

Suzanne's New Career

Chapter 1

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Suzanne

The door to the building across the street opened from the inside. I sat up and peered through the eyepiece of the telescope, examining the warmly dressed figure descending the steps. It was her. The drab grey overcoat hid the curves of her nubile young body from view, and the wide-brimmed hat she wore shielded her face, but the cascade of blond hair flowing down her back, as well as the youthful spring in her step, gave her away.

I swiveled the telescope to follow her as she walked down the street, trying to figure out where she was going. Up until now, she'd only left the apartment to go to work, either at one of her photo shoots or at one of her temp jobs, or to go shopping. I had her phone tapped, and had kept track of her appointments, so I knew when she went to work. This wasn't one of those times. So it must be shopping. But the stores she went to were in the other direction. So... something else? May be it was a date. It was possible she could have arranged a date with someone without a phone call being involved. Unlikely, but possible.

I kept her in view until she disappeared down a side street three blocks away. I grabbed my coat and hat. Locking the door of the hotel room behind me, I rushed downstairs and out onto the street. Casually but briskly, I walked down to the intersection where she'd disappeared. No sign of her.

I thought for a moment, weighed the odds in my mind, and decided to wait. So I took up a position leaning against a building, watching the side street that my quarry had disappeared down.

Two hours later, after the sun had set and the streetlights had come on, she reappeared, coming out of a bar. She moved a bit less surely than usual, as though she'd had a bit to drink. I followed her at a distance of half a block until she reached her apartment building and re-entered it. Smiling to myself with the satisfaction of a mystery solved, I crossed the street to my hotel.

She began to frequent the bar, going there approximately every other night, always emerging a bit tipsy. I started going to the bar regularly as well, keeping an unobtrusive eye on her. The bar was not one of the upscale yuppie joints, but rather an old neighborhood establishment, catering to older men. As a result, she had to fend off a lot of passes from balding men with expansive waistlines. I found it amusing.

After watching this for four or five nights, establishing my bona fides as a regular patron, I made my move. My eyes were fixed on her as I strode across the room from my regular booth to the bar where she sat. Setting my drink down on the bar, I sat on the stool next to her.

She looked up from her drink, causing her lustrous blond hair to shimmer in the subdued light of the bar. I almost lost my breath as I look at her face. I'd seen it before in pictures, and from a distance, but never up close and in the flesh. She was stunning. I was pleased. Later on, almost any other aspect of the body could be modified, but the face had to be good from the start.

"Hi," she said, a smile creeping across that captivating face. I'm not bad-looking, if I do say so myself, and I was a good bit younger than the average suitor. Her ocean-blue eyes twinkled in the light.

"Hi," I responded. "I'm not very good with pickup lines, so I'll just have to tell you that you're incredibly beautiful."

She laughed a bit. "Thank you. That's very flattering." Modesty, of course; she couldn't possibly think she was anything less than gorgeous.

"I'm Alan."

"Suzanne."

We got off to a pretty good start. She told me she was unemployed at the moment, temping and trying to get some part-time modeling work. I made a few jokes about the sorts of jobs you get from temp agencies, and she laughed and agreed with me. I bought her a drink, casually slipping a pinch of white powder into it. As the conversation progressed, she opened herself up more and more to me.

She had grown up in a small town in Montana. At age eighteen, she'd left to go to college in Michigan, majoring in "media arts."

After school, she'd moved to New York City, where she'd worked for about a year as a catalog model for a few local department stores, making a decent living. It was a week-to-week type of existence; she didn't have any contracts, but she'd been getting quite a lot of offers for short jobs. She'd been well on her way to a successful, if not lucrative, modeling career.

Then, all of a sudden, within the space of a couple of weeks, the offers had stopped coming. The photo managers had started telling her that they were looking for someone a bit taller for such-and-such a shoot, or that what they really needed was a brunette, or a redhead, or someone with a more "motherly" look, or whatever. She hadn't had any work for about three months, and was filling in with jobs from temp agencies. What was really depressing, she told me, was that she had no idea why her career had gone belly-up so suddenly.

I had a pretty good idea what it was, myself. I knew quite a lot about her life, in some areas even more than she did. For the past four months, since I'd first laid eyes on her in a sportswear catalog, I'd been keeping a close watch on her. The reason she was having a hard time finding work was that I was bribing the photo managers not to hire her.

Well, strictly speaking, I wasn't bribing them not to hire her. But every time she applied for a job, I anonymously contacted the prospective employer, and pretended to be a relative of one of the other models applying for the job. I told them how I really wanted young Deirdre or Teresa or Holly to be successful, and wouldn't they please hire her if I gave them \$1,000 cash? It'd cost a bundle so far, but I could afford it. I looked on it as an investment.

I reassured Suzanne that it was probably just a run of bad luck, something that happens to everyone now and then. She smiled sweetly at that, and thanked me for the support. I bought her another drink, and over the next hour I coaxed even more information out of her. She didn't get along well with her parents; they were extremely conservative and didn't approve of her career choice. She lived alone and had no real friends in the city. She had been in one relationship since college, and she'd broken it off three months ago.

Thanks to the drug I'd been slipping into her drinks all

evening, she was now extremely trusting of me. When the bar closed, I suggested we continue the conversation at my place. She hesitated a second before agreeing. I took that as a sign that she didn't usually go home with guys she met in bars, which was probably a smart policy. A girl could run into all sorts of unsavory characters in a place like this. Me, for example.

We continued chatting as we walked to my apartment. Not my real apartment, of course, but one I was renting under an assumed name in a complex that catered to upscale young singles. I didn't want her to know where I really lived, just in case something went wrong.

When we arrived, she remarked on how clean and neat it was. (It was clean and neat mainly because I spent almost no time there.) I showed her to the couch and fixed another pair of drinks; light on the booze this time, because we'd both need plenty of energy for what was coming up. To her drink I added just a dash of a second, different drug.

I brought the drinks over to the couch and sat down. We chatted some more, and gradually our bodies moved closer and closer together. I managed to keep things calm until she'd finished her drink; I wanted to make sure the drug had taken full effect before we went to bed.

Once her glass was empty, I leaned over and kissed her. She responded with a fierce passion that let me know that I'd gotten things right. Making sure to keep control of the pace of things, I moved us from kissing into necking and petting. Her hands were vibrant, running across my chest, back and shoulders while she nibbled greedily on my earlobe. I lightly cupped her breasts and she moaned.

Fifteen minutes after she'd finished her drink (I was stealing glances at the clock on the wall) I began to go further, gradually moving the center of my attention on her body from her breasts down across her stomach. I caressed the insides of her thighs, occasionally coming close to her crotch, but never actually fondling her there. I could tell this was getting her excited.

After about five minutes of this, I got the desired response; she pulled her mouth away from mine and looked at me with flaming eyes. "I need you," she breathed softly.

The drug I'd given her was a rare aphrodisiac that had been

commonly used in ancient India to heighten the female sex drive. Two milligrams, taken orally twenty minutes before the beginning of foreplay, was guaranteed to give a woman a mind-blowing orgasm, far beyond what she could ever have achieved unaided. Five milligrams would give such a powerful ride that she would probably come down with some sort of mental damage. For all I knew, ten would probably give her a heart attack. Naturally, it was highly addictive.

The formula had been lost for several millennia, but after three years of expensive on-site research, I had found the recipe. Requiring extracts from several rare plants, it cost a fortune to manufacture. Luckily, I had a fortune available.

I lifted her in my arms and carried her down the hall to the bedroom. Laying her gently down on the bed, I brushed my lips across hers as I unbuttoned her blouse. She was constantly moaning with pleasure now. I undressed quickly and lay down beside her. She quickly stripped her clothes off and embraced me, her crotch thrusting at my erect cock.

I didn't want to do that just yet, since it would still be about fifteen minutes before the drug had its maximum effect. I gently pushed her onto her back. Gently teasing her nipples with my hands, I lowered my mouth to her crotch.

Her pussy was soaked. I nuzzled it with my nose, causing her to tremble. Slowly, ever so slowly, in order to heighten her awareness, I began to tickle her clit with my tongue.

"Mmmmmmm...ohhhhh..."

I gently probed the mouth of her pussy with my tongue, rubbing my upper lip against her clit while I did.

"Ohhhhhh...yeeeeesssss..."

Sensing her building orgasm, I withdrew and began kissing her thighs to give her a chance to cool down. After a minute or so of this, I moved my attention back to her pussy. The first touch of my tongue immediately sent her back up.

"Ohhh, God...yes, yes!"

I brought her to the edge of orgasm again, and let her hang there for awhile. This would enhance the experience for her when I finally did allow her to come.

After ten minutes, she was writhing and moaning.

"Ohhh... Alan... It's never been like this before...I need you so bad..."

"Shhhhh..." I gently admonished. "It's better this way. Just relax and enjoy it."

After another five minutes, she could barely contain herself.

"God, Alan, I need you... I need you now. Pleeeeeeeease."

I realized that the time had come. I pulled my body up alongside hers. Kissing her lips, I placed the head of my erect shaft at the entrance to her pussy. Gently, I began to make soft, short strokes into her.

"Mmmm....yeeeeesssss..." she moaned.

I gradually increased the pace as well as the depth of my strokes. She was going wild with the sensations. I knew it was like nothing she'd ever felt.

"Ngggghhhh... ohhhh... ohhh... yesss... harder... harder..."

When I knew the moment was right, I pulled out all the stops and began pumping my hard, eight-inch-long member all the way to the back of her cunt. She was writhing beneath me like a woman possessed.

"Oh, God... yes... yes... YES! YES! YES!"

I felt her orgasm shudder through her body. Her cunt gripped me tight as she screamed in pleasure. The walls of her pussy were like a velvet vise squeezing my shaft. I rode her as hard as I could, while her crotch thrust furiously at my cock.

Her orgasm lasted several minutes. Near the end, my balls boiled over and I began to come. My stick semen filled her cunt to overflowing, and I felt a large amount of jism squeezing out of her pussy around my cock.

We came down together. Her cries subsided, to be replaced by a series of quick gasps as she struggled to catch her breath. I kissed her on the neck. "That was great," I said.

"God, it was fantastic!" she replied. "I've never felt like that before."

I pretended to take it as a compliment. "Thank you." Everything had gone perfectly.

We quickly fell asleep after that. The next morning, I woke up well before Suzanne did, so I surprised her with breakfast in bed. She was delighted. After she'd finished, we made love again, and she

had another mind-blowing orgasm, thanks to the secret ingredient in the orange juice. After she'd rested a bit, I told her I had to get to work, and offered to drive her home. She accepted. I got her phone number and gave her the number for my apartment, but told her that I was going to be very busy at work, so I doubted I'd be there much.

I called her the next day and asked for a date. She eagerly agreed. We made plans to go out to dinner at a fairly pricey restaurant. I assured her that I was picking up the tab.

That evening, I showed up at Suzanne's door fifteen minutes early, with a box tucked under my arm. She greeted me at the door with towels wrapped around her hair and torso, obviously having just gotten out of the shower. She ushered me into the living room and showed me to the couch.

"I have a gift for you," I said as I presented the box to her.

"Oh, you shouldn't have," she demurred, setting the box down and opening it up. Her eyes went wide as she looked inside. She reached in and pulled out a black satin party dress that glittered in the light. "Oh, Alan... you can't do this. This is too much."

"I wanted to do it," I replied. "You deserve the best. I was hoping you'd wear it tonight."

"Yes, yes, of course!" Suzanne reached into the box again and pulled out a pair of matching black pumps with five-inch heels. An expression of concern crossed her face as she examined them. She looked up at me questioningly.

"Is something wrong?" I asked innocently.

"No...no," she said, forcing a smile. "I'll just go back and get dressed." With that, she got up and walked down the hall. I smiled to myself. Another small step.

Fifteen minutes later, she emerged, looking breathtakingly beautiful. Her blond hair cascaded over her shoulders, which were bare except for the black straps of the dress. I'd bought the dress half a size too small, so it squeezed her slightly, pushing her breasts up over the front of the dress in an appetizing way. It similarly hugged her thighs and legs, showing off her excellent curves. The effect was amplified by the swing of her hips as she walked on the high heels. She wore a pair of simple earrings and a

couple of gold bracelets on one arm.

"You look fantastic," I said. She did.

She blushed. "Thank you, Alan." She came over and kissed me.

"Let's go."

We had a pleasant dinner, during which we discussed the weather, current events, movies, and her career. I steered the conversation away from myself. She trusted me implicitly now, and was very open with me; I didn't need to rely on a drug for that anymore.

After dinner, we danced a bit, and took a walk in the park.

She thought it was all incredibly romantic, and I knew she was falling in love with me. She rested her head on my shoulder while we walked.

When we got back to her place, she tried to pull me toward the bedroom immediately, but I begged off. "Come on, there's plenty of time for that. Let's sit down and have a drink first. Besides, I thought it was only men that wanted to have sex right away after getting home." She laughed at that and allowed herself to be persuaded to wait. She sat down on the couch while I went in to make us drinks. Out of her sight, I added the contents of a small capsule I was carrying to her glass.

We sipped our drinks and chatted. Things progressed as they had the previous night, and soon I was carrying her into the bedroom. She was getting hot, and as soon as I put her down she immediately began to take off her clothes. I stopped her as she reached for the pumps on her feet. She looked up at me questioningly.

"Please, keep them on. I find them attractive."

She opened her mouth as if to protest. I allowed the slightest hint of displeasure to creep into my face. She closed her mouth, and said softly, "Okay."

I smiled. She smiled back, in a relieved way. I took off the rest of her clothes and mine as well. She lay back and I moved over her. As with the night before, I used my lips and tongue on her pussy and clit to bring her to the edge of orgasms and hold her there for several seconds, in order to heighten her desire and sensitivity. When the time arrived, I lowered my rock-hard shaft directly into her steamy pussy.

I stroked her gently and deeply, causing her to cry out in ecstasy. After a minute or two of this, I withdrew my cock. Gently but firmly, I grabbed her legs, with the pumps still on them, and

raised them over her hips. I lowered them to my shoulders, giving my cock a better angle at her pussy. Before she realized I was changing our position, I thrust back into her.

She gasped in pleasure at my re-entry. I began to fuck her deeply, savoring the feeling of her soft pussy walls against my cock. Her moans increased in volume and frequency. "Yes...yes..YES!" She was loving every minute of this.

I picked up the pace as I felt her orgasm build. I reached down and began to fondle her erect nipples. She was tossing her head from side to side as she bounced her ass on the bed, trying to draw me in deeper on each stroke. Her moans reached a crescendo and merged into one long scream of pleasure, as the walls of her hot, wet pussy squeezed my dick, fueling my own orgasm. My cock throbbed as it spurted jism into her cunt.

Her scream stopped as she gasped for breath. My ejaculation continued, my cum dribbling out of her pussy. We stayed locked together for several minutes as she struggled for breath. I pulled my softening dick out of her soaked pussy, a thin string of jism following it. I lay down beside her and kissed her. "You were fabulous," I whispered.

She opened her eyes, blinked and turned to face me. "So were you."

We fucked again the next morning (after another "breakfast in bed," of course), and once again she experienced a mind-blowing orgasm. We lay in bed for awhile before I told her I had to get to work. I promised her dinner again that night, which she eagerly accepted. She was well on her way to being hooked.

Once again, I showed up fifteen minutes early with a gift. This time, it was a dress in fire-engine red, a strapless body-hugging design that left her knees exposed and tightly wrapped her hips and thighs. Also included in the box were a pair of matching ladies' gloves, two large gold hoop earrings and a pair of shiny red pumps with five-inch heels.

She pulled the outfit out of the box, and examined it, a frown of concern crossing her face. "Alan, you can't keep buying me these things. This is so... expensive."

I knew that the price wasn't what was really bothering her.

She was worried about looking like a prostitute. Which was really kind of paranoid. The dress was a bit racy, but still within the bounds of taste. Quite conservative compared to what she'd be wearing before long.

"Relax. I can afford it," I reassured her. "Besides, like I said, you deserve it." I kissed her gently on the cheek. She smiled and went back into her bedroom to put it on.

She emerged fifteen minutes later, looking almost edible. The dress sparkled in the light. Again, I'd bought it half a size too small, so that her breasts pushed out the top. I decided she was right. The dress, combined with the pumps and earrings, did make her look like a prostitute. Much more like an expensive, classy call girl than a cheap street hooker, but a prostitute nonetheless. I asked her to turn around for me so I could see the whole thing. She complied.

"You look gorgeous," I told her.

We went to dinner again at a fine restaurant, and dined on shrimp and caviar. She was quite flattered at the amount of money she knew I must've been spending on her. Again, we talked about inconsequential things. After dinner, I surprised her by producing tickets to an operatic version of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" at the city symphony hall. She was suitably impressed.

We arrived at the hall half an hour early. Suzanne turned quite a few male heads as we strolled into the spacious lobby. I bought us each a glass of champagne at the bar to sip while we waited. She held her glass up between our faces. "To us," she said.

"No. To you," I replied, and clinked my glass on hers. She smiled at that and took a drink from her glass, imbibing not only champagne, but the dose of aphrodisiac I'd slipped into her glass.

We finished the drinks, entered the performance hall, and found our seats. After a brief wait, the lights dimmed and the show began.

At the end of the first scene, I glanced over at Suzanne, who I'd noticed had started squirming a bit. Suppressing my glee, I leaned over to her. "Are you all right?" I whispered.

"Yeah, I'm okay," she replied, a little embarrassed.

She managed to hold herself together until the middle of the second scene, when Hamlet was talking to his father's ghost. She leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Alan... I need it."

I did my best to look surprised, and I think I succeeded.

"You mean now?" I responded, perhaps a bit too loudly, since the woman behind us shushed me.

"Yessss," she whispered back.

I paused, pretending to consider the situation. "You mean you want to have sex right here in this building?" I asked, forcing incredulity into my voice.

"Well... There has to be someplace. Pleeease," she whispered urgently, "I need it so baaaad."

I got up and led her to the aisle, much to the annoyance of several theater patrons. We hurried up the aisle to the foyer. She frantically gripped the inside of my arm as I looked around for a place we could slip into. I spied a pair of doors leading into what must be the reception area. I led Suzanne over and stuck my head inside.

The room was large, with a big table in the middle and number of chairs sitting around the outside wall. The table was covered by a fancy tablecloth. Arranged tastefully on top of it was a staggering array of food. No doubt it was set up for a reception during the intermission. Nobody was in it now, though. I hurried Suzanne inside and closed the door.

She threw her arms around me and plastered her lips against mine. I could feel the sexual energy bouncing around in her body as she gnawed hungrily at my lips. Placing my hands on her ass, I lifted her up. She wrapped her legs around me as I carried her to the edge of the table and set her down.

"Oh, God, I need it so bad..." she murmured.

I pushed a few trays of food out of the way and forced her to lie down on the table with her ass on the edge. I pulled away just long enough to unzip my pants and free my stiff cock. I pushed the red dress up her sleek legs, bunching it up around her waist. I shoved her panties to one side, revealing her already-soaked pussy. The drug was clearly having its usual effect. "Please, Alan, please..."

I lifted her legs up and rested them on my shoulders. "Here it comes, honey," I told her as I thrust my thick shaft into her moist pussy. She gave a loud moan of pleasure as my cock penetrated deep into her cunt. I grabbed her hips and began to take long, slow strokes, pulling her down onto my shaft with each thrust.

The aphrodisiac had turned her into an animal. Her hands gripped the edge of the table, providing leverage for her to thrust her ass into me with each stroke I took. She gave a sharp cry of pleasure each time my cock pushed through the soft folds of her pussy.

"Oh, yes... yes!" she moaned, as I pistoned in and out of her.

Her eyes were closed as she twisted her head from side to side. As her noises intensified, I began to worry that someone would walk in on us. I decided that was the risk I had to take, though. I picked up the pace, pounding my hard shaft more quickly into her silky, wet cunt.

She quickly reached orgasm. She didn't scream this time, but I was sure her moans would easily carry to the lobby. I didn't care, anymore, though, because I was about to come, as well. Her pussy spasmed and gripped my cock tightly, and I felt my balls heave and begin to spurt cum. "Oh, God! Nnnnnngh!" she moaned as her orgasm swept over her. I shot my entire load into her pussy.

God, it felt good. I stood there for what must have been a minute while my orgasm passed. Suzanne was still lying on the table, her eyes closed, the red pumps on her feet resting on my shoulders, breathing deeply and moaning softly to herself. I looked up...

...and saw the kid. He looked to be about fourteen or fifteen. He was dressed in a theater uniform, and was standing in the service door carrying a plate of shrimp hors d'ouvres. His eyes were wide as saucers and his jaw was practically scraping the floor.

I had no idea how long he'd been there. Thinking quickly, I raised my index finger to my lips and made a gesture to be quiet. He didn't react, but just kept on staring. Suzanne's eyes were still closed, so she didn't notice.

I quickly withdrew my cock, eliciting a little whimper from Suzanne. A mixture of semen and cunt juice dribbled out of her cunt and began to pool on the table. I grabbed a nearby napkin and wiped away some of the excess before replacing her panties. Gently, and making sure to keep her facing away from the kid, I picked her up and set her upright on the floor in front of. She stumbled a little before regaining her footing. I reached down and pulled her dress down to cover her legs again, smoothing it out with my hands.

By this time, she'd regained her senses. "Oh, my God," she gasped, "I can't believe we just did that."

"Shhhh," I responded. "We need to get out of here."

She fought down her nerves. "O-okay. Let me get my purse."

She turned around to grab it off of the table, and caught sight of the kid still standing in the doorway. She froze, startled.

"Excuse us," I said to the kid. "I think we must have the wrong room. We'll just be going now." I grabbed Suzanne's purse off the table. She was still in shock. "Honey... let's go." I said, pulling on her arm. She swallowed and allowed me to guide her out.

I hustled her through the door to the lobby. As I left, I gave the kid a wink. He hadn't moved since I'd first seen him.

On the way back to the hall through the lobby, Suzanne managed to look both flushed and white as a sheet. "My God, Alan, do you think he saw us?"

"No," I lied, "he walked in just as we were leaving."

She sighed with relief, but still seemed rather agitated.

"But what if he had?"

"I don't know. Maybe you should have thought of that beforehand. It was your idea, after all."

She stopped talking and took on a thoughtful expression. We stayed for the rest of the show, but she had trouble paying attention. On the way home, she brought it up again.

"It's not so much that we were doing something dangerous and could've gotten caught; I mean, that's bad, but what I'm really worried about is that I wanted to do it. I mean, I just got the urge right there in the theater, and I had to have it."

I feigned perplexedness. "Well, I don't know. People get the urge in all sorts of weird places. It's not something you can control."

"No, but it's never happened to me like that before." She was thoughtful for a minute, then she leaned her head on my shoulder and placed a hand on my arm. "Maybe it's just the effect you have on me, Alan. If that's what it is, I don't mind at all."

I smiled and patted her head. You will mind, I thought. Oh, yes, you will.

I decided it would be best to give Suzanne a good night's rest after the episode in the theater. I didn't want to take things too fast just yet. So, I dropped her off at her apartment and promised to

call her the next day.

At home, I allowed myself a drink to celebrate my latest success. The champagne Suzanne had drunk before the show had contained not one, but two drugs. The first was her normal aphrodisiac. The second drug was what was called a neural association enhancer. The effect of the drug was to temporarily increase the ability of neurons in the subject's brain to reconfigure themselves and make new connections.

The Russian scientist Pavlov had performed a groundbreaking experiment in behavioral study involving a dog, some meat, and a bell. Pavlov would ring the bell every time he fed the dog. After several days of this, Pavlov found he could get the dog's mouth to water by ringing the bell even without producing the meat. The dog's brain had rewired itself to associate the bell with food. And thus Pavlov discovered what scientists today call the Pavlovian response.

The new drug induced the brain to make such associations much more quickly. Experiments on lab animals with a similar drug had shown a dramatic decrease in the amount of time required to establish Pavlovian responses, sometimes by a factor of as much as five or ten. The version I had was tailored to the human brain chemistry. I had obtained it illicitly through a contact of mine in the military, where it was highly classified, and then reproduced it in my lab.

The drug had been in effect in Suzanne during our tabletop fuck at the theater. Her brain had begun to form associations between the various elements of that episode; the hard table under her ass, the danger of getting caught, the revealing attire she'd been wearing, the feel of the heels on her feet during the act, the slutty feeling of having sex in a public area, and, most importantly, the extreme pleasure of the orgasm she'd experienced.

This one episode wouldn't do the trick by itself, of course. But after only a few more drug-assisted experiences like that one, Suzanne would be well-trained, the Pavlovian response firmly embedded in her brain. By the time I was done with her, whenever the bell rang, she would crave meat. Not just from me. From anyone.

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Shooting Off at the Mouth

For our next date, I took Suzanne to a movie. As usual, I showed up early, bearing a gift. This time, it was a black halter top, a short white skirt, a pair of black pumps with the standard five-inch heels, and a couple pieces of gold jewelry. Again, I watched uneasiness flicker across her face, but only for the briefest of instants, before she smiled, thanked me, and went back to her bedroom to put them on.

By now, she was addicted to the sex, and I could've used that as leverage to get her to wear anything I wanted. But to get that, I would've had to start using strongarm tactics, openly threatening to break off the relationship if she didn't do what I wanted. This was something I'd have to do eventually, but it wasn't necessary yet. For now, she was still willing to believe that I was a nice guy who was really interested in her, and just had sort of an odd thing about buying her clothes. I'm sure she was more than a little in love with me, as well. It was better to play on this for awhile, nurturing her feelings toward me while gently nudging her in the direction I wanted. So I took it easy on the clothes.

She emerged soon, looking hot as always. Once again, the clothes were half a size too small, and pleasant bits of Suzanne strained against the fabric here and there. The black and white clothes squeezing her supple body made her look just a bit trashy. She didn't look like a hooker, though. More like a woman who just wanted to be sure to get a lot of looks. I complimented her, as usual, telling her how beautiful she was. She accepted all this in her usual way, with a pretty smile and a kiss.

We arrived at the theater and got in line at the ticket booth. Suzanne drew more than a few lusty stares from the teenage boys ahead of us in line, and a number of disapproving and envious glares from their dates. I wrapped an arm around her waist and hugged her protectively.

I bought tickets to a cheesy romantic comedy. I'd made sure to get us to the movie well ahead of time, so that we'd be able to buy refreshments. We did so, getting a large tub of popcorn and

separate drinks; myself a large Coke, Suzanne a medium Diet Coke with a couple of extra ingredients.

We entered the theater and sat down to watch the movie. I put my arm around her, she leaned her head on my shoulders, and in every way we behaved like an ordinary couple out on a date. Thirty minutes into the movie, however, I felt Suzanne beginning to squirm against me. "Suzanne?" I whispered. "Are you all right?"

She was startled, and it took her a moment to respond. "Uh... I'm fine. Just fine."

I pretended to watch the movie for two more minutes, until I felt Suzanne's body rubbing against mine. "What's the matter?" I asked, trying to look concerned.

She looked at me, with something bordering on guilt in her eyes. "I... I... I need it."

"How badly? Now?"

She looked hesitant, but eventually forced out, "Really bad." The dosage of aphrodisiac I'd given her had been half again the size of her normal dose.

I sighed, acting as though this was a chore, and stood up. We squirmed past some annoyed people on our row to the aisle, and walked out into the lobby. Fortunately, it was almost empty.

I looked around for a few seconds and then led her down a side hall to a janitor's closet. Thankfully, it was unlocked. We hurried inside and she grabbed me and kissed me. Her body started humping against mine through our clothing. I unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock.

I broke away. "Uh, Suzanne..." I pretended to have trouble getting my next few words out. "I'm... uh... not... you know, ready."

Suzanne blinked, then looked down at my cock. "Oh..." Her expression clouded over for a minute. "Well, it'll be ready soon, won't it?" she asked, managing to avoid any sort of explicit description.

"Well, I don't know. I mean, usually it's ready by now. I don't know." I tried to look flustered.

"Oh... Well, let's give it a minute," she said, and resumed necking. I fought with all my will to keep from getting hard. I'd masturbated earlier that day in order to give myself some resistance, but it was still hard to avoid my cock's natural desire to spring to

action. When you've got a hot bitch like Suzanne trying to do the bump-and-grind with you, it takes a lot of effort to keep your cock from stiffening. But I persevered, and five minutes later, it was still limp. Suzanne looked at me pleadingly. "What are we going to do?"

"I... I don't know." I stuttered. I knew exactly what I wanted her to do, but it was important that she make the jump herself.

Suzanne remained motionless for several tense seconds. I waited, praying her innocent young mind would figure it out. After what seemed like an eternity, her left hand slowly, ever so slowly, slid from my shoulder down my arm. I came to rest inches from my cock. Suzanne was looking down at it, breathing hard, trying to steel herself. With a faint tremble, her fingertips brushed my cock.

A surge of pleasure flashed through me at the contact. This was the first time she had ever touched my cock. I fought it desperately, willing myself not to get hard. Not yet! Suzanne closed her eyes and gently touched my cock again, sending another spasm of joy shooting up my spine. I was fighting a losing battle against erection. Still trembling, Suzanne slowly began to rub my cock. She was clearly very nervous about this, and only allowed the tips of her fingers to touch my prick, rubbing it gently as it got bigger and harder.

I let out a soft moan as I gave in to the pleasure of her touch and allowed my dick to get hard. Suzanne opened her eyes, a nervous look on her face. I smiled reassuringly and kissed her. She responded positively, increasing the pace of her strokes on my cock.

When my cock had fully hardened, I gently pushed Suzanne's hand away. I would have been happy enough to let her keep stroking me until I came, but it wouldn't have been much fun for her. She needed to have an orgasm in order for her Pavlov-drugged brain to make the proper connections.

Suzanne took the meaning of my gesture. She quickly lay down on the floor and spread her legs. Good, good, I thought. She was learning quickly. I pushed her skirt up over her waist and knelt between her thighs. Her panties were wet with pussy juice. I pushed them aside and drove my hard shaft into her cunt.

Suzanne cried out in pleasure and immediately began to thrust her pelvis at me, trying to draw as much of my cock as possible into her silky pussy. I took long strokes, nurturing her growing orgasm,

listening to the soft moans escaping her lips. Her blond hair swirled back and forth on the ground as her head twisted from side to side. "Oh, God, Alan... Yes! Yes!"

I stepped up the pace of my thrusts, bringing her to a screaming orgasm. She wrapped her legs around my ass, pulling me as deeply as possible into her while her cunt squeezed my throbbing dick. Her orgasm lasted nearly half a minutes. My cock, stimulated by the pressure spasms of her pussy, shot several spurts of jism deep into her cunt.

When Suzanne had calmed down, and I had shot my entire load, I pulled out of her and got dressed again. Helping Suzanne to her feet, I brushed her dress down and smoothed it out. As usual, she had had her mind blown by the power of her orgasm. She snapped out of it after a minute, and we went back to the movie.

Suzanne actually enjoyed the rest of the movie. Rather than causing her distress, as our quickie at the opera had, the interlude in the closet seemed to have invigorated her, giving her a warm glow. She happily sat through the rest of the flick, clinging to my arm, a smile on her face. It seemed that the idea of sex in a public place wasn't quite so disturbing to her anymore.

After the movie, we went back to her place and went to bed after our usual bedtime drinks. I pretended to have trouble getting it up again, and asked her to help me. She complied, rubbing my cock with a bit more confidence. I held out as long as I could before allowing myself to become erect. I then laid her on her back and fucked her brains out.

For the next week, Suzanne and I went out almost every night. Occasionally I would slip the drugs into her early in the evening, so that she would get horny while we were still out. I was eager to progress to the phase of her training, but I forced myself to hold back. It was important to take things slowly, and let everything proceed as if it were developing naturally. Pushing Suzanne too quickly could ruin the relationship.

So I took it easy. Each time we had sex, I coaxed her into stroking my cock with her hands. Whenever it was possible, I rubbed her clit while she was doing this to provide her with some enjoyment. Eventually, I wanted to bring her to associate touching my cock with

her pussy getting wet. And of course, I always made sure that the aphrodisiac and the Pavlov drug were working their magic before I fucked her. And she always wore the high heels.

Her confidence and skill steadily increased, and soon she was eagerly jacking my cock every time it came out of my pants, bringing me quickly to erection. The girl had become quite skilled at giving handjob. Almost like a professional.

I decided it was time to teach Suzanne the next lesson.

Once again, I'd given her some clothes to wear for the occasion. This time it was a pink summery dress with white polka-dots. The top had a low-cut neckline, half a size too small as usual, so that her breasts were slightly squeezed out the top. The skirt was short, stopping several inches above her knees, so that her sleek legs were well-displayed. And her legs looked even better on top of the five-inch pink heels.

Suzanne no longer bothered to comment on the clothes I bought her, but simply smiled and thanked me. I knew she wasn't overly fond of them, but it was something she was willing to put up with. The price she paid to be with me.

I had arranged for us to take a balloon ride at a local park. It was one of those tethered rides where the gondola is attached to the ground by a rope. You pay the fare, and you're allowed to ride the balloon up and see the city for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then the attendant pulls you back down.

We got to the park half an hour before our balloon reservation. I bought a pair of snow-cones which we slurped down while waiting for the ride. The syrup from Suzanne's cone colored her lips and some of the skin around her mouth a bright cherry red. I mused on this as I watched her eat her treat. The effect was to make her lips look larger, changing the smiling mouth of the pretty, innocent girl into the naturally pouting mouth of a cocksucking slut. How appropriate.

Our turn arrived. I paid the attendant, and Suzanne and I climbed into the large wicker gondola. After a brief safety speech, the attendant unhooked us and began reeling out the tether. The balloon slowly rose into the night air. Suzanne and I looked over the side of the basket at the shrinking park below us. After rising for

several minutes, the balloon reached the end of the rope and came to a stop with a slight jerk. Suzanne snuggled against me on the narrow bench.

We sat like that for awhile, enjoying the cool breeze, until I felt Suzanne's hand brushing my crotch. I looked at her, and she looked back pleadingly. "Alan... I need you."

"Well, we're all alone up here, I suppose," I responded.

"Let's go ahead."

Suzanne grinned happily as she unzipped my pants and pulled out my flaccid dick. She began to caress it as usual, attempting to bring me to erection.

I fought against it with every ounce of my will. It was important that her attempts to get me hard with a handjob fail tonight. I'd thought I was having a tough time keeping myself soft two weeks ago at the movie theater, but that was nothing compared to what I was fighting against now. Suzanne had become quite the proficient giver of handjobs, and it was a struggle to resist.

Nonetheless, I came through. Five minutes after she'd started, I was still limp. This was several times as long as it'd ever taken her to get me hard before. Suzanne looked at me with almost the same pleading expression she'd had on her face two weeks ago at the movie theater. "What's wrong, Alan? Why isn't it getting... hard?" She must've been desperate. This was the most explicit language she'd ever used.

"I don't know, honey," I responded, trying to sound flabbergasted.

She went back to work, more determined than ever to get me hard. Again, with a Herculean effort, I resisted. Five minutes later, she paused again, frustrated and horny. She was becoming increasingly fidgety, desperate for cock.

"Well..." I began. She looked at me, begging. "...there is one... other thing you... could try..." I forced out, faking sheepishness. I gently touched a finger to her mouth. Suzanne's face took on a disturbed look as she struggled with the idea.

After several seconds of hard thought, she began to tremble. Slowly, ever so slowly, she began to bend her knees, lowering herself to face my cock. With the fingers of one hand, she tentatively circled the base of my cock. Balanced on the pumps, with one hand

against the wall of the gondola to support herself, she slowly leaned forward, her tongue extending itself from her mouth.

The tip of her tongue made contact with the head of my prick, and that alone almost sent me over the edge. I contained myself, though, and only let out a small moan. Hesitantly, Suzanne brought her lips down to touch my cock. A tingling shot up my spine. Slowly, her lips parted, and my cock entered her wet, warm mouth. She paused and looked up at me, her lips encircling my prick, a questioning look on her face.

I smiled at her. "God, that feels good." She smiled back (as much as someone whose mouth is stuffed full of cock can smile). Slowly, she began to pump her head up and down on my shaft. She wasn't experienced, but she more than made up for that with sheer enthusiasm. Soon she was pumping her mouth rapidly up and down my stiff shaft. Occasionally, she would look up at me. That almost made me come. Squatting on those high pumps, wearing those tight clothes, her lips encircling a mouthful of my thick cock, Suzanne looked like nothing more than a cheap whore.

I wanted so badly to come in her mouth, but that would have to wait. If she didn't get to come, the whole episode would be wasted. So I gently pushed her off my cock and told her I was ready. There wasn't enough space in the gondola to lie down, so I pulled her up to a standing position. I lifted her skirt and thrust her panties aside to expose her sopping wet pussy. Placing my hands on her ass, I lifted her into the air, rested her ass on the bench, and impaled her on my dick.

She let out an animal-like scream as I entered her wet pussy. She wrapped her legs around me, her heels digging into my ass, trying to pull me even deeper into her cunt. I withdrew until the tip of my cock was just barely inside her pussy, and then I slammed it into her again, hard. Suzanne squealed in pleasure. "Oh, yes, Alan..."

She was building to orgasm already; there was no time to take it slow. I started thrusting into her quickly and forcefully, pounding my cock into her velvety pussy. Each time, I plunged my full length in, filling her cunt with my balls resting against her ass, then withdrawing until my cockhead was just barely touching her pussy lips. She squealed with delight each time I slammed into her. The gondola rocked slightly with each thrust. Soon, she was coming like a

storm, her cries carrying in the night air. At the same time, my jism spurted into her waiting cunt, overflowing and dripping out onto the floor.

After she'd come down, we cleaned up a bit and waited for the gondola to come back down. Suzanne's hair was a bit tousled, and I heard a couple of snickers from a pair of teenage boys as we left the balloon ride area.

After a leisurely stroll around the park, I decided the time was right to build on what Suzanne had learned in the balloon. Back at her apartment, I fixed the standard drinks (including the Pavlovian drug for her) and soon we were in bed together. She didn't even think about taking off the heels this time. Good girl! I mentally congratulated her.

Rather than go down on her immediately, as I usually did, I suggested that we might want to try something in which we might both give each other pleasure. I was careful to avoid any explicit wording, so that she would think this was as new to me as it was to her.

"Like what?" she asked. I explained the concept of a "69" to her (not using that name, of course). She would lie above me, her head at my crotch, and her crotch at my head, so that I could "lick her down there," and she could "you know, do what you did on the balloon ride."

She hesitated for a second, but then agreed. I lay on my back and she positioned herself above me on her hands and knees. Teasingly, I tickled her cunt with my nose and tongue, causing her to gasp. Slowly, she lowered her mouth onto my cock and began to pump. I encouraged her by licking her clitoris, occasionally giving it a short suck with my lips. She responded by increasing the tempo of her pumping.

"Use your tongue, honey," I suggested. Within a few seconds, I felt her tongue begin to caress the underside of my cock as she continued to bob her head up and down on my shaft. God, that felt good. I felt a powerful orgasm welling up in my balls. I began to thrust my tongue into her wet cunt. She shuddered in pleasure.

I couldn't believe how good this felt. I'd met this bitch only a few days ago, and already I had her giving head like a pro. Her tongue was now swirling back and forth around my cock. Now, for

the real test.

My cock was ready to explode. I felt it begin to throb under the pressure of semen preparing to burst out. "I'm about to come, honey... go ahead and swallow it." She didn't try to break away, but just kept on pumping her head up and down on my shaft. The drugs and my cunt-licking had pushed her over the edge. She would do whatever I asked, just so that she could come. The bitch was mine. She didn't realize it yet, but she was all mine.

I played her like a violin, bringing her to the peak of her orgasm just as I shot my load down her throat. Her whole body shook as she came, and my cock pumped what was left of jism into her mouth. Following my instructions, she sucked it all down. She was too far gone with pleasure to think about doing anything else. A dribble of my cum, mixed with her saliva, trickled out of one corner of her mouth, running down her chin.

I finished coming. She continued to shudder as her drug-enhanced orgasm thundered through her body. I kept working at her clit in order to stretch it out as long as possible. When it finally subsided, my dick fell out of her mouth, and she rolled over and flopped on her back beside me, a stunned look on her face.

I moved up next to her and kissed her. "What's the matter, honey? Wasn't it good for you?"

"It was great for me! That's what bothers me. What am I turning into?"

"What's the matter with enjoying yourself?"

"Doing that? It's just not..."

"Not what? What's the matter with two consenting adults doing whatever they want?"

"Nothing. It's the fact that I seem to crave this so much. It feels cheap."

I decided to play my trump card. "There's nothing cheap about two people who love each other giving each other..."

"What?" she interrupted. "What did you say?"

"I said there's nothing cheap about two people who love each..."

"Do you mean that? You love me?" she asked, tears welling up in the corners of her eyes.

"Of course, honey. I always have, and I always will. I mean

that absolutely." I was lying, of course.

"Oh, Alan..." She swooned and kissed me hard. I felt the salty taste of my own semen in my mouth. "You're so wonderful. I love you, too." She rested her head on my chest and closed her eyes. Soon, she was fast asleep.

I smiled.

The next morning, rather than give Suzanne the usual "breakfast in bed," I got up and served breakfast in her dining room. (Actually, it was more of a "dining nook.") When she woke up and came out into the kitchen to find me, I told her to go back and put on her pumps. She complied without hesitation. By this time, thanks to the drug, her brain had been coaxed into forging a link between high heels and sex.

She came back out, wearing nothing but the slip and pumps, looking sexy as all hell. We sat down to eat. Her glass of orange juice contained the usual drugs. I made the meal into a long, drawn-out affair, so that she started getting hot midway through. When she at last told me, I informed her that she would have to suck me off in order to get me hard first.

She readily agreed, and in no time she was squatting at my feet, balanced on the heels, sucking my dick like there was no tomorrow. I reached down and played with her tits, eliciting moans of pleasure in between her loving strokes on my cock. Her head bobbed up and down on my shaft as she sucked like a vacuum.

When I was hard, I gently pushed her away. She stood up. I turned her around to face the table and gently pushed her down until she was flat on her stomach, her luscious ass facing up at me. I spread her legs apart and proceeded to fuck her pussy from behind, pushing her into the table with every thrust. Moaning and gasping the whole time, she came like a bitch in heat as I shot my load into her creamy cunt.

Over the next several weeks, we went out almost every night. Each time, I brought a new outfit for her. Sometimes they were expensive, sometimes cheap. but they were always promiscuous. Soon after she first learned to suck cock, I noticed that she would greet me at the door wearing a bathrobe and high heels. She had been

conditioned to the point of having a psychological need for the heels.

Each night, I arranged her drugging so that she got hot in a public place. Once she got hot while we were walking down a crowded city street, so I rushed her into a nearby hotel, rented a room, and fucked her brains out. Another time, I fucked her in a phone booth in a bar.

Sometimes we did a 69, and sometimes I just fucked her. When we 69ed, I made sure that she swallowed my jism, and that she experienced an orgasm at the same time. In this way, she would soon grow to enjoy swallowing come.

I enforced a similar regimen whenever I fucked her. By mentally controlling my own orgasm as much as I could and by varying the pace of the fuck to control hers, I manipulated things so that she orgasmed right after I began to come. Soon she would associate the pleasure of the orgasm with the feeling of an ejaculation in her cunt. With luck, she would learn to use her cunt muscles to massage the dick filling her pussy, so that she could get the come she craved out of it.

With time, she came to respond more quickly to the aphrodisiac. Soon I was able to fuck her almost immediately after she told me she "needed it," rather than having to go through the hassle of eating her out to get her wet and ready.

One evening, we 69ed behind the back row of seats in a movie theater. It was reasonably safe, since the theater wasn't crowded, and there was nobody in the last three or four rows, but Suzanne did freeze once or twice as people walked past on the way to or from the snack bar. No one saw us, but I brought her to orgasm so hard she almost screamed in spite of herself.

Just for kicks, I drugged her again that time. She got hot near the end of the movie, so we left, and headed back to my car. We were halfway across the parking lot when her hand shot to my crotch and her teeth grabbed my lips. She let out a moan of need.

The parking lot was deserted, so I lifted her up and sat her on the hood of a truck nearby. She lay back invitingly. I unzipped her black leather miniskirt, and discovered to my surprise that she wasn't wearing any panties. I look up at her questioningly.

"W-well, I thought they got in the way, I guess." she stammered.

I smiled at her. This was great! I'd planned on eventually having her never wear panties, but I thought I'd have to coax her through that like I had everything else. Suzanne was going to be a better slut than I'd ever imagined.

I unzipped my pants and pulled out my stiff cock. Unbidden, Suzanne lifted her legs and rested them on my shoulders. She was wearing black fishnet stockings that night. By then, I was able to pretty much dress her as I pleased. Grabbing her tits through the fabric of the pink halter top, I positioned my cock at the mouth of her cunt and slammed it home.

Suzanne squealed in pleasure, and I fucked her hard. She must have been really in need of a fucking that time, because she came within thirty seconds of so. By the time she'd come down, I was still hard. Her cunt relaxed and stopped caressing my cock, so I wasn't getting as much as usual out of this.

Suzanne startled me by gently pushing me out of her cunt. At first, I was angry. How dare the bitch beg me to fuck her and then push me out? But then I realized what she was doing.

Suzanne slowly got up and walked around in front of me. Crouching in front of me, balanced on the stiletto heels, she took my cock into her mouth.

I was in ecstasy almost immediately. She had never given me a blowjob on her own before. The conditioning had really worked. She pumped her head up and down on my rock-hard cock like there was no tomorrow, tongue rapidly circling my shaft. In the dim light of the parking lot, balanced on black stiletto heels, her tits overflowing out of the tight pink halter, the huge hoop earrings swinging back and forth as her head bobbed up and down on my prick, Suzanne looked slutty as all hell. Which was how I wanted her to look.

She gently squeezed my balls, like I'd taught her. She felt the cum beginning to boil up through my cock, and pumped harder. My jism spurted out of my prick into her hot, eager mouth and she greedily slurped it down. One strand escaped from the corner of her mouth and slowly crept down her chin. When I was done coming, she released my cock and closed her eyes. Slowly, trembling, she raised one finger to her face and wiped up the escaping droplet of cum. Her lips closed around the finger and she sucked on it.

I watched in fascination as her whole body began to shake. A

soft moan escaped her lips. She was coming again! She had experienced an orgasm just from tasting my cum. I was so proud of her at that moment. I couldn't let her know that I understood what was going on, though. Not yet. I watched as the shuddering subsided. A drop of pussy juice fell from her cunt to the pavement.

"Honey?" I asked, "Are you all right?"

She started, then looked up at me. "Yeah... yeah, I'm fine," she said hurriedly. She stumbled to her feet, zipping up the dress and running her hands through her hair. "Just... uh... a little dazed, I guess."

I pretended to accept this at face value. We headed back to the car.

Having succeeded in programming Suzanne to orgasm when she tasted come, I was prepared to take the next step. A couple nights later, when we were in bed at her house, I made the move. I was plowing my throbbing cock into her cunt, getting the usual moans of delight, and savoring the feel of the fishnet stockings on my chest. (By this time, she always wore pumps, stockings, and jewelry while being fucked.) I brought us toward orgasm together. When I felt my cock begin to throb like it was about to start spurting cum, rather than stay inside her as usual, I pulled out and moved up her body.

She opened her eyes, looking pleadingly at me. "Alan?"

"Shhh, honey, it's all right." I reached one hand down to her clit, and began rubbing her clit. She closed her eyes, and resumed her moaning. She ground her pelvis against my fingers. Keeping my hand working on her cunt, I moved up and straddled her body, kneeling with one leg on each side of her, my knees almost rubbing her armpits. With my other hand, I furiously jacked at my shaft. Just as she began to orgasm, I felt myself about to come. I aimed my shaft at her pretty, unsuspecting face, and began to shoot my wad.

The first spurt made a line across her left cheek. She failed to notice. The second splashed across her lips and chin. A tiny bit dripped into her mouth between her parted lips. The third hit her forehead above her right eyebrow. I watched as her tongue darted out to sample the cum around her mouth. My fourth spurt went into her hair. Her tongue was now trying to bring as much cum as it could into her mouth. My last gob of jism hit her left ear.

She came down from her orgasm and caught her breath. I gave her a goodnight kiss, and, as usual, she went right to sleep, still dazed from the fucking she'd gotten. She looked quite the picture of the contented little whore as she dozed off to sleep, her face covered with my come.

I think it was coming on her face that started to erode her love for me. By the way she talked when we went out, you'd think she was still the same woman she'd always been. But before that evening I'd always seen a sort of worshipful adoration in her eyes whenever she looked at me, as though the world revolved around me and I could do no wrong. I never saw that again after the night when I came on her face for the first time. It was gone, replaced by a sort of wariness.

This didn't affect her sexual cravings one bit. The third night I came on her face, she was actively helping me, her hands jacking up and down on her shaft, teasing the head with her tongue. She was quite eager to help me come and spurt jism all over her face. Afterwards, she would use her hands to wipe it all up and put it in her mouth, where she would swallow it, often bringing her to another orgasm.

The next night I started fucking her tits. I plowed her pussy until I was nice and hard, and then withdrew and placed my cock in the valley between her boobs. Her chest was an ample 34C; fuckable, but not perfect. Maybe someday I'd get something done about that. In the meantime, I began to move my hips, sliding my cock up and down between her tits. I pushed her breasts together around my shaft, squeezing the nipples as I formed a tube for my cock.

I took Suzanne's hands and placed them on her tits, indicating that she should squeeze them around my cock. With my left hand, I reached behind me and played with her pussy while I rubbed my shaft up and down between her tits.

She orgasmed just as I sprayed me jism all over her face. In her usual trance-like state, Suzanne gathered all my jism up on her fingers and licked it off, sending her up once again.

Two nights later, she was really getting into the tit-fucking, playing with her nipples as she squeezed my dick, and licking the head of my shaft every time it thrust forward through her cleavage.

The next night, she came all by herself from being tit-fucked; I didn't have to touch her pussy at all. Her progress was amazing. In less than a month, I'd completely changed this bitch. Using her body's natural responses, augmented by a couple of drugs, I'd turned her from an ordinary woman into a cock-hungry slut.

Chapter 3

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Taking charge

When Suzanne was lying on her back with my cock filling her cunt, or kneeling in front of me sliding her lips up and down my hard shaft, she was always willing and eager. The girl was in love with my cock and would do everything she knew how to do to get it to yield its load of precious cum. When she was getting fucked, Suzanne was every bit the cock-craving slut.

But when she wasn't, which was still most of the time, she was becoming increasingly unhappy. She tried to hide it from me, but it was obvious from the look in her eyes that she was no longer the giddily-in-love Montana girl that I'd been dating a month earlier. She wasn't miserable, but she was definitely unhappy. I assumed that what was happening was that she was starting to worry about what she was becoming.

She'd had a very conservative upbringing in Montana, going to church every Sunday morning and Wednesday night. Despite the fact that she'd been asked out on plenty of dates in high school, she'd only kissed one boy before going away to college. In college, of course, she'd been exposed to the wider world, getting intimate with several guys, and having sex with two of them. Those experiences had helped her discover that sex could be a beautiful thing between two people who loved each other. She'd told me all of this at one time or another.

But at the core, I knew, she was still the naive little girl from Montana who'd been taught by her parents and her church that sex was essentially an evil act, one that good people only engaged in when

it was absolutely necessary to create another human life. Enjoying sex was evil, she'd been taught, and women who enjoyed sex were trashy sluts.

Her enjoyment of the sex she'd had in college hadn't caused her any distress, because she'd been in love with the two guys she'd had sex with. Similarly, the mind-blowing orgasms she'd experienced during our time together hasn't been of any concern, because she'd been madly in love with me, and she'd thought I was in love with her.

But now, her love for me was starting to fade, and the sexual mores instilled in her by her upbringing were trying to reassert themselves. The love she'd felt for me before had made her feel secure about enjoying sex, but it was losing its power, and losing ground to the old taboos.

Of course, this was only her mood when she wasn't primed for sex. When she was fired up and hot to trot, she was still the same fuck-hungry nympho she'd always been. And since she tried to hide it from me, I could plausibly pretend not to notice the change in her mood. So her increasing unhappiness was nothing to worry about.

But I noticed something else. Occasionally, I would catch her looking at me out of the corner of my eye. I would turn to look at her, and, just for an instant, catch sight of wary, suspicious look on her face. Her expression would always change to one of pleasant happiness as soon as turned my head, but slowly enough that I could catch a brief glimpse into her mind.

She was starting to become suspicious of me. I had introduced her to a whole world of pleasure she'd never know before, and she was starting to suspect I had some sort of ulterior motive.

We continued our nightly outings. Each time I either brought some clothing for her when I picked her up, or told her ahead of time what I wanted her to wear. She always complied. She never confronted me about the clothes I made her wear, or the tit-fucking, although I knew they bothered her.

I suppose she realized how stupid she would sound complaining about these things, when she obviously enjoyed wearing the clothes and having her tits fucked. Also, I'm sure she was worried that if she started an argument, I might leave her. Like I said, she was addicted to the sex. I planned to drive her to rebellion eventually -- that would be necessary before the proper relationship could be established

between us -- but in the meantime, I was content to let things go on as they were.

At this point, Suzanne was behaving like a textbook nymphomaniac. All I had to do was slip her some aphrodisiac into a drink, and thirty minutes later, Suzanne was lying on the floor, eagerly taking my rock-hard cock into her wet pussy, or running her lips and tongue up and down my shaft. Her sexual skills, though not complete, were well-enough developed for the time being. I spent the next month, the third of our relationship, moving her in a new direction.

Up until now, whenever I wanted to fuck Suzanne, I had to arrange for her to drink something, so I could drug her, and then wait half an hour or so for her to get hot and beg me to do it to her. This had been fine for awhile; I'd even gotten quite a bit of enjoyment out of the challenge of arranging a drugging. But ultimately, the drug was a liability.

For one thing, it was inconvenient, and occasionally frustrating. Several times I'd been dying to fuck her, and been unable to arrange a drugging. For another, if I kept this up long enough, the chances were good that Suzanne would notice me drugging her beverages. That wouldn't completely ruin my plans, but it would force me to change them quite a bit. What I needed to do was bring Suzanne more fully under my control.

I started to do this one afternoon while we were enjoying a picnic in the park. We had just finished feeding a couple pieces of bread to the ducks in the pond. (I had arranged this, and many other "romantic" activities like it, in hopes of reigniting her fading love for me.) We had returned to our spread blankets and begun enjoying the lunch I'd packed in the basket that morning: sandwiches, chips, and bottled juice.

After finishing my first sandwich, I stood up and beckoned to Suzanne. She rose, confused. "What's the matter, Alan?"

"Nothing, honey. Just come with me." I took her arm and hurried up the hill toward a stand of trees and bushes.

"But where are we going?" she asked, confused.

I turned and smiled at her. "I have needs, too."

"Oh..." Her voice trailed off. She was perplexed, and with

good reason. This was the first time I'd led her away to get fucked that she hadn't already been feeling horny. She'd had the drug, all right, but it hadn't taken effect yet. Nonetheless, she followed me.

We went in among the trees, where we were well-hidden from outside view. Gently, I pushed her down to the ground and made her lie on her back. I spread her legs and knelt between them. She was getting quite nervous. Her mind wasn't prepared to have sex in an undrugged state.

"Alan, I don't think this is a good idea..." she protested.

"Why not, honey? What are we doing here that we haven't done a dozen times before?" I asked.

"Well... I..." She took a deep breath, trying to figure out what to say. What she wanted to say, of course, was that this was all wrong, that she was the one who was supposed to tell me she "needed it," not the other way around. Obviously, she realized how selfish this would sound, because she didn't actually say it. "I don't think I... I'm ready..." she protested feebly.

"Well," I smiled, "you let me take care of that, honey." With that, I lowered my mouth to her dry cunt. She nervously forced a smile and lay back on the ground, clenching her fists at her sides.

I flicked my tongue around her cunt, trying to arouse her. It was tough going. She was extremely tense, with all her worries about getting caught and going to hell for being a slut running loose in her mind. There was no way I could possibly eat her into arousal.

Fortunately, I didn't have too. The drug kicked in after a few minutes. The change was sudden and dramatic. Suzanne's body relaxed, and she began to moan in pleasure as I continued to lick her slit. She put her hands on my head, pushing it into her crotch, bucking against my mouth. "Oh, God, that's it, Alan, oh yessss..."

I probed my tongue experimentally into her pussy, driving her wild. I tasted the first gush of pussy juice as she began to respond to my attention.

"Please, Alan, I need you... I need you..."

I disengaged my mouth from her steamy cunt. Spreading her legs, I positioned myself over her. "Here I come, honey, here I come," I told her as I shoved my cock deep into her sopping wet pussy.

"Oh, yes," she moaned, "yes, yes, yes!" Through trial and error, she'd learned to use her cunt muscles to enhance my pleasure.

As I fucked her, her pussy massaged my cock, sending waves of pleasure down my spine. Suzanne was an incredible fuck by now.

I soon shot my wad into her velvety cunt, which was still expertly squeezing my dick. The feel of my jism splashing into her cunt was enough to send her over the edge into an orgasm. She bucked and heaved, slamming her pelvis into me as my engorged dick shot my seed into her belly. I collapsed on top of her, spent, as she shrieked her way through her orgasm.

The key difference between our screw that day in the park and all our previous fucks was one of timing. Up until then, I'd always given Suzanne the drug, and then waited for her to tell me she was horny before fucking her. But this time, I had indicated to her that I was horny, and needed to fuck, before she had started getting horny herself. Soon afterward, though, the drug had kicked in and she'd felt the desire to screw. Her brain would associate the desire (as well as the orgasm) with my telling her that I needed to screw her. This would come in useful later on.

Over the next three weeks, I gradually reduced the number of episodes of the first kind, the ones that I allowed her to initiate, and phased in the second form, the ones that I started. Usually, I timed it so that things happened in some public area, such as a theater. We'd be sitting together watching a movie, or a concert, or whatever, when I would suddenly grab her arm and stand up, pulling her up with me. I'd lead her quickly out into the lobby and into whatever semi-private area I could find. In a matter of minutes, she'd be down on her knees, sucking my rock-hard dick like a three-dollar whore.

She had started to believe, deep inside, that simply putting a dick into her mouth would get her excited. And when the drug took effect a few minutes later, and started her pussy juices flowing, her brain took it as confirmation of this association. The Pavlov drug, in turn, helped the brain to rewire itself to reflect the new knowledge.

Sometimes I shot my load into her mouth. She would greedily swallow every last drop of jism while her body shuddered in orgasm. Sometimes I would pull away early, reposition her, and fuck her wet pussy. She seemed to especially enjoy taking it from behind. I would bend her over a table, or whatever surface was convenient, and she

would lie on her stomach, bucking against me as I pounded into her sopping wet pussy. All the while, her well-trained cunt muscles would massage my dick until I came, which always got her really excited.

The best times, though, were the times when I came on her face. While she was sucking my cock, I would reach down and give her nipples a single firm squeeze. I'd developed this as the signal for tit-fucking. She would respond by letting my dick slide out of her mouth and readjusting her position so that her boobs were level with my stomach. Then she'd place my rock-hard cock between her tits and squeeze them tightly around it. Slowly at first, she would jack her entire body up and down, squeezing and kneading her tits as they moved up and down along my shaft. Every time my cock thrust into her face, she would give it a quick lick with her tongue.

The whole routine drove me wild. Watching Suzanne bob up and down on my shaft, her eyes closed in orgasmic pleasure, I had to struggle to keep myself from coming in the first ten seconds. She was one hot bitch.

Soon I would be able to hold back no longer, and my cock would start to throb with my imminent ejaculation. Suzanne could feel this, and when it happened her response was always the same. She would take my pulsating dick in her hand, point it at her face, close her eyes, and begin to jack furiously at it.

When my jism shot from my dick onto her pretty, upturned face, she would start to shudder. As my sticky white come covered her forehead, cheeks, nose and chin, she would try to wipe it up with her free hand and bring it to her mouth. By the time I finished shooting my load, she would be experiencing a full-on orgasm, swallowing as much of my cum as she could get into her mouth. She never got it all, though, and when she came down from her orgasm she would sit there, breathing heavily, her face and tits glistening with come.

And so, three weeks after that afternoon in the park, I dropped the Suzanne-initiated episodes altogether. From that point on, I fucked her whenever and wherever I wanted to, and she had no say in the matter.

Technically, the difference was trivial; it was only a matter of changing the amount of time between when I slipped her the aphrodisiac and when I unzipped my fly. But the association formed in

her brain was very different. These new encounters would reinforce in her subconscious mind the notion that she should get hot whenever I indicated a desire to fuck her. And, as usual, the Pavlov drug was making her very receptive to these sorts of associations.

Initially, she was always hesitant to go into action, like she'd been that in the park. I would always have to calm her down and eat her out or finger her twat for awhile to get her to relax. And at first, even this had little effect; she would remain tense and fidgety until the aphrodisiac kicked in five or ten minutes later, at which point she dived eagerly into slut mode.

I got frustrated during a lot of these warmup periods. It was annoying to have to sit there and twiddle her clit for ten minutes when I knew damn well that the aphrodisiac would heat her up soon no matter what I did. But this was important. So I stuck with it, and persevered through the inconvenience.

Slowly, but steadily, Suzanne learned to relax and enjoy my attention, even before the aphrodisiac hit her. Once again, she was learning a lesson, that getting attention from me would lead eventually to an orgasm. Quite soon, she had reached the point where the mere touch of my hands or mouth on her cunt would send her right up. And a week after that, I only had to give the merest suggestion of wanting to fuck, and she'd be eager to go. This was exactly the effect I wanted. Of course, I still made sure she was flying on the aphrodisiac before I let her orgasm.

Once I felt that I had sufficiently established this principle in her, I moved on to the next step. First, I set aside the Pavlov drug for awhile. At this point, Suzanne was as well-trained as was really necessary. Later, I would bring it back, but for now it would only get in the way. (Plus, the stuff was expensive.) Slowly, over a carefully planned period of six weeks, I began to lower the dosage of aphrodisiac I gave Suzanne before fucking her.

At first, her sexual enjoyment dropped off. This was the riskiest part of the whole procedure, and I really didn't know exactly what would happen. Even though I had known it was coming, the sudden decrease worried me. I could tell that her orgasms were less intense. The air of general unhappiness that had surrounded her for the past couple months thickened.

I began to pay a little more attention to her needs than I had been. It was important not to lose her now. Surprisingly, the lessening intensity of her orgasms drove her to put more and more energy into fucking, as though she thought it was her fault that she wasn't enjoying it as much, and she was trying to make up for it. I actually felt sorry for the poor girl, and even a bit guilty. Here I'd spent several months teaching her that sex was the most important thing in life, making it the end-all, be-all of her existence, and now I was pulling it away from her. And she thought it was her fault.

Fortunately, by the middle of the second week, Suzanne's body began to compensate for the decrease in the aphrodisiac dosage, and her orgasms started creeping back up to their previous heights. According to all the literature I'd read, this was supposed to happen; the effect of the Pavlov drug was not confined to conscious actions and desires. Rather, it reached out to affect all aspects of bodily function. If you had a pin stuck into your toe repeatedly as you listened to Beethoven's Fifth while on the drug, hearing "Da-da-da-daaaaah" in the future would cause you to feel a prickling pain in your toe. Not just wince your eyes in anticipation of pain, but actually feel real pain.

Of course, what works in one instance doesn't always work in another. So I was visibly relieved when Suzanne's body overcame the decrease in drug dosage and began to deliver inhumanly strong orgasms once again, as it had been taught. She was visibly happier; in fact, she was happier than she'd been since the first time my come had covered her face.

I kept to the planned program for the next month, fucking her at least once a day, gradually reducing the dosage of aphrodisiac to zero. Her sex drive remained rock steady for the rest of that period. I was frankly amazed at the ability of her body to compensate for the loss of the drug.

On the last day of the aphrodisiac phase-out, I phoned Suzanne and told her to be ready to go out for dinner at 6:30, wearing the red dress that I had given her on our second date.

I showed up right on time. She greeted me at the door with a kiss. "Hi, honey," she said, bright and cheery. The moment of truth had arrived.

Without a word, I placed a hand on her shoulder and began to push gently downward. With barely a second's hesitation, she sunk to her knees in front of me. Her fingers nimbly undid my pants and brought out my rapidly stiffening cock. She lovingly caressed it a few times, and then took it into her hot, wet, mouth.

Her head began to bob up and down on my shaft, taking long, deep strokes. At the top of each stroke, my cockhead would almost slip out of her mouth, and at the bottom, my pubic hair would tickle her nose. Suzanne had become very proficient at deep-throating after discovering that it was the best way to get a lot of come. Her tongue swished back and forth around my dick as she hungrily sucked on it, occasionally flicking out of her mouth between her lips and my cock. I placed my hands on her head and gently guided her up and down my shaft. A thin coating of her saliva glistened on my dick.

I mentally jumped for joy as I watched Suzanne giving me head. Throughout the last week or so, as I'd continued to reduce the aphrodisiac dosage toward zero, I'd constantly worried about what would happen at the end. The decreasing size of the doses had not had any effect on her sex drive, but I'd wondered whether that final step might be fatal one. There's a big difference between a tiny bit of drug in your system, and no drug at all. I was relieved that Suzanne could function just as well without the drug. Having to shoot her up before she got fucked each time would be a serious impediment to my plans for her.

A wad of jism spurted from the head of my cock. Suzanne began to pump faster, swirling her tongue around my shaft at ninety miles an hour. I released my load into her waiting mouth. She eagerly swallowed as much as she could, but several drops of come escaped from her mouth and trickled down her chin. Her eyes closed as a powerful orgasm shuddered through her body.

After half a minute, she got up and walked back into her bedroom. She emerged some time later with the come wiped from her chin, and her makeup reapplied. She gave me a long, deep kiss. I could smell my come on her breath.

We went to dinner at a five-star Japanese restaurant, where we ate in our own private room, with our own waiter. After the meal, I sent the waiter away. Rising from my chair, I walked over to stand in front of Suzanne. Bending over, I gave her a deep kiss as rubbed her

nipple through the taut fabric. Her hand shot to my crotch and squeezed my rapidly stiffening dick. With nothing more than one simple gesture, I had turned the quiet, refined lady with whom I had eaten dinner into a cock-craving slut who would do anything to feel warm jism shoot into her body.

I lifted her up and sat her down on the edge of the table facing me. Knowing what was coming, she pulled her dress up to expose her cunt and lifted her legs to my shoulders. "Oh, God," she moaned, "I need it, Alan. I need it bad." I glanced down as I pulled out my rock-hard cock and saw that she was already wet. It had taken her fifteen seconds! "Alannnnn... I need iiiit!" she pleaded.

This bitch always needed it. I positioned the head of my cock at the mouth of her cunt. "Here it comes, babe," I told her, and slammed into her.

Suzanne gave a shriek of pleasure as I drove my meat into her hot pussy. I paused for a moment, just to listen to her moans. "Oh, yes, yes..." Then, overcome by the display in front of me, I began to piston my shaft in and out of her silky-smooth cunt. She responded, thrusting her hips at me with each stroke. Her well-toned cunt muscles writhed around my cock.

Still fucking her, I reached behind her and pushed the empty dishes out of the way. She allowed herself to be pushed back until she was lying flat on the table. I leaned forward and grasped one breast in each hand as I thrust my shaft in and out of her.

She was bucking at me like a bitch in heat, trying to take my cock as deep into her cunt as possible. She emitted a moan of disappointment as I pulled out of her pussy. I climbed onto the table and straddled her stomach. Like a well-trained animal responding to a familiar situation, she grabbed her tits and squeezed them around my cock.

I began to fuck her tits as she massaged them around my cock. She lapped at my cock each time it thrust through her cleavage into her face. I kept it slow at first because her skin was dry, but after a while the pussy juice on my cock combined with her saliva to lubricate her tits, and I began to fuck faster. She gasped and moaned as I slid my shaft up and down in the valley between her breasts. Thanks to the training with the Pavlov drug, she got off on this just as much as she got off on sucking cock or getting her cunt fucked.

I felt myself about to come. Lifting my body up off her chest, I positioned my cock over her face. Suzanne grasped it with one hand and began to jack up and down. When I came, she aimed the jism into her mouth, and my first spurt splashed across her parted lips and onto her tongue. She moved my dick for the next two wads of come, taking these on her cheeks and nose. She took the next one on the chin, and then placed my dick in her mouth and slurped down the rest, sending her into another orgasm.

As I finished my orgasm, I looked down at her face. The body that just four months ago belonged to a shy aspiring model from rural Montana who'd only slept with a man three times in her life now belonged to a finely tuned sex machine. With the slightest provocation, her calm, demure personality would drop away, and in its place would be a well-trained living fuck doll.

I used my newly drug-free whore twice more that night. The first time was on the way home, when we got stuck in a traffic jam. I was getting angry at the delay, because I'd been in a hurry to get home and fuck Suzanne again.

Suddenly, I realized how stupid I was being. I'd been assuming that I would have to get home and get the aphrodisiac into her system before I could fuck her. But I was missing the obvious: I didn't need the drug to get her hot anymore. I could make use of her body whenever I felt like it. I kicked myself as I began to unzip my fly. Suzanne looked over at me, saw what I was doing, and immediately leaned over to finish the job. She freed my cock from the confines of my pants, and immediately went to work. Five minutes later, I shot my jism down the throat of a very contented little slut.

When we got back to her apartment, I immediately fucked her again on her dining room table. No preamble; I just lifted her onto the table. She immediately lay back and pulled up her dress. I came hard in her, and she climaxed every bit as forcefully as she had when she'd sucked my cock in the same room four hours earlier.

I spent the next two months playing with my new toy. I cherished the freedom I had to fuck her whenever and wherever I wanted to, without having to get her to drink something first.

Once we happened to be alone in a subway car and I was feeling horny. As soon as the train pulled away from the station, I pushed her

onto one of the seats. Without hesitation, she lifted her skirt. I fucked her hard for the next two minutes, and we both came just as the train pulled into the next station. A couple of teenage boys saw us and stared as we cruised past them. I stood up and zipped up my pants as Suzanne pushed her skirt down and brushed it smooth. We passed the snickering teenagers as we left the station. Suzanne, in a post-fuck reverie, was oblivious, but I threw them a wink.

Another time, I felt myself getting an erection in a bar, so I took Suzanne into a phone booth and had her suck me off. She complied with pleasure, leaving some of her pussy juice behind on the floor of the booth.

Suzanne wasn't any less enthusiastic as a result of her constant use. When she wasn't in sex-toy mode, though, she was becoming more and more morose. I couldn't get her to talk about it. I'm sure that part of her mind was becoming increasingly alarmed at the growing casualness with which I fucked her, and that part was desperate to leave me.

But the stronger part of her mind was addicted to the sex, and couldn't even consider the thought of giving it up. Thanks to the training I'd given her, the weakest of the four orgasms she had in an average day was far stronger than the most powerful orgasm any other woman could expect to experience in an entire lifetime. Women have become addicted to sex far less powerful than what I was giving Suzanne.

How did I manage to come in her (or on her) four times a day? I'm not really sure; I certainly wouldn't have expected myself to be capable of it before I started doing it to Suzanne. My theory is that any other man who had a hot pussy and a skilled mouth available twenty-four hours a day would find it difficult not to make use of them at least four times a day. When I was feeling really horny, I could do her six or seven times in one day.

She never complained to me about whatever it was that was bothering her, and she let me dictate almost every detail of her life. I moved into her apartment. I didn't even discuss it with her; I just showed up with a suitcase one evening and told her that I'd be living with her from now on, and I'd need someplace to put my clothes. She didn't raise a finger in protest; she just obediently walked back into her bedroom and made space for me in the dresser and closet.

She continued to allow me to determine her wardrobe. I took this to even greater extremes than I had previously. When we went someplace elegant, like a play or society ball, I would have her dress in something elegant, but bordering on trashy, like the red dress I'd gotten her for our second date.

When we went someplace casual, though, I would usually dress her almost like a hooker. One of the outfits I liked consisted of a white fishnet bodysuit that covered her torso, leaving her breasts and nipples visible through the mesh; a short black denim skirt; and a white denim jacket that was cut in such a way as to be impossible to close, but which would just barely conceal her nipples. The gap between her tits was openly displayed, and anyone who cared to watch closely enough could usually get a glimpse of nipple. I bought several of each component of this suit in different colors, so that she could go in black or red or whatever combination of colors I felt like.

Another classic was her "candy" outfit. This consisted of a halter top with horizontal black and white stripes and a black-and-red pleated skirt. On her feet she wore red-and-white-striped socks and red spiked heels. The outfit was completed by a pair of white kids gloves with red polka dots, a black bow in her hair, and a pair of red plastic hoop earrings with white spots. This outfit was the least slutty of her "casual" ensembles, but it still got the attention of plenty of people, particularly older men, who were no doubt drawn by the almost childlike, yet extremely sexy look of it.

But my favorite outfit was what I thought of as the full-on slut ensemble. This was a black halter top with an obscenely low neckline; a shiny red leather skirt, cut extremely short, just barely covering her ass and hugging her legs tight; and a pair of shiny black leather boots with six-inch stiletto heels that covered her legs up above her knees. Again, this outfit could be done in several color combinations, but black/red was my favorite.

Sometimes I included fishnet stockings with these outfits; sometimes I just let her legs go bare. I always included high heels. (By this time, she had become so attached to high heels that she would probably be a nervous wreck without them. Aside from that, the tendons on the backs of her ankles had contracted from never being stressed, and it would have been extremely painful for her to stand,

let alone walk, flat-footed.)

I kept her hair long enough to reach her nipples. Each time we went out, I would tell her how to wear it. When we were going someplace "elegant," it would either be pinned up against her head in typical ballroom style, or conditioned into soft, gentle waves that cascaded over her shoulders. When she was dressing slutty, though, I had her use one of a large variety of styles -- sometimes straight down her back, sometimes in curls or crimped, almost always teased out to maximum volume.

And of course, a wide selection of earrings, bracelets, necklaces, chokers, and anklets was available. These were used tastefully with the elegant outfits (a simple gold or pearl necklace and a bracelet or two on one wrist), and liberally with the slutty ones (an overlong faux-pearl necklace dangling down to her navel, and at least two or three gaudy bracelets on each arm).

In order to make space for the new clothes I was buying her, I threw out all of the clothes she had had before I met her. None of them were really useful for her new role. I was surprised, though, to find some rather flashy lingerie in her underwear drawer. Although I had told her that she was never to wear underwear again, I decided to hang on to the lingerie. It might come in handy sometime.

I still took Suzanne to movies and plays and things like that, but I tended to prefer doing things that would let her be seen in public as much as possible. To that end, we often walked around in malls and parks, took shopping trips into downtown, and went to bars and nightclubs to hang out. I would parade around in public with this gorgeous, sluttily-dressed woman on my arm, the envy of every man in sight.

The best time I had during this period happened one evening at a park. Suzanne was fully decked out in halter-top, ass-revealing red leather skirt, and knee-high black leather "fuck me" boots. We had been walking around the park for about an hour. Every once in awhile I would dart my hand up under her skirt and give her clit a few soft strokes, and then pull back and resume walking. Over time, as I continued this, she became more and more horny and frustrated. I was curious to see just how much she could stand.

Eventually, she took action. As we walked around a bend in

the path in the middle of a small stand of trees, she whirled around in front of me and dropped to a crouching position in front of my crotch. With a speed I hadn't thought possible, she whipped my dick out and wrapped her lips around it.

Her tongue whipped back and forth around my cock as her head plunged furiously up and down. I leaned against a tree, savoring the sweet sensations of Suzanne's mouth around my prick. The teasing had gotten her quite excited.

My shaft rapidly grew hard. I pushed my whore's head away from my crotch. She immediately turned around and dropped to her hands and knees, holding her ass high, presenting her dripping pussy to me. "Give it to me, Alan, give it to me!" she begged. I slammed my meat hard into her fuck-tunnel.

I fucked my hot little slut at a furious pace, plunging my thick, hard shaft in and out of her tight, silky cunt. Suzanne bucked hungrily against me, moaning in pleasure each time I thrust into her. She was oblivious to the fact that we were in a public place, oblivious to everything except the cock filling her up, giving her so much pleasure.

Drawn by Suzanne's cries, a crowd had started to gather, watching interestedly as I screwed Suzanne. The women were scornful, the men envious. But nobody could leave.

As I approached orgasm, Suzanne disengaged her cunt from my cock and turned around to face me. Without a word, she grasped my cock in her hands and jacked it furiously at her face. I exploded in orgasm, and massive streams of rosy come shot from my prick to splash across Suzanne's face and chest. She eagerly sucked down what she could, and used her fingers to gather up the rest and put it in her mouth. Her eyes closed and her body shook as she orgasmed from the taste of my jism, collapsing to the ground in ecstasy.

The crowd watched, awestruck at the sight of the cock-craving slut taking her man's spunk on her face and gobbling it down. I paid them no attention as my orgasm wound down, my last few spurts of come landing on Suzanne's sleek legs. She lay on the ground, shaking as her orgasm rumbled through her body. I stood over her, exhausted, slowly replacing my cock in my pants and zipping up my fly.

When at last she came down from her orgasm, Suzanne sat up quickly and looked around, realizing for the first time the crowd that

had gathered. Her embarrassment caused her to recover from the aphrodisiac quickly. She stood up, blushing in humiliation, and quickly smoothed her skirt down to cover her soaked pussy. Her face and tits were still shiny with my come. A thin strand of pussy juice dripped from the opening in her skirt down to the ground. Walking slowly, taking my time, I led her away from the crowd, back to the car. "What a slut," somebody exclaimed behind us. Suzanne gripped my arm tighter, her cheeks burning in humiliation.

Suzanne's attitude when she wasn't primed for sex remained constant throughout this whole period -- a sort of resigned indifference. She didn't enjoy looking and acting like a slut, but if that's what I wanted, she was willing to do it to keep the sex coming. She was remarkably cooperative, always doing things immediately and correctly the first time. I never had to raise my voice to her. She had come to believe that the situation between us was stable. I got to do almost whatever I wanted with her body, including occasionally humiliating her in public, and if she acted cheerful about it, she got to experience mind-blowing orgasms. She seemed content to live the rest of her life that way.

Unfortunately for her, it wasn't going to be that easy.

Chapter 4

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Spreading the wealth

After I'd spent a month or two enjoying the benefits of having my own private whore ready for me at a moment's notice, I decided it was time to break out of the rut and start the next phase of Suzanne's training. I was counting on this next stage of Suzanne's education to push her over the edge, forcing her to rebel so that I could exert full control over her. Two months to the day after I'd first fucked her without drugs, I took her back to the Japanese restaurant we'd eaten at that night.

I had reserved a private room again. The food was as good as

I'd remembered it. I made pleasant small talk, and Suzanne pretended to enjoy it. After dinner, I sent the waiter away, and stood up.

Suzanne, well-trained by this point, immediately got up and walked over to me, ready to be fucked. Placing my hands on her firm ass, I picked her up and set her on the edge of the table. She leaned back and hitched her skirt up, preparing for my entry into her juicy pussy.

I rolled her onto her stomach and spread her legs apart so that I could enter easily. Pulling my hard cock out of my pants, I placed it at the entrance to her cunt, teasing her. She started to moan as she got hot, begging me to fuck her.

Suddenly there was a beeping from my belt. I reached down and unhooked a small pager, pretending to look at the display. Suzanne had opened her eyes and was arched around looking at me questioningly.

"Alannnn... do it..."

"I'm sorry, honey; that's my beeper. It's probably important, or they wouldn't have paged me at dinnertime. I'd better go answer it." I zipped up my fly.

"No... I need it... baad..." she moaned, writhing on the table.

"I'm sorry, but I really need to take care of this. I'll tell you what: you stay there just like that. I'll go make a phone call and then I'll come right back and take care of you. Don't touch yourself, and don't move from that spot. You stay in exactly that position, okay?"

"Hurryyyyyyyyyyy..."

"Okay, I'll be right back." I opened the door and stepped into the hall. Leaving the door slightly ajar, I strode off down the hall.

I cooled my heels for a few minutes in the lobby before creeping back up the hall to peek through the crack between the door and the frame. My hot little tramp was lying exactly where I'd left her, breathing heavily, occasionally letting out a soft moan. Her legs were far apart, and her snatch was wide open, begging to be fucked from behind. Perfect.

I walked back down the hall to the restaurant lobby, where our waiter, who'd earlier informed us that his name was Rick, was hitting on the cute hostess. Rick was a fairly well-built guy of average

height with trim blond hair. By his age, I guessed he was a college student. "Rick," I called.

He turned, saw me, and walked over. "Sir? What can I do for you?" he asked attentively.

"Rick," I began, "you seem like a nice guy. Can I trust you with an important job?"

He hesitated a second before cheerfully responding. "Of course, sir! What can I do for you?" he said, repeating his earlier question.

I lowered my voice conspiratorially. "Well, it's kind of complicated. You've had your share of girlfriends, I'm sure, haven't you, Rick?"

"Yes...yes I have, sir."

"So, then, you're not a... uh... a virgin, are you?" I asked, pretending to be a bit uncomfortable.

"Ah, no, I'm... I'm not." he responded, omitting the "sir" for the first time.

"Well, have you, um... ever had a girlfriend who wanted... uh... wanted something unusual?"

Rick frowned, puzzled. "I'm not sure what you mean, sir."

"Well, you know, like... a girl who enjoyed... having her feet rubbed. I mean, everybody likes a good foot rub, but, you know, some women _really_ enjoy it?"

"Oh, uh... yes, I think I see what you mean. Yes, I suppose I've run into that sort of thing once or twice."

"Okay, so you know what I'm talking about. Well, you see, my wife, whom you no doubt remember..."

"Yes, yes. Very attractive woman, sir, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Thank you, Rick. Well, see, she likes..." I lowered my voice even further "... strangers."

Rick frowned for a minute before he figured it out. "Ah, okay, yes, I understand."

"Good, good. So anyway, today's her birthday, and I wanted to arrange a little surprise. Could you... uh... help me out, if you catch my drift."

"Mmmm... you want me to... uh... be the stranger?"

"Yes, yes, that's exactly it."

"I suppose I could do that, sir."

"Great, great. You're a good man, Rick. Here's what you do.

My wife, she really likes a surprise, see? So right now she's lying on the table in our dining room, all... uh... ready. See, I pretended to have a beeper emergency just as we were about to... uh... do what you're going to do with her. And she promised me she'd be waiting in that exact position when I got back. She won't be able to see you, the way she's lying. So what you have to do is sneak in there real quiet-like and just... do it. Remember, she likes a surprise, so don't make any noise until you're... doing it. And don't say anything, no matter what. Just keep on going. When you're done, just leave, and then go make yourself scarce. It'll be... more romantic... if she doesn't see you again. Got all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay, you go on back and do that. Here's enough to cover the meal, and a little... compensation for your trouble," I said, stuffing two hundred-dollar bills in his shirt pocket.

"Okay. So I should go now, sir?"

"Yes. Leave the door open just a crack. I'll follow you and watch through the crack in the door to make sure nothing goes wrong. Remember, be absolutely quiet until you start going."

"Okay, sir." Rick squared his shoulders and walked up the hall toward our room. I waited ten seconds before following. When I got to the door, I peered through the crack. Suzanne was lying in the same position I'd left her in, legs spread far apart, cunt invitingly exposed.

Rick stood behind her, staring at her glistening cunt.

Slowly, and with the utmost care, he pushed down his pants, being careful not to make any noise. Suzanne was moaning so loudly, though, that I doubt she'd have heard anything softer than a voice.

Rick positioned himself behind her, examining her pert little ass facing up at him. It occurred to me that Rick might be an ass man. God, I hoped not. I didn't need to deal with that just yet.

Fortunately, Rick didn't do anything creative. He took a deep breath, put his hands on her legs, and plunged his cock into Suzanne's pussy. She squealed in delight at his entry and gave a long groan of pleasure.

Rick froze, apparently shocked by the massage he was getting

from the muscles of Suzanne's cunt. She was always quick to start milking once a cock was in her. After a few seconds, Suzanne got impatient and started thrusting at Rick, begging to have her pussy pumped. Rick snapped out of it and began to thrust in a slow rhythm. Suzanne matched his thrusts and pushed against him. Gradually, Rick picked up the pace, slamming his dick into her with more and more force.

Rick's cock was about the same thickness as mine, but at least two inches shorter. Suzanne had assumed he was me during the slow, shallow strokes at the beginning, but when they started really going at it, she suddenly opened her eyes. I guess she realized that when his balls slapped her ass, the deepest part of her cunt was still unfilled. Still thrusting at his cock, still moaning in pleasure with every movement, Suzanne arched her head and shoulders around to look behind her.

An expression of shock crossed her face when she saw Rick behind her instead of me. Rick took no notice, and continued to pound his cock into her cunt. She actually froze for a moment, completely stunned. After a second or two, though, her body took over and began to thrust back at Rick again as she neared orgasm. Though her conscious mind was probably alarmed at being fucked by a stranger, her body's trained reactions were in control.

Rick cried out in pleasure as he came. An instant later, Suzanne's eyes closed and her body shook in a powerful orgasm, the strongest she'd had in a long time. Rick's sperm overflowed from her cunt as she collapsed to the table, moaning in pleasure. I'd slipped a half-dose of aphrodisiac (the first she'd had in months) into her after-dinner drink to ensure that she would remember this episode as being particularly pleasurable. Rick collapsed on top of her.

Rick remained on top of her for a few minutes, then kissed her shoulder and stood up. I walked back down the hall to the lobby and waited for him to emerge.

He did so half a minute later, looking a little disheveled, but basically all right. I congratulated him and gave him an extra hundred for doing such a fine job. The hostess watched us, confused. I sent Rick on his way, and told him to stay out of sight for at least ten minutes. Then I headed back down the hall to our room and walked nonchalantly through the door.

"Okay, honey, I'm ready to... Oh, my God! Suzanne! Are you all right?" I feigned alarm.

She lay dazed on the table, Rick's semen dripping from her still-open pussy.

"Honey! Honey! What happened?" I asked, shaking her.

She lifted her head wearily to face me. "Other guy..." she muttered. "Thought... it was you..."

"Oh, my God, were you raped?"

She got a thoughtful expression, as though considering the possibility for the first time. She shrugged. "Guess so." She was so dazed that she didn't seem to know whether that was good or bad.

I tried to look stunned. "Well, are you hurt?"

"Nnnno."

I sighed, pretending relief. "Let's get you out of here, honey." I helped her to her feet and straightened out her clothes. She allowed herself to be led back to the lobby and out of the restaurant. The hostess saw Suzanne's disheveled state, put two and two together, and gave me a look of shock and disgust. "You are a sick person," she informed me self-righteously.

"Well, I hope you'll pardon us for not paying our bill after one of your waiters raped my wife," I retorted. I hurried out the door before she could respond.

I didn't fuck Suzanne for the rest of that night and the next day. I wanted the episode to sink in. Not only had she been on the aphrodisiac, in order to ensure a powerful orgasm, she'd also been on neural enhancer, in order to imprint the pleasure she experienced from the cock of a stranger. It was time to resume her training.

The next night we went to the opera again. As had been the case with our first visit, we arrived half an hour early. So once again, we each had a glass of champagne while we were waiting. And, of course, hers contained the two drugs.

Ten minutes after the show started, I grabbed her arm and led her briskly out of the theater and into the lobby. Ushering her through the door into the reception room we'd fucked in the last time, I told her to wait there for me. By this time, of course, my trained sex-toy was already hot and desperate to be used.

After closing the door, I went down a nearby access hall to

the storeroom where the caterers had set up the kitchen. It was empty at the moment, except for the teenager who'd walked in on us last time. I smiled. This was most fortunate.

I walked up to the guy and asked him his name. "L-Larry, sir," he said, his voice cracking. Ah, puberty.

"Well, Larry," I said, handing him a fifty-dollar bill, "walk through that door," I paused and pointed to the door leading to the reception hall, "in exactly five minutes. Then do exactly what I tell you." I turned and walked away before he could respond.

I circled around and entered the reception room through the main doors. Suzanne, apparently getting pretty hot by this time, greeted me with a smothering kiss, grinding her pelvis against me. She hadn't been fucked since the night before in the restaurant, and I think it was really bothering her. A woman has needs, and by this time, Suzanne had the needs of ten women.

Once again, I lifted her up onto the edge of the table. She lay down on her back and pulled up the dress she'd been wearing. I spread her lags apart and tickled her moist pussy. She squirmed and began to moan. I wanted to make sure she really enjoyed this.

I unzipped my pants and pulled out my rigid cock. Placing the head gently between her cunt lips, I put the slightest amount of pressure on her pussy. She moaned and pleaded with me. "Oh, Alan, pleeeeeease... I need it..."

As soon as I heard that, I slammed my cock into her pussy. Suzanne's cunt muscles began to squeeze and caress it, trying to milk all the come they could out of my prick. After a minute, I pulled out.

Suzanne whimpered at the emptiness of her pussy. I climbed up on the table and dropped to my hands and knees. Positioning my body at right angles to Suzanne's, I placed my crotch directly over her face.

Suzanne immediately took my prick into her mouth and began to suck. The cock in her mouth made her forget about her empty cunt. She swirled her tongue excitedly around the tip of my dick. At that moment, the service door opened and Larry walked in.

Several emotions crossed his acne-ridden face. The first was shock. That lasted for a few seconds before gradually being replaced by lust. Lust gave way to recognition as he looked at my face again.

I made a shushing gesture, and then crooked my finger at him. He shook out of his stupor and tiptoed over to stand near me. Suzanne was completely oblivious to his presence. Her eyes were closed and she was concentrating on my cock in her mouth.

I looked at Larry as I pointed to Suzanne's wide-open cunt. He looked uncertain. I gave him a look of exasperation, pointed at his crotch, and then pointed at Suzanne's cunt. He walked over to stand in front of Suzanne's glistening, ready pussy. Still uncertain, he looked at me again, and pointed at Suzanne's cunt with a questioning look on his face. I gave him a big nod. He's have to do it soon, or else Suzanne would've already orgasmed from my cock.

Larry slowly unzipped his pants and pulled out his rigid dick. He placed it in front of Suzanne's cunt and hesitated, looking up at me again. I silently mouthed the words "Fuck her!" at him. He looked down at her cunt again, gulped, and sank his cock deep into her.

Suzanne's mouth froze around my dick. She struggled to lift her head, but I had positioned myself so that my cock pinned her to the ground. My body prevented her from seeing Larry, who was similarly frozen, a look of awe on his face. I gestured at him, trying to tell him to start pumping. Slowly, he got the idea, and began to take long slow strokes in and out of Suzanne's pussy.

After another second or two, Suzanne slowly resumed sucking on my dick. Soon she was back in the swing of things, swirling her tongue around my cockhead, while her hips thrust against Larry's strokes. Larry and Suzanne began to move faster as she approached orgasm. She sucked harder and harder on my dick, moving her head up and down as far as she could without banging it on the table.

Larry moaned as he began to come, and I shot my wad down Suzanne's throat at the same time. Seconds later, she orgasmed, squirming beneath us on the table. When she had come down, I motioned to Larry to leave. He withdrew his cock from her cunt, zipped up his pants, and hurried out. I lifted myself off of Suzanne's face and got to my feet. Suzanne was in the same daze she'd been in after Rick fucked her. I helped her to her feet, and straightened out her clothes.

I didn't bother going back to the opera; I just led Suzanne down to the garage and to my car. I knew we would need to be someplace private when Suzanne came out of her slut mode and got

angry.

This happened when we got home. As soon as I had closed the door behind us, she whirled to face me. "You had absolutely no right to do what you did tonight!" she declared angrily. It was the first time she'd ever taken that tone with me.

At last, I knew, I could finally establish the proper relationship between us. "Do what?" I asked innocently.

"You know damn well what I'm talking about!"

I put a concerned look on my face, though I was smiling inside. "I'm afraid I don't, honey. What's the matter?"

"You had that guy come in and... do that to me. And you just let him do it. And you sent that waiter in last night, too, didn't you?" She pointed a finger at me accusingly.

I sighed. "Yes, honey, I did," I said in a tone of admission.

"I thought you'd enjoy it."

"Well, I didn't!"

"Come on, honey, you know you did." I decided to push a little. "You enjoyed getting fucked by those guys. And I bet you'd enjoy getting fucked by other guys. What's the matter with a man trying to make the woman he loves happy?" It was the first time I'd used the "F-word" with her, and she was shocked.

"How dare you! What do you think I am, some kind of slut?"

Time to go for broke. "Frankly, yes. You have a need to be fucked as much as possible. The slightest touch gets you horny, and when you aren't getting your pussy reamed by my cock, you're either rubbing your tits against it, or sucking on it. And the mere touch of my semen..."

"Get out!" she screamed.

"Honey, I don't think..."

"I said get out! Or I'll call the police."

I shrugged. "Okay, if that's the way you want it." I went back to the bedroom, picked up my suitcase, and walked back out to the front door. "Here's my address," I said, placing a card on the phone table. "Come by anytime you change your mind."

She glared at me coldly. "Get out."

"Suit yourself," I said as I walked out the door, a big smile on my face.

I figured she would be crawling back to me within twenty-four hours. But the next evening, she hadn't come, and I started to worry. There was nothing I could do. Calling her would only weaken my position. I had to stand firm. It wasn't until the second evening after the argument, when the rain was pouring down outside, that I heard a knock at my door.

It was Suzanne. She was wearing a yellow poncho and a matching hat. It was kind of cute. I noticed red heels peeking out under the bottom of the poncho. "Hi," she said softly.

"Hi," I responded. "Come on in."

She walked in and I closed the door.

"Let me help you off with that," I said.

"No, I'd prefer to keep it on for now," she replied.

I shrugged. "Suit yourself." There was a long pause.

"Alan," she said at last, "I'm... I'm sorry I got so upset with you. I... I realize now that you were j-just trying to make me feel good. S-so let's just forget it happened, okay?" She looked at me pleadingly. "I miss you."

I waited a few seconds before responding. "I miss you, too, Suzanne. But I can't go back to your place anymore. However, if you agree to follow my rules, you can move in here with me."

She was silent for a long time. "Wh-what are the rules?" she stammered.

"I can't tell you unless you promise to do exactly as I say from now on, without hesitation, no matter what I ask you to do. Anything I want."

She paused. "Alan, can't we just forget what happened and go back to the way it was? You liked it that way, didn't you? Look, I'll even do it with other men, if it makes you happy. I... I admit I enjoyed it. I w-want to do it again. Please, Alan?"

I fought to keep myself from laughing and lost. Here was Suzanne, the quiet, reserved Montana girl, promising to fuck other men if only I'd take her back. "You really are the little slut, aren't you?" She looked away as if she'd been slapped, her cheeks burning in humiliation. "No, Suzanne, we can't go back to that," I continued. "You had your chance with that, and you blew it. This is the only way now. You can either agree to my terms, agree to do whatever I ask, eagerly and without hesitation, or you can walk out that door and

never see me again."

She didn't speak for over a minute. Then, finally, almost inaudibly, "All right. I promise."

"You promise to do whatever I tell you, immediately and without question?"

"Y-yes."

"All right. Here is the way it's going to be. Repeat everything after me. From now on, you are going to be my slave."

"What?" she shrieked.

"You've already promised to do whatever I want. But, if you don't like it, I'll still let you leave if you want, and never see me again."

She stared at me as though she thought I was joking. I met her gaze with a stern look. She realized I was serious and the incredulity on her face gave way to fear. "Y-you can't mean that, Alan," she stammered.

"I do mean it, Suzanne. Maybe you should just leave and we'll forget we ever knew each other," I said, reaching to open the door.

"No!" she yelled, grabbing my arm. We stood there, frozen, for several tense moments. At last, Suzanne took a deep, shuddering breath. "I... I'll do it. I'll be your s-s-s..." She spat the last word out. "... slave."

"All right, then," I responded, lowering my arm. "Repeat what I just told you."

"I... I am your s-slave."

"You are my bitch."

"I..." She took another deep breath. "I am your bitch."

"You are my slut."

"I am your s-slut."

"You have no will of your own."

"I have no will of my own." She was beginning to shake with fear.

"You are a fuck doll, whose sole purpose is to be used by men for their pleasure."

Her eyes reddened. "I am... a f-fuck doll. My purpose is... to be used by men for their p-pleasure."

"You are my sex toy, to play with however I want."

"I am your... sex toy, to play with however you want."

"You will be fucked whenever, wherever, and by whomever I

chose."

She choked back a sob. "I will be f-fucked whenever, wherever, and by whomever you choose."

"From now on, your name is Suzi."

She looked up at me, a tear rolling down her cheek.

"Say it," I commanded.

"M-my name is Suzi."

"Suzi the slut."

"S-Suzi the s-slut."

"You will always refer to yourself in the third person, as Suzi, or slave, or slut, or bitch, or anything else."

"I will always refer to myself in the third person..."

"All right. You don't have to repeat any more. From now on, whenever we are alone, you will address me as 'master'. Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes." she said through her tears.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, m-master."

"Now, slave. Tell me why you came over here."

"B-because I... need it."

"Third person," I admonished.

"S-Suzi needs it."

"Needs what, bitch? I can't do anything unless Suzi tells me what it is that she wants. What does Suzi need me to do?"

"Suzi needs you to... f-f-f-fuck h-her, master."

"Using what part of my body? And use some adjectives, like 'hard'."

"P-please fuck Suzi with your hard... p-penis?"

I had to laugh at that. "Suzi, a doctor uses the word 'penis'. A slut uses a different word."

"F-fuck Suzi with your hard c-c-cock."

Good enough for now. "Take off that poncho, Suzi."

The newly rechristened Suzi unbuttoned the poncho and dropped it to the floor. I was amazed to discover that she was wearing her "candy" outfit. She must've been pretty horny when she got dressed this morning.

"Now come over here and suck my cock, bitch," I demanded.

Suzi eagerly fell to her knees in front of me. She unzipped

my fly and pulled out my hard shaft. She was about to put it in her mouth when I stopped her. "Tell me what you want to do."

"I..." She caught herself. "Suzi wants to suck your cock, master." I looked at her, waiting for more. "Please let Suzi suck your big cock." She looked at me pleadingly.

I smiled. "All right, slut, go ahead." She eagerly pounced on my meat, slurping at it like she hadn't had it days. Which I guess she hadn't. I was swiftly aroused by her skillful blowjob. Her dextrous tongue tickled my shaft as her head bobbed up and down.

I stopped as I was about to come and pulled my shaft out of her mouth. She looked up at me.

"What do you want now, slave?"

The feel of my cock in her mouth had sent her into slut mode by now. She was desperate for me to come in her, so she spoke quickly and eagerly. "Suzi wants you to come in her mouth, master. Please let Suzi swallow your hot come."

Suzi was learning fast. "All right, bitch, take your master's come." She put my cock back into her mouth just as I started to come, sending hot, sticky wads of jism down her throat. Suzi orgasmed as I finished, her whole body shaking with pleasure as she eagerly sucked down every last drop of come.

"Did you enjoy that, slut?" I asked.

"Yes, m-master. Suzi enjoyed tasting your c-come in her m-mouth." A dribble of jism ran out of Suzi's mouth and down her chin as she spoke.

"Lie on the couch, whore." I commanded. Suzi scampered over to the couch and lay down on it, her glistening wet pussy exposed. I sat down in a chair next to her, gazing at the soft folds of her cunt. She needed it. I wasn't ready, though. "What do you want, now, slave?"

"S-Suzi wants to be fucked."

"Be more descriptive."

"Suzi needs to have her c-cunt fucked by her master's hard cock."

She was getting good at this. Clearly, she was quite aroused. I had a suspicion I wanted to investigate. "When was the last time you had your cunt fucked, whore?"

"L-last night, m-master." She was clearly quite nervous about

this, but also excited.

So! She'd managed to stay away from me so long by fucking other men. "Tell me about it, slave."

"I went to a..." She caught herself and started over. "Suzi went to a bar wearing a leather s-skirt and h-heels."

"Why did you wear them, bitch?"

"S-Suzi wore them to get f-fucked. D-dressing like a w-whore makes men want to f-fuck Suzi"

"I see. And how many men fucked you?"

"Th-three."

"Where?"

"One in the p-parking lot, t-two in a m-motel room."

"What were their names?"

"D-don't know."

"So you fucked three men last night, not even knowing their names."

"Y-yes, master."

"What does that make you?"

"A s-slut."

My dick was getting hard again. "Do you want to get fucked?"

"Y-yes, master. P-please fuck Suzi." She was squirming on the couch, thrusting her hips at an imaginary cock.

"Then tell me what you are, and make it good."

The bitch needed no encouragement. "S-Suzi is a horny slut who always needs to be fucked. Suzi needs a hot cock inside her. Suzi is a bitch who needs to taste hot, sticky come. P-please fuck Suzi's hot pussy, master!"

I was near the bursting point. Rising from my chair, I pulled Suzi off the couch and thrust her to the floor. She immediately got on her hands and knees, presenting her dripping pussy to me. I roughly grabbed her hips as I slammed my cock into her silky cunt.

Suzi screamed with pleasure. "Oh, fuck Suzi, master! Fuck your slut with your hard cock! Ohhh... master's cock feels so good in Suzi's cunt! Nnnngh! Fuck Suuuuziiii!" I reached under Suzi and grabbed her tits, using them as leverage to thrust my dick into her as hard as possible. She writhed in pleasure on my cock, slamming her hips against me as forcefully as she could.

Suzi came as she felt the first spurt of jism explode from my

cock. "Yes! Yes! Shoot your come into Suzi's hot cunt!" she yelled. "Fill your slut's wet pussy with your jism! Yes!" Suzi's cunt muscles clenched tightly at my dick as my creamy load shot into her belly, milking it dry. I collapsed on top of her, exhausted, my still-hard cock filling Suzi's pussy.

After catching my breath, I pulled my come-covered cock out of her cunt and pulled myself up to sit on the couch. "Clean my cock, slave," I commanded.

"Yes, master," Suzi responded. Dutifully, she crawled up next to me on the couch and began licking my soft shaft, gathering up the come and pussy juice covering it and slurping them down eagerly. Ropy strings of come dripped from her wet pussy onto the leather of the couch.

I took my new fuck doll back to the bedroom and made use of her three more times that night. Each time, I got her hot, then made her beg for my cock. "Please, master, fill Suzi's hot, wet cunt with your big thick cock," she would ask, and I would oblige by reaming my slut's cunt. "Please, master, fill Suzi's slutty cunt with your sticky come," she would beg, and I would have no choice but to shoot my jism into her hungry pussy. But at the end, she asked me to "fuck Suzi's tits and shoot your come all over your bitch's hot, slutty face," and I knew I had a winner.

Chapter 5

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Suzi

The next several days were spent wiping out all traces of Suzanne. I moved the clothes I had bought her to my apartment, and put them in a closet which I designated as Suzi's. I put the cosmetics and jewelry into a vanity table I'd purchased just for her. The rest of her stuff I sold to a local thrift shop for cash.

Suzi and I went to Suzanne's bank to close her accounts. I threw out the cashier's check. It was a trivial amount of money compared to what I had, and cashing it would just leave a trail that

Suzanne's relatives could follow if they ever tried to track her down. We canceled the lease on her apartment without leaving a forwarding address.

Once Suzanne had been erased from existence, I set Suzi up on her new daily schedule. I got ahold of some videotapes of professional strippers performing, as well as a video camera, and set up one of the extra rooms of my apartment as a practice studio for Suzi. She was to teach herself to dance and striptease by watching the tapes. The camera was for her to watch herself doing it, so she could refine her technique.

I also bought a tanning bed, so that she could get a smooth, even tan without having to leave the apartment, and a treadmill and a few exercise machines, to keep her in shape. I set up an exercise regimen for her, emphasizing overall conditioning, to build her stamina. In addition, I had her do a lot of chest development exercises, in the hope of doing something about those small tits of hers, as well as some leg work to build up her ass.

Suzi followed the same routine every day. She would get up in the morning and serve me breakfast, after which I would usually fuck her either in the mouth or the cunt (but only after she begged me to). She would spend the rest of the morning practicing her dancing, eat a healthy lunch, and then practice for several more hours in the afternoon. Usually I would interrupt this at some point to fuck her, again making her beg before entering her. After she'd put in her eight hours of dance practice, she'd spend an hour in the tanning bed, followed by an hour of physical workout. Then she'd fix and serve me dinner.

Some evenings I would take Suzi out for dinner and to a movie, but not nearly as often as I had with Suzanne. Most evenings, we would stay home and she would watch porno films, studying the way the women in them behaved. We went to bed early, so that I could give her one or two training fucks and still let her get plenty of sleep. Throughout the day, she was expected to keep herself looking sexy and ready to be fucked, like a good little slut. Once Suzi had settled into her routine, I started up the training again.

I walked into the bedroom to find my slut waiting for me on the bed. As per my instructions of half an hour ago, she was wearing

a tight black halter top cut so low that it almost exposed her nipples, a shiny red leather miniskirt, and a pair of knee-covering black leather "fuck me" boots, with her standard five-inch heels. The top was pushed down to expose her pert breasts, and the skirt was pushed up to her waist, exposing her damp pussy. Excellent.

"Doggie style, bitch," I commanded. Suzi quickly obeyed, rising to her hands and knees, her pert ass sticking up into the air. Her eyes were closed in expectation, anticipating the warm cock that her excited pussy needed so badly. Suzi's training was coming along well, and she was rapidly developing the proper attitude toward sex. That is to say, she was learning that her body was a toy for me to use for my pleasure, and that the only way she would ever experience pleasure herself was by being used in this way, as an object for sex.

But there was still a significant portion of her original emotional makeup intact, fighting inside her against what she was becoming. This remnant of Suzanne was still in control of Suzi's body whenever she wasn't aroused, which was still a majority of the time. And while Suzi was almost always happy, content in her role as a slut and a whore, Suzanne was depressed and miserable. She never rebelled or disobeyed me, but it was obvious from her manner that she was unhappy. She went about her chores, her dance practice, and her exercises with a dogged determination, in fear of what might happen should she fail rather than out of a true love of what she was doing.

But Suzi loved her work. And that was why she was winning the battle between the two. When it came time for me to make use of my slut, the weary, depressed Suzanne was all too eager to give way to the bright, energetic, cock-craving Suzi. And every time Suzi was brought forth, she grew stronger and Suzanne grew weaker. Even though Suzanne doubtless knew that by surrendering control to the slut she was dooming herself, she was still more than happy to give it up when the time came, out of sheer misery. It was form a suicide. Suzanne knew that, and she didn't mind.

So as a result, she was always craving use around bedtime, when I would come in to give her her lessons for the day. She knew that soon she would be a come-hungry nymphomaniac, experiencing pure pleasure as she sucked on a cock, or had her pussy reamed fast and hard. Tonight, however, she was in for a surprise.

I climbed up behind her on the bed and pulled a tube of

vaseline out of my pocket. She couldn't see me from her position. I spread a liberal amount of vaseline on the fingers of my right hand. With my left hand, I gently began to rub Suzi's pink little clit. She moaned in response, thrusting her hips back at me, trying to fuck my fingers, trying to get anything she could into her cunt. Carefully, I brought my right hand down to her ass, slowly rubbing her anus.

Suzi started at the touch of the cool lotion in an unfamiliar location, jerking her body as she craned her head and shoulders around to look at me. I slapped her ass. "Sit still, slut! Just relax, and this won't hurt."

Suzi whimpered and returned to her position. She was tense, though, scared at the prospect of something unfamiliar. Slowly, carefully, I slipped a vaseline-covered finger into her rectum.

She screeched in fear but did not move. "That's a good girl, Suzi," I told her. "Good little slut. Just relax..." I continued to maneuver my finger around inside her, trying to spread the lotion as much as possible. When I had done as good a job as I would ever be able to, I pulled my finger out and wiped off the excess lotion.

"Now, then, Suzi," I said, speaking in my calmest voice, "this won't hurt if you just relax..." I began rubbing her clit again, eliciting moans once more. But her cries carried a tinge of fear in them. I rubbed her harder, trying to bring her off more strongly, trying to get her to relax. I placed the head of my stiff cock at the entrance to her rectum. Removing my hand from her clit, I spread her ass cheeks as far apart as I could, opening her up as much as possible for my entry. Suzi was trembling in fear now, having figured out what was going on. I reached a hand forward and pushed her chest and shoulders down into the bed, giving me the best possible entry angle. As gently as I could, I pushed the head of my cock into her ass.

She screamed in pain at my entry. I moved my left hand to her clit, trying to bring her off and calm her down. It was slow going, but eventually she stopped screaming and settled into a soft whimpering. Her ass was incredibly tight around my cockhead. God, it felt great! Slowly, I pushed another inch into her lubricated asshole.

She screamed anew, and it took another minute to calm her down. I continued to finger her, trying to bring her up the road to orgasm. I whispered gently to her. "A good little slut knows how to

take a cock up her ass." Suzi mewled in pleasure and pain.

Inch by inch I entered her asshole, stopping after every new thrust to calm her down and bring back to some amount of pleasure. This was easier than it would normally have been, thanks to the aphrodisiac, but it was still slow going. The walls of her ass squeezed around me with an intense pressure.

When I had pushed my full ten inches into her, I slowly, slowly, began to fuck her ass, continually rubbing her clit. I kept it slow to minimize the pain, but she was still squealing in fear almost constantly. After I'd been inside her for nearly half an hour, I brought her to orgasm as I shot my sperm into her ass. As usual, she was under the Pavlov drug, and so she was learning, slowly, to enjoy having her ass fucked.

I waited for my cock to soften. With an audible pop, I pulled out of her ass and lay down beside her. She was softly crying. "Listen to me," I told her. Her eyes opened and she looked fearfully at me. I continued. "That hurt, but in time you'll grow used to it." I held out the bottle of vaseline to her. "It would have hurt a lot more without this. From now on, you will keep yourself lubricated with this at all times. If I ever check, and find you dry, I'll do it to your right there, and it will hurt. Understand?"

She nodded meekly, still in shock over what had happened. I smiled. "You're becoming a fine little slut, Suzi."

In general, I wasn't very interested in anal sex. I was teaching Suzi to take a cock up her ass because it would be useful skill in her new line of work, not because it was something I had a particular thing for.

Over the next week, I continued to train her in this technique. Always, I fingered her clit as I fucked her ass, using the Pavlov drug to cause a pleasure association to form in her brain, teaching her to orgasm at the feel of come in her ass. The bitch was so tight down there I found myself enjoying the action despite my general lack of interest in this sort of thing.

One afternoon during this period, I got a phone call. The caller was a middle-aged businessman calling from a hotel, responding to an ad for "Adult Services" I had placed in the local paper. We

verbally, danced around for a few minutes, ascertaining each other's bona fides. When we finally got down to it, I told him Suzi was available for a massage at \$200 for a full hour, plus tips. He agreed, told me where he was staying, and I promised Suzi would be there in an hour.

Her first job! I hadn't expected it to come so soon. The customer was interested in someone trashy, so I had Suzi put on one of her slutty outfits, a new one I'd purchased recently. It consisted of a shiny silver slip dress that left the gap in her cleavage well-exposed and just barely covered her ass, a pair of black fishnet stockings, and two shiny elbow-length gloves. It was fully accessorized with several oversized fake pearl necklaces, a gaudy bracelet on one wrist, a pair of black hoop earrings, and of course the ever-present five-inch spiked heels, in black this time.

After she'd finished touching up her makeup and hair, we drove to the hotel. While we drove, I briefed her on the proper way to act, how to defer to the customer's wishes, and when to ask for money. I fixed a small microphone to her left earring, so that I'd be able to listen in on the action and intervene in case Suzi came into any danger.

We got to the hotel. After Suzi had wrapped herself in a trenchcoat, we walked through the lobby to the elevators. Suzi drew a number of lustful stares, despite the thick coat hiding her body. We rode the elevator up to the customer's floor. I waited around a corner in the hallway while Suzi knocked on the door.

I heard the door open, and a male voice say, "Well. You must be Suzi."

"Yes, Mr. Jones. At your service."

"Come on in."

Suzi stepped inside and the door closed. I moved up to stand in front of it, ready to enter at a moment's notice.

"Suzi needs to see your driver's license," I heard her say.

"Here you go."

Suddenly it occurred to me that it might seem odd to the customer for Suzi to be talking about herself in the third person. Well, shit. It was too late now. I'd have to let things go and just hope it didn't bother him.

He paid her, including a \$200 tip, and offered her a drink.

They sat down and talked. He tried to start a conversation, asking her questions about herself, where she was from. Suzi's responses were simple and direct.

"Suzi is a whore. Suzi is a slut who lives for cock. Suzi needs to be fucked."

After a few tries, he gave up. "God, you really are just a little tramp, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, Suzi is a little tramp who will do anything for a cock."

He was quite turned on by her dirty talk, judging by the tremor in his voice. "T-try mine." I heard the sound of a zipper.

Suzi's voice. "Oooh, your cock is so beautiful. Suzi wants to suck it. Can Suzi suck your cock? Please?"

"G-go ahead, slut. Oh!" He grunted in pleasure. God, I was getting so horny from listening to this. I listened intently as Suzi's customer built to orgasm. He was really getting into this.

"Take it down your throat, you little slut! Yes!" I could only imagine what was going on.

After he had finished coming in Suzi's mouth and Suzi had orgasmed, they settled down for a bit, doing some necking and fondling. Soon, she started begging him to fuck her. He had absolutely no objections, and did so. Suzi kept up a monologue all through the process.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Jones, your cock feels so good in Suzi's cunt. Suzi hasn't had a cock in her cunt all day, and this big thick one feels so good. Yes! Use Suzi like the whore she is! Fuck her slutty pussy with your wet cock until you shoot your jism into her belly." The volume of her cries increased as his orgasm built. "Yes, yes! Ram your meat into Suzi's wet pussy! Oh! Yes, yes, YES! Shoot your sticky white come deep into Suzi's cunt! Yes! YES! FUCK SUZIIIIIIIIIIIIII!"

They came, and for awhile all I heard was the grunts and moans of orgasm. Slowly, they came down. "That was incredible. You are one hot little slut."

I heard Suzi putting her clothes back on. A moment later she walked out the door. I greeted her with a big smile and a raging hard-on. Gripping her hand, I led her to the stairwell.

Unsurprisingly, it was deserted. Most of the people in the

hotel used the elevators. I closed the door behind us and unzipped my pants, freeing my erect cock. Suzi, still aroused from her recent fucking, needed no prompting. She bent over and grabbed the stair railing, thrusting her pert little ass up in the air. Not bothering with any formalities, I lifted her skirt up and slammed my meat into her moist pussy.

I fucked her hard and fast in that position for several minutes. I was incredibly horny from listening to her fuck that guy in the hotel room, and my cock was desperate for release. I placed my hands on her hips and jerked them violently toward me with every stroke I took. Suzi put very little effort into it; she was content merely to be used like a rag doll, muttering softly to herself. "Oh, yessss, master, fuck Suzi. Fuck Suzi's slutty cunt with your hard cock. Mmmmm."

After a minute or two of pumping Suzi's cunt up and down on my shaft, I came explosively, jism spurting from my prick into her tight cunt. Suzi screamed in pleasure as her third orgasm in an hour washed over her, and my come dribbled out of the corners of her pussy. God, she was fantastic.

I continued training Suzi in the fine art of taking a cock up her ass. She didn't enjoy it, but as the days passed, she slowly grew used to it and stopped crying whenever I fucked her there.

One morning I surprised her by getting up early. Suzi had just taken her shower, and was sitting at the vanity table, styling her hair and putting on her makeup. Usually I didn't wake up until almost an hour later, after she'd gotten dressed and fixed breakfast.

I got up casually and walked over to stand behind her. She looked up at me, curious as to why I was up so early. "Stand up, slut." I commanded. She obeyed, setting down her lipstick and standing at attention.

Slowly, I caressed her ass with my hands. She trembled in anticipation. Without warning, I stuck a finger into her anus, eliciting a shriek from her. It was dry.

"Bitch!"

"Yes, m-master?"

"What did I tell you about your ass? What are you supposed to have in it all times?"

She started to cry, unable to answer, shaking in fear.

"I said to keep your ass lubricated at all times, didn't I?"

"I-I was about to, m-master. It's just that you don't usually g-get up this early, and..."

"All times, bitch! Now you'll have to suffer the punishment."

Suzi shrieked and whirled to run. I grabbed her arm firmly and threw her to the floor. She looked up at me in horror, too frightened to take action, as I knelt above her.

Roughly, I grabbed her and forced her to her hands and knees.

She was crying in sheer terror. With one hand I positioned my cock at the entrance to her dry anus, and with the other I pushed her head and shoulders down to the floor, giving me the best possible angle of entry. When she was positioned just right, I slammed my cock full force into her tight, dry ass.

She screamed. Not the scream of pleasure she usually gave when I fucked her to orgasm. Not the scream of fear mixed with pleasure that she had given when I was teaching her to ass-fuck. A scream of pure, excruciating, mind-numbing pain.

I paused for a second, enjoying her pain as my cock sat inside her asshole. Just when her scream started dying, I withdrew and thrust again, bringing a new wail. The raw, dry skin of her asshole ripped and tore in places, and blood spurted from the cuts and gashes.

Each new thrust brought a new scream. After awhile, the blood spread around and acted as a lubricant, lessening the friction between my cock and her ass. At this point, I started fucking her in earnest. Her screams had descended into sobs and whimpers of pain as I plowed her ass faster and faster. Rather than her normal eager bucking and pumping, she just lay there, accepting but not welcoming my cock in her ass.

The best part of this was that the Suzanne portion of her mind was in control now, and it was taking the brunt of the pain. Suzi, the slutty personality, was in the background. I had been careful not to arouse her before raping her ass, in order to be sure that it was Suzanne I was inflicting pain on. The damage done to Suzanne would further sap her will to live, effectively giving Suzi a greater amount of control over her body.

I came in her ass, a flood of jism erupting from my engorged cock. Suzi - Suzanne, really - just lay there, unresponsive, still

crying from the pain. When I had shot my load, I removed my blood-and-come covered dick from her ass.

"Now, then, slut, what have we learned?"

Her sobs halted, and she looked up fearfully at me.

"Always... keep... Suzi's ass lubricated?" she asked haltingly.

"Very good. Now, from now on, you are to lubricate yourself immediately upon coming out of the shower in the morning.

Understand?"

"Y-yes, master."

"Good." I smiled. "Now clean off my cock."

Slowly, wearily, she took my cock in her hands and began to suck on it. A pinkish mixture of fluids dripped from her asshole. My cock was soon clean, glistening with her saliva. Before long, Suzanne had receded into the background, and an aroused Suzi was sucking happily on my cock. I patted her on the head. "Good girl, Suzi," I encouraged her. She smiled around my cock at me. My eager little slut was back, stronger than ever.

From then on, Suzi was always lubricated. Eventually, she grew to enjoy it, and by the end of her third week as my live-in slut, I had her begging to "please stick your hot cock up your bitch's tight ass, master!" I'm not particularly an ass-fucking type of guy, as I've mentioned, but hearing her say that made me eager to cream her tight little hole.

I also continued to hire her out as a call girl once or twice a week. She typically earned four or five hundred dollars from each stint. This was no big windfall, but it was a nice bit of extra income. I didn't intend for her to be doing this for very long anyway; the real purpose of it was to get her used to the idea of fucking other men. She would soon be moving on to far more lucrative activities.

Around the time of her tenth job as a call girl, I decided that Suzi's dancing skills had reached the point where they could be put to use. I made up a bunch of flyers featuring Suzi's face as she licked her lips sluttily. The text read, "The breathtakingly beautiful Suzi: private dancer available for parties and celebrations. Deluxe service."

The next day Suzi got her first piece of business -- a bachelor party. They were in a rush, and they wanted her that night. I was forced to cancel my dinner reservations, but I was eager to see Suzi in action, so I agreed. We dickered over the price, and he gave me directions and a time to show up.

I interrupted Suzi's dance practice and told her she had a job that evening. She was surprised. I told her to go put on her red lingerie and pumps. She complied and returned to the practice room. We spent the rest of the afternoon going over her routine. She was to burst out of a cake and do a quick striptease act. Then she was to sit on the groom's lap and get down and dirty.

"Now, remember, slut, the groom just thinks you're an ordinary stripper who isn't supposed to go very far. He doesn't know that you're really a cock-craving whore who's going to fuck him. So you have to go slow, or you'll scare him."

We went through the routine, with me sitting on the chair playing the part of the groom. I didn't actually fuck her, because I wanted her to be extra horny that night. But it was quite an act of will to restrain myself.

We ate a quick dinner, and I gave Suzi an hour to rest before driving her out to the party. Before going up to the house, I had her drink a glass of water with a little bit of aphrodisiac and some of the Pavlov drug. "Now, remember, slut, the groom gets to fuck you first, because it's his special night. After that, you have to allow yourself to be fucked by anyone who wants to."

"Suzi understands, master."

"Let's go, bitch."

"Yes, master."

I rang the doorbell, and was greeted by a young man holding a beer. I introduced myself as Suzi's manager. He told me he was the older brother of Jeff, the groom, and showed us to the cake. Suzi climbed inside, visibly nervous. I said some reassuring words before closing the cake. By the time she had to perform, she'd be horny from the drugs, and that would take care of her nerves.

Jeff's brother offered me a beer, which I accepted. I told him I'd wait out in the kitchen until the cake was brought out, and then I'd watch discreetly from the kitchen door. He shrugged and left me in the kitchen.

Half an hour later, the cake was rolled out. I leaned against the frame of the kitchen door. The guys sat Jeff down on a chair facing the cake. The music started, and Suzi burst from the cake.

She had a sexy smile on her face as she started dancing. Sweeping around the room, she teased all the guys, licking her lips and occasionally grinding against their crotches, leaving them with various pieces of her flimsy outfit. After a few minutes, she danced over to Jeff and sat on his lap, straddling his legs and facing him, wearing only a bra, panties, and heels.

She slowed down, gyrating her torso in front of Jeff's wide eyes while the other men whooped and laughed. She waved her tits in front of his face. Judging by the bulge in his pants, Jeff was enjoying the show. Slowly, sexily, Suzi untied her bra and slipped it off her shoulders, revealing her hard nipples. She waved them teasingly in front of Jeff's face, rubbing them gently with her fingers as she stared lustfully into his eyes. This drew more whoops from the other men in the room.

"So, handsome, you must be Jeff," Suzi said, in a deep, husky voice.

"Y-y-yes, ma'am," Jeff responded nervously.

"You're getting married, Jeff?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Tomorrow morning."

"Well, looks like little Suzi got to you just in time," she exclaimed, running a hand along his crotch. She looked away and winked playfully at the men, who laughed and cheered her on.

Suzi tossed the bra aside and moved her hands to her panties. Swaying her torso to the music, she untied the panties, exposing her wet cunt. Jeff stared in amazement. The panties still lay between her legs. Suzi bunched the front of her panties up in her left hand, and the back in her right hand, and began to draw them slowly back and forth along her slit. She closed her eyes and arched her back, thrusting her chest into Jeff's face, drawing even more cheers from the audience. Jeff was still staring at her pussy.

Suzi removed the soaked panties from between her legs and brought them to her mouth. She fixed Jeff with a sultry gaze as she parted her lips and sucked some of the juice out of the panties. She then moved the panties in front of Jeff's mouth and licked her lips.

Jeff sucked hungrily on them. "Does it taste good, Jeff?" Suzi breathed.

Jeff let the panties out of his mouth and stammered. "Y-yes, ma'am!"

Suzi flung the panties aside. She leaned forward and plastered her lips against Jeff's, giving him a hard, passionate kiss. Jeff was startled at first, but responded quickly. Suzi rubbed the back of his neck with one hand and his chest with the other as she kissed him. After an eternity, she pulled away and looked at Jeff.

"So what's her name, Jeff?" she asked in a slutty voice.

"D-Donna," he replied.

"Well, from where I'm sitting," she moved her hand from his chest down to his crotch, softly rubbing the bulge she found there, "you're going to make Donna a pretty happy woman." This drew another loud chorus of hoots from the partiers. Suzi took no notice, her attention focused on Jeff. "But before you go and do that, Jeff," she breathed, leaning closer and closer to him, "how about making Suzi happy?" With that, she kissed him again and began to unzip his pants.

Jeff made no move to stop her as Suzi freed his shaft. Still kissing him, she began to stroke his hard cock with her fingers, skillfully bringing him off. Suzi broke the kiss, and looked down hungrily at Jeff's cock. Jeff groaned in pleasure at her soft strokes, his rigid cock standing upright from his lap. A drop of juice fell from Suzi's pussy onto Jeff's pants. No doubt about it, the bitch was hot and ready, aching to have her cunt filled by Jeff's cock.

The other men had stopped cheering, and merely looked on in disbelief. Jeff's brother looked at me, as if asking what the hell was going on. I shrugged and turned my attention back to the action.

Suzi was moaning now, bouncing up and down on Jeff's lap, running her fingers up and down his hard shaft. "Yes," she murmured, "Suzi is going to be very happy with Jeff's hot, hard cock in her soft, wet cunt!" With that, she lifted herself up and moved herself forward, placing herself over Jeff's crotch. Jeff was in an aroused stupor, and had no reaction. Suzi placed the head of Jeff's cock at the opening of her pussy. With an aroused moan, she lowered herself onto it, impaling herself on his shaft. Jeff let out a cry of pleasure at the feel of her velvety cunt wrapped around his prick.

The faces around the room that had previously shown disbelief now took on expressions that were frankly stunned. They had been amazed that a stripper would kiss the groom and fondle his dick. But for her to actually fuck him -- this was clearly too much for them to handle.

Suzi wasn't paying attention to them, however. Her attention was fixed on the meat filling her pussy. I could see her stomach flex as her cunt muscles massaged Jeff's cock. He was delirious with pleasure. Suzi slowly began to move herself up and down on his shaft, fucking herself crazy. Her moans grew in volume as her cunt lips slid along his shaft.

Suddenly Jeff burst into action. Grasping Suzi tightly to him, he stood up from the chair. Suzi squealed in excitement as his sudden movement caused her to slide all the way down his shaft, completely filling her twat. Falling to his knees, Jeff lay Suzi down on the floor in front of him, never taking his cock from her pussy. He fell on top of her and quickly began to piston his cock in and out of Suzi.

Suzi went wild as he fucked her. She slammed her hips back against him with each stroke. Wrapping her legs around him, she dug her heels into his ass, trying to pull him as deeply as possible into her cunt. "Oh, yes! Suzi feels so lucky to have Jeff's hot, thick cock in her wet pussy! Fuck Suzi hard, Jeff! Fuck her hot, wet cunt!" Suzi pulled Jeff down on top of her, locking her lips to his in a deep, passionate kiss.

It wasn't long before Jeff came, spurting his come into Suzi's steamy pussy. Suzi came at the same time, her cunt muscles gripping his shaft in a viselike grip as her orgasm shook through her body. Jeff's come overflowed her cunt, dripping to the ground in thick, stringy wads. Jeff's orgasm subsided. He continued to respond to Suzi's kisses for a few moments, then pulled his cock out of her pussy and fell to one side, exhausted.

Still lying on the ground, her legs spread wide, with Jeff's come dripping from her open cunt, Suzi turned her head to look at the men, whose jaws were wide open. In a soft, teasing voice, she inquired, "Who's next, gentlemen?"

Suzi had a busy night. After she fucked Jeff, each of the

other guys took a turn, usually two at once. Suzi would buck her hips frantically against one cock while eagerly slurping at another. Sometimes the men would come inside her. Other times, they would pull out and Suzi would jack them off until their sticky come spurted onto her face or tits.

By the time each of the guys had had a turn, Jeff had recuperated enough to respond to Suzi's provocations. She spent the next half-hour giving him the blowjob of his life. She would suck him a bit, pumping her head up and down on his shaft as he sat in the chair. As he approached orgasm, she would let him out of her mouth, gently teasing him and allowing him to cool off a bit. Then she would suck him some more, keeping him on the edge of orgasm for thirty minutes, but never letting him go over. By the end of this period, he was so sensitive that she couldn't suck him for more than four or five seconds at a stretch. When she was through playing with him, she held his shaft in her hand and asked him, "Now, Jeff, do you want to shoot your hot, sticky jism into Suzi's mouth, or into her soft pussy, or do you want to come all over her slutty face?"

"F-face," Jeff responded through the haze of his pleasure.

"Okay, handsome. Suzi will take your sticky come all over her face." With that, she plunged her mouth onto Jeff's cock and began sucking for all she was worth. Jeff's moans grew louder and louder as Suzi took faster and faster strokes. Just as he was about to come, she let his cock out of her mouth and pointed it at her face. Jeff's engorged cock shot spurt after spurt of Jism onto Suzi's face and into her hair. With her free hand, she collected what she could on her fingers and sucked it into her mouth, hungrily slurping it down. When Jeff was finished shooting his monstrous load, Suzi's body shook and she fell to the ground, writhing in orgasm from the come splattered on her, dripping in thick strings down her face. She stumbled back up onto her knees and kissed Jeff's cock. "You're going to make Donna very happy with that, Jeff."

The guys then took another round with her, each fucking her cunt or her mouth. One of them even did her ass while two others fucked her mouth and cunt, bringing Suzi to another explosive orgasm. She was always eager for more, and the guys were always eager to provide. When everyone had taken their second fuck, and some had even had thirds, she gave Jeff another long ride in her pussy. After that,

no one had the energy to go at it again. I collected the money from Jeff's brother and Suzi and I left. I had undercharged them by quite a bit, considering all that Suzi had done, but I was counting on this and the next several gigs to provide publicity. After that, Suzi would be so popular that I'd be able to jack the price way up.

Suzi was quiet during the ride home. She had come six times that evening, her most intense performance ever. She had been in slut mode through the whole thing, her deeply-ingrained training making her into a come-hungry sex kitten. Now she was coming down, and Suzanne's old personality was reasserting itself. I heard her softly crying to herself.

"Suzi," I told her, "you were a magnificent little slut tonight. You took on eight men two or three times each, giving them orgasms like they've never had before. For the rest of their lives, they'll remember you as the best fuck they've ever had. Whenever they fuck their wives, or their girlfriends, they'll be thinking of Suzi the slut." I'd been planning to let her rest during the ride, but I was horny as hell from watching her get fucked dozens of times at the party, and I didn't want to listen to this, so I decided to put her to work. "Suck my cock, whore."

"Y-yes, master." Suzi choked back a sob. Like a well-trained animal, my little sex toy leaned over, unzipped my pants, and pulled out my hard cock. After only a few second of sucking, she had gone back into slut mode, all her worries pushed out of her mind. I smiled.

Chapter 6

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Building Suzi's Body

A few days later, Suzi got another job; this time it was a birthday party. Once again, she burst from a cake and did a slow striptease, winding up on the lap of the birthday boy, rubbing his crotch and talking dirty. "Did you get a lot of presents for your birthday, Eric?"

"Y-y-yes."

Leaning close, "Suzi would like a present." Unzipping his pants, "Won't you give Suzi a big present?"

As before, all the other men could only stare, jaws agape, as Suzi proceeded to pull his cock out, stroke it to erection, and then fuck herself on it until creamy white come oozed from her cunt. They regained their composure, though, when she made herself available to them, and fucked her cunt, mouth, and ass with wild abandon. I watched the whole three-hour party. When we got home, I fucked her several times myself.

The news that a hot stripper was available for gang-banging spread quickly by word-of-mouth. A week later, Suzi was getting jobs every night. For the most part, the men at these parties were no longer surprised at what she would do; they had hired her specifically because she would do it, although her good looks didn't hurt.

Three weeks after her first performance at the bachelor party, Suzi was consistently booked solid two weeks in advance. I raised the price from \$500 a night to \$750 and then to \$1000. Business showed no signs of slowing. At six gigs a week (I gave her Sunday night to rest; we didn't get many offers for that night anyway.) Suzi was earning me over \$5000 a week. There were some expenses; the clothes Suzi had been wearing were left at the scene of each party as a souvenir.

Between getting royally fucked at each party and my personal use of her body at home, Suzi was orgasming an average of ten times a day. Her drug-trained body kept up admirably, her pussy always getting soaked for a cock and her mouth always eager to please. Always, she talked dirty to whoever was fucking her, because she knew that was the way to get the most come.

But only when she was aroused. And that was the kicker. When she wasn't aroused, she was still Suzanne, and Suzanne was sullen and withdrawn. She was still willing to have sex, because she knew that sex would bring Suzi out, and allow her to escape the misery that was her life. And she never disobeyed me, in fear of what the consequences might be. (After all, I'd demonstrated them to her quite dramatically when she'd failed to have her ass lubricated. She knew the pain involved in a dry ass-fuck.) But in spite of her bitterness and despair, Suzanne persevered, and showed no signs of getting

weaker.

I was frankly baffled by this. I'd expected the Suzanne personality to have died by now, sapped of its strength and its will to live by the continued slutty behavior of Suzi. But she hadn't. Her will to go living in this miserable existence should have long since died, crushed by the degradation she suffered daily. Somewhere she was finding the strength to go on. Something was giving her hope. What, though?

I had been this mystery for several weeks when I finally chanced upon the answer, while I was sitting in my study one Sunday evening after an after-dinner use of Suzi. I was trying to figure out exactly how much profit I'd made on her so far, which basically involved totalling up the expenses from all of our dates, including the drugs and clothes, and subtracting that number from the total income I'd made from the parties. The problem was that little expenses that I'd forgotten about popped into my mind from time to time, and I'd have to redo the whole calculation, figuring them in. Like that telescope I'd had to buy to spy on her at the very beginning. Things like that.

One such item was all the clothing catalogs I'd bought before meeting her. Scouting reports, as I thought of them, ascertaining how much exposure she'd gotten, and who I'd have to bribe to keep her from getting hired. Utterly useless now that she was mine, but they were still an expense. I glanced up to where the catalogs were collecting dust on the bookshelf...

...and noticed something was wrong. Counting them, I realized one of them was missing. I couldn't tell which one, but I knew one of them was gone.

Where? If Suzanne had taken it, where would she have put it? The sounds of a porn video were coming from Suzi's training room, so I knew she was in there studying. Quietly I walked down the hall to the bedroom and began to search Suzi's things.

It was slow going, because I was being careful not to disturb anything permanently. I wasn't sure yet whether I wanted her to know I was onto her, so I tried as best I could to leave things as I found them. An hour and a half later, after combing her closet and most of her makeup table, I finally found what I was looking for.

Hidden under the lining paper at the bottom of one of the

drawers in the makeup cabinet was a catalog from a local department store from over a year ago. I picked it up and opened it. It fell open by itself to a page in the middle, clearly having been opened to this page many times before.

The page was dominated by a large photograph of a suburban kitchen. Sitting at the table was a handsome man in business clothes, wearing a tie and slacks. Two children, a boy and a girl, were running out the front door, lunchboxes in hand, waving to their mother, a strikingly beautiful woman in stylish business clothes that made her look competent and self-assured, yet very sexy. It was Suzanne.

I hadn't even realized that it was her until that moment. I'd bought the catalog because of some swimsuit modeling she'd done in another section, and never given a second look at this picture. What did this mean?

It meant she still thought she could get away. She hoped that someday she could give me the slip, and escape to the outside world, find her Romeo and live happily ever after, or something like that. Maybe continue her career as a model. But that couldn't happen, I thought... she needed the sex. She was addicted to it, and I was the only one who could give it to her.

The realization hit me suddenly. I wasn't the only one! God, I'd been so stupid. At first, sure, when I'd been using the orgasm drug and only fucking her myself, sure, _then_ I had been the only one who could give her what she needed. But since then, I'd trained her to enjoy having sex with other men, any men, and without the drug. Now, if she left me, she could easily find someone else to give her the regular fucking she needed. Sure, she had this thing about talking dirty during sex, but most men would like that. (After all, that was why I'd taught her to do it.) And she'd be in pain trying to walk without heels, but some physical therapy could take care of that. I'd turned her into a genuine slut, and had thus made myself vulnerable.

Maybe none of this had occurred to her. Maybe she'd stolen the catalog for some other, more trivial reason. But I had no way of knowing, short of confronting her, and I didn't want to do that. I had to assume the worst, that she was planning to escape, waiting for her chance.

The thing to do, then, was cut off her escape route. Trap her in her new life as a slut, with nowhere else to run to. And I knew just how to do it. It would involve doing certain things earlier than I'd originally planned, but nothing I hadn't already planned on doing and budgeted for. It was quite simple, really. Up until now, Suzi and Suzanne had been fighting for control of Suzanne's body. It was time to build a body for Suzi. The body of a slut.

The next morning, after giving Suzi her usual after-breakfast fucking, I announced that we were going to visit the doctor. Suzi was curious as to why. (Since I'd just fucked her, it actually was eager, slutty Suzi I was talking to, not depressed, unhappy, Suzanne.) I told her that I'd tell her in the car, and to hurry up and get dressed.

I'd laid out a new set of clothes for her, some that I'd bought late the night before. The amazing thing about them was that they were perfectly ordinary women's clothes, of the sort that a young, middle-class wife might wear on the weekend, when going shopping. Aside from the extreme length of the heels on the pumps, there was nothing at all unusual about them.

Suzi came out of the bedroom wearing them, looking quite confused. She hadn't worn clothes like these in months! I ushered her out the door to the car, giving her clitoris a quick rub to keep her excitement up. It was important that the eager, cooperative Suzi be in charge this morning.

As we drove, I had Suzi take periodic sips from a flask of water I had in the car. The water had been treated with the aphrodisiac. I had her drink it slowly over the course of the ride because I would need to have Suzi available for quite awhile.

"Now, then, slut," I explained, "you want to know where we're going?"

"Yes, Master, please. Suzi wants to know why she's going to see the doctor. Will Suzi get to fuck the doctor?"

I laughed. "If you're a good little slut. You want to be a good little slut, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, master! Suzi tries hard to be the best slut she can be!"

I fought to keep from getting turned on. Every time I heard

that eager, peppy voice talk about how much she craved sex, I got an urge to nail her. Which was generally what she wanted. But I couldn't do it this morning. We had an appointment to keep. "You've been watching those other sluts on the videos I got, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. They get fucked a lot. Suzi wants to be as slutty as them." She ended the sentence on a dejected note, unhappy with her lack of success. "Suzi tries as hard as she can, but she still doesn't get as much come as they do."

She was damn-well wrong about that, but I didn't point it out to her. It was useful for her to think that. "Well, you are trying very hard, slave, but trying hard can only get you so far."

She looked at me questioningly. It occurred to me that Suzi was substantially less intelligent than Suzanne. An unexpected effect, but certainly one I welcomed. Suzanne would've figured out what was going on by now.

I went on. "Some of those sluts in the videos have advantages over you - things that really aren't your fault."

She frowned, looking sad, but curious. "Are they prettier than Suzi?"

"No, they really aren't. You're a lot prettier than they are." Which was true. Most porn actresses couldn't hold a candle to Suzi in the looks department, and only a few were even close to being as pretty as she was. "It's something else. It's your tits."

Her face took on a hurt look. "Suzi's tits are too small?" She looked down at her boobs, pushing at the fabric of her dress, and caressed them curiously.

"Yes, my pretty little slut, but we can do something about it."

She thought for a moment, then suddenly perked up. "Is that why we're going to the doctor? To get Suzi bigger tits?" She looked at me, her face begging me to say it was so.

"Yes, Suzi, we're going to get you bigger tits."

"Oh, goody!" she squealed. "Suzi wants bigger tits so that she can squeeze them around her master's cock and get lots of hot, sticky jism all over her face."

"You'll get it, Suzi, but today we're just going to talk to the doctor. And there are certain rules you need to follow..."

After most of an hour's drive, we arrived at a suburban office building. As we went inside, I whispered to Suzi, "Now, remember, agree to everything I say."

"Yes, master," she whispered, excited.

We took the elevator up to the office of a Dr. J. P. Green, plastic surgeon. I'd done some careful research on this guy. Green had given boob jobs to several popular porn actresses. I'd picked up as many videos featuring these women as I could find, from both before and after their operations. So far as I could tell, he'd done an excellent job every time.

I checked us in with the receptionist and we sat down to wait. I leafed through a advertising brochure full of "before" and "after" pictures. Suzi sat quietly next to me, smiling to herself and occasionally rubbing one of her nipples through her dress.

After about ten minutes, the doctor came out, greeted us, and showed us into his office. "What can I do for you two this morning?"

"Well, Dr. Green, Suzi thinks her breasts are too small, and she's looking into getting some implants." Thanks to a name change filed in court by mail a few weeks ago, Suzi's name was official.

"All right. Let me show you what the options are." For the next half hour, we looked through several books, as Dr. Green explained in detail what was available, and in what sizes. I did all the talking, and asking of questions; Suzi merely nodded and occasionally gave monosyllabic sounds of agreement. This didn't seem to bother the doctor one bit.

After the fourth book of samples, I realized I wasn't going to find what I wanted in any of the standard offerings, so I took the initiative. "Doctor, can you do something a bit unusual?"

"What did you have in mind?"

I took a pad of paper and a pen from his desk and drew a quick sketch of what I wanted, explaining as I went. When I was finished, Dr. Green picked up the paper and leaned back in his chair, looking at it thoughtfully. "This is going to cost a bit extra," he said at last.

"How much?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Do you take personal checks?" I asked, pulling out my wallet.

The doctor smiled as I wrote out the check. He had Suzi sign

some forms. "Now we need to schedule a surgery date. I have an opening three weeks from Tuesday..."

"Tomorrow," I said.

"I'm afraid I can't do that. The..."

"Are you performing surgery tomorrow?"

"Well, yes, but this lady's been waiting for a month. I can't just..."

"Reschedule it," I told him, handing him another check for twenty-five thousand dollars.

He looked at the check, eyes wide, then looked back at me and shrugged. "Okay. I've got some time scheduled at the hospital downtown. Come by at 8 a.m. This is going to take all day. I'll have to build the implants tonight."

"We'll be there," I said as we walked out the door. I wasn't pleased about having to spend so much money to get the operation done quickly, but I really had no choice. Suzi was excited about the operation, but Suzanne would see it for what it was, a move toward imprisoning her in a slut's body. With tits like the ones she was going to have after tomorrow, her chances of getting a conventional modeling job would be slim to none. If I'd agreed to wait three weeks for the operation, Suzanne would have had more than enough time to make an escape attempt, and the forthcoming operation would give her plenty of motivation to do so. With less than twenty-four hours to wait, though, I would have no trouble keeping her under control. Twenty-five thousand dollars wasn't much to spend to protect what I'd already invested in my whore.

Suzi could barely contain her excitement as we walked out to the car. "Suzi's going to have big, slutty tits!" she exclaimed, running her hands all over her nipples.

"Yes, you are, bitch," I replied, getting into the car.

Suzi got in on the other side. "Suzi's slutty little cunt is so excited!"

I could stand it no longer. "Get in the back seat, slut," I commanded.

"Yes, master!" she squealed, climbing into the back. "Is Suzi's master going to stick his thick, hard cock up Suzi's hot, juicy pussy?"

"You bet I am, whore!" I exclaimed, scrambling after her. "On

your back!" Suzi lay on her back on the car seat, her legs spread and her heels planted firmly on the car ceiling. She pulled her skirt up and closed her eyes expectantly.

Wasting no time, I unzipped my pants. My rock-hard cock sprang free, pointing at Suzi's dripping snatch. I moved my body between my slut's legs and rammed my stiff cock into her cunt.

Suzi responded in her usual enthusiastic way, bucking her hips at me as she squeezed my cock with her cunt, moaning with pleasure all the while. "Oh, fuck Suzi, master. Slam your hard cock deep into your whore's pussy. This cock-craving bitch needs your come so bad... Yes! Shoot your jism into Suzi's cunt!"

Suzi's dirty talk pushed me over the edge. My cock throbbed as I shot my load into my eager little slut. She screamed as she came to her own orgasm, the pleasure overwhelming her as her cunt gripped my cock tightly, milking every last drop of come.

For the rest of the day, I kept Suzi as busy - and aroused - as possible. I'd canceled her engagements for that night, and the next two, in order to give her plenty of rest for the surgery, as well as to make sure I got a good amount of use out of her new tits before they were made available to the general public. Since she wasn't going to get gang-banged that night, I had to keep a close eye on her in order to make sure that Suzanne wouldn't try to escape before the operation tomorrow.

I stayed near her all afternoon, coaching her while she practiced dancing. A couple days earlier, I had moved her up from five-inch heels to six-inch, and she was having some trouble learning to balance on the new shoes. The shame of it was that the progress she'd made since starting in the new heels was going to get wiped out by her operation. Her new breasts would shift her center of balance and force her to start all over again. No doubt a depressing experience for her. But since it was Suzanne, and not Suzi, who had put in all the effort learning to balance on the heels in the first place, I was more than happy to have all that effort wiped out. Maybe the bitch would go away after the operation.

After dinner, I gave her the usual after-dinner reaming, bringing her no end of enjoyment as she came to another screaming orgasm impaled on my cock. I stayed with her in the evening as she

watched her nightly movie, tweaking her nipples or rubbing her clit occasionally to keep Suzi in charge. We went to bed early, and she fell asleep after I'd used her twice.

I woke her up early the next morning, keeping her aroused as we got ready to go to the doctor. Suzi again put on the flowery dress. I had her tie her hair in a bun and leave off the makeup. She was confused, but obeyed nonetheless. After a light breakfast, with enough of the aphrodisiac in Suzi's orange juice to keep her aroused until the operation started, we drove to the hospital. Suzi was quite excited, bouncing up and down the whole way, begging me to fuck her. Only when we had finally parked did I allow her to give me a blowjob. She dived in with her usual enthusiasm, and I shot my wad down her throat as she smiled contentedly.

Dr. Green greeted us at the door, and showed Suzi into the prep room. I was allowed to stay with her while she was being anesthetized. She lay there, looking up at me, with the facemask covering her nose and mouth. Her eyes slowly narrowed as the anesthetic took effect. As she slipped into unconsciousness, I saw in her eyes not the worshipful, puppylike adoration of Suzi, but the cold bitterness of Suzanne. Hatred burned in those eyes as she stared at me. Slowly, they closed and she fell asleep.

I spent most of the rest of the day pacing in the waiting room. I grabbed lunch at a fast-food joint in the hospital basement. Finally, late in the afternoon, Dr. Green came out. "It's done. She's in the recovery room. You can go see her if you want. I've got to clean up, so I'll meet you there in half an hour." He gave me the room number and left.

I rushed eagerly to the recovery room and stormed inside, closing the door behind me. Suzi lay sleeping on the bed, a white sheet draped over her form. Eagerly, I pulled the sheet off of her chest. It was amazing.

Suzi's small, pert chest had expanded like a pair of balloons. Where before there had been two firm little breasts there now stood a pair of mammoth globes of flesh. Suzi's new tits stood firmly out from her body, begging for attention. But her nipples were mouthwatering. Her areolae stood further out from the flesh of her tits, pointing at the ceiling. Atop these brown cones stood erect

nipples, fully a quarter inch in diameter.

Standard breast implants are designed to create volume, not projection. I wanted both. The design Dr. Green and I had come up with used two implants for each breast. A normal spherical implant gave volume, making Suzi's tits round and firm. On top of this stood a smaller implant, which pushed the areola into a conical shape and thrust the nipples outward. The overall effect was a pair of breasts designed for fucking and sucking. They were quite obviously artificial, as was fitting for the tits of a slut.

I reached out and rubbed one of the nipples, rolling it between my fingers. Suzi moaned in her sleep. Bending over, I ran my tongue around it, simultaneously playing with her other nipple. God, it was so delicious.

Suzi woke and looked at me, and then at her chest. She squealed in delight. "Oh, Suzi's tits are so big! Now Suzi can be a real slut!"

My jeans were threatening to burst. Moving quickly, I opened the bag I had carried in with me and pulled out a pair of Suzi's fire-engine red six-inch heels. I slipped them quickly over her feet, covering them with the hospital blanket. She would need those later, and besides, she might have a hard time enjoying sex without them. Returning to the head of the bed, I unzipped my pants and thrust my cock into Suzi's face. "Suck your master's cock, slut, and I'll fuck your new tits."

Suzi eagerly took me into her mouth, running her tongue around my cock with a new eagerness. She gripped my shaft with one hand as her lips slid up and down its length. With her free hand, she rubbed one of her tits, moaning softly to herself.

I was hard in no time, and eagerly swung myself up on to the bed, sitting astride her stomach and laying my cock in the deep furrow between Suzi's boobs. Her hands went to her tits and she squeezed them around my cock, rolling her nipples between her fingers. She squealed in pleasure as I slowly began to slide my lubricated cock back and forth between her tits. Suzi continued massaging my cock with her boobs, giving my cockhead a tickle with her tongue every time it thrust toward her mouth.

I concentrated on fucking her tits as I thought about what I'd accomplished. Suzi had had been acting like a slut for nearly a year

now, almost since I'd met her. She had been dressing like a slut for most of that time, as well. And she'd been talking like a slut ever since she'd moved in about a month and a half ago. But up until the operation, it could have all been an act. Now it was real. Now she had the body of a slut. And there was no way Suzanne could escape that.

I fucked Suzi's tits as hard as I could, slamming my cock in and out of the tight canyon between them. Suzi moaned louder and louder as her orgasm built. My cock exploded with pressure, and sticky strings of come shot from its tip onto Suzi's lust-filled face. The familiar taste and feel of my come sent her over the edge into an intense orgasm.

She tried to gather as much of it up as possible and swallow it, but inevitably some of it dribbled into her hair. After I had recovered from my orgasm, I got off the bed and wiped off her face with some paper towels. She looked at me adoringly. "Can Suzi be as good a slut as the whores in the videos now?" she asked.

"Even better," I responded, smiling and continuing to wipe my come off her face. Just as I was finishing, Dr. Green came in.

"Well, everything looks fine. Suzi, you can go tonight, if you'd like."

"Yes, please," Suzanne responded.

"Thank you doctor," I said, "You did a great job." Green shrugged modestly at this. I turned to Suzi. "Suzi, why don't you thank Dr. Green, okay?"

Suzi smiled happily. Without a word, she got up from the bed, exposing her naked body, and strode across the room. Her heels clicked on the floor as her ass swayed from side to side. Her new tits jiggled slightly with the walk. Green's jaw dropped.

Suzi stopped in front of him and sunk to a crouch in front of his pants. Deftly unzipping his fly, she pulled out his soft, but rapidly hardening cock. "Ooooooh, Dr. Green, can Suzi suck your cock?" she asked innocently, looking up at him with a pleading expression.

"G-go ahead.," he responded. Suzi wasted no time wrapping her lips around Dr. Green's shaft.

"I'll be in the waiting room," I announced. "Have her back to me in half an hour, okay, doc?"

Chapter 7

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The Finishing Touch

Suzi came out to the waiting room and rejoined me half an hour later, a trickle of semen running down her leg. Good, I thought. Dr. Green deserved that for the quality of the work he'd done.

For the next three days I fucked Suzi silly, making as much use as I could of her mouth, cunt, ass, and especially her tits, even when I wasn't fucking them. When I reamed her cunt from behind, I would always reach underneath her and cup her breasts, savoring the feeling of their full roundness in my hands, tweaking and rubbing the always-erect nipples.

Suzi loved her new tits even more than I did. The implants had stretched the skin on her chest quite a bit, and that, combined with the areola implants, made her nipples extremely sensitive. Whenever she got a chance, she would pop one nipple out of whatever clothes she was wearing at the time and play with it absentmindedly, softly moaning to herself as she did so.

The most amazing effect, though, had to do with her clothing. Even after I bought her some new clothes for her new body, it was still a tight fit to keep her tits inside anything. As a result, her already sensitive nipples were under enormous pressure as her clothing strained to contain her boobs. I had worried at first that this might be a painful experience.

It turned out, though, that the tight squeeze of her clothes on her nipples actually had an arousing effect. It couldn't bring her to orgasm by itself, but it was enough to keep her mildly horny most of the day. Suzi enjoyed wearing tight clothes, because these created the most pressure on her tits. One extremely beneficial side effect of this whole thing was that the constant stimulation meant that the slutty half of her personality was more often in control.

In fact, the Suzanne half of her personality almost completely disappeared from view, generally appearing only in the morning right after she'd woken up or late at night when she was undressing to go to

bed. When I did see her, she was even more morose than usual.

After her three-day vacation was up, I returned Suzi to the gang-bang circuit. She was more popular than ever at bachelor parties and casual celebrations. I raised the price to \$1500 and she was still booked solid weeks in advance. My investment was really starting to pay off.

After a month or so, I auditioned Suzi for an appearance at a local strip bar, the California. She was well-practiced by now, and I knew she'd get the gig rather easily. Just to be sure, though, I cleared her engagements the two nights before the audition, so she'd be well-rested and extra horny.

The afternoon of the audition came. Suzi performed flawlessly for an audience of half a dozen people -- the manager, a few employees preparing for the night's business, and myself. At the end of the routine, Suzi lay in a breathtaking pose across a chair, her back arched, massive tits thrust skyward, pussy exposed and wet, and a seductive smile on her face. The manager jumped to his feet and applauded.

I took him back to the dressing room to meet Suzi. "Lenny, I'd like you to meet Suzi. Suzi, this is Mr. Hargraves, the manager of the bar,"

"My pleasure," Lenny said politely, holding his hand out to shake.

Suzi ignored his greeting and fell to her knees in front of him, her hands busily unzipping his pants. Lenny looked at me questioningly. I shrugged. Suzi extracted his hard cock from the confines of his pants and looked at it eagerly.

"Ohhhh, it's so big, Mr. Hargraves," Suzi squealed. "Suzi wants it. Can Suzi please suck on your hard cock?"

Lenny looked at me in amazement. I shrugged again. "It's her way of introducing herself," I said matter-of-factly. "She really likes it."

Lenny looked back down at Suzi, who was looking up at him with pleading eyes. "Yes, go ahead, Suzi, suck my cock."

Suzi took Lenny's dick into her mouth and began sucking it, her head bobbing up and down on his shaft. She hadn't been lying when she said it was big, either. It was over nine inches long, probably

the biggest cock she'd ever seen. But she was still able to deep-throat him. When she took him all the way down, her lips touched his pubic hair. Her tongue would dart out and tickle his balls from time to time.

After a few minutes of this, Lenny was on the verge of coming. Suzi took her mouth off his shaft and held it in her hand, stroking it gently, holding him on the brink of orgasm. Lenny was in a daze.

"Now, then, Lenny, I want \$500 a night for Suzi to perform here," I stated, as though this was a perfectly normal situation in which to discuss business.

Lenny was riding high from Suzi's blowjob, but he wasn't out of his mind enough not to argue. "N-no way. T-two-fifty, tops." Suzi continued to stroke his cock, tantalizing him.

"If you want to come in that pretty little mouth, Lenny, I suggest you agree to my offer," I responded. We stood there in silence for a moment, Lenny muttering to himself while Suzi gently rubbed his erect prick.

"All right," he said at last, "F-four hundred. But that's as h-h-high as I go."

I decided to put my golden chip on the table. "Five hundred, Lenny, and you get to fuck Suzi every night she appears."

Suzi squealed in delight at this. "Oh, please, Mr. Hargraves, Suzi wants to have her tight, wet pussy filled with your big, hard cock before she dances. Please, please, please! Suzi wants to be fucked!" I'd rehearsed this with her before the audition, but I could see by the gleam in her eye that her excitement was genuine. She really was eager for the chance to get this large prick in her cunt on a regular basis.

Real or faked, Suzi's words were enough to send Lenny over the edge. "Okay, it's a d-deal. Five hundred."

"Thank you, Mr. Hargraves. A pleasure doing business with you. Go ahead, Suzi."

Suzi immediately pounced on his cock, sucking hard. Within fifteen seconds, Lenny was coming. Some of his jism escaped from Suzi's mouth and rolled down her chin. She shook in orgasm.

"Th-that was unbelievable," Lenny muttered.

Lenny and I spent the next fifteen minutes ironing out the details of the contract. Suzi was to appear every Thursday as the

featured performer, doing four half-hour shows starting every two hours from six in the evening to midnight. She would have her own private dressing room for the night, to relax between shows. As her manager, I would be paid \$500 per night, in addition to whatever tips Suzi earned while dancing. And Lenny would get to fuck her each night before her first show. The contract would last for three months, after which we could renegotiate. The whole time we were discussing these matters, Suzi had been stroking Lenny's cock, bringing him back to erection.

"Well," I said, "it's been a pleasure doing business with you, Lenny. I'm going to go out to the bar and have a drink. Why don't you two get to know each other a little better?" With that, I walked out the door of the dressing room, closing it behind me.

I returned fifteen minutes later to find Suzi sitting on the edge of the makeup table, her legs draped over Lenny's shoulders, and her glistening cunt filled with Lenny's thick meat. "Yes, Mr. Hargraves, yes!" Suzi yelled in her squeaky new voice. "Fuck Suzi's hot, went cunt with your hard cock! Oh, that feels so good! Fuck Suzi!"

Lenny was going at it as hard as he could. Soon, between Suzi's exhortations and the invigorating massage her cunt was giving his prick, Lenny came. His sticky white come flowed out of the corners of Suzi's cunt, dripping onto the table. Suzi's dirty talk turned into unintelligible groans as she came herself. Lenny collapsed into a chair, exhausted. "You are some incredible fuck, Suzi!"

I collected Suzi and we left. The whole scene had gotten me so excited that before we got into my car to leave, I fucked her on the hood, in broad daylight. Suzi, of course, was as eager as ever. What a fabulous little slut I had.

A couple days later, Suzi made her debut performance. The crowd whooped and hollered as she strode onto the stage in her "candy" outfit, supplemented by a red-and-white jacket. She pranced around on her heels to the tune of "I Know What Boys Like" for awhile, slowly removing the jacket, skirt, and top. Each step in undressing was greeted by a roar of applause and hooting from the male audience. The crowd went wild when she began removing her black lace underwear,

cupping her breasts and teasing her pussy. She finished the routine draped across the chair, wearing nothing but the striped socks, the heels, the polka-dot gloves, and the bow in her hair. Her breasts heaved and her cunt glistened with wetness.

I rushed backstage to meet her. I hurried into her to her dressing room and closed the door. "That was fantastic, slut. Now suck my cock." Suzi pulled my raging hard-on out of my pants and eagerly serviced it. When I was good and hard, I removed my cock from her mouth, lay her on her back, and fucked her brains out. "Yes, yes! Suzi's cunt is so hot and wet from dancing, and her master's cock feels so good filling it up! Fuck your slutty little whore, master, give it to your bitch!" I exploded in her cunt, my hot jism filling her up.

After I was done, I gave her a minute to recover and then went out into the hall, closing the door behind me. A crowd of men were standing outside, all eager to get in and talk to Suzi. "One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time!" I yelled. "Five dollars to talk to Suzi for five minutes." This dissuaded some of them, but not many. I grabbed the first bill held in front of me, and ushered the lucky holder inside, closing the door behind us.

Inside stood Suzi, still in a state of undress. Her breasts moved gently up and down as she breathed. The guy I had brought in, who looked to be in his early twenties, looked at her and lost his cool. "Uh... c-could I have your autograph, ma'am?"

Suzi smiled and took the paper and pen he held out. She signed the paper with a big "Suzi" and handed them back.

"Gee, th-thanks. You were really g-great out..." he began, but was cut off by Suzi's hands on his crotch. She crouched in front of him, fingers deftly unzipping his fly. His erect cock sprung up into her face.

Suzi looked up at him. "Can Suzi suck your cock?" He was stunned, and made no reply, just staring at her pleading face.

"Please? Suzi wants your hard cock in her mouth so bad."

"O-okay," he stammered.

Suzi gave him a blowjob, bringing him quickly and skillfully to orgasm. He came in her mouth, his knees shaking. Suzi eagerly swallowed his come. When he was done, I led him back outside and closed the door.

The crowd outside saw the dazed look on his face. He was bombarded with questions from people who wanted to know what had happened. Slowly, they figured it out and began clamoring even more fervently to see Suzi. Taking advantage of the increase in demand, I jacked up the price. "The price is now fifty dollars for five minutes." The crowd barely let up. Wads of cash were thrust into my face.

I started cycling guys in to see Suzi. I always stayed inside the whole time. Sometimes they chose to have a blowjob, sometimes they wanted to fuck her. Either way, Suzi was able to quickly bring them off, despite the fact that many of them had already come once jacking off to her performance on stage.

After ten guys had made use of her, and I was \$500 richer, I cut it short to give Suzi time to rest. Her next show started half an hour later, and was received every bit as warmly as the first. I jacked the price of five minutes with Suzi up to \$60 after that one, and \$75 after her 10:00 show. Each time I got ten guys in and out of Suzi's dressing room in under an hour. All of them left very happy.

After making another \$750 selling her body after the midnight show, I shut down and collected my money from Lenny. I let him make use of Suzi one more time before we left. Between the normal payment for the performance and the money I raked in charging admission, I cleared over \$3000 that night. No doubt about it, this slut was going to make me a lot of money.

Later that week I decided to spend some of that money to finish the construction of Suzi's body, so I scheduled an appointment with Dr. Green for an afternoon. I told him to be ready to perform a few non-surgical procedures on Suzi. He balked at first, but acquiesced after I reminded him how much I'd paid him last time, and made it clear I was willing to repeat that if he was cooperative.

Dr. Green greeted us warmly at the door of his office. Suzi gave him a hug and a deep, lustful kiss, quickly squeezing his crotch with her hand for emphasis. Green moaned at her touch.

Green showed Suzi to a deep, comfortable dentist's chair and began dosing her mouth with novocaine while I explained what I was after. Dr. Green had realized after Suzi's last bit of surgery that I was the one in charge, and so I didn't bother with the charade of

pretending that Suzi was getting this done on her own initiative.

While Suzi was getting gassed up, Dr. Green and I discussed exactly what I wanted, what effect I was trying to achieve. Green asked a few questions and made a few suggestions, and between the two of us we settled on what he was going to do. After we had reached an agreement, I shook Green's hand and left the office, allowing him to work undisturbed. I spent the afternoon at a few beauty-supply stores, picking up some things Suzi would need later on. I returned to the clinic late that afternoon. Dr. Green came out to the waiting room to meet me, and showed me back into the room where Suzi lay on the chair.

Suzi's face was nothing short of a work of art. Previously, her eyebrows had been thick and blonde. Now, thanks to some skilled electrolysis work on Dr. Green's part, as well as some black dye, they had been reduced to two dark lines over her eyes, starting at almost their previous thickness on the inside and tapering to nothing as they arched ever so slightly above her eyes.

The eyes themselves were different, as well. Suzanne's eyes had always been big and bright, wide open. Dr. Green had applied a soothing cream to the skin of her eyelids, causing the muscles in them to relax. As a result, her eyelids were incapable of opening fully, fixing her face with a cheap, whorish look.

Green's crowning achievement was her lips. He had given her a pair of collagen injections, causing her lips to expand. They were now fixed in a permanent pout, forever hungry for cock. Green had created a masterpiece, the face of a true slut. I stroked her forehead gently as Suzi gazed up at me adoringly.

I noticed Green had a bulge in his pants. I was horny, too, but decided to save mine until just a little later. So I wrote Green a check for twenty thousand dollars and handed it to him. "Now, Suzi, how do we say thanks to the doctor?" I asked.

After we got home, I ushered Suzi into the shower and told her to wash her hair. She seemed a bit puzzled by this request, but as usual, she obeyed without question. When she got out, I had her towel her hair half dry and sit down in front of the mirror.

I pulled a box of hair bleach out of the bag and handed it to her. "Put this in your hair. I want you to rub it in really well,

and get it all over your hair. Then I want you sit here until I get back. You can play with yourself, but don't come. Got it?"

"Yes, master." Suzi, intrigued, opened the box and removed a small bottle. I left her to her work.

Half an hour later, I returned to find Suzi sitting patiently in front of the mirror. Her hair was well-soaked with the solution, and she was playing idly with her left nipple, a smile of pleasure on her face. The room stank to high heaven of hydrogen peroxide. Her hair looked faintly lighter, but it was difficult to tell, since it was wet. I instructed Suzi to rinse her hair well and then wash it again, dry it, and style it as usual. Then she was to come out to the living room.

She emerged an hour later, and I was awestruck. Her hair, formerly a honey blonde, was now a bright platinum shade, and fell over her shoulders in lustrous waves. Her fat, pouting lips shone a bright, shiny pink. Large plastic hoops dangled from her ears. Her breasts strained against a black mesh bodysuit, and her six-inch spiked heels glistened as they clicked across the floor. She had long been the perfect slut, and now she had the perfect body to match.

I sat up and looked at her. "Come here and suck my cock, slut," I commanded.

"Yes, master," she responded, walking over to me, heels clicking on the floor, ass swaying as she walked, tits bouncing ever so slightly inside the mesh. Glossy pink fingernails glistened as she deftly unzipped my fly, freeing my erection. Suzi eagerly wrapped her shiny, pouting lips around shaft and began to pump it in and out of her mouth. I grabbed the neckline of the bodysuit and pulled it down below her tits. Slowly, I fondled her nipples, giving them an occasional squeeze.

It was wonderful. My sex toy was now complete. Suzanne was imprisoned, trapped in a body designed for one purpose - to be fucked. The lips caressing my cock were those of a slut, and that was what she would be, forever. She had no choice anymore.

I felt myself about to come. "I'm going to come on your face, slut." My bleach-blond bitch let my cock slowly out of her mouth and aimed it at her face. Gently, her fingers stroked it, fueling my orgasm. I came explosively, my jism squirting all over her upturned face. As she had countless times in the past, Suzi ran her fingers

across her face, wiping up all she could and bringing it to her mouth. I smiled. I had done it.

Suzi was a phenomenal success at The California, and soon got several more job offers from other strip clubs in the area. Soon she was performing weekly at a total of four clubs. These ranged from a bar geared toward college students, where she typically pulled in \$2500 a night, up to a pricey executive club, where I sold her time at \$200 for ten minutes (I knew that older men would want a more relaxed fuck) and raked in a total of \$6000 per night.

She continued to service private parties two nights each week. I raised the price for private appearances to \$2000 and she was still booked solid. I could easily have raised the price on these to \$5000 and had no trouble finding clients. Doing that, however, would mean that most of her customers would be older men, who were less frisky and less imaginative about their sex, and I wanted to make sure Suzi got as much use as possible, in as many ways as possible. And it's not like I was desperate for the money anyway. Suzi was earning me close to \$20,000 a week as it was.

The remaining night I reserved her for myself. Because of her constant engagements, I was getting less and less time to fuck her, and I needed a full day to make up for it. Typically I would spend six solid hours on these days using my bitch every way I could. It was on one of these nights that I saw Suzanne for the last time.

I had eaten dinner and fucked Suzi just an hour earlier, and already I was horny again. Normally I gave her a couple hours alone in the living room to watch one of her porn movies, but something was stirring in me, and I really felt like using my bitch.

So I went out to the living room, expecting to find her lying on the couch watching a movie. But she wasn't there. I checked the kitchen, the dining room, and her practice room, and still couldn't find her. I went into the bedroom and checked around. Still no sign. I was starting to get worried when I heard a soft noise from the bathroom.

Pressing my ear to the door, I listened. It was the sound of crying, a gentle sobbing noise, as though she was trying to keep from crying, but failing. Slowly, I pushed the door open.

Suzi stood inside, looking at herself in the mirror, crying softly. Her face was red, and tears rolled down her cheeks. One hand rested on the counter, and the other held the catalog.

The catalog. I'd forgotten about it. I'd left it in the drawer of her vanity after I'd discovered it, so as not to tip her off that I'd found it, and after that I'd forgotten it.

I walked up behind her. She noticed me, but didn't react, just stood there, crying. I looked down at the catalog in her hand. It was open to the page with the picture of the happy young family. Here and there the page was wet with tears.

"That's over, Suzanne," I said softly, calling her by that name for the first time in several months. "You can't go back to that anymore." I said softly.

"Let me go," she said, surprisingly calmly.

I laughed. "Go where? What would you do?"

"I... I had a job... before..."

I laughed again, even louder. Grasping the catalog, I thrust it into her face. "Look at the woman in this picture. Look at her! Now look in the mirror!" I grabbed her body and turned her to face the mirror. "You can't be a model anymore. Do you think anyone would hire you, looking like this?"

She started to cry again.

I pressed on. "All you can be now, with that body, is a slut. Don't try to be Suzanne. Just let yourself be Suzi. Suzi enjoys being a slut. Why fight it?"

Her response was barely a whisper. "You bastard."

Once more I laughed. "Come on, now, that's no way to talk to the man who showed you how to enjoy yourself, is it?"

She turned and screamed at me. "You forced me into this, you fucker! You gave me those drugs and manipulated me into becoming what you wanted! You turned me into..." She broke off and looked into the mirror, crying again.

"A slut?" I asked. "Suzanne, I didn't make you do anything you didn't want to do."

"Do you think I wanted to look like... like this?" she screamed. "Like some sort of whore?"

"Deep inside, you've always wanted to be a whore. You just needed me to show you the way."

"That's not true!"

"Do you really think I could have made you do something you didn't really, deep inside, want to do?"

"I DIDN'T WANT THIS!"

"Suck my cock," I commanded.

"WHAT?"

"You heard me. Suck my cock."

She stopped screaming. "N-no. I... I won't."

"Suck my cock, bitch."

Color rushed to her cheeks. "N-no. Never... never."

"Suck my cock, you cheap little slut."

"Ohhhhhh..." With a moan of almost orgasmic release, she bent down to kneel in front of me. Frantically unzipping my pants, she took my cock into her mouth and began sucking on it, pumping it back and forth between her thick red lips.

"Good slut," I said, patting her on the head. "Good little slut."

Epilogue

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I watched from my chair as Suzi's head pumped up and down on the thick cock in her mouth. Her luscious red lips slid back and forth along its length, almost closing at one end of each stroke, and nuzzling Jimmy's balls at the other end. Jimmy's hand rested on one side of her head, guiding her along his meaty prick.

Suzi's popularity continued to grow. Soon she was making me forty thousand dollars a week. Men were willing to pay outrageous amounts of money just for a chance to nail the blonde cream-dream who would fuck anyone that asked.

Naturally, the offers came in from the porno industry, first the magazines, and soon the movie companies. Suzi made several appearances in soft-core porn magazines, the type that printed eight or ten pages of pictures of her spreading her cunt and fondling her tits, along with some made-up quotes about how much she loved to suck dick, or get her pussy pounded. She was probably the only woman ever

to appear in those magazines for whom the quotes were even remotely accurate.

I took a hard line negotiating Suzi's movie appearances, insisting on \$2,000 per movie up front, plus royalties per copy sold. Most of the companies balked at this at first, but I got a few to come around. Flying out to visit the executives personally and having Suzi give them blowjobs probably helped a lot. For some reason, most men have no willpower when a hot bitch like Suzi is keeping them on the edge of orgasm.

Suzi's pretty face, her wet-dream body, her brainless bimbo personality, and her enthusiasm for fucking and sucking made her an instant success in adult films. Directors sought me out to get her to star in their films; it became common wisdom that any movie with Suzi in it was a guaranteed blockbuster. I was selective about which offers I accepted; after her first few videos broke records, I set her price at \$8,000 per film plus a large cut in royalties and control over future use of footage. Since most films were shot in a day, this was nearly as lucrative in the short term as stripping, and the royalties made for a long-term windfall.

Furthermore, the movie appearances made her that much more popular as a stripper. At the time her tenth movie broke all records for adult video sales, Suzi Slut was capable of pulling in \$20,000 a night stripping and fucking backstage. (Her stage name was Suzi Slick, but her reputation for fucking almost everyone had earned her the unofficial last name "Slut." Even the announcers at her gigs often "mispronounced" her last name as she came onstage.)

As for Suzanne, I never was sure what had happened. That evening in the bathroom, I'd pressed her up against the wall and pounded her pussy until Suzi came in the most violent orgasm she'd ever experienced. The thing is, I don't think it was Suzi that I'd fucked that night. I think it was Suzanne.

She'd bucked and writhed frantically, fucking back at me as hard as she could, squeezing her cunt around my cock and orgasming as I came in her pussy. But she hadn't let out with the usual string of dirty talk, the exhortations to "fuck your slut harder", or the high squeals of pleasure that were Suzi's trademarks. Rather, she'd just let out a string of soft, passionate moans and grunts, like she had the very first night I'd fucked her, so long ago.

And her orgasm felt different too. Suzi's orgasms were intense, and she enjoyed them immensely, but it was the enjoyment of an old, familiar pleasure. Her enjoyment that night in the bathroom had seemed different. More like the enjoyment of a new and almost unexpected pleasure. Like she was getting fucked for the very first time.

From then on, Suzi reigned supreme. Always eager to please, never tired or upset. Good old fuckable Suzi, the well-practiced slut with the wet-dream body who craved cock. Suzanne's dour, tired mood never intruded.

But sometimes, occasionally, Suzi was different when she was being fucked. It always happened when she first had a cock stuck inside her. Her dirty talk would trail off, and she would be silent. Slowly, she would begin giving those soft grunts that I'd heard in the beginning, the moans that seemed to express surprise at her own pleasure. Her fucking would seem less experienced, less skilled, but filled with a certain raw enthusiasm that was something beyond what Suzi could normally put in. It was like she knew all the techniques, but had never practiced them. As though an experienced friend was teaching he how to fuck. It always happened when I wasn't expecting it, and after she'd finished coming, she was always back to normal. But I could always swear that I'd been screwing someone very different.

As Jimmy approached orgasm, Suzi let his cock out of her mouth and rested its head on her outstretched tongue. She jacked her hand up and down its length as he muttered, "Oh, yeah, baby, I'm gonna come, you ready for it? Ready for my come, baby?" Suzi, unable to speak with his cock resting on her tongue, could only nod enthusiastically. "Here it comes, babe!" Jimmy said as his cock erupted with jism.

Some of the semen went into Suzi's mouth. Some of splashed on her cheeks or her upper lip. She continued to jack Jimmy's shaft as his sperm sprayed into her mouth. When his orgasm subsided, she closed her mouth and began to spread soft kisses over his cock. The jism in her mouth slowly dribbled out, coating her lips and mouth in a layer of creamy white come. She gave the camera that slutty look that had helped make her the highest-grossing adult film star of the

previous year, and had made me a multimillionaire.

"That's a wrap!" the director yelled. The exhausted Jimmy Wood got up and left immediately, heading back to his dressing room. Male porn stars were probably the most sexually exhausted people in the world.

Suzi, however, wasn't through yet. She crawled on her hands and knees over to the director's chair and began to unzip his fly. His cock, excited by the hours of watching the filming, sprang fully erect from his pants.

"Ooooooh," Suzi purred, "Your cock is so big, Mr. Edmonds." The size of his cock shouldn't have come as any surprise to Suzi. She'd starred in films directed by him before, and had hence sucked his meaty cock several times, as well as having it crammed up her pussy more than once. But it was part of the act.

Duane Edmonds knew she was faking her surprise, but he enjoyed it nonetheless. "Would you like me to fuck you with it, Suzi? Would you like to feel my thick cock in your hot, wet pussy?" he asked, continuing the game.

"Oooooh, yes!" she squealed. "Suzi would love that! Please fill Suzi's wet pussy with your hard cock, Mr. Edmonds!" Suzi turned around as she spoke, dropping to her hands and knees and presenting her dripping pussy to him. "Please fuck Suzi with your cock! Ohhhh!"

She moaned in pleasure as Edmonds, now on his knees behind her, slammed his cock into her glistening cunt. The other men on the set gathered round, waiting their turn. The director always got to go first, but after that, anyone who could get their dick into a free hole on Suzi's body was welcome to use it. Suzi was popular with the production crews. These sessions usually ended with an exhausted Suzi lying contentedly on the floor, her face, tits, cunt and ass dripping with come.

I took in the sight before me. Suzi was a true slut, without a care in the world beyond where her next wad of jism was coming from. I wondered what I'd do with her once her popularity died down. Probably marry her off to some rich guy who knew how to show her a good time. I'd hang on to the rights to her movies, of course. And then? Probably start all over again with someone else. After all, I had the technique pretty much down pat. I had my eye on this aspiring model...

Suzi let out a loud moan as Edmonds pulled out of her. She rolled over and lay on her stomach as he positioned himself above her face. Her hand went to his cock and jacked it furiously. With a cry of pleasure, he came, spilling sticky ropes of come across her face and tits. Suzi used her free hand to move as much as she could to her mouth, slurping it up.

Edmonds stood up and walked away. One of the crewmen shoved his rock-hard cock into her pussy, while several more dangled their pricks over her face. Suzi took one at random and began slurping on it. She lay there for a long time, taking a series of cocks into her mouth and pussy and making each one give up its load of come. She was in heaven.

I smiled. For now, Suzi was more than enough slut to keep me happy.