

*My Master
The Bimbo
by Razmagurk
Pt. 2*



Coth-art

My Master The Bimbo
- A Novella -
= Chapter 3 of 8 =
~ Subway Reunion, Slick Rails, Struggled Revelations ~

Between trying to hold my own lusts at bay at work and dealing with Master's slutty schemes at home, sometimes my life felt like a never-ending cavalcade of silly, jiggly misadventures.

Don't get me wrong. Who wouldn't love having huge bouncing boobs and a massive dick and the feeling of my beautiful Master's golden pussy sheathed around it every night? I was a loveslave, after all. I was proud of what I was, wasn't I?

But for all my horniness, for all my bliss, as fantastic as my little life was, reality had come calling.

Isn't it funny how sometimes one simple thing can completely blindside you? The way it just grabs your whole day and smashes it to a skidding halt? Isn't it funny how one little innocuous encounter can ruin your life?

These were the seeds of my doubt. The last few moments of my innocence.

I was standing on the subway, rocking gently as it shot down the track. Today was that special day. I'd been rushing out of work to get home to Master.

"Oh my god, Lorain?" There was a voice behind me and then a hand on my shoulder, spinning me around. "Lorain Johnson? Is that you?"

That voice! That name! No one called me that in a long time. Panic clutched my heart. Some long-forgotten terror suddenly forced its way to the fore. It set me shivering, wide eyed. And not in the fun way.

My hypersexual futanari body, failing to read the mood, bounced and jiggled as I turned. Even though I'd just shot a huge load over my coworkers barely fifteen minutes ago, my balls were already churning and ready to go again.

But for once I wasn't thinking about my dick.

The woman standing before me was... nothing. Just a woman. Nothing special. Nothing to earn such a full-bodied panic. She was about my age, tall and beautiful in a classic manner. She had a yoga mat tucked under one arm and a bag full of groceries under the other.

"Lillian?" The name came from my lips an unsure whisper.

I furrowed my brow. How did I know this woman? It was like a name on the tip of my tongue. A dark cloud of revelation thundering to life at the back of my brain.

"Lorain Laurence Johnson!" She beamed. "It is you!" She went in for a hug. I was a rabbit before a fox. Frozen. "I haven't seen you since high school!"

High school. Yes! That was it wasn't it? But even with the name to guide me, my brain faltered on specifics. And all the while the woman's grin sent shivers through me. Whether I remembered or not, my body knew that smile all too well.

"Oh my god, look at you! I almost didn't recognize you." She took a step back to admire my perverted fuckslut body and even as I thrust my boobs out and up, proud of all my curves, just for a moment I felt strange at doing so, as if putting myself on display for her was something that made her *better* than me. "You look great!"

"Oh, uh, thanks!" I put on a grin of my own, a shield to hide the uncertainty. "You too!" She was taller than I remembered. Bigger in some places, smaller in others. There were lines on her face. So many of the people Master and I dealt with were, well, *hot*. Club-goers and models and people who might as well be porn stars. This woman, beautiful though she may have been, wasn't just cut from a different cloth, she was a whole other medium.

She was... normal. Respectable, even. Proper. In the stories of our lives, she was an art house film and I was a cartoon fetish porno. She had grown gracefully into a woman in the prime of her life and I... had boobs so big I could titfuck myself.

For the first time in a long while, I felt awkward about my appearance.

God! A fresh flash of emotion boiled up in the back of my brain. Uncertainty? Fear? Emotions I hadn't felt in a long time. A desperate flailing anger, too. Who the hell did she think she was, making me feel this way?

I brought a hand up across my chest to cover it. Not that I was embarrassed. I'd never be embarrassed about the way I looked! But I was suddenly so painfully aware of the differences between me and everybody else.

Her eyes seemed to linger on the swell of my tits. Was she - a flush ran through me - was she jealous? Why would she be jealous of me? If anything I should be jealous of her. This was a woman who had gone to college, this was the sort of woman who had kids and a job. She had a serious, respectable life!

"I can't tell you how surprised I am to see you. You didn't show up for the reunion, you're not on social media. The last anyone had seen you'd run off with that broody loser. What was his name again?"

There was a thump as the train went over something. She reached out to grab a railing but ended up with her hand on my dick instead.

"Oh," she laughed. "I'm so sorry - but you don't mind, do you?"

"No, no." I gritted my teeth. Her hand soft and her grip so firm. Through it I could feel the shaking of the train beneath her. "Not at all."

This was not the first time someone on the train had used my dick as a handhold. Master always got such a kick out of it.

"Well, I'm glad to see you're doing so much better for yourself!" She gave another sharp smile. "I remember you used to be such a nervous wreck! You were like a frail little twig, always shaking. God, do

you remember the way we used to tease you?" She let out a harsh laugh that dug into my gut. "Kids can be so cruel, can't they?"

Cruelty. Yes! That was it. That's what this woman evoked. As if her every word was like a hook in my heart. Days spent cowering in dread from... wait, what?

"Nervous?" My fist tightened. I didn't remember anything like that. "Was I?" It seemed so distant. So out of character. Wasn't I confident? Successful? Sexy? I mean, I wasn't 'drop everything and start pounding my pussy right here and now' hot like Master was, but I held my own.

I tried to think back to those years, but it was so hard to latch onto anything concrete.

Why couldn't I remember?

"Oh, but that's all in the past!" she laughed, slapping my shoulder, pulling me out of my pondering before I could find the answers I was looking for. "What are you up to these days?"

"Oh, uh, -" The train shook, emerging from a tunnel. I let out a soft groan as she squeezed my fat cock all the harder. It was getting hard to think. "I'm one of the accounting chiefs over at Norton Rose Fulbright, actually." I didn't mean for it to sound like a brag, but I couldn't help but be proud. I'd worked very hard for the position.

"Oh my god, no way!" she laughed. "I was a junior law clerk there before Henry and the kids came along. Congratulations."

I swelled, oddly eager for this woman's approval. I didn't tell her I spent the other half of my life on my knees worshipfully fulfilling Master's every whim.

I wished I was there now. Some place comfortable, some place familiar! With nothing to worry about but Master's playful pussy pulsing around my pole. My cock throbbed at the thought.

Her hand was idly stroking it now, up and down in long sensuous strokes. She probably didn't even realize she was doing it. They never did. Normally I'd just wave it off, but it just felt so wrong with her of all people doing it, so out of place. Like I'd corrupted her with my pornographic life.

"Ah, but," there was a smug undertone as she carried on oblivious. "No ring?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, I guess I'm not surprised. You always were so focused on your studies, so career minded. But surely there must be someone special in your life?"

Someone special.

"There is - I have a... well..." I blushed and fondled my collar.

Listen, Master was amazing. I could go on for days about how dick-poundingly beautiful he was, how sweet and kind and caring and creative. I wanted to scream from the mountaintops about how happy I was to serve him. But in that moment?

God help me, in that moment, under that gaze, all I felt was shame.

"Ah, I know that look. Well let it not be said you're not getting some." She winked. "Good job, girl."

My pulse elevated at the praise. A flush of accomplishment. I hated it. Why did I feel like I needed this woman's approval?

There was a ding as the train approached its next stop. Her grip tightening one last time, roughly grabbing at my swollen cockhead as she stumbled for balance. I heard myself gasp, a hot breath, while my heart pounded.

God, I'd been so distracted by this woman I hadn't realized how close I was.

No, no, no! I clenched a fist. Not here. Not now! The office was bad enough! Not now.

"Oh!" She bounced her hand working me that hairsbreadth closer. "This is my stop, I've got to get going. Hey, look me up some time, okay? No one's going to believe me when I tell them I ran into you. We should catch up for real sometime!"

"Y-yeah!" I nodded, trying to hold back. Trying not to think about her hot hand on my precum-slick shaft. Trying not to make a fool of myself in front of this woman. I had to be confident! Successful! I had to show her what I was made of!

But then she leaned in to give me a friendly hug and dammit - the press of her against my body, a twist of her wrist as she clasped my cock, sent me over that trembling edge.

With a cry of anguished defeat, I shot a fat load all over this woman. My bully. This person who used to torment me every day. Her face, her clothing. Fat ropes of thick, fragrant futa cum.

Oh god.

She blinked in surprise, holding up a hand to feel the sticky jizz. She raised an eyebrow as she looked down at me. My face red. My whole body red. I wanted to curl up into a ball and die.

But of course - like everybody else in the world, she just laughed it off.

"Still just as much of a spazz as ever," she teased, and ruffled my hair in that way I hated. "I have to go. My husband's waiting for me. Good seeing you!"

She still had my cum dripping down her face as she rushed out the door. Her husband was waiting on the platform, just as much a real normal person as she was. She gave him a hug and ended up getting my cum all over him as well.

And just like that it was over. The doors shut. I was standing alone again. As alone as someone on the train could be, at least. Some other girl was already standing next to me, using my cock to keep her balance, even as it dribbled juices over her hands.

What the hell had just happened? I let out a breath.

I spent the rest of the ride in silence, kicking myself. What had that been all about?

'Still such a spazz?' I railed against the comment. What was she talking about? And why did I care what this woman thought of me? I knew I shouldn't be dwelling on it. I knew I should be focusing on something else. But every time I tried, I found myself drawn back to her comments.

I got off the train not long after. The change of scenery helped. The fresh air. I had to grab a few things from the grocery store on my way home. The ritual of the familiar, there to ground me. But the whole time I was lost in thought, my brain still simmering.

Nervous, she had called me. And a twig. I ran a hand down my voluptuous body. I pulled down on the cloth at my cleavage, putting more of my supple flesh on display. Why would she think such things?

I tried to remember, to pull up specifics. Photos, faces, friends. Surely something must have stuck with me?

Normally I had such a great memory. I could remember the veins on every dildo I'd ever sucked. I could remember every perfect hair on Master's beautiful head. So why was this so hard?

I could remember the general details no problem. The place, the year, my GPA. But every time I tried to focus on the specifics it all seemed to slip away.

And yet, when I focused on what that woman said, I shuddered. There were emotions there. Old, powerful emotions that I wasn't sure I wanted to deal with. But what else could I do? I probed at them like a tongue against a sore tooth.

The woman's laugh echoed in my ears. Others laughing as well. Kids could be so cruel. And they had been oh-so-cruel to me.

But no. I shook my head. I wasn't like that, was I? I was popular and attractive. I was smart and funny and confident. I was a team leader at work. I don't know who that girl in those ragged memories was, but it wasn't me. It couldn't be.

And yet...

My heart pounded. A tempest of doubt driving thunderous confusion in my brain. I didn't want to deal with this, I just wanted to get home!

To Master.

I remembered Master. Not from high school, but sometime after. His glowing golden face. The yearning in my heart to do anything to make him happy. Every moment we'd spent together was so clear. My perfect happy life. But before that...

I frowned. I couldn't remember how we'd met. Or when. It was like as far as my brain was concerned, I'd always been his slave. But our first meeting was important, right? How could I forget something like that? Today of all days?

Today was a special day. Focus on that.

I gave my hips an exaggerated sway as I took in the cool air, my business-casual fuck-me pumps clicking in the night.

Would Master know? My pace quickened as I clutched the groceries tighter. He barely had a brain for anything but dicks, but sometimes he surprised even me.

I took a breath and tried to calm my brain. Thinking of Master helped. The thought of him always calmed me. I was going to be late, sure, but that was fine. Right now I just needed to take in the moonlight.

A smell tickled my nose. Smoke. Like a campfire. I smiled. Smoke always left me nostalgic.

Master and I had gone camping once, hadn't we? I'd laughed as Master fumbled to pitch a tent. As we took in the stars.

I brushed a tear off my cheek - why was that memory so sad? More things I didn't want to remember. More things to talk with Master about.

The smell of smoke grew stronger as I turned the corner, as I rushed home ahead of this strange sadness.

Then the smell grew rank and I dropped the groceries and ran.

The house was on fire.

= Third Interlude =
~Pitching Tents, Pillowvy Tits, Passing Tears~

"Ugh," Master threw the pole onto the ground. "This sucks!"

"Really?" I laughed. "You know, I said the same thing my first time."

"Huh?"

"You don't remember it, I guess. You dragged me out over the hills and across all of the rivers. I complained the whole way, but honestly, once you get used to it it's a lot of fun."

"Is it?"

"Yeah, come on," I inhaled deeply, scenting the smell of a fresh water and clean air and secluded soil. "Look around, isn't this beautiful?"

"It is! I love it. I'm not saying that, but like, getting out here? Sooo much work." He lay back, took a drink from his tall vaguely-phallic water bottle, spraying a bit over his crop top so it clung all the tighter to the impossibly perky orbs. "And we get here and it's beautiful and peaceful and I love it, but I can't enjoy any of it because this stupid tent is broken. I can't get it to work!"

"Really?" I smirked. "Here I thought handling poles was your specialty."

"You're one to talk," he giggled, and stuck out his tongue. "We could spend the whole weekend camped out under the tent your morning wood creates."

"Oh, and whose fault is that huh? With the way that ass of yours keeps rubbing against it all night?"

"Here, let me try." I frowned at my own fumbling attempts at starting a fire. "I'm not having much better luck over here either."

But two bimbos, it turns out, were no better than one.

"Why is it upside down?" Master tilted his head at what we ended up with. It was inside out as well. We'd definitely done this wrong. "I say we throw the whole stupid thing into the lake."

"Well," I laughed, "That would be one way to pitch a tent."

"Huh?"

"Cause it's..." I shook my head. "Never mind. I don't remember this all being so hard." I frowned. "At this rate, I don't know if we're going to get this set up before it gets dark."

"You mean we'll have to do this in the dark!?"

"Well, I mean... it's a nice night, right?" I pressed in closer to him. "We could sleep under the stars? Just the two of us, cuddled up in a sleeping bag." I put an arm around him. "Do you remember the last time? You used to point out all the constellations."

"Did I?"

"Yeah..." I frowned. "Though I guess that's probably a little beyond you now, huh?"

"What? No! Hey, it's not worth getting sad about. I can totally point out constellations! Look!" he pointed up at a particularly phallic cloud. "That one's 'The Big Dicker.'"

"That's a cloud, Master."

"Clouds can be dicks too." He nodded to himself wisely.

“True.” I tilted my head as I looked up. The evening was approaching and the sky was awl in the earliest touches of the setting sun, subtle colors painting a brilliant milieu amongst the rushing clouds overhead, reflected on the still lake below. It truly was majestic. “Hey,” I pointed. “That one looks kinda like your butt.”

“Oh, it does!” Master grinned. “Oh, oh, look it’s crashing into the dick!” He fell over in a fit of giggles. I put down what we’d managed of the tent and spread out a tarp and a blanket. We’d just have to pray for good weather.

“Oh, that one looks kinda like you!” Master pointed over the placid lake to a cluster of clouds near the tall mountains beyond.

“What? My boobs aren’t that big!”

“Really?” He glanced sidelong at my two heavy melons sitting at his head level. “From here they sure are.”

I pulled him laughing into my bosom. He snuggled up into them like they were pillows and I brushed a twig out of his soft blonde hair. “Maybe we should have invited those other campers we met back on the trail with us after all?” I said. “They seemed to know what they were doing. Probably would have been a lot more comfortable fucking them here anyway. They had an air mattress.”

“Aw, but I wanted to try sex in the bush.”

“That was like, the first thing we did, Master.” I gave him a nudge. “You were screaming so hard those hunters thought you were a wounded animal.”

“Oh right! We helped them bag my beaver.” He giggled. “But that was a different bush! And that one camper’s wife had such a big dick, god!”

“Yeah.” I blushed. “I guess you really do have that effect on people, don’t you? I hope her husband doesn’t mind...”

“Besides,” he wriggled into me. “If we’d brought them to our campsite with us we’d have had to wait. I was bored! And horny!”

“Oh, however else could we have passed the time?” I raised an eyebrow. His hand was on my dick. “You know...” I pulled him closer. “I don’t know what we’re going to do if we can’t get this tent set up, but maybe this isn’t so bad.”

“I still like the idea of pitching a tarp over your dick.” He grinned and ran a hand along my throbbing cock. “We can huddle around your balls for warmth.”

“Ugh, after that disaster with the matches we may have to.”

I looked embarrassed over at our failed attempt at a fire. Even the now-empty box of matches and a lighter hadn’t helped. I knew I’d been shown how to do this a half dozen times but it was no good. The smouldering kindling just failed to take root.

I sighed and looked up once again at the whirling clouds overhead.

"This has turned into a bit of a disaster, huh?"

"Mmm-" Master nuzzled his soft face against my chest. "I dunno, I think we might be able to pull it through. As long as we're together, I'm happy. You know that."

"Yeah..." I frowned. "I just thought maybe..."

I looked into Master's eyes. They were as bright and innocent as the swirling sky above. And just as empty.

"You used to be..." I frowned as I tried to find the right words. "There used to be someone I knew, once. They loved camping. They would go on about how it was the only time they were able to find peace. The serenity of the woods, the wind and the water. It calmed them. I guess I thought maybe if I was here, maybe they'd be here too. In spirit? I dunno." I shook my head. Shit, where had these tears come from? "It's dumb."

"It's not dumb." Master lifted his head from my heart. "I think it's sweet. Does it help?"

"No." My voice hitched. "I think if anything it's made it worse. The person I knew... that person would know how to set up a tent. They'd know how to light a fire. They'd go on and on about the names of all the bugs and the trees. They'd try to capture it all in some poem or painting. I thought this would bring me closer to them but it just... I feel all the more distant."

"Hey, hey, it's okay." He wrapped his arms around me. "Don't be sad."

And just like that the pain was gone.

"Master!" I recoiled. All of my sorrow, all of my melancholy, these precious little reminders of what used to be, all dried up in an instant.

"Ah! I did it again." He pulled off me, panic in his eyes. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! You can be sad again! Don't uh... don't be not sad!"

He looked back up at me hopefully. Tears flowed down my cheeks. The hollowness had returned to my heart, the lump to my throat, all the worse and more dearly beloved for its brief absence.

"I'm sorry." He squeezed himself into me tighter. "I'll be better. I promise. I'll learn! Please, don't be ups- I mean-" He clutched his head. "I don't want you to be angry."

I hugged him. Holding him so he couldn't see the expression on my face.

"Thank you, Master."

I looked around at the mess of a campsite. At our complete failure as survivalists. "I think... I think this was a bad idea." I let out a laugh. We couldn't light a fire, let alone pitch a tent.

But... I pulled Master's warmth tighter to me. At least we were together. For better or for worse.

I took a deep breath. The lake. The woods. Calming. Peaceful. The sky roiled past overhead.

"Wait, is that smoke?" I wrinkled my nose.

"What did you do with the matches?"

We both lurched up as quickly as a pile of oversized tits and ass could.

Our stuff was on fire.

"Uh... oops?"

Some errant spark from the failed embers must have caught on the wind. Nature must have done what I'd spent an hour failing to do. We scrambled to our feet.

"Put it out! Put it out!" I cried as we shrieked and laughed and tried to beat down the burning pile with the tarp that was our tent. We had to laugh - could this have possibly gone any more wrong?

We smelt like smoke the entire rest of the trip, no matter how much time we spent skinny dipping in the lake or fucking ourselves silly in the sun and open air.

A horrible camping trip. I don't know what I'd been thinking. But forever after, the smell of smoke always brought me back there.

= Chapter 4 of 8 =
~ Choking Smoke, Compelling Safety, Command Software. ~

The house was on fire.

Thick smoke billowed out the windows as orange flames lashed from within. One side of the house was completely ablaze and the other was going up fast.

"Master!"

I ran forward. Firetrucks wailed somewhere in the distance. Neighbors stood around gawking. My eyes scanned the crowd. Master. Where was Master? Mrs. Thompson, the MILF from across the street, just shook her head sadly.

I yelled again. I screamed, I cried. There was no response, no sign.

I started to run forward. It was stupid, I know, so impossibly dangerous, but I wasn't thinking. Hands reached out to stop me, but they couldn't hold me back.

I burst through the door. The house. Our house. Our whole happy little life, literally going up in flames. I cried out again, choking on hot stinking fumes. Furniture burning, dildos melting, everything we'd worked so hard for, all going up in smoke.

Master.

Where was Master?

I pressed forward. Thick smoke and black pitch in my lungs, my eyes. The embrace of the flames curling around me. The stupid smoke alarm was screaming as though it wasn't already painfully obvious.

"Lola?" came the voice. It was small and distant over the roar of the flames, but it was all I needed. A lighthouse on a stormy night. I pressed towards it, head low to keep it out of the smoke, hunched so low my dick almost dragged along the carpet.

There! The kitchen. The door was broken, something had collapsed. Master was trapped inside, oh god, Master was trapped!

"Master!" I reached out a hand. "We have to get out of here!"

He blinked, looking at my outstretched hand then back up at me. He sat serene even in the heart of this inferno. He looked around at the flames surrounding him, more curious than scared.

"No," he said. Plainly. Calmly. "Not yet, my sweet little Lola. There isn't much time. Go get the computer out of the closet. Keep it safe."

"How can you -?" I balked. "Master, how can you think about your porn collection at a time like this!?"

"That's an order, Lola." He smiled softly. Sadly. It was a smile I hadn't seen in a long time. "It's a higher priority than I am."

An order.

The words struck like thunder against my stupid slavesoul. I couldn't remember the last time he'd given me one intentionally. What stupid game was he playing at a time like this? But my body sprang into action even before I realized I was acting, turning away from him even while every inch of me wanted to stay.

There was a fire in his eyes. Purpose. None of the vacancy I was so accustomed to. None of the keening carnal distraction.

It sent a shiver down my spine even as I roasted in the fiery hell this place had become.

"No!" I cried. "I won't leave you, Master! I can't! I won't!"

But it was too late. Already my traitorous body was doing as it was bidden. What choice did I have?

"Please Master, no!" My voice was a hoarse whisper. "I don't want to lose you!"

"I'm sorry, Lola." He gave me one last sad smile, and then I'd left him behind.

I screamed incoherently as I ran. The choking smoke clawing at my lungs and eyes was nothing compared to the terror and fear pervading every inch of me. My Master was dying and there was nothing I could do about it save fulfill his last stupid order.

I choked my way to the closet. It was on the far side of the house. The familiar sights and smells of home, twisted and burned. The flames here were still fresh, still spreading, but they were moving fast. I had to be faster.

The computer? The computer!? Of all the damned things. I crashed angrily into the room. There it was, sitting half-forgotten beneath my sewing machine.

But opening the closet door had been too good of an invitation for the fire to pass up. Inside, my clothing started to go up in flames. It shot hungrily from hanger to hanger. All those hours hunched over with a needle and a thread, all now for nothing. I batted a flaming negligee out of my way as I pressed further in.

I reached for the laptop just as the shelf above it came crashing down, the heavy boxes above spilling out the soon-ablaze accessories within. I recoiled, terrified in that moment that I'd failed Master's final orders. But oh, thank god, the sewing machine seemed to have saved it from the worst of the damage.

I shouldered the heavy machine off it, wincing in pain at the hot metal against my flesh.

There it was. The computer. I grabbed the laptop and clutched it to my chest.

Keep it safe.

Damn this thing! Safe? I wanted with every fiber of my being to slam a fist down upon it, to shatter it into a thousand pieces. Keep it safe. Why was it so important?

"Master PC - Master Control Console." I traced a finger over the metal engraving on the front of the machine. Why had Master given his life for this?

I clutched it tight against my bosom, ripping out the cables and running for the door.

The fire however, had other ideas. It had grown stronger. Hotter. My only way out was blocked by the creeping flame dancing along the floor towards me.

I slammed the door shut.

Now what?

I looked around desperately. The window? God, it was so small. It wasn't even designed to be opened. Could I fit through? Could I squeeze these ridiculous hooters through it? This big thick cock?

I wanted to curl up and cry. I just wanted this to be over. It was bad enough I'd lost Master, and the house. Where was the fairness in any of this?

But then – I clutched the computer tighter to my chest - what choice did I have? Master's last orders. I had to make sure the computer was going to be safe.

Using a singed coat as an oven mitt, I grabbed the sewing machine and threw it through the window. The glass shattered outwards. It seemed so peaceful outside. A starry night. What a contrast.

The flame behind me swelled, greedily consuming the fresh oxygen now rushing in. I grabbed a lungful of air and battered away the last of the glass, standing precariously on top of my sewing chair to reach. I just hoped the bush outside would catch my fall. That it, too, wouldn't betray me.

Could I do this? I looked out at the moonlit night beyond. One leap. That's all it would take. One chance, and if I missed, if it was too small... that was it. My heart pounded. The adrenaline coursing through me faltered. This was crazy!

But I didn't have any say in it, did I?

Keep it safe.

I clutched the laptop as tight as I could, praying no errant glass remained.

I leapt.

I could feel the edges of the window scraping against my sides, I could feel the cold of the night air beyond, so peaceful and serene. I could feel the rush of flame expanding behind me. It was working! I'd made it!

And then I stopped. Gravity reasserted itself as something tugged me back.

I was stuck.

My stupid hips, my stupid butt! I flailed, pushing wildly at the sides of the window with my free hand to pull myself out.

Then there was a blast of sound behind me, and everything teetered. The ground rushed forward to meet me.

The entire wall had fallen forward.

I rolled dizzily to all fours, coughing and retching. What little clothing I had was torn and ripped. My blood ran cold as I saw the long jagged slit in my cock-stocking from where some errant shard of glass or metal had sliced it open.

Another millimetre and that would have been flesh.

But that didn't matter, did it? I looked at the package in my arms. The computer was safe.

I blinked blearily as I looked around. A crowd had gathered to watch. Two firefighters ran towards me.

Other women would have run thankfully towards them. Instead I set the laptop down and turned back towards the house. I had to get back in there, I had to save Master!

But they were too fast. And too strong, no matter how I tried to fight them off. They dragged me away, screaming.

“Master!”

Amidst the roar, all seemed so silent.

Tears fell on the grass as my whole world went up in flame.

Then, suddenly, a crash. A breaking of windows and a wall broken through. A figure emerged from the flames, tall, powerful, imposing. An axe slung over one shoulder and Master over the other!

“Master!” I ran forward.

The other firefighters rushed forward to take him in a princess carry, hurrying him over to the waiting ambulance.

“My little Lola.” He smiled as he saw me. I stumbled. It was that same mysterious smile he’d given me when he told me to go after the laptop. “I’m so proud of you.”

“Master?” I paused.

But then the clarity faded from his eyes and the horny dumbness returned.

He blinked, looking around curiously at all the people gathered around him. If anyone could take things in stride, it was him. By the time the paramedics and firefighters had finished checking him over he already had their dicks out and they were happily taking his temperature in every orifice they could.

“Lola!” He leapt up off a nurse’s dick and rushed over to me, his hot, naked tits pressing against my own. We were both a sexy fucking mess, hair wild, eyes smokey and mascara running, but neither of us seemed to have been hurt, thank god. “What happened?”

“What happened?” I furrowed my brow. “I was going to ask you! The house is on fire!”

“What!?” His eyes went wide as he looked over at the conflagration. “Oh my god, are you, like, okay?”

“I- I’m fine, Master. It’s you I’m worried about.”

He looked down and inspected himself, hands running sensuously along his tender naked flesh.

Of course. He looked as flawless as ever.

"I don't think I'm hurt."

But it wasn't just his physical wellbeing that I was concerned about.

"I thought you were dead!" Tears were flooding my eyes and this time it had nothing to do with smoke.

He blinked up at me sheepishly.

"Well good news is, we've got it under control," said one of the firefighters, approaching from the house. "We think the fire may have started in the kitchen." He gestured to the charred pan in his hand. "Does this look familiar?"

Master's entire body went red.

"Master!?"

"I only got distracted for a minute! I swear! I did so good with the cooking I thought I'd reward myself for a job well done by warming up my throat for tonight and uh -" His brow furrowed and his eyes went half lidded. "Mm... I may have gotten a little distracted."

"You did this!?" Fresh anger washed out the relief. "This is exactly why you're not supposed to cook, Master! What were you thinking?"

"I was just trying to make that chicken you like." He pouted a plump lip. "With the fancy cheese inside, and the little crumbly stuff on it?"

He'd remembered my favorite.

"Why!? Why would you put us all in danger like that!? Why would you do something so stupid!"

"I just..." He looked down bashfully. "I just wanted to do something nice for our anniversary."

Oh.

"Master..."

Only the slapping of Master's fat ass as the paramedics took turns drilling into him broke the silence.

"I was good!" he pleaded. "I went to the store. I paid with money! I barely even fucked anyone on the way home. I know how hard you work and I wanted you to get home and not have to cook and there'd be your favorite. I even bought wine! And then I'm following the directions on the video - which totally doesn't even have anyone fucking in it! - and I put the food in the oven and then I had to waaaait and it was so boring and I'm like 'oh I know' and I grabbed a dildo to help pass the time! And, well, ah -" He let out a moan as the cock bottomed out inside him. "I may have gotten a little carried away?"

"Master!" My eyes were choked with smoky tears. "You idiot! You big stupid idiot!" I pulled him into a hug. "Don't you ever do anything like that again!"

He was crying too now.

"I'm sorry! I ruined our special day."

"I thought I'd lost you! You were just standing there in the -" Memories of the past few minutes flooded back. It all seemed so strange now. "What were you thinking, telling me to save that laptop over your own life?"

"What? What laptop?"

"Earlier. You told me - ordered me, in no uncertain terms! - to go save that computer."

"Did I?" He tilted his head. "When was this?"

"When I ran in to try and save you! Remember?"

"You ran in to save me?" His eyes sparkled and he hugged me tighter. "All I remember is the fire alarm going off, and then... suddenly I was getting carried out of the house by these strong hunks. Oooh." He grinned at the firmly muscled firefighters. Somewhere along the way they'd lost their shirts. "We should go start more fires."

"No, Master!" I rubbed my head. He really did have a one track mind sometimes. "Then why were you telling me to -?"

"Excuse me, ma'am?" One of the paramedics stepped up. "We need to do another check or two. If you catch my drift."

"Mmm." Master licked his lips. "Well, who are we to say no to a yummy doctor. Lola?"

"You know what?" I furrowed my brow. "I'll catch up."

"I'll be waiting!" He winked and gave my balls a loving caress. "It's still our big night, after all."

Master was carried over to the ambulance where he once again became the center of an impromptu orgy. A nurse was shoving her suddenly massive cock into his ass as two of the firefighters took turns teasing his mouth.

I thought back to the figure I'd seen inside the house. That posture, those eyes. That small, half-sad smile. It was like day and night. He'd called me his little Lola? I was taller than him. What the hell was going on?

I walked over softly to where I'd set the laptop down. The fire was down to a smoulder now but our house was gone and all our stuff with it. This was the one thing we'd been able to recover.

Keep it safe.

I opened it. I powered it on. I prayed it was still working all right. It blinked and it hummed, rattling in protest at its recent mistreatment.

“Welcome,” it said, in some gaudy font straight of Windows 95. “To the Master PC Command Console. You now possess the power to bend reality to your specifications.”

= Fourth Interlude =
~ Home Coming, Home Comfort, Home Cumming ~

This is what Master had almost given his life for? Some old computer program?

It asked for a name. It promised change. Control.

But as I reached out, my vision went blurry. Tears. I didn’t want to deal with this. Not now. Not while the house – my life! - was still burning. What did this little thing matter compared to all we’d lost?

How many times had I taken this place for granted? All of those happy days I’d taken for granted. Having something to come home to, something my own. A place that could be Master’s and my own. Not to mention all the incredible sex.

My mind kept drifting around in circles. Unable to land on the hear and now. Happier times. Happier times.

-

What a day.

I was exhausted. It wasn’t even Friday. The commute home always took it out of me, but today was especially sticky and hot. A cheer team had been on their way to a competition and they’d teased my shaft to the edge again and again without putting me over.

I pulled out the keys, then hesitated at the doorstep.

I could hear the moaning from within.

Master.

I let out a sigh, but I don’t know if it was wistful or frustrated.

Don’t get me wrong, it’s not that I don’t like dealing with Master, but after a long shitty day at work, sometimes I just wanted to get home and relax.

I closed my eyes and took a breath. I could already imagine the mess within: Jizz soaked tissues and towels everywhere. And that’s where Master and his guests hadn’t just blown their loads all over the walls and floors and furniture.

I jingled the keys loudly as I turned the lock.

"I'm home!" I called as I stepped in. Sure enough, the house reeked of fresh sex and Master's sweet sweat. Dildos and sex aids were scattered all over. There was a pile of clothing in a heap by the door, only some of which I recognized.

Some people came home to the smell of cooking dinner, or a clean house. Not me.

Don't get me wrong, it wasn't that the smell didn't get me worked up. It was the smell of Master's delicious sex after all. A primal perfume that sent my dick throbbing. As much as it cloyed at my senses, it was also the familiar smell of home. Of him. It should have been comforting. But on a day as rough as today?

I had just set down my briefcase when there was the pitter patter of feet and Master's grinning face appeared round the corner. He was blasted in cum, a fresh coat of it mingling with a dried layer overtop his flawless makeup. He'd been busy.

"Lola!" he cheered. My eyes went wide as he rushed forward, beautiful cum-slick tits bouncing with every step, arms outstretched, "You're home!"

"Master, no, careful!" I held out my hands to catch him or redirect him, but he had too much momentum. There was simply too much inertia in those bouncing breasts of his. Too much exuberance in every step.

"I missed you!" He caught me in a sticky hug, rubbing his cum-drenched face against my chest, energetically bouncing his slutty, curvaceous body against my own.

"Master," I huffed, stepping back out of the hug. "Let me get settled first, okay?"

I looked down at the fresh cum all over my carefully tailored business suit. The shoulderless black suit jacket that I'd worked so hard to keep clean through all of today's chaos, the scant white blouse beneath that showed all the world the depths of my cleavage, he'd managed to get cum all over them. Well, I sighed. That was another suit ruined.

A trio of heads poked out of the doorway Master had emerged through. Two guys and a girl. Master's latest guests, wondering where all the grade-A pussy had gone.

"Lazy day, Master?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Ooh yeah!" His smile lit up like the sun. "These guys came to the door trying to sell us a new vacuum cleaner."

"Did they now?" I turned my incredulous gaze to their sheepish faces. I was pretty sure I'd shooed a few of them out of here this morning, but hey, they wouldn't be the first ones to come back for more. Salespeople indeed.

"And somehow that turned into me demonstrating how good I can suck cock!" he giggled.

"Alright, well why don't you keep our guests entertained while I go get changed?"

“Aw, but you just got home. Don’t you want to tell me about your day? How’d that thing go?”

“Huh?” It was unlike him to turn down an excuse to get back to sex.

“The... like... the work thing? You had a bunch of important meetings today, right? Did you get those pictures I put in your file folder for good luck?”

“I did.” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. An entire series of pictures of Master bouncing on various dildos while looking pleadingly into the camera. My cock throbbed at the memory. “I almost came in front of the whole team.”

“So you got to show them all your best assets! I’m glad!” His gaze dropped down to my dick. His lips pursed in a smug little grin.

“Not exactly the sort of demonstration I was aiming for.” I rolled my eyes.

“What about the nudes I put in your lunch?”

“You always put nudes in my lunch.”

“Yeah, but this time I put extra! I was going to write ‘do your best’ on them but then... ah...” He looked down. “I got distracted and just ended up jilling off all over them.”

That explained why they were so... juicy.

“Thank you Master,” I sighed. “I appreciate the sentiment. It was... well, it was a shitty day, but I got through it.”

“Yay!” He caught me in another hot sticky hug, “I want to hear all about it.”

“So... should we go?” came a voice from one of our erstwhile vacuum salespeople.

“No, no.” I sighed and pinched my nose. “You’ll save us the trouble of having to go find more dicks later. Just make yourselves comfortable.”

“Oooh, good idea!” Master nodded emphatically and blew them a sloppy kiss. “Whichever of you is like, the hardest when I come back totally gets first pick of my holes!”

They turned to each other, confused at first, but then one of them got a competitive grin on her face and soon they were all rushing off to the living room, presumably trying to keep as hard as they could while jerking off to the memory of Master’s perfect pussy.

Master, for his part, didn’t want to let go of the hug. His head was nestled between my tits and that was right where he liked it. Never mind that it made my cock rub up against him with every step, but he liked that too. The trip to my closet was awkward, but it wasn’t anything I wasn’t used to.

And as we went, I went into detail about the day’s drudgery.

Understand this: It wasn't that I didn't like the work. I loved my job. I was proud of my job. I'd worked hard to get to where I was. But well, some days could be exhausting. I told him about the projects I was a part of and the solutions I'd come up with, all the drama with the senior accountants. It was this entire world of mundanity so far removed from his perfect sexfest existence, that I wasn't sure he understood a word of it.

But bless him, he nodded along. Oohing and aahing, asking me how things made me feel, nodding and shaking his head, pretending he was understanding even half of what I was talking about. I teased him a little by adding impossible details, and he still just nodded along anyway.

Master very eagerly helped me strip out of my business suit - which I had to soak in detergent and hope the semen stains were going to come out! - and into one of my lacy house dresses.

This one had been designed to be loose and comfortable and casual, but I've always found that squeezing boobs as big as mine quickly makes even the most casual of dresses look obscene. Not to mention the bulging dick and balls. I'd had to add a slit up the side just so Master could get easy access.

"So there I was," I continued my story as I finished getting dressed. "In the middle of the conference and the laptop had so much jizz all over it that we couldn't use the touchpad anymore, and of course I'm mortified but they start to get all worried about the computer, like that's where the problem lies, and they want to bring in a tech, so Luke, our IT guy had to come in and wipe off all the -"

"Oh! The guy with the cute butt!"

I blushed. Leave it to Master to latch onto that of all things.

"Yeah," I waved a hand dismissively. "There's just something about him, I don't know..." I sighed.

"Oh?" Master smirked. "Is he cute? If he's cute, you should bring him over. Ooh, does he have a big dick?"

"Master!" I blushed harder. "I don't know that, he's my coworker!"

God, I hoped.

"You should bring him over," Master nodded conspiratorially, "so we can check."

"You're only saying that because you want to fuck him." I stuck out my tongue.

"Mmm..." Master's eyes fluttered at that thought. "I do like cute boys, especially ones with cute butts. But I mean, like, if you want to fuck him you should bring him by."

"Master!"

My grip had tightened. I took a breath. I had a hard enough time resisting as it was, the last thing I needed was permission.

"I- I couldn't. I'm yours." I fondled my collar. "In case you've forgotten."

As though it was any different from the dozens of guys we fucked on the regular. But that was the problem, it was, wasn't it? It wasn't just some random hook up. I knew him. Cared about him.

"Lola!" Master gave me a playful nudge "I see the way you smile when you talk about him. You want to bone his cute little butt till he bursts, don't you? Fill him with your cum then cuddle up with him after, hmm? If you want it you should go for it!"

"I do not!" I blushed and turned my focus very intently anywhere else. "Master, please. I don't want to have this conversation. It's been a long day."

"Okay. Okay. I'm sorry." He held up his hands. He'd been sent reeling by the rejection. "I was just trying to..." He took a breath and shook his head. "It's not important." He smiled. "More dick for me, right? So what happened next?"

Eventually, Master tugged me back into the living room and we collapsed on one of the fuck couches, our trio of guests parting to make room. They'd been going all day from the looks of them - ridden hard and put back wet, but somehow they were still raring to go again.

Master had that effect on people.

"Welcome home, Lola." Master snuggled up in the center of the couch, face down, ass up, wiggling his hips - an unmistakable invitation to our guests - as he nuzzled my cock with his cheek. His soft skin sent shivers through me. He took a deep breath, taking in the scent of me. "I missed you."

I wanted to make a joke about how it was my dick he missed, but I was quickly going beyond words.

"Ah -" I gasped as his tongue ran up the length of my needy, throbbing shaft. I relaxed into the couch and put a hand to his soft blonde hair, stroking it gently. "I missed you too."

The trio, meanwhile, wasted no time. The girl, who had evidently remained the hardest in Master's absence, pushed the guys out of the way to get her dick inside Master's sweet velvety pussy. She grunted and groaned as she slid into his tight passage, then all but doubled over whimpering in bliss. The other two completely failed to settle things with rock paper scissors, then dived at the same time towards Master's eager asshole, cocks clashing like sabers.

"Ooh!" Master's eyes went wide and rolled up into the back of his head. He let out a breathy sigh right into my saliva-slick dick that sent me shivering. His body dampened the force of the dicks pounding into his rear, softening them to a gentle wave lapping against my thigh as Master kissed and stroked and worshipped my big heavy cock.

He fucked back against the trio of course, bucking and wriggling and taking it like only my sex god of a Master could, but for all their eye-fluttering pleasure, for all their mewling euphoria, it was my dick that he was firmly focused on. And - fuck - he knew just the way I liked it.

Things soon devolved, as they so often did, into a grunting mess of panting, horny sex. Master's passion built in time with his paramours, the trio thrusting in a clumsy dance, using Master's body to sate their profane desires.

Master's tongue sent sparks through me as he came up to swirl his soft tongue lovingly around the head of my shaft, grinning and giggling like my dick was his favorite thing in the world. Hell, it probably was. His plump pink lips were so small compared to my girth but that didn't bother him at all. He slurped lewdly as he worked his way down my cock, swallowing more and more of it.

I sighed softly, head reclining. My hips rose and fell as I gave Master every throat-fucking inch I knew he craved. All those selfies at lunch, all those horny raunchy love notes throughout the day? He had been inspiring this very moment!

Now it was time to work out every inch of my pent up horny frustration.

I bucked, moaning, as Master swallowed the entire ridiculous length of me. He didn't need to breathe or take a break. I was engulfed, buried to the hilt in his wet embrace. I relaxed my hips, giving in to the rising fire burning my sex with its sweet sexual heat.

Fuck, I needed this.

I gave in to the rising fire within me, that ever-present sexual heat inflamed now to its full roaring heights.

I squeezed a hand tighter around his hair as I bucked and fucked his face. With a flutter of his gentle eyes, he winked. My pleasure inflaming to new roaring heights as he loved and worshiped my dick like only Master could. As he made me feel loved like only Master could. He wasn't taking his own pleasure from it – though I knew full well he could cum just from the pressure of my cock in his throat. This was all about me.

I tugged at my dress, hoisting out my heavy breasts. My nipples were firm and yearning and agonizingly hard. I ran a hand along my boobs as Master took my balls into his hand. Electric nerves flared to life as I pressed and squeezed my every sensitive area. My loveslave body gave so generously the pleasure it craved. My face was flushed with carnal need. I gripped and squeezed and fondled all the harder.

Master knew just the way I liked it, and this was something even more special still. He was treating me. He knew how much I needed this. And ha! How much of this had been his fault, huh? I bucked my hips harder in our dance. His slutty pictures, his temptations. Fine, he wanted me to give it to him? Thrust! Thrust! I'd give it gladly!

The trio behind him had become an afterthought, lost in their own pleasures, cumming and switching positions and cumming again. They sent shivers through Master each time, which sent shivers in turn through me.

I let out a long groaning sigh as Master did that thing I loved with his tongue while fondling my balls with both hands. I leaned back and patted him on the head. I was building up, ready to spill over the edge, balls churning as they prepared to blast a massive load into Master's waiting stomach.

Fuck!

Master smiled around my dick. He went harder, driving me ever closer, milking me for everything I was worth. All my stress blocked out by a dreamy haze of orgasmic euphoria.

“Oh, fuck!” I tensed. “Cumming!” My whole body locked up as orgasmic heat crashed through me, as everything that had been building within me was now flooding, rope after hot sticky rope, into my beautiful Master’s greedy face.

“Mmm...” When I’d recovered enough of myself to look back down, Master was grinning up at me, cum dribbling down his chin as he licked his lips. “Welcome home, Lola.”

I sighed and leaned back. My dick was already stiffening again in preparation for round two, for a go at his pussy or ass.

Life wasn’t perfect. I’d have to get dinner ready soon, and clean, and I’d be exhausted when we went out to pick up more dicks later tonight, but right now? Fuck. It was good to be home. Good to be with him.

No matter how stressful life could be, as long as I had this to come home to? Everything was going to be just fine.

-

The memories steeled my heart. The house was gone, yes, but Master was still alive. Our life was disrupted but we were still both together, weren’t we? Even if everything seemed like it was spinning out of control.

Control...

I looked back down at the computer screen. That’s what this program was all about, wasn’t it?

One way or another, everything was about to change.

To Be Continued.