

*My Master
The Bimbo
by Razmagurk
Pt. 1*



My Master The Bimbo
- A Novella -
= Chapter 1 of 8 =
~ Master's Slave, Morning Snow, Missing Shoes ~

Sometimes people struggle. Sometimes we're not happy with who we are. But what would you do if you could fix that? What would you do if you could change everything? Who would you be, given the choice?

This is the story of how I found out that everything I knew was a lie. And how I became the person I am today.

Where to begin with a story like that? They say to start at the most interesting bits, but what good is any of that without context?

So let me start in the days before. In the happy times. Let me speak to you of my master, and the life we lived. Indulge me those happy memories as I tell you of that last oblivious morning and the night where everything went wrong.

Let me tell you how I found the Master PC program, and how it changed my life forever.

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Today was a special day.

Not that they weren't all special days, I guess, but today was especially special.

It was early in the morning. I'd just put the coffee on. All around me bodies stirred - last night's conquests, passed out and still naked wherever they had put down their heads. Those who woke at my arrival I directed gently out the door. None of them seemed aware of the especially large dicks now hanging between their legs. Not even the women. Especially not the women.

Well, I shrugged. What can I say? Nothing weird about that. Master had that effect on people.

One girl had found the kitchen and begun to make breakfast, but I shot that down. It was sweet of her, really, but I know best how Master likes it.

Those still sleeping when Master woke would probably get pulled into the tsunami whirlwind that was round two. Master tended to wake up horny. A whirlwind of arousal, a fundamental force of masculine carnal passion.

I sighed. And I'd not be around for any of it.

I tidied up as I went, because, well, who else was going to? Dildos washed and placed back on the otherwise empty bookshelves, onaholes in the dishwasher, the industrial-sized tub of sex-lube back under the sink. I even topped off the little glass bowl of condoms - not that we used them much, but sometimes it was good to save a snack for later.

I took in a deep breath.

It was so... *peaceful*.

There was no screaming, no moaning, no heart-pounding blissed-out cries as Master did his thing. No one being taken or sullied or fucked senseless.

It was like the sanctity of fresh snow. Ephemeral and perfect in those brief moments before anyone could trudge through it. Sure, the air reeked of sex and bodies and raw desperate fucking, but in the early morning light? It was like a little slice of heaven.

But no bliss lasts forever.

Today was an important day. I had to get dressed, I had to get ready.

I took a sip of my coffee and stepped delicately over a big-titted milf into the sewing room that doubled as the walk-in closet. It had been an office once, but all that remained of that now was the dusty old laptop propping up my sewing machine. Honestly, I don't even know why we had it. I'd never even heard of this 'Master PC' brand before, but we'd never quite gotten around to getting rid of it for some reason.

I pulled the lacy fabric of my nightie off, letting my heavy breasts swing freely before me. I stretched and ran a hand sensuously down my body, twisting this way and that as I eyed myself in the mirror, my love-slave body every inch a tool of sexual perfection.

Mmm... And speaking of tools of sexual perfection - I grabbed my perpetually hard dick and gave it a few languid good morning strokes. Master wasn't the only one who woke up horny.

I looked over to the clothes I'd laid out last night while Master had been hip-deep in that pile of college girls. The business pants with the heart cut into the front of them for my dick to hang out were cute, but now that it came down to it, it was definitely a skirt day.

Not that I had a ton of options.

It turns out, they don't make business suits for slutty big-titted futa bimbos. Who would have guessed?

Not that I could blame them, between my massive tits and my huge jiggly ass, I was cartoonishly stacked. No one in their right mind would ever take me seriously, even if I could squeeze this body (not to mention this dick!) into a nice conservative pantsuit.

There had been this really awkward period where I had been forced to wear clothes so tight I was practically bursting out of them. Master had found it funny, because of course he had, but you try sitting through a business meeting with your dick stuffed down a pantleg. Hell, with the way Master had been sending me pictures of his latest conquests, I was lucky I hadn't burst right there and then.

Needless to say, I'd had to learn how to sew. I'd built up quite the collection, even if they did have a tendency to get stained.

I looked carefully at my options. My most recent works hung for display on the strap-on wearing mannequins, though the dildos didn't quite do me justice.

Honestly? I was pretty proud of what I'd been able to accomplish. None of it was anywhere approaching actual business semi-formal, not with the cleavage I displayed or with those lacy holes for my big plump nipples to poke through, but everything fit remarkably well, and frankly, that was half the battle.

I pulled my crotchless panties up my creamy thighs, careful to nest the delicate thong just right between my prodigious cheeks, making them look good without cramping my heavy balls. It was a little bold, even for me, but well, what choice did I have?

Today's outfit was, well, even without my modifications, Master would have called it Stripperific, though from him that would be a compliment. It was a painfully pornographic parody of professionalism, but it was exactly the sort of thing I wore to work. I couldn't dress differently even if I was able, no matter how enviously I looked on my co-workers. I was a love slave after all: Master's big-dicked sex slut. I just couldn't bring myself to leave the house looking anything less. It would be like going out without my collar - unimaginable.

I pulled my favorite cock-stocking over the remaining length of my shaft to complete the look. It had been a very nice coat once and I tried not wear it too often, but today was a special day and it did really complete the look.

I gave one last look in the mirror, adjusting my stocking seams so that the ones on my legs lined up with the one on my cock and that they all lined up with the hem of pencil mini-skirt. I twisted this way and that. I was looking good!

"Lola?"

My heart fluttered.

Master!

His voice stopped me in my tracks, a shiver running down my spine. He was up early. Normally he slept well until I'd had the chance to leave. Normally I had a relatively quiet morning to perform my duties.

This was bad.

"M-Master!" I spun around so fast my dick slapped against my hips.

I looked on with all the reverence my slavesoul could muster at the glory that was my Master, my love, my reason for being. His shining face was like a beacon of the dawn, sending pulses of warmth and light into my heart and soul. So powerful. So masculine.

He was clutching a dildo sleepily between his massive tits, like a child clutching a doll, and rubbing the sleep out of his eye.

What a man!

I could ramble on for hours about Master's impossible perfection. About his sheer masculinity and unbridled vigor – the way his tits defy gravity, perky and large and each topped by a nipple fatter than a plump strawberry, the way his body curved in a perfect hourglass, the way his button nose and plump pouty lips were so round and soft, his inviting expression simultaneously drenched in innocence and sin.

I could go on. Really. The way his eyes were as blue and as deep and as large as the oceans. The way the dawn light danced in the platinum blonde of his hair, cascading around him in a smouldering freshly fucked look.

He was stunningly, achingly, impossibly beautiful. On anybody else, Master's body would be impossible: Impossibly curvy, impossibly sexy. No tits jiggled like that! No man's ass was that pillowy, their pussy so tight and demanding of the biggest and fattest cocks. Yet somehow Master made the impossible work.

But no, I'll spare you the essays my soul wanted to speak on him every time I saw him, every time I thought of him. Knowing I knew his every inch and he was a man well deserving of praise.

"You're up early!" I smiled, even though that was very much not a good thing.

He nodded sleepily and brushed a wavy curl of his blond hair out of his sinfully angelic face. My dick throbbed at the sight of him, the smell of him. I wanted to tear that dildo from between those tits and replace it with my own vigorous thrusts.

Ah, Master had that effect on people. If I had a body that screamed sex, then my Master had a body that took over the airwaves and shouted it over every channel.

"Of course!" he bounced on his toes and snuggled the dildo tighter between his wonderfully plump melons. "I remembered what day it is! I didn't want to let you leave without - oh my god!" his eyes fell enthusiastically to my torso. "I love that skirt!"

His voice was as rich and nuanced and expressive as his bright blue eyes. High and fluty and even sleepy as he was, every syllable was hand plucked from a phone sex line.

"Have you not seen this one?" I blushed at his approval, then twisted to give him a better view.

"Honestly, I think it looked better on the mannequin in the store. She didn't have the whole thing pulled up over a dick in the front." Not to mention it was about three inches longer before my adjustments.

"Mmm, are you kidding?" He licked his lips and ran a longing eye up my turgid member. "The way your dick juts out at the bottom? At how that complements your bulge?" He chewed his lip. "So hot!" he put a hand to one of his tits and started circling a finger around his nipple. "Makes me want to just lift it up and bury my face in your balls."

He giggled. He'd already lost sight of the goal.

"Well, I'm glad you like it, Master," I tried to pull the hem of the skirt down, but it was already as low as it would go. "But I do wish it was a little more professional."

"Oh! Why don't you wear those cute jeans with the heart cut out in the front? Or ooh, those daisy dukes that totally hug your balls? Or that little skirt that doesn't even come down to your dick?"

"I can't wear those to work Master! Those are all club-wear. It's bad enough the other girls are already trying to copy my style, I'd hate to show up one day and find Lana with a great big hole to let her pussy hang out.

"What's wrong with that?" He blinked in doe eyed confusion. "Work is so boring."

"Exactly" I laughed. "Just the way I like it."

"Wait..." he looked down at the pile of clothes in my hand and the businesslike way I was dressed. Only now did he put two and two together. "Are you leaving?"

"Ah..." His disappointment broke my heart into a million pieces, I wanted nothing more than to see him smile. "Yes. I have to, Master. You know that. I'll be back later, I promise."

"But I thought we were going to, like, celebrate?"

My heart thumped. His wants struck so deeply inside me. It took me physical effort to not jump to obedience here and now.

But - I took a breath - I was used to these churning waters. That wasn't an order. It wasn't a condemnation. Just curiosity.

"Can't I, like, go with you or something? You can sneak me in? Oh! Maybe I can hide under your desk and play with your cock all day while you do all that boring business stuff? Doesn't that sound like so much more fun?"

God, it did.

"We tried that, Master, you fucked half the company."

"Mmm right!" His sparkling blue eyes lit up in remembrance. "Oh that was so hot! We should do that more often!"

"No, Master," I sighed. "That was a bad thing."

"Was it?" He struggled dumbly with the notion that him being in the center of a giant pile of dicks could ever be a negative.

"I almost got fired. You had to fuck both my bosses to convince them otherwise. It was a whole adventure. Plus, I didn't get a lick of work done with you licking my girly fuckshaft all day."

Master's mouth was just too good.

"Oh. right!" he giggled. "Mm... we should have your bosses over for dinner sometime. As thanks for treating you so well."

"We'll see." I laughed. As big and tasty as my bosses' dicks now were, and as much as I'd be down for a chance to host a proper dinner with my wonderful Master, I tried to keep my work and home life separate. After all I didn't want to... I furrowed my brow. Well, It wasn't quite that I was embarrassed by Master, let's just say it took my boss a month after the last time to stop asking for more hookups.

He pouted. "I still don't want you to go."

"I know but -" I stopped. All of my shoes were missing from the front closet. "Master, did you hide my shoes?"

"What!? Oh my god!" He ran over in feigned shock. "All of your shoes have mysteriously vanished. You shouldn't be going out without shoes, Lola."

I looked between him and the lumpy pile hidden underneath a nearby coat.

"Oh no." I played along. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Looks like you'll have to stay home with me instead," Master smirked, "Poor thing."

"Master," I picked up one of his haphazardly scattered pumps. "I'm borrowing a pair of your shoes!"

"What, no, come on! That's cheating!"

I slid on a pair of Master's heels. He liked them especially high, so this was a short pair for him. Again, it was hardly professional, but it was about as modest as I could get while still presenting myself as a fuckslave.

Luckily, we shared the same shoe size. We shared a lot of sizes, come to think of it. Master had said once it was so we could share our wardrobe, as though he had any control over it.

"Sorry Master," I stuck out my tongue. "I told you I have to go."

"Aww." He rushed forward and pressed into me. "I still don't want you to." He wrapped his arms around me, his hot tits mashing my already throbbing cock into my stomach. A surge of horny heat flashed through me.

God! Master's touch was sexually electric. But right now, it was also warm and caring. I returned it, suppressing the urge to just melt into him, I wanted so bad to just give in and turn into a pile of purring panting flesh as we made our way over to the couch and he milked every drop of cum from my big heavy balls into his quivering pink pussy.

I bit my lip. That wouldn't be so bad, would it? I'd only be a little late for work?

But, ah, it wasn't an order. He wanted me to stay, but he wasn't telling me to stay. He wasn't putting his own needs above my own. It was merely an expression of his emotions. He was giving me the choice - the temptation! - and that made the decision all the harder.

I returned the hug, pulling his head between my boobs. With my height, the heels, his lack of both, that was as far as he came. He probably hoped that he could just hold me here. To take me in his arms and let the day pass. I wished he could too.

"I have to, Master. I'm all out of sick days, ever since that last little adventure, and I need to get the Peterson account resolved before the weekend or it's going to be all kinds of trouble."

"Ugh, but that's all so boring!" He rubbed his face between my tits. "I don't know how you can keep doing that day after day. Isn't this better? Isn't this nice?"

"Because it makes us money, Master. Which, I may remind you, pays for this house, all that food you like to eat, not to mention all these dildos. I do it for you, Master, I do it for us."

"Right, right." The first two didn't especially interest him, but he really zeroed in on the third. He pulled out of my bust to look up at me with sparkling eyes. "But what if you stayed home instead anyway? We could celebrate properly! Come on, it's a special day isn't it? Don't you want that?"

God help me, I did. But as much as I wanted to cuddle up in bed with Master's cunt buried hilt deep on my throbbing fuck pole, his soft breath tickling my ears as he groaned and cried, as much as everything I wanted was to please this man, if I didn't go in to work today there was going to be trouble.

"I'm sorry Master."

It wasn't easy. Master's wish was my command. I was a slave to his will. If Master told me to stay, I would stay in a heartbeat. If he ordered me to die, I would die gladly. But he wasn't ordering me. He was giving me the choice, and as hard as it was to make, I had to make it. I had to do what was best for us. Even if sometimes that hurt.

I took a deep breath. Drinking up as much of him as I could.

"A slave's work is never done."

He looked up at me ungrateful and pouted.

"I'll be back tonight, okay? We'll celebrate then?"

"Okay," he sighed. "Actually maybe this is for the best, this'll give me time to - "

"Hmm?"

"Uh," He had a devilish glint his eye. "Nothing!"

"Be good, Master." I cautioned. "The last time you had that look in your eye I found you half-way across town in a cheerleader outfit, waist deep in the local football team."

"Oh my god! I totally remember that." He started to giggle. "I was so stuck on their cocks you had to pull me out, ass first! My hero."

“Be good. No trouble, okay?”

“Would I do that?”

I raised an eyebrow.

“Aww, fine.” He stuck out his tongue. “I’ll be good.”

“I guess we’ll see.” I leaned down to kiss him, his soft pink dicksucking lips as velvety and as pillowy as could be. He kissed back, softly, receptively, open and yearning, but tender with affection. I could have pushed things. I could have driven my tongue more aggressively, but this... this was nice.

And as our tongues frolicked, as our bodies pressed together, heat rising like the morning sun, I slipped a hand down and found Master’s pussy. As receptive, as warm, as velvety as his lips. His breathing grew hot as I navigated his familiar folds, feeling it grow wetter and more pliant, his yearning growing and growing.

“Lola!” He giggled softly at my tickling caress. “You’re just trying’ to get me too horny to cause trouble, aren’t you?”

“Master,” I said in feigned indignation, reaching onto the shelf nearby to heft the significant heft of his favorite dildo. “Would I do that?”

I slid the dildo into his trembling pussy, the motion sending his whole body vibrating even before I’d turned it on. There were times when I envied Master. He was capable of heights of pleasure so far beyond even me.

“Aw -” he cried out “N-no fair!”

But it was too late, he had already begun to melt.

“I’ll see you later, okay?” I guided him over to one of the couches and set his quivering form down gently. He’d already found the dildo’s grip and was bucking, grinding against it.

“Have - have a good day!”

I shivered. That. That had been an order, though probably not an intentional one.

A good day?

Well, if all went according to plan it would be.

Today was a special day, after all.

= First Interlude =
~Pork Burning, Pizza Baking, Pussy Brimming~

"Lola?" Master's voice lilted in from the other room. "Where do we keep all the money?"

Oh god.

"The money, Master?"

"The money!" he poked his head into the kitchen, a glistening purple horse-cock dildo in one hand and the house phone in the other. "I wanna order a pizza."

"I already have dinner in the oven, Master." I gestured to the roast. "It'll be out soon. Why the sudden craving?"

"I wanna fuck a delivery driver!" He bounced enthusiastically on his toes, his huge round tits catching and exaggerating the motion.

Of course.

"A delivery driver?"

"Like in the show I was watching, look!" He pulled me out of the kitchen and into the den where, sure enough, a down-on-her-luck housewife was getting her mouth stuffed by a pizza slinger delivering an extra large sausage. "See? See!" He was bouncing again. "Doesn't that look fun?"

I let out a hitched breath. He wasn't as hot as Master. Neither of them were, but I couldn't deny there was something about the vigour with which he was thrusting that was making my dick ache.

"Master, you know this is porn, right? Not real life?"

"Duh! Come on Lola I'm not, like, a total idiot. If it was real life they'd be in the room fucking me already." He giggled. "That's why I want to order a real one!" He licked his lips to make them glisten. "Come on, doesn't that dick look delicious?"

I couldn't deny that my mouth was watering too. And while delivery drivers didn't habitually fuck their customers, I knew for a fact they'd make an exception for us. Master just had that effect on people.

But that wasn't the issue.

"Master, this is exactly why no one delivers here anymore."

"Aw." He pouted and started circling a forlorn finger around the head of his dildo as he glanced up at me downcast. "Then where am I going to get an extra-large sausage to suck on?"

Our eyes locked on my dick at the same time.

"Okay, I'll go knock on the door." I grinned, heat spreading through my cheeks. "And we can pretend I'm bringing pizza. I think we might have a slutty delivery uniform left over the last time we tried this."

“You’re the best, Lola!”

Twenty minutes later, Master’s hot quivering body was pressed up against my own, my heaving fuck-stick buried somewhere between the vast real-estate of his titflesh as he cooed and purred and moaned, giggling even as he extracted my fourth spurting load with his skilled and delicate tongue.

“And for the main course,” he winked, a sloppy trail of cum and saliva linking my dick to his mouth, “I was thinking maybe an extra large- “

But he was interrupted by an urgent, ear-piercing siren from the kitchen.

Shit!

In panicked instinct, I tried to leap up, to rush out of the room to the source of the emergency, but with my cock buried between Master’s colossal tits, with our bodies pressed so tight, the friction of it all kept us stuck together. I tumbled over him and somehow spilled over the edge of the couch, tits-first.

“Oh come on!” Master mewled, a hand tugging on each of his horny nipples. “I’m still hungry!”

I ran as quickly as I could to the kitchen. Pungent smoke billowed through the door frame.

“Fuck!” I exclaimed, careful not to singe my tits as I pulled the charring meat out of the oven. It was as black as the smoke. There was no recovering this. I threw the whole damn thing into the sink.

“Oh my god,” Master followed. “Lola, are you okay?”

I glared up angrily at Master, but my expression softened as I saw the sympathy in his eyes, the concern. He took me into a big hug.

“I’m fine.” I sighed, “But dinner’s ruined. What are we going to do now?”

Master looked up at me, his eyes lighting up.

“Oh no!”

So there we were, thirty minutes later, waist deep in cock. The waitresses were taking turns pounding their huge dicks into Master’s plump rear as we made our way through a large meat lovers with extra sausage.

“I guess it has been a while since we’ve eaten out, hasn’t it?”

“Ah!” Cooed Master, eyes fluttering at the sensation. “Guys eat me out all the time!”

“Not what I meant” I laughed.

"It's funny though, isn't it? I think -" He struggled for the words between thrusts, struggling to fit the act of talking in between eating and getting tag teamed by an increasingly eager rota of staff. "I think I like yours better?"

"My dick?" I raised an eye at the compliment.

"Yes!" He giggled, but it got absorbed into a raunchy groan of pleasure. He grabbed at the familiar length of my shaft with one greasy hand and gave it a reassuring squeezing. "But I meant like, your pizza."

"Wait," I groaned at his touch. "Really?"

I didn't know he'd even been paying attention.

"Yeah, it's like, less greasy? Plus?" He smacked his plump lips. "You always put lots of your secret ingredient in it."

"What secret ingredient?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Love." He stuck out his tongue.

"Is that what you call it when you have me cum all over your slices?"

"I like dipping the crusts, too." He wrinkled his nose adorably. "Mm... this is getting me all hungry. You know..." he eyed my cock and licked his lips. "I never did get my main course."

"Master, what are you -"

But he'd already started to go with purpose at my throbbing cock.

I let out a soft sigh and leaned back. It's not that I was embarrassed, no one was even noticing the cartoonishly endowed girl dressed like a stripper getting her dick milked onto a pizza. No, not while Master's heavenly pussy was in view. All eyes were squarely on him.

And we had quite an audience too. The entire dining room - husbands and wives, the staff - even the chef had poked his head out to watch - all jacking off at the sight of Master, this absolute sex god, doing his thing. Luckily we weren't near a window, last thing we wanted were more car crashes.

Needless to say it was quite a meal, but eventually we managed to finish it, and most of the restaurant, off.

"This is super yummy though!" Master giggled as he handled the waiter's tip. "Can I have you pass along an assfuck to the chef as thanks?"

"That's not how it works, Master."

"Sweetness," grinned the waiter, "I'll do anything if it gets me between those cheeks."

"See?" Master stuck his tongue out at me. "Like, how's that for a tip?"

“Huh?”

“Like...” he furrowed his brow. “Like, in the show! How’s that for a tip?”

“Oh my god.” I buried my face in my hand “I think that’s supposed to be the other way around.”

I made sure to leave an actual tip. As much as people liked fucking Master, sex didn’t pay the rent. We’d be rich if it did, but we were sluts, not whores.

“Well, I hope you’re satisfied, Master.” I sighed as we stepped out into the cool night air, leaving behind yet another orgy in our wake.

“I’m stuffed!” He grinned up at me, pizza sauce and cum still all over his face and tits. “We should do that more often.”

I smiled at *his* smile and brushed a drop of cum from his cheek, sucking it down. For all the trouble it had been, seeing my Master happy made it all worthwhile.

“Now,” he licked his lips. “What’s say we go get some dessert?”

= Chapter 2 of 8 =
~ My Oblivious Lusts, My Outside Life, My Office Love. ~

I couldn’t focus.

And trust me, that was dangerous.

The end of the work day was always like that. I’d finished everything that needed to be done and I’d even gotten everything set up for tomorrow, but despite my best efforts there was still time on the clock.

I was bored.

And for someone like me - I wriggled in my seat - bored meant */horny/*.

I kept trying to focus on tonight’s plans. Today was that special day! I’d need to stop by the store on the way home, pick up some last minute things. Then I’d be home with Master and... well...

I let out a hot breath.

I flexed and unflexed my hand. I knew I shouldn’t be doing this at work, no matter horny I got. It wasn’t professional! But somehow I always seemed to find myself here. Sometimes I didn’t even notice my hands sliding down. It was like as soon as I stopped focusing on it, my body moved on its own.

Which is probably why I was currently massaging one of my heavy balls as I slid the other into my top to rub at my needy tits

I let out a hot breath. Here I went again.

The skirt had served me well today, but I was starting to wish I'd worn something with a little more support. I brought my hand up to flutter idly along my thick stocking-clad shaft like a well-practised musician. I wished it was Master's hand. Master's skilled touch. His electric softness.

I ran a surreptitious eye over my surroundings. I had a pretty good view of things from my desk. Plenty of privacy if I needed it, but I could still see everybody going about their business. No one was giving me even a second glance.

Not that it seemed to matter to them, mind. But it mattered plenty to me!

I hated this. Hated my weakness. I sighed. No one else had to worry about this. All those people leading their lives in peace. They didn't have to jack off every few hours to get through the day. It was like the entire world was a dull monochrome documentary and I was this hentai character copy-pasted over it. I might as well glow in the dark. Me and my amazing technicolor dick.

Sometimes I envied them. None of them had to worry about their aching fist-sized balls or having tits so big they knocked things off tables.

But that was bad of me. I knew it was. I looked at the most recent video Master had sent me. God, he was so hot. I smiled. When I was with him, it made sense. Happy. Content.

So why did I always yearn for more?

Why did I dream of just being another grey, dickless wonder?

"Hey Lola!"

I jumped, hands flying from my cock in surprise, the video Master had sent me of him getting gangbanged by those sorority girls last night suddenly echoing loudly from my computer speakers as my headphones came out, loud enough for the whole office to hear.

Heat boiled up behind my ears.

It was Luke.

Oh god, it was Luke!

That made it so much worse. Somehow, of all the things that had happened to me today, this was what sent me blushing. Not Master's latest escapades, not getting caught watching pornography at work, but that it was him.

"Oh, I'm sorry," He laughed. "I didn't mean to interrupt!"

His voice was smooth, charming. Something about it just put me at ease, it was a laugh that assured the whole world that everything was under control.

"It's fine!" I fumbled to hit the mute button, but just made it all the louder. I sat there going all the redder as Master screamed out about what a drooling horny slut he was. Master could be very poetic in his passion. But, ah, this was not one of those times.

"You're sure?" he said, looking at the screen. His expression glazed over and I could see his pants tenting, hiss dick literally growing as he got a sight of Master's well-pounded pussy. "Cause if your busy, I can come back tomorrow?"

"It's fine!" I held a hand over the monitor to block his view. Not him. Please. He was mine. He was the last person I wanted falling under Master's spell. "What - what do you need?"

"Well," he shrugged. "I've reset your VPN password. Again. I just wanted to check in with you about it and make sure you're going to be able to remember it this time. This is the fifth time I've had to come up to see you about it." He paused, then smiled, "Not that I mind."

"Oh! Right!" I fumbled to keep a straight face. "It's the strangest thing, I had it written down and it just disappeared without a trace." The last thing I wanted to tell him was that it had become an impromptu jizz-rag. "Sorry to keep calling you up here. I'm one of those people that has exactly one password I use for everything. The moment it gets more complicated than that, it all falls apart"

"Honestly? I'm the same way," he laughed. "Figures I end up in a job where I have like, fifty of the damn things. I've set the temp password is "Lola'sSmile." I figure if you forget that, you just need to look in a mirror."

If it was a smile he was after, it was a smile he'd get.

"There it is."

I wanted to say something cool as I took the little slip of paper but all that was going on inside my head were fireworks. The red returned in full force to my face as our hands brushed.

God, Lola, keep it together. You're acting like a school girl. Be professional!

"Sorry for making you have to come all the way out here."

"It's no trouble at all. I'd rather be seeing you than any of the other cute girls here."

"What?"

"I mean - uh -" Now it was his turn to turn red. "Not that I uh-."

Oh my god. He thought I was a cute.

"Wow, I'm making a complete fool of myself aren't I? Hey, uh, you know what? I'm just going to take my shot at this." He glanced down at my dick for just a minute then looked away. He was being polite, but he

liked what he saw. "I've been meaning to ask. Do you maybe want to go get some drinks after work? Maybe just a coffee or something? Or maybe.. Something more?"

My breath stopped.

Yes! Oh god yes! I very much did.

"That sounds..." I licked my plump lips. Why was my throat so dry? "That sounds really nice, actually." I downplayed my enthusiasm, trying not reveal the jumping and cheering going on inside me.

"Great!" He laughed. God I loved his laugh. "Tonight work? I'll swing by later, we can head out together?"

I turned back to my monitor. Master was rubbing his beautiful face into the sloppy jizz-stained tits of one of the cheerleaders as the rest took turns tongue-fucking his pussy.

My heart sank

What was I doing?

"Actually... I'm sorry. Tonight's no good for me."

And I was spoken for! I was Master's slave. I couldn't go out with this guy! Not now, not ever. My heart belonged to another. Literally.

"Oh, okay, some other time then?"

"Yeah." I did my best to keep the disappointment out of my voice. Surely there was nothing wrong with just coffee, was there? "Some other time."

But before we could take things any further his IT phone rang. He gritted his teeth and rolled his eyes dramatically. I nodded in understanding and waved goodbye as he rushed off to deal with another user.

I let out a wistful sigh.

What the hell was I doing?

I chastised myself as I looked at Master's cum-streaked face, glowing back at me in bliss as another fat dick plumbed his sweet pussy. I fidgeted with my collar and with the butterfly medallion hanging around my neck. Was I really so horny I needed more than him?

But no - fuck - horny had nothing to do with it.

Why couldn't I keep my heart from pounding?

I threw myself back into my ministrations. My soft hand stroking a well-practised flurry as I squeezed and pumped all this stress and tension out of my big fat dick. I whimpered. It didn't help that Luke was so

damn big. Big and strong and he smelled so damn good! Like aftershave and old spice. He was confident. He was smart! And masculine in a way even a paragon of machismo like Master wasn't.

There was just something about him that seemed so familiar. It was at the tip of my brain, like if I could just concentrate hard enough it would all come rushing back.

But of course, there would be none of that.

"Oh my god!" Lorna said, stepping into my office.

"Oh my god!" agreed the Lana, doing the same.

"Oh my god!" cried Master, right as I paused the video, him buried deep between two big-dicked beauties.

Lorna and Lana were known around the office as the twins. They weren't, technically. They didn't even really look that much alike. But they basically shared a brain and were absolutely inseparable. Hell, even I got them mixed up sometimes. As the only other girls on the floor even close to my age, we'd become de facto best friends.

Today the two were dressed daringly, their skirts adjusted in imitation of my own impossibly slutty garments from last week. They lacked the full figures to really pull it off, but damn they'd made the effort. I don't know how they got away with it..

I didn't even bother to pull my hands off my dick this time.

"Did Luke just ask you out?"

"He totally just asked her out!"

The three of us fan-girled.

"What did you say?"

"I had to let him down." This time I didn't try to hide the disappointment. "I've got... plans."

"With your boyfriend?" Lana teased, looked at the video on my monitor. I blushed.

"Damn," Lorna bit her lip, leaning into the monitor. "I never noticed how hot he was! Damn, look at him take all that cock!" her breath was getting heavy just looking. I leaned over and turned off the monitor. There'd be no more of that.

"Ugh, I wish I had a Master," clucked Lana "You're so lucky! All the guys I end up with are just in it for the hook up. Where's the romance? Where's the commitment? All men are assholes, am I right?"

I nodded sagely. Most of my experience with men these days was shaking them out the door in the morning.

"Wait, really?" Lana raised an eyebrow. "What about Logan?"

Lorna blushed. I smirked. I wasn't the only one with an office crush.

I gave my cock a few more pumps. I'd come too far to stop now, even without Master's grinning face to egg me onward.

We all looked over at Logan, his flawless white teeth glistening. He was laughing with one of the other guys on the software team over by the water cooler. He looked up at us, his - we all looked studiously back down.

"Oh god, I hope Logan isn't secretly like that. I would absolutely die."

"You should go talk to him!" I elbowed her, an action that sent my tits almost knocking her over.

"Are you kidding me? He doesn't even know who I am. God you're so lucky you have an excuse to talk to Luke."

"Luck has nothing to do with it!" laughed Lorna, "With the way our girl here is showing off the goods?" She gave my skirt a playful ruffle. "How is any guy supposed to resist?"

"Right, exactly! We're not all super hot like you, Lola. Ugh, I wish I had a monster cock like yours. I bet I'd be drowning in boys."

"Oh sure," I raised an eyebrow. "You say that but you have no idea the headache it is lugging this stupid thing around everywhere. Do you know how hard it is to find pants that fit?"

"Yeah, but come on, girl, if it gets the job done," she manhandled my cock, "then it's totally worth it, right? Don't act like you don't love it."

I laughed.

"God," she continued. "If I had a dick like that I'd be burying it in a new boy every night. I'd make them come to me, know what I'm saying? Rough tongues on hot flesh."

"Mmm..."

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. My laughter had given way to a gentle gasping, a hitch in my throat. All this talk of rough handling had gotten it straining in the air between my hands, steely and hungry for attention. It could sense the warmth of their pussies, of their mouths and asses.

Oh no.

I shifted again. Fuck, no - not today. Not again! I had to stop this.

But shit, easier said than done. I could only just barely muster the will to slow down, let alone stop. A pebble let loose on a mountainside building into an avalanche.

I looked around for a distraction, anything to take my mind off sex.

"God, he has such a nice butt, too." Lola tilted her head.

We followed her gaze. She was looking hungrily at Luke, who was bending over to type something in at Kaylee's desk.

He did, didn't he? He had a great butt. Grade A. Top of the line. I bit my lip. Well done, that butt. A butt like that was made for thrusting, as its owner drove deep into quivering tender, feminine holes. How much of my monster cock could I fit in that pert, firm, tight, manly ass?

God, it felt so bad to even think about, so transgressive. I was Master's! I shouldn't be... I shouldn't be...

But - ah - I didn't want to think about that right now. I didn't want to be a love slave right now. I just wanted to be a normal girl, with normal desires.

My hands played all the harder over my dick as I watched him wiggle around. Lurid thoughts crashed through my head. Of Luke picking me up, carrying me across the bedroom, so strong yet so gentle, making me feel like a woman. To feel him hold me down as he kissed me. Of the rough caress of his stubble, the scent of his sweat and aftershave. Those eyes, strong, stable, intelligent.

My cock pulsed.

No!

"Ah!" Wait, no, shit! What was I doing? I turned my mind back to Master, sweet beautiful Master, just in time for that final surge. For the only part, I hoped, that made it count.

My dick pulsed, surging, balls clenching, all my muscles tightening up. Oh fuck!

I tried to clamp a hand over the head of my dick as an explosion of girl goo sprayed forth. Load after ball-clenching load spilled out, spraying wildly everywhere, pulling my business-like stocking clean off.

I whimpered, as much from orgasmic afterglow as disappointment - my favorite stocking was ruined!

"Damn, girl," laughed Lana, wiping the cum off her face. "You do have it bad."

"Uh." I blinked in panic. My jizz-soaked stocking had caught her right in the face, draping down her cheek and leaking onto her cleavage like a used condom. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry!"

"No fair, I want some!" Lorna reached out a hand to scoop some off Lana's face, bringing the sticky jism to her own lips and rubbing it in like a balm, savoring the sensation and taste.

What can I say? I had that effect on people.

"So I'm guessing if you turned down Luke, that means you can't come out for drinks with us tonight?"

"Sorry!" I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. "Next time! I swear. Wait, shit, is that the time?"

5:15. How had that happened? I'd been so caught up in my fantasy. And now I was going to be late for my train.

"I've got to go!" I stood abruptly, cock slapping against Lana's face. "I'll see you tomorrow!"

"See? That's what I want in a boyfriend. Pussy so good you bolt for the door at the end of the day."

They laughed but I was already gone. I cleaned up as best I could in the elevator, but it was a lost cause. As I ran to the train, thick drops of semen still spilling from my dick with every step, the sway of the still dripping thing arcing out in front of me like a fountain.

Stupid dick! It was hard enough walking with these heels, let alone running. Down the elevator, out the door, across the street and down the stairs and onto the train. Between it and my heaving tits I'm sure I looked completely ridiculous.

But - I sat down on the crowded train - I'd made it. I'd have let out a sigh of relief if I hadn't been gasping for breath.

And that's when everything started to go wrong. That's when the world started to creep in around the edges, when the limits of the program started to reveal themselves.

"Oh my god, Lorain?" came a voice behind me, a hand on my shoulder turning me around. "Lorain Johnson?"

Something about that name struck fear into the heart of me. Why did that name sound so familiar?

"It is you!" the woman grinned. "Oh my god, I haven't seen you since high school! How are you?"

= Second Interlude =
~ Grunting Out, Gym Orgy, Gratuitous Orgasms ~

Master was panting and gasping for air, but for once it had nothing to do with sex.

"Master," I sighed, "Are you sure about this?"

"No," he grunted. "But you know Bambi? The girl from the club with like, the tight abs and the really huge butt? - She totally recommended it. She says it's super fun! And that, like, it makes your butt really big and fuckable!"

He struggled once more to lower his quivering posterior to the mat in a deep booty squat. I, just as winded, followed suit.

"And are you having fun?" I raised an eyebrow.

"N-no!" He pouted, rising up. "But I want a big fuckable butt!"

"You already have a big fuckable butt, Master." God did he ever. And the squats just showed it off all the more.

"Oh?" His eyes lit up. "Is it working?" He whipped his head around so fast he almost fell over. He was like a dog chasing his own tail, twisting this way and that to try to get a look at his own dump truck ass.

Was it working? It was like a pair of cantaloupes stuffed into skin-tight pants. I had never been a believer in yoga pants before but now I was seeing the light. And everything else. But the exercise had very little to do with it.

"It's only been ten minutes, Master." I looked over at the TV clock.

"How long do we have to keep doing this?" He furrowed his brow and shifted his weight from foot to foot.

"Uh," I took a guess. "An hour? More? Then we have to do it every few days for a few weeks." I shrugged. "Maybe months?" That was how exercise worked, right?

"Months!?" He balked, crossing his arms underneath his jiggling titties. "I've been lied to! That's not fun at all!"

"I'm surprised you're having so much trouble with this, actually -" I took a deep drink of water. "Given all the fucking you do."

"That's different." He waved his hand dismissively. "I'm good at fucking. I can go all night if I need to!" He beamed like he was bragging about a super power. Well, he wasn't wrong. I'd seen him fuck for days without getting tired.

So why was he having so much trouble with this?

Well, it's not like we needed to. We didn't really need to exercise, no matter how much either of us ate we never seemed to gain any weight. Hell, we never looked anything less than 100% perfectly sculptured and fuckable. Some people were just born lucky, I guess.

"Okay, okay, wait," I struggled to rise to my feet, my dick painfully packed into my own workout shorts. "That gives me an idea!"

I tip-toed over to one of the bookshelves and grabbed a pair of extra-large suction cup dildoes off the lower shelf.

"Ooh!" Master's eyes lit up in awe "I don't know what this idea is, but I'm in!" he giggled "You're a genius, Lola!"

And then, like something perfectly practised from a porno, he ripped a hole in his yoga pants, cartoonishly exposing his drooling pink pussy.

I winced. "Those were expensive, Master."

"Yeah, but come on, that was hot, right?"

"Yeah." I let out a hitched little grunt. "Can't deny that." My gaze stuck on his pristine heavenly folds, his tight workout clothing presenting him, displaying him. My breath was growing short for entirely different reasons now, and my shorts were suddenly getting all the tighter.

My pulse raced as he eagerly squatted his plump ass down on the dildo, lining it up with his well-trained asshole as he buried his free hand knuckle-deep in his juicy pussy.

And - bracing myself for the penetration, I did the same.

"Oooh." He wiggled down the length of the shaft, stars lighting in his eyes. "Much better!"

I wasn't going to comment on what the added restriction did for his form, but the added element had at least renewed our vigor.

Up and down he rose off the dildo, his hips bucking gently, pelvic muscles clenching in a concerto of contractions. It was a performance wasted on the silicone stud, but he seemed to be enjoying himself. He rose up until he was just at the tip then slid himself hungrily back down.

I couldn't help but lose myself in the sight of his tits bouncing. God, I could watch his tits bounce all day long. But I had my own task to focus on.

I let out a groan as I squatted down on my own dildo. Master liked it when I expressed my pleasure. He liked to see I was having just as much fun as him.

My own pleasure was a pale echo of his radiance, but God, watching him go at it like this was driving me wild. I bucked and squeezed, grinding the familiar rigidity of the dildo against my sensitive girl prostate. I couldn't compete with Master's pleasure, but I could sure come close.

Together we did the workout of a lifetime.

My legs trembled as I struggled with the set. I don't know how I was still standing. My legs would normally be wobbling even if I didn't have the thick pole pressing again and again into my G-spot. I was dizzy and unsure.

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all. It was harder than I expected, and I didn't mean the dildo.

But then I saw Master's adoring face. He raised a hand in the air like he was shaking a pompon. "Come on Lola," Master cheered. "You can do it!"

I laughed. God help me, in the middle of all that, I laughed. But if he was rooting for me, who was I to say no?

We both gave it our all. Press, thrust, grind, dip, and squat. I gave it my all. But when it came to fucking? Master had me beat.

I looked over at him from my yoga mat, sweat and cum dripping down my body. I hadn't even touched my dick but the pounding had sent me over the edge regardless.

Master was still going.

I smiled. Was it weird to be proud of him for that?

"Oh my god!" he cried, "Yes, yes, yes!" He was lost in a world of bliss. He had given up entirely on proper form at this point and was just bouncing and grinding as hard as he could. "Oh my god, Lola!" He reached out and squeezed my hand. "We should like, go to the gym! We could get - oh my god - we could get cute guys to be our personal trainers! Well cut, super hung cuties!"

"Uh -" I hesitated.

"You don't want to?" his eyes widened like a puppy's. "We're doing such a good job with these! Think of how much better a big hunky guy would be?"

"We'd never make it past the front lobby, Master." I teased. "They'd take one look at you and decide to give you a hands on lesson with that big plump ass of yours."

"What? My ass isn't that fat, is it?" He turned to take another pouting look.

"In a good way, Master!"

"Oh!" You think? Mmm... all those clean muscled, hard-dicked gym bros, giving me all their attention, their hands on me correcting my form as I showed them... as I showed them - ah!"

He bottomed out, his abs clenching around the dildo. His little fantasy had put him over the edge.

"Fuck! It sounds like heaven." The words came hitched between blasts of bliss. "Please Lola! Doesn't that sound so good?" The raunch of his ass getting filled turned his plea into a begging moan. "I'll be good, I promise! I'll hardly fuck anybody I'm not supposed to!"

My mind was racing. I could just picture all the trouble he'd get in. Another business we'd get chased out of. How long would it take before Master accidentally went home with one of those guys? Before he ended up the centerpiece of an aerobics class or a gym wide orgy?

And yet...I chewed on my lip. He wanted it. Look at that face. Who was I to deny it to him?

"I'll tell you what - if you can keep up with this squat challenge of yours for two whole weeks, we can go to a real gym together and find some big dick stud to fuck you senseless."

"Really!?" He squealed. "Oh my god, you're the best, Lola! You won't regret this!"

I blushed. I couldn't help but smile. His joy lit such a glow within me.

"Let's do this!" Master returned to squatting over his dildo, plunging it in and out of his ass, riding the wave of pleasure. I joined in where I could, in fits and spurts.

(He was wrong of course. I would regret it. How was I supposed to know the airhead would manage to focus hard enough to get it done? Maybe the dildos helped too much. But well, that's a story for another day...)

"And hey," he purred. "In the meantime, maybe you can be my personal trainer?"

"Oh?" I raised a flirtatious eyebrow.

"Yeah." He rose off the dildo with a wet pop and crawled over to me, tits almost dragging along the ground. He pressed his body into mine and I fell back. Our sweaty forms were hot and pushed together, but suddenly I didn't mind the heat.

"You'll help me work out, right Lola?" He rubbed the lips of his pussy against my dick, already ready for round two.

"Of course! How can I - uh-. Oh!"

I fell backwards onto the mat, my dick straining in the air between us.

"Will you count for me?" he purred.

"O-one." I whispered, my voice trembling. His impossibly tight pussy, velvety and soft, slid slowly down my dick as he completed the motion, pausing as it bottomed out. Stars were exploding in his eyes. He grabbed my hand, interlacing my fingers and squeezed tight.

Struggling to maintain peace of mind, he pulled back out, pausing just at the end of his slick passage, just enough to tease the twitching head of my cock. My hips followed suit, raising myself up shakily from the dildo's girth.

"Two," I gasped. He slid back down. My abs were twitching, I rolled my hips up to greet his, and it.

"Three!" It was a team effort now, him squatting down as I rose up, a dance we both knew so well, the pleasure building into crescendo of grunts and moans. His strokes still so slow and deliberate to my halting count.

"How's that?" he smirked between pants.

"We may have to work on your form." My hands traced a path along his body, running sensuously along his perfect skin, moving his yielding, submissive form, adjusting his wide fertile hips to bring him more in line with my now thrusting dick.

What a man.

"And like, how long did you say we have to do this challenge?"

“What? Uh...” I did said that hadn’t I? “Every day for two weeks?”

“Mm...” he winked. “I can’t wait!”

Wait - I stood there stunned - had he just outmaneuvered me?

Ah, but thinking was getting so hard. Oh god.

“S-seven!” I cried out,

That was about as far as the counting went. I could already feel the splurges of precum pulsing through my dick, further lubricating. He was screaming out in bliss with every bottoming out. I rolled my head back and groaned my own carnal cry.

I gripped his hand tighter. Every day for two weeks? Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad after all.

And hey, what followed was... well, let’s just say it was a hell of a workout.

To Be Continued.