

Rub a Bust Bust

By Al Hilton

Chapter 1

The Beginning

It was mid-morning when the phone rang. I answered it, "Hello, David Perz here."

"Sir, this is Private Manor at the front gate. We've just cleared your delivery."

"Thank you Private."

I went outside to wait. It was the last week in April and the temperature in this area of Nevada was in the lower 80s. It wouldn't be long before we were in the triple digits.

It wasn't long before a brown UPS truck pulled up and stopped in front of me. The man in brown approached, and after glancing at his clipboard, asked, "Are you Mr. Perz?"

"That's me."

"I've got four for you. Can you sign?"

"Can I inspect them for damage first?"

I could tell he was put off by my answer but he went to the back of the truck and got the four slaves. Yes, slaves, human female slaves. Four of them.

Three Caucasian, one Hispanic. Hair colors: one blond, one black, and two brunettes. All four were covered in UPS brown cloth with a zip cord around their waist. There were also zip cords around each of their wrists attached to the waist zip cord. This allowed them to move their arms around their hips.

The driver shoved the clipboard back in my face, so I signed. After that, he quickly got back in his brown truck and drove away.

Not wanting to stay out in the hot sun any longer, I said, "Ladies, let's get out of this heat, follow me." I held the door open and let my new acquisitions enter their new home. I did give them a once over as each walked past.

The first one was the Hispanic. She looked in her mid-thirties, her height was about 5' 1", weight looked about 100 lbs, and had short black hair. All the ladies had the same short hair. It must be some sort of shipping requirement. The brown UPS covering did a very good job of hiding their figures but from the movement under the sack her breasts appeared to be about average, and it did nothing for hiding her big booty.

Next up was a white brunette. She appeared to be the oldest of the group, in her early fortys, height 5' 4", weight about 125 lbs. Her rack shook lower, so it looked like in her younger days she had a nice one. Probably a C, maybe even a D cup, but nature and maybe a couple of kids had its toll. Her ass was average.

Next up was the blond. She appeared to be in her late thirty's or early forty's, height 5' 6", weight about 120 lbs. Her boobs were the largest and the firmest of the four, they danced very nicely under her sackcloth. And her ass looked very nice.

The final slave was a brunette and the tallest. Hell she was taller than me! She also appeared to be the youngest, in her mid-twenties, height 5' 11", weight about 130 lbs. Her rack was the smallest, looked like Bs but firm. As for her butt, she had none.

Once everyone was inside I asked, "Who's the doctor?"

The eldest answered, "I am."

Using a pair of wire cutters I snipped her restraints. As I did, I said, "Free the others. You're now the medical staff, so do your thing and check the others. After that everyone can freshening up and change into whatever clothing they can find, then get something to eat. I think that should take a couple of hours. It's now 11, so meet back here at 1." Then I left the building and headed over to my quarters to finish some paperwork.

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When I returned a couple of hours later, all four ladies where waiting. They looked a bit fresher than earlier. Opening a door I said, "Take a seat and we'll chat."

Once everyone was comfortable I started, "My name is, David Perz. I'm 23 and your new owner. Up to two years ago, I had a semi-normal life. I had a mother, father, and a younger sister. I was going to an Ivy League college working on getting an MBA. Then came the White Slavery Act. A couple months after the President snuffed the First Lady, my dad did the same to his wife and daughter. But he didn't count on grandma snuffing him before taking her own life. After everything settled I discovered that I was an orphan that owned a fertilizer factory."

"For about a year I tried going the normal route: running a business, dating, looking for a wife, tying to start a family. But the stench of the factory and my family tragedy along with the paranoia of the WSA kept the prospective mates away. So I tossed everything and came here."

"That's my brief overview, now it's time to tell me yours. Doc, you're up, start off with your name and age."

The older woman said, "My name is Cynthia Germain. I'm 48 years old. I was married to what I thought was a loving husband, Terry. We had two children, a son, Paul, 22, and a daughter, Rebecca, 18. I had a family practice and Terry worked at home, so no one in the family was neglected."

"Well a month ago, when I came home, Terry told me he had converted me and I was to be nude at all times. He made me sleep on the floor, eat out of the dog bowl, and had his friends mount me like a bitch. Terry never touched me after that and a week ago he shipped me here." At the end of her story she was in tears.

Moving the conversion forward I said, "Lawyer, you're up."

The Hispanic's head popped up in surprise but she recovered and said, "My name is Elizabeth Clark, most friends call me Tory. I'm 34 years old, single, no children. I was a partner in a large law firm and dating another partner. The bastard enslaved me last week and shipped me here." The venom pouring out of her dark eyes told me her story was over. At least for the moment.

I said, "Accountant, you're next."

The blond with a very nice ass and rack spoke out, "My name is Helen Beaver. I'm 42. I was married to a fuck wad called Scott. We owned our own accounting firm. My biggest regret was being too busy to have any children. Scott enslaved me right after I caught him in bed with our secretary. It was a shock to see my husband with his dick buried in Joe's scrawny butt. Joe's dick is even smaller than Scott's five incher. They shipped me out after taunting me a couple of weeks with their gross sexual joinings."

Looking at the last slave, I said, "Engineer, your turn."

Tall and scrawny, knew she was on deck, so she immediately started, "My name is Kristen Stauffer. I'm 24 years old. This year, on New Year's Day, I married Bill, whom I thought would be a loving and caring husband. Due to his work load, we decided to delay our official honeymoon until summer. We did have a quickie honeymoon in Las Vegas before returning to our new home. I was looking forward to starting a family with my new husband but a month ago the asshole converted me. It seems while I had been planning our wedding, my future husband had been screwing my 17 year old kid sister, Bree, and had knocked her up. Since Bree was now pregnant, she couldn't be converted, so my father threatened Bill with statutory rape. The fucker took the easy way out, converted me and married Bree. I was forced to watch my new husband marry my kid sister, while I was naked and gagged. They kept me that way during the reception, and even let the groomsmen take turns screwing me. To top it off, I was forced to help the newlyweds consummate the wedding, before they left on a three week Mediterranean cruise. The last thing Bill did before he left was tag me for shipping."

Moving forward I said, "Before I continue with why you are here, let me say, even though it appears that my open offer for specific slaves may have caused some of your conversions, did my offer only hasten the inevitable?" I noticed a couple of the ladies seemed to grasp my meaning. I only hope that they would convince the others. It would make their transition easier.

Continuing I said, "I have a plan and it starts with the four of you."

Over the next few minutes I laid out my master plan to make a lot of money. First I told them of my unique medical condition. A condition that caused my testicles to produce and store sperm in volumes surpassing six normal men. During a routine checkup, a doctor had noticed a huge mass on my testicles. After a battery of tests it was determined that my Epididymis, (where the sperm matures and is stored,) was six times bigger than normal and that was the mass the doctor noticed. More tests before they told me I was a freak of nature but everything was fine and in good working order, the only difference was my testicles stored more sperm. My ejaculate still contained the normal amount of sperm but I could shoot more loads before my sperm count dropped.

I knew the next part of the plan wouldn't be very palatable to my slaves, but I believed it was key to my living comfortably to a ripe old age and have lots of sex getting there.

First I presented my case using some graphs and projections. The numbers showed that if nothing took a drastic change, in about 20 years there would be a shortage of women. And not just slaves but women in general. The way the WSA was written, the present conversion rate, the number of slave deaths due to the male lust for blood and not for pussy, the Homo Sapiens female was an endangered species. With that said, I told them it was my duty to prevent the extinction of the human race.

At that point I dropped my bombshell. I told them we were going to buy slaves and I was going to impregnate them. We were going to create a baby factory and we were going to pop babies out of slaves.

That stirred up the bitches, so I sat back and let them stew amongst themselves.

After they calmed some I refreshed their memory with the WSA law in regards to babies of slaves. The babies, no matter what gender, were free citizens. And they stayed free until falling victim to a WSA regulation. That chilled the slaves some.

Originally I had planned to leave the slaves guessing on how anyone could get rich birthing free children but I was dealing with the top percentile of intelligent women, so I laid it out on the table. I told them that unless

things and the law changed, on a daughter's 18th birthday, I was going to convert her. At that point either she ended up as breeding stock or she would be sold.

That stirred up the bitches back up, so I sat back and let them stew again.

It took much longer for them to chill some before I could continue. I let them know that anything could foil my present plan. The laws could change, nature could intervene, I might change my mind and not be able to convert my blood children. Hell we might find a better way to get rich other than me making babies, but until then, we're a baby factory and we need to start planning as such.

Moving on to another plan to make some money. This one I knew should get a thumbs up from my slaves; preventing the conversions of wives and daughters. I told them we were going to charge a hefty fee to impregnate wives and daughters. Yep, I was going to fuck pussy for a fee in hopes to knock them up. The only tricky part would be to select the right time to mate. We would be hashing out the details over the next several days.

As to how we were going to finance my lofty plans, I informed the group, that the sale of the family fertilizer plant, along with all the other family assets, netted me a nest egg of 25 million dollars. This is the amount we needed to work with. Looking at the accountant I said, "You've got your work cut out for you, don't you." Her eyes registered her understanding of her predicament. That's when I noticed that she had blue eyes.

That's when it struck me, I hadn't noticed their eye color. So I quickly corrected my oversight. All brown, but the Hispanic's was a very dark brown, almost black.

Getting back to business, I said, "I believe you now understand why I needed a doctor, an accountant, and a lawyer. As for why an engineer; I needed someone to keep this place running and to keep everything working. Besides, I've got a contract with the government to be a caretaker for this facility, in exchange for use of the buildings and paying them a small fee."

I continued, "Now onto pecking order. Of course my word is the final word, but I hope to get some input from the rest of you. The doctor's word is second, and when it comes to the health of this facility, I will most likely defer to her. Third will be the engineer, fourth the accountant, and then that leaves the lawyer. I might change that order over time but for the moment that's the way it's going to be."

"Any questions?" No one said a thing so I continued, "Lastly, I filed this document with the county a couple of hours ago. It's my will." I tossed a copy to each woman, then I said, "Miss Clark can confirm what this says, but in a nutshell, if I die before I father a girl, all my assets will be sold and the proceeds will go to charity. If I die after a girl is born, a trust is formed, and all assets are assigned to the trust. The four executive members, that means you four, are to run the trust into perpetuity. There is some mumble jumble on how slaves can control the trust, what happens when an executive resigns, and how the trust will be divided when it is no longer viable."

After delaying a few seconds I said, "Now until we staff up the kitchen, we'll need to take turns cooking. I'll take tonight, the rest of you draw straws for tomorrow and the next three days. Meet back here at six for dinner, until then, relax." I left the ladies to start dinner.

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At six I served a three course meal by starting with a red wine and a salad. The main course was a meatloaf with mashed potatoes and brown gravy. For dessert an apple pie. The dinner conversation wasn't much until Cynthia asked, "Master, how are we to address you? Will it be Master or something else?"

After swallowing my mouthful of wine I answered, "Privately or around our small group, Dave is fine. Around the other slaves, let's try Sir. Out in public let's try Mr. Perz. I really don't like the title, Master."

Elizabeth asked, "Why not? That's what you are, you're our master, and we're your slaves."

"Let's say I don't like the WSA because it killed my family. Besides, it's my hope that I can treat you more like peers than slaves." I figured it was time to drop my next bombshell. "My only exception is for the next couple of weeks I need some companionship. I promised myself, that once I found a woman, I'd never sleep alone. So until the next group of slaves arrives you four are taking turns sleeping with me. I'm starting with Cynthia tonight."

Helen snapped out, "Why her and not me? Everyone noticed the way you looked at me! We've had an inside bet that you'd do me first!" I had tried being coy but since that had failed it was time to be transparent.

I took a deep breath before saying, "I'm starting with whom I think has more experience. I've only had one lover and I was her first. Two virgins, discovering how to love, and make love together. It was a wonderful few months until my life was ripped apart by the WSA. After I cleaned up that mess, I tried to find her, but she had disappeared. Gone, just like my family. Even the private detectives I hired couldn't find her. So, tonight, I'm starting with experience, Cynthia will be my next teacher." Looking at a woman older than my dead mother I asked, "Should we start with coffee and conversation, say at 9?"

Cynthia answered, "I think that's a good start."

As I left I said, "Well, until then, gossip freely."

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At 9 Cynthia was waiting in the hallway. She looked as calm as a cucumber, whereas my stomach was doing flips. For the past two and a half hours, I had gone crazy on what I was to say and how I was going to do what I wanted to do. I still didn't have a clue as I gave her the once over. She was wearing a light green dress with a brown belt around her waist and a pair of green flip flops. The dress had no form so it hid everything and I couldn't tell if she was wearing any undergarments. Cynthia must have noticed because she asked, "This okay? There isn't much of a choice in clothing."

I was tempted to ask if she was wearing a bra and panties, but instead I said, "Shall we head over to my bungalow?" And I opened the door for her. It wasn't too bad of an evening and the stars were out. We said nothing as Cynthia followed me across the street to an officers quarters that I was using for my home.

Once inside I directed her to the den where I had a carafe of coffee waiting. As we were getting comfortable, I asked, "How do you like your coffee."

She quickly answered, "Strong and black." I poured her a cup and handed it to her, then I started doctoring mine up as she sipped hers. In mine I added lots of sugar and lots of milk. Once I was finished, I started sipping mine as my mind searched for an opening remark.

The silence was deafening and unnerving as I struggled with my options. Do I start with the weather? No, too mundane. Ask her about her life? Hell no, that will kill the mood. Suddenly the silence was shattered when Cynthia moaned out, "Damn, I missed this."

"What?"

"Drinking coffee. I haven't had a cup in over a month. What type is this?"

“Some cheap stuff from the grocery.”

“It still tastes good.”

Then the deafening silence came back. This time my mind was a blank. All I could think about was coffee.

After a couple of nerve racking minutes Cynthia said, “You’ve struggling with how to start, right?”

“Yes.”

“How did you envision that this night would go?”

“We would talk and that would lead to kissing, then some foreplay, before we headed to bed.”

“So your lady and you ended up in bed on the first date?”

“Hell no! We dated at least a month before … you know … we did it.”

“Well I don’t think you want to wait a month, so let’s go to bed, so you can get it done.”

“If that’s all I wanted, I would’ve done Helen as soon as you four arrived. And the Hispanic would be warming my bed now. No, I’ve thought about this, I really don’t think any male could get it up, let alone mate, with the number of women my plan requires on a daily basis, without having some sort of relationship with those women. Do you disagree?”

She could tell that I was pissed, so she shifted into slave mode, “Master, the Hispanic’s name is Tory, and yes, I can see your point. How can I help?”

“Tell me how I can wake every morning, looking forward to the new day?”

She gave it some thought before she answered, “You’ve got want her. To be horny for her. You’ve got to know she’s horny for you, begging to spread her legs for you. You both need to want each other.”

“Bingo. Now teach me.”

Over the next several minutes she shared what turned her on. Light fingertip caresses all over her body. Nibbling on her neck. Suckling her nipples. Butterfly kisses around her navel. Playing with her pubic hair. Worshiping her.

She got me to share what gets me cooking. Sexy clothing, especially dresses and tight blouses, but NO pantyhose. Unwrapping the woman. A nice rack. A firm ass. A shaved pussy. Giving a woman pleasure. Watching a woman climax.

We then moved to the actual event. She likes starting with oral. Someone that gives more than receives. A gentle and caring lover.

For me, I did not have much, but I did tell her that my blood starts boiling when I think about how my one and only lover tied me to the bed, started with a slow knob job and ended with a very slow cowgirl ride until I was begging to cum. I still remember that as my strongest cum, ever.

When we had finished, I was as hot as a firecracker and I believe she was too. My dick was a rock and the room smelled of pussy. I needed her now!

Quickly I led her to my bedroom where we got into a tight embrace before placing our lips together. Her lips parted and we kissed for the first time.

Damn, I forgot how much I loved kissing a woman. I guess I'll need to add kissing to the list of my turn-ons.

As our tongues gently touched, the tips of my fingers gently danced up and down her back. I had planned this moment for the past couple months. Take it slow. Take it very very slow. But someone had forgotten to inform my hands of the master plan. Abruptly one hand grabbed her ass, while the other checked out her rack. Both found their objections hidden under another layer of clothing. Suddenly I froze as my mind registered someone's hands fondling my package. My mind started freaking at this unexpected attack of my genitalia, but I soon regained my composure and my tongue resumed its dance.

I thought I was moving fast when my hand snaked under her dress and started fondling her ass, but she was moving just as fast because she opened my fly and pulled out my dick. I moaned in her mouth when she started stroking it.

It was too much, I wanted her, no I needed her. NOW! I had dreamed about this night for months. I was going to be the perfect lover. Take it slow. Be gentle. Give her pleasure first. But that all went out the fucking window.

Growling I started fumbling with her belt. I think she giggled as she remove mine. Quickly I pulled her dress off, and just as quickly my shirt came off.

For a brief moment, my curiosity overpowered my lust, as I peeked down to see what she was wearing: a generic white bra with an even more generic pair of white granny panties. Not very pretty, but they're coming off anyway, so I started fumbling with the bra clasp. After struggling a bit, she helped and it dropped to the floor revealing her breasts.

Okay I seen my fair share of boobies: porn, naked slaves, even sneaked a peek at my sister's, but until tonight I've only touched one pair, so I paused to fondle my next pair. Her pair. They were sagging because of nature. Hell the woman was almost 50 and had breast fed two kids, I would sag too, but they were in my hands. They were my new toys. I played with them, I fondled them, before I leaned down to kiss them. I rubbed my face in them and then I sucked on her nipple.

It was her turn to groan as I continued worshipping her rack and she pushed my trousers down.

We were both down to one article of clothing apiece, but with my stick pulled though the fly, my undies weren't going anywhere without her letting go. And it appeared she wasn't letting go anytime soon. I took that opportunity to roll down her panties to revel my final objective.

With my goal finally uncovered, I was getting ready to a peek, when she surprised me and let go of my throbbing cock. She quickly turned her back to me, removed her panties, and crawled onto my bed. I must have been in shock, because I just stood at the foot of the bed, trying to figure out what to do next.

Like an idiot, I just stood there and watched as she laid down. Once she was comfortable, she gave me a grin and slowly parted her thighs. I watched as her wet pussy emerged. When I saw those bright pink lips waiting for me, I moved quickly. My undies disappeared and I buried my dick into her hot wet cunt.

I don't remember how I got from the end of the bed to her, or how I got my dick into her slit. My guess is I wasn't very gentlemanly about it and just shoved it in, because one moment I'm at the end of the bed, the next I'm fucking the shit out of her.

I think I lasted all of thirty seconds before I felt my balls tingle and then my cock dumped.

I grunted and shoved. Shoved and grunted. I coaxed out a couple more after that, then I was done.

My dick was still twitching in Cynthia's pussy when I collapsed on top of her. While I basked in my bliss, she held me. Her embrace reminded me of my mother. Gentle, loving, and caring. She caressed my back. My butt. My ears. As I recovered from my fuck session. Yes, I had fucked her. I planned on making love but I screwed up and just fucked her. It was time to man up.

I mumbled, "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"Cumming so quick. A teenager could've done better."

"Sugar, for not having sex for over a year, you did better than I expected. Hell, I expected you to lose it when I got your dick out."

"Well I'll do much better next time, I promise." Right then my cock popped free and she squealed. I asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I just wasn't prepared to be slimed. It's been a few years since anyone has put this much cum into me." She gave me a hug and a kiss before she added, "It feels sexy."

After that we shifted positions. At first I was going to spoon her, but in the end she was spooning me. Her arms were wrapped around me, holding me tight, cradling me like a child. That's the last thing I remember before falling asleep.

{END Chapter 1}