I was getting close too and let the girls know it. This panicked Kim a little and she lifted off my cock, letting flop out of her cunt. Padma quickly took it into her mouth to allow me the joy of finishing there.

"Love...you...Padma!" I grunted as semen exploded into her mouth.

Padma squeezed and sucked the last of the come out of my cock and then helped Kim off my lap.

"Dinner is getting cold dear," she said sweetly, sitting on my lap. Kim brought Padma's plate over and then disappeared into the house. Padma and I took turns feeding each other steak, shrimp, and vegetables. When we finished, she rang the bell.

"Dessert in a fifteen minutes?" she asked when Kim arrived.

The other woman was still nude and nodded vigorously at the question. Padma and I lounged while Kim busied herself inside. Fifteen minutes later, Padma pulled me inside the house to find Kim laying on the dining room table, candles spread around the room. Kim's breasts, belly, and thighs were drizzled with dark chocolate, whip cream, and strawberries. Padma and I ate slowly, licking the chocolate off the thin woman's body. Padma lingered a long while on the girl's cunt, making her come

several more times.

When were done, Padma pulled out a wad of cash and handed it to Kim.

"I can...stay, if you want," Kim said, looking hopefully at the hard bulge in my pants.

"We'll look you up the next time we're on the island, but for tonight? Well, it's our last night and I don't think you have the stamina or sheer perversion to handle what we're going to be doing.

"Oh my," she whispered, getting dressed.

"Don't you fret. We're...experts. You just keep doing what you do. You're beautiful and quite talented."

"Thank you, Ma'am. Sir. Good night. And have a pleasant evening."

"We will," I said with a smile, showing her out. Once she was out of the house I had to ask, "Where did you find her?"

Padma was pulling me towards the bedroom, "I just called around to a few strip clubs and found a girl willing to earn a little extra cash for a private show. Letting you fuck her? That wasn't part of the plan, but it was delightful."

"Indeed," I said then I saw the bedroom. More candles and oils and lotions surrounded the bed. "You went all out," I said and turned to see Padma had changed herself to be about thirteen. Her waist was slim, but her breasts were barely an A cup.

"I give myself you you freely Master. Do as you wish with me. I want to feel you inside me in all ways. Control me, dominate me."

I kissed her and led her to the bed.

I grabbed my robe and left her on the bed for just a moment while I stripped down and got my robe on. When I returned, Padma was curled into a ball on the bed whining and crying.

"Please, I want to go home," she pleaded, her voice accented now. "Please."

"Home? You are home."

"I don't understand."

I sat down on the bed next to her. "You were promised to me years ago my dear and now that you've flowered, it's time you took your place in my house. And more importantly, in my bed."

"Oh...oh no. Please. I can't do this. My period. It was my first and Mama said that I could get..."

"There's a smart girl." I said, pulling my robe off.

Her eyes locked on my semi-rigid cock and her voice trembled, "I really shouldn't do this..."

"Why?" I asked, stroking her long black hair.

"I'm too...young," she whispered.

"Nonsense. You're just starting to become a woman. After tonight, I will make you a full woman."

"A...woman?"

"Yes. You are ripe and ready. I will fill your belly with my child and you will be my concubine. The mistress of the house. You will have food and wine and servants."

"Really?" her body opened up a little, exposing her small breasts.

"Yes."

"Will it...hurt?"

"I'm told it hurts girls a little to become a woman, but just the first time."

"First time? You mean?"

I nodded, "We will be together over and over this night and every night until the time of your next cycle. I promise, you will enjoy it. Do you know what to do?"

"I saw my brother Raj and his girlfriend," she confessed, blushing slightly.

"And?" I prodded.

"He was on top of her. His.." she pointed to my erection, "...was inside her. She was on her back, groaning and whining. Is that because it hurt her?"

She was now sitting up with her legs down. I could just make out the black fuzz around her vaginal lips. I stroked her hair.

"Maybe, though some of those sounds were probably not from pain. Some girls do that when they feel good."

"I've never seen that before," she said.

"Oh, it has to be really good. Bliss beyond measure."

"Really? Will you...show me?"

"Of course," I said, kissing her on the lips and pushing her back onto the bed. Our tongues danced and twirled while my hands stroked and fondled her small breasts. My mouth broke from hers and found one tit and suckled it.

"Ooooh..." she cooed. "I wish they were bigger."

"They will be," I whispered. My hands parted her legs and I found her wet and hot. She was coming on my fingers a few minutes later.

"That was...heaven," she whispered. "Are we going to...have sex now?"

"I would love to," I whispered.

"Like this?" she said, spreading her legs open to me.

"Not quite. Slutty girls who give themselves to their boyfriends do it like that. Roll over and get on your knees."

"Like this?" she rolled over and knelt, her small ass and mound pushing out above her heels.

"Yes, that's showing me the proper respect. Just be still and I shall make you a woman."

"Thank you," she whispered and then cried out loudly as I tore her membranes and deflowered her.

"That's it, just relax," I said, rocking back and forth slightly.

"It...doesn't hurt. It feels good."

"I know, your body is heavenly."

"Am I...a woman now?"

"Almost," I said through gritted teeth. Padma was incredibly tight and I was going to explode at any

moment. "Yes! Almost! Padma! PADMA!"

"MASTER!" she cried.

"I LOVE YOU!" I bellowed at the same moment I released my seed into her body.

"YES! My master loves me! I am his and his alone! Fill me to bursting with your seed!"

I slid out of the young girl and smiled as she resumed her usual shape and age.

"So much for roleplaying. It doesn't work when we break character like that," she said with a laugh.

"I'm OK with it. We can definitely revisit young Padma and her new master at a later date."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Chapter Thirty

We got back home without any incident, though I nearly pissed myself when I dropped my bag in the aisle of the plane when I was getting off. I was freaked out for awhile until I concluded that Padma's bottle was intact and safe.

The girls welcomed us back with wild hugs and kisses. I was exhausted and jet lagged so I only had enough energy for a fast and quick fuck with Daphne before I drifted off to sleep.

Construction had gone on swimmingly without Padma or myself and things were looking a lot closer to a finished product than before we left.

By early May the flowers were blooming and it was warm enough to enjoying swimming in the new pool as well. It was huge, long enough to do laps and wide enough for us all to play water polo or volleyball.

Victoria seemed to be born to swim, I found her nearly every morning doing laps in just a bikini top.

"Why not just swim completely nude?" I asked her as she pulled up from a long workout. I was lying on a lounge chair near the pool's edge.

"Well," she said with a smile, "I'm smooth enough everywhere else, but my Master insists on me having these," she said pulling off her top and letting her fat breasts flop out, "And they're aren't exactly hydrodynamic."

"That bastard," I said with a smile.

She got of the pool and walked over to me, water glistening off her perfect skin. "I don't know," she said, "He has his charms."

Victoria's wet hair fell around my crotch as she tugged my hard cock out and proceeded to suck me off. Ten glorious minutes later I was pumping a mouthful of semen into my assistant's mouth.

"Thank you, Master," she said pausing to kiss me, "For a delicious breakfast."

"You're welcome. Any luck on my latest acquisition?"

She was toweling herself off and shook her head, "Not yet, but I expect to hear back today."

"Excellent. Mei is the only girl that hasn't had her time with me or gotten her ring. I don't want her to feel left out."

"Not to worry, my Master. She is, above all of us, the most patient and calm."

Indeed she was. A week later I got the news we were ready.

"Any later and I would miss Kristin getting out of school," I said to Daphne as we loaded my car.

"And we don't want to miss that," she said with a smile.

Victoria nodded in agreement, "Her foster parents don't seem to suspect anything as yet, but they are going on vacation to Tahiti for their twentieth anniversary and don't seem to want Kristin along for the experience."

"All the better for us," I said, opening the passenger door for Mei and kissing her softly before closing the door. "All set for her?"

Both women nodded, "She's all packed. Have fun my love," Daphne said kissing me.

"You are all stocked and ready to go. Milena will meet you down there, she's just finishing up and will see you off."

"She'll be OK driving the car back?"

"She'll be fine," Victoria assured me. "The odds are quite against her getting pulled over between there and home."

"Go!" Daphne said, pushing me into the driver's seat. "Have fun you two!"

Mei, as usual, was quiet down to the docks, but gasped loudly when she saw the yacht I'd purchased for us. Milena, clad in cut-offs and a bikini top. Her hair was pulled back and she had a sheen of sweat on her.

We approached the ship, a forty footer gleaming white with black striping along it.

"Permission to come aboard?" I asked with a smile.

"My master needs no permission!" Milena said, kissing me then Mei.

"The ship is clean and all yours. You are well provisioned and ready to put to sea."

"To sea?" Mei asked.

"You and me alone as we sail down California's coast. Sound like fun?"

She nodded enthusiastically.

"Very well," Milena said, pulling on her shirt. "I will say my goodbyes and wish you bon voyage!"

"Thank you my lovely."

Mei bowed, "Thank you, sister."

"Anything for you both. Now get going before the tide gets the better of you. Oh, I nearly forgot!"

She got off the ship and went behind it, peeling tape and paper off the stern the ship's new name was done in clean, maroon letters.

"Mei's Flower" I said with a laugh.

Milena nodded, "All the girls agreed it was the perfect name."

We cast off and motored away from the harbor. The sun was still high in the sky by the time we sailed under the bay bridge and out into open seas.

Once out, Mei ducked below decks to change. When she reappeared, she was wearing a cobalt blue strapless bikini with a white wrap around her waist. Through the thin material, I could just make out blue thong panties.

She stood on the prow of the ship, the sea air whipping her hair as she looked off into the horizon. I set a course south and turned the autopilot on. I got down from the wheelhouse and slid up behind the Asian woman.

"Penny for your thoughts?" I asked, kissing her on the neck.

"Peace. Happiness. Tranquility," she said.

"I can feel it too. Calm and easy. Just the ocean before us."

"Yes, but you want me. I can feel your needs. Your lust."

"Can you blame me?"

Mei smiled and undid the wrap from around her waist. I dropped my shorts and pulled the string of her thong aside so I could enter her, Mei's body bent over, braced by the ship's forward railing.

"Unleash your energies, my Master. Take me I am yours."

We made love, slowly, but finished quickly. Both our bodies climaxed after only a few minutes of lovemaking.

"Now," she said with a smile, "We are at peace."

The sun set a few hours later and I laid out a light dinner on a table that sat on the stern of the ship. I had cut the engine and let the ship just drift silently on the waves. It was incredibly tranquil being there with her. Feeding her cheese and sipping wine I had nearly forgotten what I was supposed to be doing.

"Mei," I said, breaking the silence, "You are the final addition to my little harem."

She smiled at that.

"But that, by no means, means you are the least of my loves. You have brought peace and calm into a house filled with lust and passion. I love you, Mei. I love you like I love the others and love you unlike any of the others, for you are unique. A gift and a blessing."

I pulled a box out of my pocket.

"For this week, for this journey, will you be my wife?"

Normally reserved and calm, Mei's eyes teared up. "I am already yours, my Master."

I slipped the ring on her finger. The gem in hers was a brilliant red ruby. As soon as it was seated on her finger, she gasped, feeling the power within it.

"Master! You honor me with this power."

"It was Daphne's idea, but you are welcome."

She got up and led me up to the wheelhouse, behind which was a wide, cushioned lounge area. Before laying me down onto it, Mei stripped me naked and kissed me hard on the lips. The moon was nearly full and I watched delighted, as she pulled her bikini off and used her new powers to swell her breasts to mountainous proportions.

"I just want you, Master. Here in the quiet of the sea, under the stars."

Without another word, she got onto the cushions with me, her soft, small hands stoking my cock slowly. Her lips were on mine, softly kissing me as she worked my member up and down. There was no urgency, just slow and simple.

She seemed to know when my climax was going to happen before I did because she stopped kissing me, shifted her hands and pressure and opened her mouth right above my cock's head. Then it happened. A deep shuddering explosion as I ejaculated into her waiting mouth.

Mei lapped it up, licking the dribble of come on her lower lip. Then and only then, did she take my penis into her mouth and sucked it back to full hardness.

Again, there was no speed or fury, just a slow rhythmic pulsing around my dick that was pure heaven. The climax was deep and powerful when it came. Mei had been sucking for what seemed like an eternity when my body released all its tension and desires.

The final time we made love that night, she straddled me, her big boobs swaying slowly in time with

the rise and fall of the ocean. Her hands gently stroked my chest as she took me deep inside her womb. I lost all track of time as we pulsed and flexed into each other. Impossibly, the climax was intense and powerful, draining me of everything I had. I managed a weak "I love you," before drifting off to sleep.

I woke up just before sunrise and found Mei in a more...energetic mood. I rolled her off of me and spread her open to me and entered her hard and fast, making her gasp. Mei's legs wrapped around me as we fucked there in the early morning light. She cried out just a moment before I came inside her.

"I love my Master," she said with a smile.

I got dressed and sent her below to get us some breakfast. She didn't bother dressing before coming back up with bagels and cream cheese. Indeed, she spent the entire day naked, laying out in the sun, napping, reading, or helping me pilot the *Mei's Flower*.

Around midday, I stopped the boat, stripped and the two of us went for a swim in the bracing Pacific waters. Hanging onto the side of the ship, we even managed to fuck like wild aquatic mammals.

By sunset, we were pulling into Monterey Bay. I managed to convince Mei to wear some clothing, despite how liberating she found her new nudist lifestyle. She, of course, countered and only wore the thong bikini and wrap that was legal, but only just.

That night we made quite the racket as I found a new way to make the usually silent Mei scream like a wild cat.

"IT'S SO FUCKING BIG!" she screamed as I pushed about half my cock down her tight, oiled anus.

"Oh fuck! Fuck! Yes!" I howled, driving deeper into her backside.

Mei gripped the head of the bed, bracing herself as her ass was pummeled. The wood creaked and the bed bounced as we lost ourselves in the wild, unbridled pleasure of anal sex.

"COME IN ME!" she cried, "I can barely handle you! COME! COME! COME!"

"You sweet fucking slut!" I shouted as my balls emptied themselves into her asshole.

I popped out of her a few minutes later and cleaned myself off. Mei kissed me, then got into the small shower located midships. I dressed in sweats and a t-shirt and headed on deck to check that everything was secured for the night.

The looks on the faces of my neighbors was utterly priceless. But that was nothing compared to the look that followed when Mei slipped on deck ten minutes later clad in only a sweatshirt that just barely covered her ass.

"Please come downstairs my love," she said in a voice that others were certain to hear, "I'm not nearly done with you."

I gave the people across the way a "what can you do?" look and headed down again for the night.

The next day we hit the aquarium, spending much of the day there, talking and watching the animals. We ate on Cannery Row and watched the sunset, then returned to the *Mei's Flower* for an evening of wine and oral sex.

We cast off the next morning heading further south on our journey. As soon as we were far enough away from land, Mei stripped and laid completely nude at the bow of the ship, shapeshifting herself to a young teenage girl. I lasted about a half an hour before I killed the engine, stripped naked myself and mounted the Asian teen without so much as a "may I fuck you?"

I was a little nervous at first with this naked teenage Mei prancing around the ship, but I soon realized it was a big ocean and doubtful anyone would see us.

A couple of days at sea and we put in at Morro Bay. We had a repeat of Monterey's performance, with much the same reaction from our neighbors, though one older gentleman discreetly gave me a thumbs up when we cast off the next morning.

I wanted to push through to San Diego, so the next three days we were at sea. The alone time mounted in kinkiness.

The first day at sea, she went back to her trimmed, skinny teenage body, but now there was a twist.

I was on deck steering the ship when I heard Mei crying for help. I raced downstairs and found that she'd locked a collar around her neck and the chain was securely fashioned to a handle on a hatch leading up out of our bedroom.

"No! You go away! You let me go home now?" she said, her voice heavily accented. She was completely nude except the collar.

"Home? Why?" I asked catching on, "When I paid a fair price for you."

"You pay? Who you pay?"

"I paid that filthy shop owner where you were working. You should thank me."

"He was animal, but I no go with you. You stupid American. All girls know Americans are ugly with small pricks and no balls!"

I unzipped my pants and took my hardening member out, "Small?"

She swore something in Mandarin. "No! You go away!" She tugged at her chain, but didn't move from where she was on the bed.

"I want to hear you say it. Say I have a small dick. I dare you."

"No...no."

I pushed her back on the bed and she fought me. I rolled her over and pinned her with my body.

"I will show you a small dick you little bitch!" I said, parting her ass cheeks and pushing the head of my cock into her anus.

"NO! This wrong! You no go in there! Please mister! I be good."

"Good?" I shoved my cock into her dry asshole. "We are past time for good. Is my dick small?"

"No, you no small," Mei whined.

"What is it?"

"Uh!" she cried as I forced more of myself into her.

"What?" I repeated.

"You big!" she cried.

"Big?"

"You big mister! You got big fucker! You got the biggest fucker! It hurt! Please mister, you no fuck me there!"

"I...will...fuck...you...wherever...I...like!" I said in between thrusts.

"PLEASE! I hurt! You gonna rip me open!"

"Then you will learn your fucking place!" I growled as my orgasm came and I dumped a load of semen into the girl's ass.

I pulled out and left her on the bed, whimpering and twitching.

I returned a half-an-hour later to check on her. She didn't say anything, just watched my crotch as if a wild tiger lived in there.

"You want something?"

"I'm...hungry."

I unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock. She flinched as the sight of it.

"Suck it!" She flinched again at my voice. "It's all you're getting you naughty slut, so I suggest you get to work. The better you work, the sooner you get fed."

Crawling on her hands and knees, Mei started to suck my cock. Good and hard for a long ten minutes. She used her tongue and teeth expertly. Just before I came, I grabbed her head and pushed myself deep inside her mouth.

The teenager gagged as I filled her mouth and throat with as much come as I could muster.

"Eat it, you bitch!" I cried.

She sucked and swallowed the mouthful, then looked at me pleadingly.

"Enjoyed your meal?" I asked. She shook her head. "So be it. Enjoy yourself down here. I'll see you again shortly for your next meal, ungrateful whore."

About every half-hour we repeated our performance and every time she would shake her head and tell me she didn't enjoy it. That was until just afternoon.

"Yes! I love it! I love sucking you and eating your seed, mister! Please, I do what you want. Just let me up. I be good. I promise."

"You better. Or that anal fucking you got this morning will feel like a tickle compared to what I do next time you insult me."

She nodded furiously. "I be good. I swear!"

"Very well." I took a key off the wall and unlocked Mei's collar.

"No clothes until I say so. Understood?" She pouted, but said nothing. "There's food in the galley."

She started for the refrigerator, but stopped.

"Problem?"

"No...I just not...hungry," she said frowning.

"You drank enough come to be satisfied? You are such a slut. I'm going to enjoy you."

Later that afternoon, she came out on deck, squinting in the light. She was carrying a sandwich and handed it to me.

"I make for you."

"Thank you dear."

"Can I...serve you any other way?"

"Slut," I said between bites of sandwich. "Yes. Lie down there and spread yourself open." She complied. "Good. Play with yourself."

Reluctantly, she started to fondle her cunt and then her tits. Slowly she got braver and worked harder and more willingly. Finally she dug her fingers into her own pussy, crying out with pleasure as she gave herself an orgasm.

"Good?" I asked, sitting down on the captain's chair.

"Very," she said with a smile.

I pulled my cock out and gestured for her to come to me.

She came to me and got on her knees, taking me into her mouth and sucking it dutifully until I came hard in her mouth.

"You like sucking cock?" I asked as she slid onto my lap.

"I like...your seed. It tastes good," she said with a blush.

"Really?"

She nodded. "Also, I just finished my period. I no wanna get pregnant."

"I see. Well, I guess I can withhold my need for your pussy for a few days. You just keep your tight mouth on my cock and we'll be just fine. "

The sun was setting and she was swallowing my latest wad while we laid together below decks. After a few minutes she got up to go on deck.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"I forget lotion up top. I be right back."

She was gone for ten minutes before I went up to find her fiddling with the radio. It was off, but she was frantically trying to radio for help.

"No! Please no! He rape me! He rape me in the ass! Help!" she shouted into the microphone.

I was on her in a flash, pinning her to the helm.

"I've tried being nice," I said, parting her legs. "But now I clearly need to show you once and for all who you belong to."

With a shove, I was inside the Asian teen's pussy while she cried out for me to stop.

"No! I just suck you! You no come! You no come!"

"That's what you fucking think," I growled and continued pounding her against the controls of the ship. "I'm going to come you bad little girl. I'm going to come so hard you're sure to get pregnant. Then you'll be mine."

Mei screamed with every thrust until I exploded inside her tight pussy.

"There," I said pulling out of her. "Going to run now?"

She shook her head.

"I'm sorry?"

"No," she said weakly.

"No, what?"

"No...sir."

"Very good, get downstairs and get in bed. I'm not done with that pussy of yours."

The next day, Mei continued to be nude and teenaged all day, but now about four months pregnant. The next day she was still teenaged and even further along, nearly nine months.

Neither of which stopped us from playing and fucking wildly.

We pulled into San Diego harbor and we grabbed our stuff and left the boat. Victoria had arranged for a caretaker company to clean it out and store it for the near future. We'd come back later this Summer and bring it back.

For now, I wanted to spend a few days in Southern California, then drive back to the Bay Area in time for Kristin's foster parent's vacation.

We went clubbing that night, Mei dressed in the sluttiest miniskirt and tank top combo I'd ever seen, her boobs swollen and bra-less.

Then we checked into cheap motel where we played hooker and client all night, much to the disgust of some of the patrons and annoyance of our neighbors.

"It's not my fault she screams like that when we do anal," I said apologetically to a man as we checked out.

The next day was spent at SeaWorld, where Mei again turned heads in short-shorts and halter-top.

We drove home that night.

I kissed the girls hello, but took Mei up to my room alone that night for a quiet evening of massages, oral, anal, and vaginal sex.

"Are you again at peace my Master?" she asked as I lay panting and sweating on the bed.

"I'm completely exhausted, but yes."

"I love you, Master." she said, kissing me on the forehead. "Now sleep."

"I love you, Mei," I murmured before drifting off to a long and deep sleep.

Chapter Thirty-One

The girls had done a lot of work setting up for the next week. By the time I arose the next afternoon (yeah, *afternoon*), they had nearly gotten the lower levels of the castle ready. A few days later and we had all the props, costumes, and everything set. It was a big undertaking, but I wanted it to be special and I knew the girls were into it as well.

"Now, tomorrow morning we start our game. No breaking character, no changing, no nothing that your characters wouldn't do. I've already talked with each of you individually and you know what the plan is."

All the girls, including Kristin, were sitting around the table nodding.

"The phones are off and Victoria has made sure there are no deliveries coming so we're free of any distractions. Milena has the kitchen stocked and ready-to-eat meals are available so no one has to worry about cooking for the duration."

"Any questions?" I asked finally.

The girls shook their heads.

"Great! Get some sleep. I expect to see you all on the front steps at 8am, sharp!"

"Yes sir!" the girls said in unison, then giggled.

8am came quickly since I wasn't accustomed to getting up early anymore. I got on my suit and tie, ate a quick breakfast, but didn't see a sign of the girls until I stepped outside.

It was a naughty dream come true to see them.

They were all teenagers. Ranging in age from 13 to 16, they were in light blue blouses and navy skirts with the logo for "St. Rose's School for Troubled Girls" sown on navy jackets.

Milena was the oldest at 16. Her massive breasts were only DD now, but they still strained at her blouse. Victoria and Padma were all 15. Mei was 14 and young Kristin was a shy little waif of 13.

"Ladies!" I said with a smile, "Good morning! I am Mister Aston, Headmaster of the school."

None of them said a word.

"It's traditional for you to return the greeting. Good morning, ladies!"

"Good morning..." they murmured.

"Dear me. Good morning, Ladies!" I tried again.

"Good morning, Mr. Aston," they sing-songed, clearly unenthusiastic to be there.

"That will do, I suppose. Now, I won't mince words. You've all been sent here for one reason or another. But the fact is, you will toe the line. Is that clear?"

They nodded. Right on time, Daphne strode out wearing a classic nurses uniform, white blouse, skirt, stockings, and shoes. She was her usual self, big breasts straining at her uniform blouse.

"Girls, this is our school nurse, Ms. Daphne Jones."

The girls looked nervously at the tray of pill bottles the busty nurse was balancing.

"These are nothing to worry about. Your parents have all signed consent forms for these. They are birth control, antibiotics, and vitamins. Some of you have very bad reputations and we don't want you

getting into anymore trouble. Not that you really can. There's nary a soul for 30 miles in all directions. You are here to be schooled and taught discipline."

The girls took their bottles without any complaints.

"Good. Now, rooming assignments," I pulled out a clipboard. "Milena and Victoria, since you are our two European students, I have your rooming together in Dorm 1. Padma and Mei, Dorm 2. Finally, Kristin in Dorm 3. Inside and down the stairs. Dormitories are on the right. Classrooms and dinning room to the left."

They just stood there.

'Hop to it!" I snapped.

They jumped, grabbed their duffel bags and scurried into the house. After they were out of sight, I smiled and winked at Nurse Daphne.

"So, who will be first?" she asked in a husky voice.

"Oh, Milena, easily," I said leading her downstairs. "You saw her file."

Daphne nodded, "And little Kristin?"

"She will be tough, but will come around."

The first day's lessons were tough to keep the girls' attentions, but we managed just fine. Some of them decided to mouth off, Milena in particular. I had Nurse Daphne run it out of them, making them run in their loafers and uniforms.

"Next time, I will make you do it in your underwear," I said glaring at them. "Now get some dinner. I want a fresh start tomorrow...ladies."

I had gone all day without fucking anything, so by the time Milena was knocking on my office door at 10 that night, I was quite horny.

"Yes?" I asked impatiently.

She was in her pajamas, blue striped shirt and pants, with the shirt unbuttoned most alluringly.

"Headmaster," she said demurely, coming in and shutting the door behind her, "I wanted to...apologize for being so disruptive in class."

"I see. Thank you for your apology," I said, then noticed her hesitate. "Was there anything else?"

"Well..." she said, sliding onto my desk, "It's just...well it's a silly girlish thing. I think...I have a crush on you."

"Really?" I said with a smile.

"I do. I've always had a thing for men in authority. So strong and powerful."

"And?" I asked.

"All right, I just say it. Fuck me Headmaster. Fuck me here and now!" she said with dramatic tones. She pulled her blouse open to expose massive teenaged tits to me.

We kissed and tongued for awhile then pushed her over the desk. Before she could say anything, her hands were cuffed behind her back and I pushed her knees in to make her drop to the floor.

"What the fuck?" she swore.

"Not what you had planned?" I asked. Then pressed the button on my desk. "Nurse Jones, my office

please. I have a visitor. Ms. Milena as we thought."

"On my way, Headmaster."

A few minutes later, the good nurse joined us.

"Is everyone else in bed?"

"Yes, Headmaster. I've explained to Victoria that young Milena will be doing some late detention."

"Excellent. If you would, please take Ms. Milena down to the detention hall and see that she's comfortable," I said.

"Shall I start her punishment?" Daphne asked, a twinkle in her eye.

"You may start with the preliminaries," I said.

No effort was made to redress Milena and, topless and angry, she was led away.

After they were gone, I pulled up the video surveillance program on my computer and checked on the other girls. Victoria was asleep, as was Mei and Padma. Young Kimberly, however, was not in her uniform sleepwear.

She was quite naked, small breasts and black crotch exposed, and was enjoying herself with two fingers violently working her pussy. I turned on the microphone in her room to hear her groan and whine as she played with herself. Another ten minutes and she had to turn her face into her pillow where the scream was muffled, but still clear to me.

I reached down to stroke myself, but remembered I had "work" to attend to. I switched off the monitoring screen and headed out of my office and down the hall.

At the end of the hall was a forbidding looking wooden door. It was solid oak, designed to muffle any noise coming from inside.

As I opened the door, I realized it worked wonderfully, as the cries of Milena, now strapped to an X-shaped table was being paddled by Daphne.

The teenager was face down and naked. Her big ass was red, but not permanently damaged.

I took my coat off and hung it on the door as Daphne finished counting paddles, "98...99...100!" She saw me and stood back. "Evening, Headmaster. Ms. Milena, do you have anything to say?"

"No..." she whispered.

"Really?" Daphne asked, "Nothing at all? You don't want to say you're a slut and a whore and don't deserve the privilege you've been given by being accepted here?"

"Fuck off!"

Nurse Daphne raised a hand to slap the disobedient girl, but I interrupted. "That will be enough, Nurse. Clearly, Milena doesn't respond to pain. At least not that kind of pain."

I undid my tie and shirt and proceeded to strip in front of Milena, letting her eyes roam over my well-muscled body. When I removed my boxers, she let out a gasp as she took in my member, erect and ready.

"You did say you wanted to have me inside you," I asked walking behind her.

"I can't...not that much..."

"Nonsense. According to your file, you have been expelled from at least six schools for sleeping with

teachers then running off."

"They...bored me."

"I see. Well, here we have found the best way to motivate young girls. You see, those pills weren't birth control, they were a highly potent fertility drug. One of Nurse Daphne's best ideas."

"Thank you, Headmaster," she said, stripping out of her nurse's uniform while I talked.

"Even the most defiant young woman becomes docile and compliant when she has a baby. I call it the 'mommy effect.' It's quite good at keeping them in line and keeping them in school."

"No!"

"Yes. It works really well. Since you girls are here for an extended period and your parents won't visit, it works out quite well."

"I don't...want it," Milena cried.

"Oh hush," I said, stroking her pussy softly, "You were ready mount me in my office without a second thought. You just needed to be brought in here and taught some manners."

I started to push my cock into her cunt, Milena cried out.

"I don't like being disrespected in class," I said, shoving harder, "Is that clear?"

"Yes?"

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Headmaster!"

"Good," I smiled at Daphne, who was pleasuring herself on the couch nearby while I worked deeper into the teenager's pussy. "Now relax. I'm going to do this all night and I will admit I enjoy it, so you might as well enjoy it too."

"Aaaah!" she cried as I picked up the pace.

"Dear me, she's a screamer. This could be a long night," I commented.

"She's...not...going anywhere," Daphne said between breaths.

Having watched Kimberly masturbate, I was already fully aroused and it wasn't long before my seed was filling the German teen.

While I recovered, I let Daphne suck my softened member.

"Look, this will make you a better person, I promise," I said, getting ready to enter the teen again, "Look at young Daphne, one of my prize students."

"You?"

Daphne nodded, coming around in front of Milena, "My life was a mess of bad boys, drugs, and drinking. The Headmaster took me, made me his to mold and control. My life had meaning, purpose with his baby inside me. I was scared at first, but now I'm proud to have born his child."

"Ah!" Milena cried as I entered her.

"Shh," Daphne whispered, kissing Milena on the lips, "Just let him be in you. Revel in the pleasure of his manhood. I've known other men before him as you have. None can compare to the pleasure he can give you."

"Ugh!" the teen groaned, less fear this time and more pleasure.

"There's a girl. Just let him inside. Let him make love to you. Let me give you his seed. Give yourself to him and you will know the ultimate bliss."

"Yes!" the German cried, "I do want to know bliss. I want to be happy."

"Then say it," Daphne demanded, holding Milena's face in her hands, "Say that you accept this! Say you want his child!"

"I...I want it! Make me...pregnant!" she cried. "Headmaster! I will bear you a child!"

That sent me over the edge, semen exploding inside her tight pussy.

"See," Daphne kissed Milena's cheeks, "Don't you feel better?"

"I...do," Milena smiled.

The next day saw no outbursts from Milena, but Mei allowed herself to drift off to sleep in class. She was given detention that afternoon.

"So," I said pacing my office, "You were sent here because of a drug habit?"

She nodded.

Daphne was standing behind her, merely watching for the moment.

"And now you are going to sleep through my classes?"

"I'm...sorry...Headmaster," she said.

"Your parents were deported for trafficking illegal drugs and you were left as a ward of the state. Not good young lady." I looked up at Daphne, "And you found nothing in her room?"

"No, Headmaster."

"I see. That leaves only one thing to do. Mei, please stand and undress. We will have to search you thoroughly."

"But..."

"Now," I said.

Daphne helped her undress and soon the skinny teen was standing, arms wrapped around her body, naked in the middle of my office.

"Here, Headmaster," Daphne handed me a baggie of pills from inside the girl's panties.

"This is not a good start," I said with a frown.

"I want to change. I want to do better."

"I don't believe it," I said.

Mei looked at me pleadingly, "I would do anything to get off this stuff. Please, help me!"

Daphne smiled and took Mei's hands, exposing her small breasts and erect nipples, "Mei, I was like you. But something happened that changed me. I had a son and I wanted to do everything right while I was pregnant."

"You're...suggesting I get knocked up?" Mei asked incredulously.

"I am," Daphne said with a straight face. "The Headmaster took me in and showed me joy beyond

measure."

"The..." she looked at me.

"Give yourself to him. It's heaven. And I promise, you'll find a new level of self-control when you have his baby inside you."

"I...would like to be a mommy, but...now?"

"Girls your age were having children in times past. In fact, at fifteen, you might be birthing your second or third right now," I said, trying to encourage her.

"I guess...if...you'll help me."

"Of course we will," Daphne said, handing Mei a robe. "We have facilities to help with just this sort of thing."

Mei slipped on the robe and I took her by the hand. "Daphne will take you to my room where you can relax for a moment. I will join you shortly."

I leaned down and kissed her softly. She returned my kiss and then left. I called Milena to my office when the other women had left.

"Yes Headmaster?" she said in the doorway. Come in and close and lock the door behind you.

She did as she was asked and stood before my desk.

"Good. Now every day, I will expect you to present yourself here in my office. You will strip and assume any position you like for me to have sex with you. At least a week. Nurse Daphne will provide you with a pregnancy kit. Once positive, you will no longer need to come to me."

"But...what if I want to?"

"A teacher and a student carrying on a sexual affair on school grounds? Don't be obscene, young lady. Now strip so I may impregnate you."

She stripped and I fucked the teenager over my desk. She got into it a lot more than our previous tryst and was begging for me to come a few minutes later. I pushed in deep and let me seed go inside the girl.

"Thank you Headmaster," she said dressing. "I shall be here tomorrow."

I pulled my pants up and headed upstairs to my room.

Mei, still wrapped in her robe jumped when I came in. "Headmaster, you startled me."

"My apologies."

"It was so long, I was...afraid...you weren't coming."

"I was just delving into some German, that's all."

"Oh...good," she said smiling.

"Why don't you lose the robe and get on the bed and we can begin."

Once we were both naked and in bed, we did begin. She was shy and awkward with foreplay. I did most of the work, kissing her body, sucking her breasts, and tonguing her pussy. Eventually, Mei opened her legs up and I slowly penetrated the Asian girl's body.

She clenched as I entered her, then relaxed as the sensations took hold of her.

Her hips arched to meet mine and soon we were making love, slowly and gently. It was a while before I climaxed, but when I did, I could feel the rush of fluid filling Mei's womb.

"Oh!" she cried, "Thank you. Thank you."

The second time we made love, she was far more eager, straddling my hips and allowing herself the control of moving me in and out of her cunt.

The third and final time we did it that day, I rolled her over and showed her the joys of being dominated doggie-style.

Daphne had hung Mei's uniform on a hook in the bathroom. Mei dressed and kissed me before starting to go.

"Now, Mei," I began, still lying naked in bed. "I will need to see you every day to make sure this takes."

"Of course, Headmaster. Thank you."

She disappeared down the hallway and I jumped in the shower to refresh myself.

When I got out, I found the girls had already eaten and retired for the day, except for Victoria who was still reading in the classroom.

She was buried in a trashy romance novel, glasses perched on the end of her nose. Her legs were parted enough for me to see a hint of bright pink panties. Her blouse was undone several buttons to show some cleavage.

"Ms. Victoria?" I asked.

"Headmaster?" she replied looking up from her book, an eyebrow arched with question.

"What are you doing here, all alone?" I walked over to her.

"Waiting."

"For?"

"You."

"Really?" I asked.

She nodded. "I have this nasty habit of going through my roommate's diaries and I found a curious entry from yesterday about you and her and your plan for getting her to 'succeed' in school."

"And what did you think?"

She got close to me and kissed me hard on the lips, "Inspired, sir. Simply inspired."

It wasn't long before those pink panties were on the ground around the young Brit's ankles as I bent her over a nearby desk and fucked her until she screamed and then I came.

"That was so much better than my book, Headmaster." she said, skipping out of the room, leaving her panties on the floor as a souvenir.

I slept well that night.

The following morning, I found the girls eating breakfast. Milena and Victoria had their heads together conspiratorially, Padma and Mei were studying, and Kristin was sitting alone, eating quietly. I sat down with the latter girl and tried to strike up a conversation.

"How are you liking it here?" I asked.

She merely shrugged.

"Any problems?"

She shook her head.

"Anything you need?"

Kristin shook her head again.

"Pleasure chatting with you," I said sarcastically. She merely glared at me through her long black hair.

"Milena, Victoria, can I see you in my office?"

Both girls giggled and followed me into my office.

"Since you two seem to be in on the plan here, I'm going to save myself some time, but seeing you together for your...insemination sessions."

Milena stared dumbly at me while Victoria giggled. Then the Brit leaned over to her friend and whispered something. Then Milena giggled.

"So, off with your uniforms, please," I said.

"T-together?" Victoria blushed.

"Ladies, you're roommates, are you not? You've undressed together? And I can tell from your files that neither of you are novices in the realm of sexual adventures."

"But...I...we..."

"I said undress ladies. Unless you would like me to get Nurse Daphne in here to help me?"

Both girls began to undress and soon they were standing, naked before me.

"See? Easy. Now, before we begin, I was wondering if you two are ever jealous of each other."

"How so, Headmaster?" Milena asked.

"Victoria, are you ever jealous of Milena's breasts? Yours are quite large, but Milena is, what, 2 maybe three cup sizes larger? And you Milena, do you ever feel like you would want Victoria's well-toned physique?"

The girls looked at each other for a long, silent moment. Finally, Victoria spoke: "Yes," she said stroking her friend's breasts, "I want boobs that big!"

And Milena countered, "Well," she said stroking Victoria's muscled abdomen, "I want your tummy and ass!"

They fondled for a long time, touching and rubbing and generally desiring one another. Finally, it devolved into kisses and groaning. I watched and undressed myself, getting ready to join them.

They collapsed onto the couch, arms, legs, and tongues intertwined. Milena cried out briefly as I entered her from behind, she being the one on top, and the most accessible pussy in the fray.

"Oh, Headmaster, your cock is so good!" she cried out.

Victoria's mouth was latched onto Milena's left breast as the three of us worked and writhed together. The sounds of the two teenage girls sucking and licking each other was wild and soon I was spilling my seed into the heavier girl.

I pulled out and moved Milena off so I could have at Victoria's pussy. Milena contented herself to kneel beside her friend and let her continue to suck her breasts.

I pushed into Victoria's cunt and she have a quick, surprised yelp (despite the big, fat breast in her mouth), but spread herself open to receive me deeper.

I worked long and slow, enjoying the tight pussy. I let the girl come twice, then released my seed as deep as I could in her womb.

I pulled out and let the girls play with each other for a few more minutes before I swatted each on the ass and told them to dress and get going. I dressed and shooed the two teenagers out of my office, only to find Mei waiting for me just outside.

"Headmaster? Our appointment?"

I looked at my watch, class would be starting soon. I pulled the Asian teen inside and shut the door behind her.

"We're in a hurry, so please drop your panties and hike up your skirt," I said, unzipping my fly.

"Sir?"

"I said...nevermind, I'll do it."

I pushed Mei over my desk and lifted her skirt. Her panties had barely hit the floor before I spread her labia and forced myself inside her body.

"Headmaster!" she cried out, "It...hurts! Please...please...stop...it's hurting me."

I didn't stop. In fact, I quickened my pace, my body building up its climax.

"Sir! Oh...oh...oh God...it's so hot inside me! I feel so dirty. I'm going to...to...come! YES!!" she squealed.

A few pumps later and I joined her in climaxing.

"Get to class...now," I said trying to catch my breath. She bolted in a hurry, leaving a pair of yellow panties on my office floor. I tossed them in a desk drawer and composed myself and went to class.

Class was a mundane affair, but I couldn't keep my eyes off young Padma, her blouse opened a little too far and her eyes a little too downcast for me not to find it sexy.

When class ended, I summoned the Indian girl to my office.

"You're a follower," I said with no preamble.

"Sir?"

"It says in your file that you follow others. That you don't think for yourself and that gets you into trouble."

"I...guess so."

"You guess so? You were caught breaking and entering. Shoplifting. Finally grand theft auto!"

She nodded, her eyes on the floor.

"I suppose then, you will just need to be controlled for your own good."

"How so, sir?" Padma looked up at me expectantly.

"Strip," I commanded.

"Here?"

"Yes, here. Do as you are told!"

Padma stood and began peeling out of her uniform.

"See? You will do anything. We'll just have to keep you occupied and off the streets, so to speak."

She nodded again.

"Get on your knees, Padma." She did so and I stood before her, pulling my swollen cock out of my pants. "Suck it."

"Sir...I..."

"SUCK IT!"

It was in her mouth before I'd finished my command. Padma worked my member in and out of her little mouth for a good ten minutes before I was pumping semen into her mouth.

"Swallow it," I said with a groan. She did and then arose. "Very good. Now dress yourself and go to the bathroom. I want you to shave your privates. Bald. When you are done, come to my room and strip. There will be...items for you to put on. Do it and get on your knees on the floor at the foot of my bed and wait for me. No matter how long it takes, you will wait. Understood?"

"Yes, Headmaster" she said with a smirk.

"Very good. On your way!"

I called Daphne and she took care of the items in my room, then brought me lunch in my office, which she fed to me while naked.

After a nice long round of anal sex with my young nurse, I checked on the other girls. Milena and Victoria seemed to be sequestered in their room and from the sounds of groaning and crying, they were not studying. Mei was working out in the yard and Kristin was sitting under a tree, scribbling in her notebook.

"Having trouble fitting in?" I asked.

She stared at me for a bit, then confessed, "The other girls...they're different than me. I don't think we have anything in common."

"How so?"

"I'm here because my folks...they just don't get me. I don't want to be a cheerleader or a jock or anything like that. I just want to be...me."

"I see."

"Do you?"

"Well, kind of."

"Yeah. Don't get all nurturing. I know what you're trying to. I can tell. I'm not like that. I'm not a slut. And you're just a dirty old man."

"Is that so. Well then. We'll talk more later about something you can have in common with the other girls."

"If you say so."

"I do say so," I said, walking off towards the castle.

I found Padma ready for me. She was wearing a dog collar, bracelets, and anklets, all made from black leather. She'd even applied the red lipstick and blue eye-liner that Daphne had laid out for her.

Her hair was tied back into two pigtails that ran down her shoulders. Beside her was a towel with various sex toys laid out on it.

"Very good, Ms. Padma. I'll note this in your file as excellent work."

"Thank you Headmaster, I live to please."

"An admirable goal, to be certain," I said, stripping out of my clothes and sitting on a plush chair in the corner. "Stay on your knees, and take one of the dildos, any one you wish, and fuck yourself with it."

"Yes, Headmaster," she said, pulling out a long, thin toy and easing it into her vagina. She worked slowly and deliberately, putting it all the way in and then pulling it nearly all the way out. Each motion made her groan slightly.

She kept one hand on the floor, while the other stretched to play with herself. She couldn't get much speed and soon it was causing her distress.

"Please...please Headmaster. I can't come like this..." she whined. "More...I need more."

"What do you need?" I asked, sitting forward, delighted by the show.

"More!"

"What...specifically?"

"More! I need more! I need...your cock! Please! Headmaster! I need it!"

"You need to be fucked? Is that what you're saying?"

"YES! FUCK ME! Fill me!"

"You would like me to put my cock inside your body?"

"PLEASE!!!"

I got up and walked around behind her, scooping up the bottle of K-Y along the way.

"Hurry!" she cried, "I'm on fire and I need it!"

I lubed my cock and bent over, gripping her hips firmly. Before she could beg some more, my well lubed cock drilled into her tight, hot anus.

"NOOOOOOOOO!" she screamed. "OH GOD! It hurts! You're hurting me!"

I held her down as I violated the teenager's ass for a good long time. When I was ready to come, I yanked my member out and shoved it into her cunt.

"FUCK!" she screamed.

I didn't say anything, just let my balls release their load into her quivering cunt.

I pulled out and didn't say anything for a while, just watched as Padma's body quivered and twitched.

"What do you say?" I asked.

"Th...thank you, Headmaster," she whispered.

"Good girl. Now off you go."

She dressed and headed for the door, then paused and came back, kissing me on the lips.

"I...I shouldn't feel like this. You hurt me. Used me. But I love you."

"I know."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because, I control you. Give you purpose. Who knows, maybe right now, you're carrying my baby. That bonds us."

"Already?"

I nodded. "It can happen quickly, or take weeks."

"Thank you, sir," Padma kissed me and ran off.

The next day, we "fast-forwarded" our little role-play game ahead a few months.

All the girls, were starting to show, just a little, how pregnant they were. The thinner girls were more noticeable than Milena, but her breasts, massive as they were, were even bigger than before. Only Kristin was the same, though she was starting to look gloomier and more 'goth' than when she started.

After class, I asked her to stay behind.

"Don't you like it here?" I asked.

"No," came her dour reply.

I reached out to caress her leg, "Let me help you fit in."

She looked at me, "You want me, don't you? You want to take my virginity? You want to have sex with me, even though I'm half your age?"

"I want you to be happy."

"I'm not buying it," she said, standing. "I've met guys like you and the girls won't stand for it. I know they all like you, but if you keep pushing, I'll squeal."

I pulled her to me and kissed her, hard.

"No! I'm...I'm not going to let you! I'll get you busted!" she ran from the room.

"Hard to get?" I said with a smile, "I like it."

The afternoon class was about to start when I noticed that all the girls were there except Kristin. I called Daphne in to see if she knew where the youngest student had run off to.

"I'm right here," came Kristin's voice from the doorway. She was wearing a black silk robe and thigh-high black and white striped socks. Her eye make-up was dark black, as were her lips. She had even painted her nails black. And the look on her face was dour and serious.

"Hey everybody!" she said, striding into the room, the short robe flared up as she walked, exposing just a touch of her ass. "Our good Headmaster and I have something to attend to. Since I've come here, he's stared at me, ogled me, and lusted after my thirteen-year-old body. Well," she dropped her robe, "here it is!"

She was thin, with just budding breasts and clean, hairless cunt. My cock stiffened instantly.

"Here you go, sir! One virgin for your amusement! Or are you too chicken to do it in front of witnesses?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Come on...big man, show me what you've got!"

I started stripping out of my suit and her eyes went wide.

"No. No, you're not supposed to go through with this. You...you...."

"I am the Headmaster of this school and will do as I please, won't I ladies?"

The other girls all giggled.

"You all...are in on this?"

"In?" Victoria laughed, "Yeah, we're in. We're all pregnant, Kristin. We all have given in and let him impregnate us. It's given us meaning and purpose. "

"It's our own little club," smiled Mei.

"But...but..."

I was pulling Kristin over to my desk.

"You...you're supposed to...to..."

"Just relax Kristin," I said.

She caught sight of my member and squealed, "No! I can't!"

I pulled her legs apart and tore through her hymen with one hard push.

"NO!" she screamed, "It hurts! Oh God it hurts! It's too big...I'm...too small! Too young for this!"

Her screams died out and became whimpering moans around the time I came for the first time. She gasped when she felt the rush of fluid deep inside her. I didn't pull out, just kept fucking the teenager. After a while, she began groaning with pleasure.

"No! It shouldn't feel this good. God it feels good! Please...stop...I don't want to...I don't want to...Oh God, I'm...I'm coming. You're making me come! Ugh! Ugh! AAAAAAAH!!!" she tensed as a wave of pleasure washed through her. The sight of the young girl climaxing sent me over the edge a second time and a fresh load of semen filled her body.

I was far from done with her body. Rolling her over, I began to take my pleasures from her doggie-style on my desk. I was only vaguely aware of the stripping, kissing, fingering and fucking starting in behind me in the classroom. I wanted Kristin's pussy and I wanted it over and over again.

Afternoon rolled into evening as Daphne's powers gave me climax after climax inside the young girl. She had given up fighting, just yowling and moaning as she one orgasm after another.

It was approaching 6 o'clock when I let the girl up. She was red, sweaty mess, with semen coating the insides of her thighs, dribbling down her legs.

I got dressed and then helped her to the bathroom in my room to clean up. Then I took her to her room where she dressed in sweats.

"Thank you, Headmaster," she finally spoke. "I see now how wonderful it can be. How good it feels to be with a big, strong man."

"I'm glad you see things more clearly." I said, kissing her on the lips. She returned my kiss eagerly.

When we parted, she asked, "Dinner?"

"I'm famished."

We found the rest of the girls eating and laughing and talking. None had fully redressed, but a few had a loose shirt on, or panties.

They applauded when we arrived.

"Finally!" laughed Padma. "Now we don't have to keep tip-toeing around Ms. Kristin when we want a piece of the Headmaster."

"Or the Headmaster wants a piece of us!" laughed Milena.

They set a plate of food down in front of Kristin and she ate it eagerly.

"Someone worked up an appetite," joked Daphne.

"Well, I think I burned a lot of..." Kristin's face clenched, "Oh...oh God! Ow!"

Mei was up and beside her friend, "Kristin? Sweetie?"

It was clear that this wasn't part of the roleplay when the Asian girl turned back into her normal adult self and began checking Kristin. Daphne was next to her, touching Kristin on the forehead.

"Kristin, baby?" Daphne whispered. Kristin just laid there, holding her belly and wincing in pain.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Can I help?"

Daphne pulled her hand back and gasped. Suddenly, Kristin's body changed. She aged to her normal seventeen, her breasts swelling slightly. Then the burn scars returned, angry and red.

"Girls, help Mei take Kristin up to her room please. I'll be along in a moment." Daphne said.

The girls started to say something, but Daphne gestured for them to go.

When they'd left, I turned to Daphne, "What's going on?"

Daphne surprised the hell out of me when she smiled a huge, broad smile, "Ms. Kristin...is pregnant."

"Sure, we were playing..."

"No my Master. Kristin is going to bear you a child. An honest-to-goodness, real baby. No play, no games, no magic. This is real."

Chapter Thirty-Two

We took turns staying by Kristin's side as she slept through the night. The next morning, Padma rushed into my room, getting Daphne and I.

"She's pissed. Really pissed!" Padma said.

"You didn't tell her?" Daphne asked.

"No, I wanted to let you, but she's pretty upset about her current state."

We found Kristin crying, hiding under a blanket.

"I don't understand!" she wailed, "Have I not done all that you've asked of me Master?"

"You have," I said soothingly.

"Then why have I lost my powers? Why?"

"Kristin, sweetie," Daphne peeled the blanket down so she could see her friend. "Kristin, I thought this might happen."

"What? You knew? Is the power only temporary?"

"No, no, your powers will return. In about nine months."

"Nine months! Nine months! Why? What's wrong with me? What could..." her voice trailed off. "Oh. OH! MASTER! Master! Am I having your baby?"

I nodded.

The girlish squeal was ear splitting, but I laughed nonetheless.

"But, my body! I hate this body!" she moaned. "But I'll get it back, in nine months?"

"Well, you'll get your powers back after the baby is born. Your body is shutting down the 'extras' while you're pregnant. I have to admit, you must be pretty damn fertile to get through the pill and my spells. The timing was also pretty good, you ovulated at just the right time to receive the Master's seed."

She blushed, "Thank you. I didn't mean for this to happen. I mean, I'm thrilled, happy, and honored. So I'll be due in January."

"Give or take a day or so."

"Oh God, what about school? I'm going to be showing! Big time!"

"Well, we have a solution for that," Daphne said, smiling.

I knelt beside Kristin's bed and pulled out a ring, "Kristin, this isn't how I planned it, but I mean it nonetheless. Will you be mine? Will you marry me?"

"YES, YES, YES, YES!" she kissed me over and over.

When she finally settled down, I slipped the ring on her finger. With a shimmer, her 'improved' look, without the scars, the full, ample breasts, and curly hair.

"It doesn't change your actual body," Daphne explained, "Just creates the illusion of what you want to show. At school and home, you'll want to look like your old self, sans the baby-bump of course! Anything more drastic could affect the baby."

"Thank you, my lovers," she said, hugging us both. "I'm so excited and so very scared."

"We'll be with you all the way. And Ms. Mei is already prepping an exam and delivery room."

"Why Mei?" I asked.

"Oh, she's a fully skilled doctor. Didn't you know?"

"I guess not. I was just happy to have a masseuse in the house," I said with a laugh.

We decided not to finish with our role playing, everyone was just too excited about the "big news."

Milena was cooking up a storm, feeding Kristin whatever she wanted. Victoria busied herself getting the nursery built. Padma scrambled to finish her gardens, mazes, and gazebos. I just lounged around with Kristin, loving her and holding her.

She'd taken to leaving the ring's power off while with us. "I'm worried about it affecting the baby," she'd say. I just loved to see her slowly swelling belly as the months went by.

The only real rough spot was a few days after Kristin's eighteenth birthday. Bags in hand, she showed up at the castle in tears. "That did not go well," she sobbed.

"I didn't think it would," I said. "I wish you'd let me be there with you."

"That's sweet, but you know that wouldn't have gone over well. I tried to explain that it wasn't them, it was that I'm an adult and I wanted to move out."

Kristin had decided that after turning eighteen, there was no sense in living a double life with her foster parents. Apparently, they hadn't taken the news well.

"It's behind you now," I said kissing her on the forehead. "And it will be a distant memory after this weekend."

The weekend, it turned out, was magnificent. The weather was warm and sunny as we all gathered in Padma's magnificent gazebo.

"We are gathered here today," the justice of the peace was talking, but I was only seeing Kristin. She was radiant in a white gown that hugged her body. Well it appeared to anyways, she'd opted to not show her swelling belly in her wedding dress. She had, however, opted to show a fair amount of cleavage and breasts that were as big (if not a touch bigger) than Milena's.

My attention was brought back by the mentioning of my name. We said our vows in front of the official, but in truth, we were bonded together already. We'd made a commitment of love and souls and magic. We exchanged rings. We kissed. We signed papers.

The official couldn't be shooed out fast enough for our tastes. But go he did with a big check and a contract not to mention anything he'd seen here today.

Milena had outdone herself at the wedding feast. Padma had decorated the dining room (a massive hall that we rarely used) with flowers and plants. Victoria had recorded a violin piece that she'd written herself. It was called "Kristin's Eyes" and was beautiful. Haunting and joyful by turns.

Mei had found new china for the dinner since we'd never bothered getting anything truly fancy for the castle.

We ate and laughed and danced the night away. When I spotted my new bride yawning, I pulled her upstairs, inviting the other girls to join us.

"We've already talked it over ourselves," Daphne said. "But you're on your own tonight."

"You're more than welcome..." Kristin began.

"No," Daphne said firmly, "This is your night. I want you two to be alone, together."

We kissed and headed upstairs for the night.

I let Kristin change while I peeled out of my tuxedo and got into bed.

She came out wearing a negligee that was white and see-through. Her breasts were huge, but supported by the ample curve of her pregnant belly.

"I thought I'd keep it a little closer to real," she said, sliding over to the bed. "I may keep the breasts, after the baby comes."

"I think Milena might be a bit jealous, if you out-rack her."

"Am I not the wife of the Master?" she asked. "Does that not make me Mistress of the castle?"

"I suppose it does," I said, pulling her into bed. "Mistress. Kinda sexy. So be it, from today on forward, they will call you Mistress and do your every bidding."

"As I shall do yours, my Master and my Husband."

The negligee was off soon and I was sucking her massive breasts. Then she was on my cock, sucking and eating my semen. Then I was eating her pussy, letting her sweet juices coat my face as she cried out my name. Then she was on her hands and knees, my massive member, giving her one orgasm after another. Then she was atop me, riding my cock, swearing and groaning. After that, she was kneeling beside the bed as stood over her, spraying her face and breasts with a heavy load of my come. In the shower, I was penetrating her asshole, coming in her bowels as swore her love and obedience to me. Finally, we made slow, passionate love in bed, kissing as we climaxed together.

We drifted off to sleep after that, content that, for the first times in our lives, we were exactly where we wanted to be.

* * *

It seemed that January would never come and then when it did, it seemed too soon.

"Yes," Kristin said into the phone, "Yes, Kristin Reid. Ugh. I'm calling myself in sick."

"Are you OK dear?" I could hear the school receptionist on the other end.

"Not...ugh...feeling very good. Bad...ugh...cramps."

"Oh, OK dear. We'll see you when you're feeling better."

"Thanks," Kristin hung up. "UGH! FUCK!"

"Relax Mistress," Mei was saying, "Just try and relax."

Kristin was full term and I mean full. Her belly was huge and she couldn't wait to be a mother.

"I'm trying!" she whined. "Sorry, Master, I thought this would be easier...more natural. UGH!"

"You're doing fine," Mei said. "Better than most without an epidural."

"Just breathe and we'll get through this," I comforted her.

About a half-an-hour later, Kristin was pushing out a big healthy boy.

"A son!" she cried. "I've given my Master a son!" Tears of joy poured down her face. The baby was cleaned and handed to me.

"Shouldn't Kristin hold..." I started to say, but Mei cut me off.

"Oh, she's not done yet," Mei smiled.

"What?" Kristin said, then groaned in pain, "What is it?"

"Twins," Mei said. "Push my Mistress. You are about to bless the Master again!"

Fifteen minutes later, a baby girl came out, crying but healthy.

"TWINS?!" Daphne squealed as she came to pick up the girl. "I never imagined! I'm so happy. I failed all my previous Masters by keeping them distracted from what was important. None had heirs. But you...you my love. The one Master I have truly loved above all. You have heirs and a legacy. I am happier than I have ever been all my centuries."

"I love you Daphne. I love you Kristin. Thank you both. Thank you for everything."

"I will watch over these gems for as long as I can. They will be gods among mankind. They will be special and gifted in all things. I promise they will make you proud."

"They are already special," Kristin said with a smile.

"You ain't seen nothing yet," Daphne said with a wink.

Epilogue

My back was killing me. Of course it did that a lot at the age of 122.

"You alright Dad?" Adam asked. Damn kid was over 90 and didn't look a day over 50.

"I'll live," I said, then laughed at my own joke.

I got into bed and closed my eyes for just a moment. Then I felt Kristin slide into bed with me. After over nine decades of marriage, I didn't need to see her, just feel her. And she felt wonderful. She looked as she did back then, eighteen, big breasts, impish smile.

"You sure about this?" It was my daughter, Eve. Always the worry-wort.

"I am sure. I have discussed this with the others and we are ready. We love your father and this is one last gift we can give him," Daphne said. Her voice was wistful and uncharacteristically serious.

Adam spoke up, "But it means..."

Victoria came forward, still the same as ever, "We know what it means, but he is dying and we cannot save him. Furthermore, we have no desire to go on without him."

"I have lived for centuries, Adam," Daphne said, fighting back tears, "And I have been loved by many men and women. But I have never loved like I do for your Father and Mother. This is my wish and I expect you to accept it like a big boy." She said teasingly.

I opened my eyes, "It's time, my children. You and your siblings and your children and their children are my pride and joy. We have built an empire that I am proud of. We have done good and I wish that you go on doing good."

Kristin had borne me not only the twins, who were gifted in everything that they did, but also twenty-two other children, each gifted in his or her own way. Together, the family had taken over corrupt businesses, righted wrongs, and steered public policy both here and abroad.

"But..." Adam began.

"I will miss you too, but this is our parting of the ways. I will continue to watch and continue to be proud."

"You two should go," Daphne said, scooting the twins out. "I am proud too. We all are. Know that for the rest of your lives."

She closed the door and turned to smile.

"Any last words, ladies?" Daphne said with a smile.

Milena, Victoria, Mei, and Padma all shook their heads.

"I suppose after all these years, we've run out of things to talk about," Daphne said with a slight giggle.

"I haven't," I said sitting up, "I love you. All of you. And thank you for everything."

"Indeed," said Kristin, "I have had a full and complete life thanks to you."

"And you shall...again..." Daphne said, linking hands with the others.

Kristin held me close as their bodies glowed and merged into a single, white light.

"I'm not afraid," Kristin whispered, "I'm going with you and that makes me strong." The words were

more to calm herself than reassure me, I think.

Daphne's voice, distant and reverberating, came into our heads, "I love you both. Now and for all eternity. Go and live and love and know that I will be with you. Deep inside you. Now and forever."

My eyes grew heavy and the world went dark as I felt my heart slow...then stop.

When I opened my eyes again, I was in a large bedroom. The walls were logs and the bed was large and spacious. Kristin was next to me. Naked and beautiful. Her breasts weren't the massive ones she'd been sporting for so long, but large and firm nonetheless. She was still asleep.

I got up and stretched, noticing my back didn't hurt. In a full length mirror by the bed, I saw myself, naked, young, healthy, well-endowed, and eighteen again.

On the table were IDs, credit cards, and cash. The accounts Adam had set up. Money to last a lifetime without having to work if we didn't want to. Kristin stirred as I turned on the TV.

"The world was shocked today by the death of philanthropist Jack Aston and his wife Kristin. Mr. Aston was one-hundred-and-twenty-two when he passed, leaving behind twenty-four children, fifty-four grandchildren, eighty-one great-grandchildren, seventeen great-great--"

"Turn that off my love," Kristin whispered. "And come back to bed. I want to try these new bodies out."

"I don't think they'll be as much fun as our old ones," I said with a smile. The magic that was Daphne and the others was completely spent giving us new bodies. New, mortal, ordinary bodies. "They're really gone, aren't they?" I said, changing the subject.

"They are, and yet, I still feel them with us. Watching us."

"Voyeurs to the last?" I asked. "Sounds like the Daphne we know and love."

"I totally know what you mean. Now, how about testing these bodies?"

"They don't shape shift or go for hours of nonstop fornicating. You won't be at all disappointed?"

"I don't think so. I have a pussy, you have a cock. I think we'll make do. Billions of other people manage it all the time." She reached down and grabbed my member.

I was rock hard after she stroked me and penetrated her without another word. We worked together, our bodies familiar with each other, yet finding the experience to be new and wild. It had been far too long since I was able to properly fuck my ever-young wife. From her cries of pleasure and delight, I didn't disappoint her at all.

After a satisfying lovemaking session, Kristin and I dressed and wandered around the gardens that had been built, by Padma, of course, and I came to a bench underneath a laurel tree at the center and sat down.

"Don't tell me you're tired already old man?" Kristin asked, teasing me.

"Just coming to grips with the fact that the girls are gone. Starting to question letting them do this."

"Really?"

"Well I do," I said, pulling Kristin onto my lap, "Then I think about the blessing of having a second lifetime of just you and me."

"No kids this time? You sure?"

"I think you've earned your stripes on that account. Twenty-four children. I can't believe I put you through that."

"It was nothing," Kristin said with a smirk. "After the first 10, the rest just slide on out. You *could* talk me into it again. I don't mind. I think I looked hot pregnant."

I smiled, kissing her on the cheek, "I think I'll have my hands full with just you."

She started to unbutton her blouse, showing me her firm, large breasts, "Hopefully more than a handful, Master"

"Not Master," I said.

"Really? After all these years, I've kind of gotten used to it." she purred.

"No," I said holding her tight, "Not this time around. This time, just call me Jack."

"So be it...Jack."

We made love again underneath the laurel tree. I peeled the rest of her clothing off and she did mine. First she knelt in the dirt, sucking my cock deep into her mouth. She bobbed and worked my member, using every inch of her tongue. Before I came, I pulled her off, letting her straddle me on the bench. I was inside her and we kissed, hard and long. Our bodies, naked and horny were writhing and thrusting on the bench, then I lifted Kristin up and pressed her body against the tree, continuing to fuck her hard and deep. Her big tits bounced with every thrust, shaking as I brought us both closer and closer to coming. I couldn't hold back anymore and I cried out that I loved her as my balls unleashed themselves into her waiting womb.

As we climaxed, a breeze blew up the hillside, rustling the leaves in the tree and billowing Kristin's black curly hair.

"Did you feel that?" Kristin asked.

"I did," I answered, the feeling sending chills through my body.

"I do miss her," Kristin said, a tear rolling down her cheek.

"She'll always be with us," I said, wiping her tear, but starting to cry myself. I held my young wife close to me as the wind blew, caressing our naked bodies. Then I whispered in her ear, "Love never dies."

THE END