

Rub a Bust Bust

By Al Hilton

Chapter 3

Ass Pounding

Somewhere in the deep recesses of my warped brain, an alarm clock was ringing. I don't know why or how long it had been ringing, but the fucker wouldn't shut the fuck up. That quickly changed, because when I opened my eyes to find it, it shut up.

That's when I remembered, I had fallen asleep with Helen, but this morning Cynthia was sleeping beside me. Damn, these slaves are keeping me on my toes. Before I had fallen asleep, I had visions of Kristen being my morning lover. Well since that wasn't the case, it was a good time to show Cynthia that I can be less juvenile in bed and then ask questions later.

Carefully I caressed my woman's face and her brown eyes popped open. I grinned. She grinned. With that positive response, I slowly leaned towards her, and she leaned toward me, until our lips touched. The kiss started softly, but soon it had escalated when our lips parted and our tongues started dancing.

Over the next few minutes, we worked on heightening our passion. It was a mutual undertaking. I caressed her neck. She caressed my thigh. My fingers moved to her back. Her hands moved to my ass. I fondled her breasts. She fondled my balls. Damn, we were playing each other like two violins. And not just any ordinary violins, two Stradivarius violins.

I was moving too fast, I needed to slow down, so I pulled back.

After taking a couple of deep breaths to temper my lust, I carefully moved between my lover's thighs, and planted a kiss on her very wet sex. She moaned, "Oh damn."

It was time to eat some pussy, so I buried my face fully into her twat, and started cleaning her mess. She groaned as my tongue licked around her slit, before forcing its way into her private tunnel. She now squealed, with the new sensation, as I drank as much of her nectar as my tongue could find. Cynthia's fingers curled into my hair as she pushed me into her crotch. My tongue was bringing less and less to my mouth, so it went in search of her clit. My tongue now parted her light brown bush and circled her bump of pleasure.

I heard Cynthia start grunting and she tried very hard to guide me to our objective. I decided to let her have her pleasure and my tongue licked her clit. She froze as her orgasm started and then she rocked her hips some, before the next wave ripped through her. She had about four waves of pleasure, before I heard her take a deep breath. I was now in mean mode, so I nipped her clit and then flicked it with my tongue.

I got a scream, "Fuck", out of her, before her hips popped off the bed and everything stopped. Her cum kept her frozen that way for about thirty seconds, before she flopped on to the bed with a grunt and shoved my face away. I got the point, she was done, but I wasn't.

Gently, I crawled forward, until I was directly over her and while she was still basking in pleasure, my cock started searching for its target. Flexing my hips downward, I thrust forward, and ended up plowing through her pubic hair. That's when her eyes opened and she gave me a grin before grabbing my stick and stuffing it into her hole.

Now that she had me started, my hips started a gentle bucking, and my dick started drilling. It took a lot of will-power to keep my hips in check, but I was determined to make up for the other night. Slowly I wiggled my cock deeper and deeper until it finally completed its entry.

With our union complete, Cynthia wrapped her legs around mine and my hips retreated. At the last possible moment, my hips reversed course and my dick re-drilled her tunnel.

While my hips and dick did their thing, I shifted my attention to Cynthia's breasts. Not the greatest rack and they jiggled more than I anticipated. I then gave them a squeeze before fondling each several seconds.

Right then her cunt did a squeeze. It wasn't much, maybe a tiny tremor, but that's all my dick could take as it opened the floodgates.

My hips shoved forward and I grunted as my climax started.

As my cock dumped into my lover's cunt I was thinking, "Shit, shit, shit." I cursed at every wave of pleasure that coursed through me. "Shit, how could I be so adolescent?" I grunted as my cock shot another rope of cum. "What's with me poking and then cumming?" Oh well I'll try to figure it out later, now back to reality.

I was barely finished, when I withdrew my stick from her sheath and slipped beside her. I believe she was expecting me to flop down, but instead I buried my face in her breast as my fingers found her clit. Working together, my lips and tongue, along with my fingers, soon had Cynthia moaning again.

Over the next few minutes, my lips and tongue sucked and licked Cynthia's teats, moving from one to the other. At the same time my fingers gave her cunt several good fucks before they rubbed her hard clit.

Soon my ministrations yielded results, because Cynthia started grunting, before she took a deep breath and froze. Slipping a finger into her cunt, I confirmed my lover was having an orgasm. I continued with my love, softening it as she came down from her peak, until she was done.

I only gave her a few seconds reprieve, before my mouth and fingers resumed their attack.

This time, I teased her, trying very hard to keep her close to the edge, but not letting her slip over. I did this by listening to her grunts and groans. Somewhere I misread her and she slipped into another climax.

This one must have been very good, because she looked like she was screaming, but nothing emanated from her lips and her hips did a very nice swivel.

All too soon she started gasping for air and she quickly rolled away, letting me know she was done.

Carefully I laid behind her. And when I did, she pushed against me and wiggled her butt. Getting into what was becoming my favorite position, gently I spooned her, wrapped my arm over her, and gently cupped her breast. Damn, it was bigger than my hand! Her rack must have turned some heads in their prime!

As we cuddled in our post-orgasmic bliss, I asked, "Why you and not Kristen?"

"She's not ready. With all that's happened, I thought it would be better if I got her better prepared. I'm scheduling her for tomorrow night. Until then, it's Tory tonight, and Helen tomorrow morning."

Noticing the brightness of the room, I asked, "I can't see the clock, do you know what time it is?"

"It's just after seven."

"I was hoping it was earlier, so we could cuddle longer, but we need to get going. Do you want to join me in the shower?"

"Tory warned me about that, but I think I'm safe. It's too soon for you to get it back up."

"Oh I don't know about that; I might surprise you."

As she slipped out of my clutches, she said, "Surprise Tory later, come, let me give you your first improper physical." She led me to the shower.

I waited and watched as she got the shower ready and then pushed me in.

Cynthia was very meticulous with our washing. She started at the top and worked her way down, and with each section, we flipped back and forth, first she did me, then I did her. All in all, she had us completely done in twenty minutes.

During our shower I noticed that she kept cleaning her inner thighs. During one of these times, I asked, "What's wrong?"

Looking at me, she noticed me watching and said, "After a couple of kids, I'm not as tight as I used to be. Your cum keeps leaking. How much did you put in there?"

"About eight hours' worth."

Grinning she replied, "If this is any sign, we might need to drain you every four hours." Washing her thighs again she continued, "How would you like that? Having to get up and then get it up at 3 am."

Her comment chilled my demeanor for the remainder of the shower.

As we were drying off, I asked, "So did I pass my physical?"

I had been joking, but she turned it around when she answered, "You've got a few lumps we need to watch. Most likely they're fatty deposits, but I'll note them in your chart. Your Prostate feels fine and I did notice the mass in your testes. I would've been concerned but you've already explained them. As for your general condition, I've seen better, but I've seen a lot worse. I'm prescribing more fruit and vegetables, less red meat, and an exercise program. We need you more buff and fit for our clients." Then as she held my limp noodle she said, "There isn't anything that can be done to improve the size of what God gave you, but there are ways to improve its delivery."

Noticing her mentioning of size brought back some deep seated feelings of insecurity. I said, "Yeah, I know, it's smaller than normal and I've got a hair-trigger."

She quickly replied, "No Honey, its normal size. You've been comparing yourself to porn stars. They're stars because of their size. As for your premature ejaculation problem, we'll work on that. That I can fix. And with a bit of help, you'll be a much better lover than any porn star. For that matter, I think you'll be a better lover than anyone could imagine. Enough chit chat, let's eat." We quickly got dressed and headed across the street to the slave quarters.

There Cynthia quickly gathered the others and shortly breakfast was made and we ate as a group. The conversation got around to business and making money. Somewhere in this conversation, Cynthia asked how often I masturbated.

I was shocked and I felt my face redden as I sputtered out, "Why'd you ask?"

"It's no longer beneficial. We need to track every drop you produce and release." With a twinkle in Cynthia's eyes she ordered, "No more beating your meat. You've got us."

"Okay. Now I've got a rule for you four: if you want oral, you need to shave. After tonguing three of you yesterday, I discovered that no hair is better." After my cock twitched a bit, I added, "Hell, let's make it a rule of the camp."

After that round of regulations, the rest of breakfast was tame and soon the ladies were cleaning up. At first I was going to chip in but I quickly came to my senses, they're slaves. My slaves. I don't need to lift a finger helping them. So while I waited for them to finish, I just sat and sipped on my coffee.

It wasn't long before they were finished and I moved them to the meeting room. There I got the meeting going by showing the ladies how to access the Slave Registry and the various slave catalogs. I then show them how to place an order and the preferred slave traders to use. After that, I opened the floor to discuss our immediate staffing needs.

Cynthia needed a nurse, a receptionist, and a lab technician.

Helen needed another accountant and a secretary for the menial paperwork.

Tory also needed a secretary, along with a paralegal, and another lawyer.

I just needed some breeding stock.

As for Kristen, she had a 'deer in the headlights' look as she mumbled that she was having difficulty computing her staffing requirements. From her figures, she needed to staff at least nine sub-departments. She then rattled them off: Sanitation, Procurement, Maintenance, Dietary, Security, Logistics, Transportation, Recreation, and Housing. After she finished, the room was deathly quiet until Helen exhaled, "God damn."

Several seconds later Helen recovered by saying, "Okay, I think you need some help. For this purchase I'll drop the accountant and if everyone agrees we'll hire one secretary and share her. I think I'll need her only one day a week. Anyone have a problem with that?" Everyone shook their heads before Helen continued, "Until we're better staffed, I'll help with Procurement, Logistics, and Housing. Cynthia, can you handle: Sanitation and Dietary?"

Cynthia answered, "I think so, but what do you mean by 'handle'?"

"Find the staff, or else, pick up the work."

"In that case, I'm dropping the receptionist, nurse, and lab technician until later. And replacing them with a couple of housekeepers, a chef, and others. And I will need the secretary at least one day a week."

Tory spoke up, "Okay, I'm also willing to help. Drop my staff and lend me the secretary one day a week as well."

Kristen appeared calmer when she said, "Thanks ladies, but remember not all the slaves will be as they appear. We're going to be filling in the gaps as we go."

I got some nasty looks when I said, "Remember, we're here to make money. So younger the better."

I quickly left before I lost my gonads.

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Back at my bungalow, I tried to work on my autobiography but I wasn't in the mood. Instead, I watched a couple of movies until about noon. Then I made a sandwich and got down to writing. It was much easier now and the words flowed freely.

It was around 2 pm when I finished writing the rough draft of my sexography. After rehashing my very limited sex life, I was horny as a rabbit on steroids. Knowing I had a solution for my itch, I headed across the street. On the way to the slave quarters, I decided who and how to placate my condition.

Entering the building, I was pleasantly surprised to find the ladies still in the meeting room working on the slave acquisitions. The conversation quickly came to an end when they noticed me.

I said, "Sorry to disturb you, but I need the services of Helen for a few minutes." Then looking at Helen I said, "Find some lube and meet me in your room. I need to see if your ass is as tight as Tory's."

From the look she returned, I had given out too much information and her next reaction confirmed it. She shouted, "NO! FUCK NO!" She wasn't any calmer when she spat out, "NO ONE'S FUCKING MY ASS AGAIN! EVER!"

Under normal circumstances I would have backed off and calmly talked with her to see why she felt the way she did, but this wasn't normal times. Besides, I knew it was going to happen sometime, a questioning of my authority. I had to nip it. Nip it in the bud.

Calmly I said, "Tory, legal question: What rights does Helen or any of you have?"

Barely above a whisper came, "None, sir."

I waited for her answer to sink in. While I did, I formulated my next move.

After letting the answer sink in, I said, "I've got options. You slaves have none. Now follow me."

Cynthia asked, "All of us?"

"Yes."

I led the four to Helen's room. There I sat on her bed and said, "Time to play dress up. Find Helen a blouse, dress, and high heels. And nothing frumpy." Helen started for her dresser and I snapped out, "Not you! Them!" She froze and I continued, "Now front and center, then strip."

While the three searched the room looking for some clothes, an emotionally conflicted but embarrassed Helen stood in front of me and slowly got undressed. After her clothes were off, she glared at me while I stared at her body. Damn she's a good looking woman! And she's mine!

When I noticed her nips hardening, I took a closer look at her slit and I saw moisture. Good, she wasn't freaking out too bad.

I soon noticed Cynthia waiting with the clothes. I said, "Give those to Tory. She and Kristen will dress Helen. I need you to find something to bind Helen's wrists." Before she left I added, "Might need to gag her too, so bring extras."

Tory dressed Helen. She started with a yellow blouse. It was a tad big, but it did have buttons and that was a plus. Next came a green pleated skirt with a black belt. It too, was too big but it served my purpose. Lastly came the heels. They were black patent with what looked like two inch heels but they did help define Helen's calves.

Cynthia returned and I said, "Bind her wrists behind her." Looking over at the other slaves I said, "You two, go get some clothes like hers, but more form fitting. And longer heels if you got them." As they left I shouted, "And you're dressing in front of me."

I watched as Cynthia used some medical adhesive tape to bind Helen. When she was done I said, "Helen, sit beside me. Cynthia, go find some clothes."

Once Helen was beside me, I cupped her chin and leaned in for a kiss. At first she was a bit cold and distant, but I forced my tongue between her lips, and soon she started returning some passion. We kissed a bit before she froze when my hand cupped her firm breast. But I didn't stop kissing and fondling, so she got back into character and her tongue joined mine.

My fun was interrupted when the three slaves came back. Cynthia said softly, "Master, we only could find two pairs of shoes."

Still caressing Helen's tit, I said, "Then you find something else." She left and I continued, "Kristen get changed."

This was my first ability to see Kristen nude. She made short work of getting her clothes off, and appeared to be rushing to get her other clothes on, when I spoiled her plan by saying, "Not yet, I need to check you out." With that, her face got bright red and her hands quickly covered her tits. Ignoring her discomfort, I said, "Stand straight, with your arms at your sides." She hesitated, so I shouted, "NOW!"

She jumped. Helen jumped. Hell, the whole building jumped! And she snapped to attention.

Kristen was much prettier naked than clothed. Even though her rack was small, it had a perfect shape. Her nips pointed out nicely. Her stomach was very flat and firm. Her hips were wider than I thought. Her beaver was light brown and sparse. Legs okay. Very meaty cunt lips.

"Turn around." Damn, she still had no ass to speak of. "Okay you can get dressed, slowly."

As Kristen buttoned her white blouse, I unbuttoned a couple of Helen's. Then my lips went back to Helen's and as we resumed kissing, I slipped my hand into her open blouse and resumed my boob fondling.

I kept sneaking peeks at Kristen as she got dressed. Her outfit fit much better than Helen's, extremely tight in the chest and around the hips. She had found a black mini skirt. And the heels were long, like four inches. When she was done I said, "Come sit beside me. Tory, you're up."

After Kristen was seated, I leaned toward her for my first kiss. She pulled back and I carefully placed my hand behind her neck and pulled our lips together.

I expected some fight but she surprised me by leading with her tongue. My tongue joined hers as we started Frenching. After a few seconds my hand cupped her tit and she moaned into my mouth. Damn, there appears to be a tiger hiding under that shy facade.

While I played with Kristen's cute rack and our tongues danced, I noticed Tory getting undressed. She appeared to be licking her lips wanting a piece of the action. Well I had a spot selected just for her when she was dressed.

For the next couple of minutes, I shifted from one slave to the other. Helen got some attention then Kristen. Back and forth from one set of lips to another. From one rack to the other. I did have to take a pause with my fun when Tory was dressed.

She had found a light green camisole that she had struggled to get on. It was so tight her rack was now one cup size smaller than usual. She had found a blue skirt that was knee length and not that tight. As for her heels, they were only two inches and green. They were fucking ugly! Oh well, there wasn't much of a choice in the wardrobe department.

Looking at Tory, I said, "Come here." When she got closer I said, "Kneel." and I opened my thighs. She knew where I wanted her and I pulled her close so we could kiss and I could play with her boobies.

Now as Cynthia got changed, I kissed and played with my three slaves. All three seemed to be willing participants, with a lot of moans and groans echoing around the room. Cynthia didn't seem to be in a rush like the others, and that gave me more time to get acquainted with the ladies.

Well, all good things must come to an end, so when Cynthia had finished changing I said, "Okay everyone to the Parlor."

In the Parlor, I cleared off a side table and moved it to the center of the room. I positioned Helen in front of the table and then said, "Gag her. I'll be right back."

Going to the kitchen, I retrieved three items. I bought them back and laid them on the coffee table letting everyone watch. There was a fly swatter, a spatula, and a wooden spoon. After giving the ladies a few seconds to digest the items, I sat in a chair and said, "Okay, let's get down to business. Tory you come over here and start sucking on my dick. Cynthia and Kristen, tape Helen's ankles to the table. Once she's ready, I'm riding her ass and you all are watching."

Helen's eyes got real big and then started tearing. The others appeared to be stunned but soon they started moving.

Tory came over, knelt in front of me, and fumbled about trying to free my hard cock. Once it was out, she started licking and sucking it.

Cynthia used her tape and bound one of Helen's ankles to the table leg. Then she shifted to the other side and did the same to the other ankle. While all this was going on, Kristen was just standing there watching with a 'duh' look.

When Cynthia was done, she looked my way and asked, "Sir, could I get her some lube?"

That had been my original plan, but her refusal had spoiled that, and my mood. But after playing with the slaves and Tory's present knob job, my mood was back on the plus side, so I nodded my approval. The delay also let me enjoy Tory's mouth a little longer. She's good, but then again I didn't have much to compare her against.

Cynthia came back with a couple of tubes. She then started whispering into Helen's ear as she bent her over the table and pulled up the skirt exposing Helen's butt. Then I watched as Cynthia parted Helen's butt cheeks exposing her rosebud, the present target for my dick. Damn, it looked very tight.

Cynthia squirted the contents of one tube onto the exposed asshole and smeared it around and in, all the while, whispering encouragement to Helen.

It appeared everything was ready for me, so I stood up, pushing Tory away, and stepped toward my victim. As I approached Helen's backdoor, Cynthia said, "Sir, can I lube your penis?"

I really didn't need any lube with all the saliva from Tory's oral, but the lust must have fogged my brain, because I just nodded and Cynthia lubed up my stick using cream from the tube. I nearly came with her hand job, but she stopped before I shot my wad across the room.

Cynthia stepped aside and I stepped forward, placing the head of my dick against Helen's anus. Tory whispered to Helen, "Honey, when you feel him pushing, relax your asshole. Just like you would do if you're trying to take a shit."

Fuck, that didn't help my mood, thinking about getting shit on, but it wasn't stopping me. Slowly I shoved forward, Helen moaned, Tory said, "Relax." At first the asshole tightened but after a few seconds everything loosened and my dick slowly entered Helen's bowels. Damn, she was a tight asshole.

I controlled my passion and kept my hips in check as I slowly shoved deeper and deeper until I finally could go no deeper. My crotch had been stopped by the cheeks of her full ass. I paused to consider my options and made a change of plans. As I wiggled my hips to stir my dick in her bum, I said, "I want her to cum."

I heard a, "Huh." from somewhere.

I replied, "I want her to cum while I'm fucking her ass. I want to feel her ass squeezing my dick. Now figure out how to pop her." While they processed my last demand, I slowly pulled my dick out of Helen's shithole until just the head was in and then I slowly pushed back in.

Cynthia chimed up, "I think I've got just the thing we need. Tory, why don't you play with her clit, while I get it?"

As I slowly rode my bitch's ass, Tory got underneath and I felt her start rubbing Helen's clit. It wasn't long before I felt Helen start responding to Tory's attention. Helen's hips started rocking in search of more pleasure.

Looking at Kristen, I said, "Engineer, get the swatter." She made no move while she stared at my dick slowly pumping her co-slave's ass. Waving my hand, I snapped, "Kristen, get the fly swatter!"

That broke her trance, but she was still hesitant until she saw my evil look, then she quickly got the swatter.

When she did, I said, "Swat the bitch." Her expression first showed confusion before my command fully registered and then it changed to fear. She knew what I wanted her to do, so I shouted, "DO IT!"

The swatter came down and barely tapped Helen's shoulder. Damn, she was pissing me off.

Looking at Kristen I said, "Unless you want to trade spots, you better put some weight into it. SWAT THE BITCH!"

The swatter came down hard and made contact with a shoulder blade. SLAP. Helen bucked under me and her ass tried to squeeze shut. Oh yes, that was nice.

"Again!" SLAP. Buck. It wasn't like the first but it was satisfying. "Again." SLAP. Buck. "Again." SLAP. Barely a wiggle. That's when I noticed Cynthia waiting. Looking at her I said, "Medical, what are you waiting for. Pop the bitch."

I kept slowly fucking my bitch's ass, as the other bitches shifted about. Tory moved away, Cynthia took her spot and then I felt a strong vibration start. Damn it, I wasn't ready for that and Helen sure wasn't. Her ass went crazy, her hips went crazy, hell the whole table started bouncing. Now we were getting somewhere.

"Swat the bitch!" Kristen wasn't quite ready, but a few seconds later the swatter hit Helen's back getting a nice reaction.

"Legal, give me the spoon, you take the spatula." Tory wasted no time and she appeared to be enjoying the session. Taking the spoon, I whispered, "You be careful with that spatula, we don't want to damage my goods. Okay?" She nodded and I said, "You're going to make her dance, but not too much. I don't want to pop out and have to reshaft you instead." She nodded again.

Okay everything seemed to be ready, now for my fun.

I started taking long, slow, determined, strokes. Every stroke ended with me bucking my hips, thrusting my cock deeper. When I did, I grunted, "Swat." Two implements made contact with Helen, she started dancing and bucking, and I concluded with, "Bad girl." After bitch's body tempered some, I slowly repeated with another stroke.

We kept this up for a few minutes. As we did, I noticed Helen hips rocking and rolling more. It appeared Cynthia was doing her job and my bitch was getting ready to pop.

On an out-stroke, I popped the bitch's ass with the cupped end of the wooded spoon, giving out a very nice popping sound. Even with her gagged, you could hear Helen scream, and the spoon left a nice mark on her butt cheek. I shouted, "Don't you dare cum until I do, bitch." Covering all bases, I shouted, "Medical, pop the bitch."

For the next several minutes, everyone in the room ran like a well-oiled machine. I would pull most of the way out and wait for Cynthia to perk Helen. When Helen got close, I shouted, "NO!", smacked her ass with the spoon, and quickly shoved my hard cock deep into her bowels. Then there was the slapping of flesh followed by two other flesh slaps. Right after that, I held on as my bitch grunted, bucked, danced, and almost severed my dick with her asshole.

Well good things must come to an end, because on my next shout of, "NO!" and swat with my spoon, Helen started cumming anyway. My pole had a tough time plowing into her butt, with her butthole contracting the way it was, but I still hit bottom with a slap, followed quickly by two more smacks.

As Helen quaked under me, I forcefully shoved my hips forward a couple of times, making the table shake, before shouting, "Fucking bitch! You came and I didn't! So let's try this again! Medical, pop her!"

Now I started fucking the bitch in earnest, looking for my pleasure. By this time, I had dropped my spoon, but the other two slaves were still doing their job, as they beat Helen on the completion of my stroke.

Soon Helen hit her second plateau and I was close. I have never lasted this long with anyone and I was dripping in sweat. Helen wasn't much better; her blouse was soaked. Grabbing a handful of hair, I pulled her up off the table saying, "You fucking came again, dumb bitch! What about me, cunt! When do I get my turn?" I then reached both hands around her chest, grabbed her partially opened blouse, and pulled.

In return, I received a very satisfying sound of buttons popping off and clattering across the room. I then pulled the blouse down, trapping her arms further before I grabbed her full tits. Then while she finished enjoying her climax, I enjoyed squeezing her breasts, while her ass squeezed my stick. To remind her what was happening, I bucked against her backside, forcing her upwards, while she gave out a grunt.

When her second peak was over, I grabbed her hips and started bucking her ass good. Helen collapsed onto the table, spent. After a couple more good thrusts, I grunted, "Oh shit!" and my balls contracted. I saw stars as my juice flowed into the slave's guts. I pushed my dick deep into her rectum planting my seed into her shit.

It was my turn to collapse as I flopped on top of my worn-out slave.

It was several seconds before I could put any thoughts together. When I could, I found my cock still buried in Helen's tight ass. I knew it wouldn't be long before it slipped out but I didn't want to rush it, so I just basked at the moment.

I was right because a few seconds later, Helen jiggled around and my dick popped out of her bum. With that, I stood up and softly said, "Ladies, please, untie her and help her to her room. After that let the Doctor check her over, I've might have gone overboard with her punishment." I then slipped away to recover some, before freshening up.

About thirty minutes later, I went to check on Helen's condition, and got spooked, when I noticed that everyone was in Helen's room. Oh shit, this could only mean one thing! I had a complete mutiny on my hands. I had gone from a single rebel to a complete revolt. Oh well, might as well get this over with, and figure out where I screwed up so I won't repeat it with the next batch of slaves.

Upon entering the room, it became very quiet and it only confirmed what I already knew. I said, "Who's your spokesman?"

Cynthia said, "What are you talking about?"

"Who's got the list of demands?"

Cynthia said, "Again, what are you babbling about?"

"You four, together, here, it could only mean one thing, rebellion." I looked around the room and saw both shock and confusion. So I asked, "Am I right?"

Helen said, "I still don't know what you're saying, but we've been trying to figure out why I've just had the best orgasm, EVER."

Now it was my turn to be shocked and confused. Cynthia said, "It appears you've got a sixth sense on how to control your slaves. I believe in a couple days we'll do anything you ask." Cynthia then left, followed by Kristen and then Tory. With them gone, my attention shifted to my original concern.

Helen was in the bed, laying on her side, covered with a sheet. Looking at her I asked, "Are you okay?"

"Just a bit sore. It'll be painful sitting the next couple of days." With that she removed the sheet and rolled over onto her stomach. As she did, I got a peek of her rack and a barely noticed her lack of pubic hair. My cock twitched, knowing that she was shaved, but quickly died when I noticed the marks on her ass and legs. I had been a very bad boy!

"Shit! Did I do all that?"

"I believe the others helped, but they were following your orders."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

Helen pointed to a jar and said, "Yes, can you rub some of that salve on my butt."

I got the jar and carefully started rubbing its contents onto her ass.

It was then that I noticed that Helen had a very nice ass. Up to this point, I really hadn't observed, but with my hands massaging her butt cheeks, I couldn't help but notice. Yes, they were a tad flabby but at least she had some meat on them. Kristen had none, while Tory had too much, and Cynthia's were too old. The only ass I've touched that was better than Helen's was my ex-girlfriend's.

It was becoming too much, so to take my mind off of asses, I asked, "When did you shave?"

Helen wiggled her ass as she answered, "Oh, you noticed. Cynthia did that while she was looking me over. She figured it was getting shaved sometime, so why not now. Besides, it made it easier for her to check for injuries in that area."

"There, I'm done." And I got up to leave.

She whimpered, "Must you go? Won't you stay and cuddle?"

"I guess I could. What would be the best? Front to front or spooning?"

"I'd like to try spooning." And she started arranging herself to give me room, but when I crawled on the bed she stopped and said, "Could you get naked? Your clothes might chafe me."

I removed my clothes and got into bed with her. We covered up and then snuggled up. When we were finished, my semi-dead cock was resting in the crevasse of her ass, my chest pressed against her back, and I had an arm wrapped over her side. She then grabbed my hand and kissed it saying, "Thank you for caring." before she placed it on her breast.

In a few minutes I noticed her breathing change as she fell asleep, just before I followed her into dreamland.

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I was awakened by Tory. She said, "Hey sleepy heads, dinner in thirty minutes."

Helen answered, "Okay."

Tory replied, "Cynthia wanted me to remind you about what we talked about. Do you want to do it or do you want me too?"

Helen answered, "I'll do it. But can you hand me the cup over there?"

Tory handed Helen a cup and quickly left the room, leaving me totally clueless about what the fuck they were talking about and what the fucking cup had to do with any fucking thing. Boy I can wake up on the wrong side of the bed sometimes. Well, most of the times.

Helen started shifting about and as she did she said, "Master, could you lay on your back." Normally the master crap would piss me off, but she had said it in such a way that it was pleasant sounding. I flipped over and she started sucking on my limp noodle. Damn, I could get used to this!

It took her a couple of minutes to harden me up, but after I was fully erect, she switched to a slow hand job and asked, "Do you want to finish with a hand job, blow job, or pussy?"

"Huh?"

"Do you want to cum in my hand, mouth, or pussy? My ass is too sore for that choice."

"Mouth."

She quickly shifted back to sucking my dick. I was clueless what was happening. Well yes, I knew I was getting a knob job, but why? Oh fuck, why should I care? Hell, I was getting oral pleasure. So I just let the world spin as my slave sucked my cock.

Helen's technique was different from Tory's. Tory's was more vacuum style letting the lips do the work. Helen used more tongue. I don't know which one I liked better. All I know is I liked what Helen was doing right now. She was paying attention to the most important member of the team. My cock. Yes, my cock was master of everyone. It was one day going to rule the world and bring me along as its compatriot. Its partner.

My balls started tingling warning me that it was time, so I issued a warning to Helen, "I'm close." I figured she would pull off and hand job me the rest of the way, but instead she tickled the most sensitive part of my cock, just underneath the head, with the tip of her tongue, as she gently squeezed my ball sack.

My dick erupted! It was one hell of a climax!

It felt like I dumped buckets of cum in her mouth and I was surprised when she took it all. She even used her hand to squeeze out the remaining sperm.

As I laid there in my post-orgasmic bliss, I watched as she placed the glass beside my dick and shifted her mouth over it and let my cum dribble into the glass. She noticed me watching and with ropes of sperm still dripping from her lips she said, "Sorry, orders. Need a sample." Then licking her lips, she swallowed the remains before she said, "Now we can't waste it, can we?"

I was spent as Helen carefully crawled over me and grabbed some clothes. I watched as she left the room, naked, holding her clothes and the glass with my sample.

It was a couple more minutes before I could muster enough strength to get up, put on my clothes, and head to the kitchen by way of a bathroom.

It appeared that Cynthia had started my new diet. There was a salad with a very lite dressing, baked Salmon, almost raw green beans and broccoli, and some fruit for dessert. It looked like she was trying to kill me by starvation.

To get my mind off of the meal, I asked, "When Tory woke us up, she reminded Helen about something that was said. If you don't mind, could you tell me?"

Everyone looked at Tory who quickly said, "It's Cynthia's idea."

A puzzled Cynthia said, "What?"

Tory, "Sample." Cynthia still gave her a puzzled look, so she said, "Pre-dinner."

It finally registered and Cynthia said, "Oh that." and she started eating her salad again, so I gave her a look. She replied, "We're getting samples at two almost fixed times: one in the morning after you get up, and one in the evening when you go to bed. I thought we might need another baseline, so I suggested before dinner. Enjoy."

I snickered, "I did." Then I had another brain child and said, "I think you should choreograph all my orgasms."

She snickered back, "I thought that WAS my primary job." After a brief pause she said, "By the way, enjoy the butt fucks, because very soon we can't afford to waste your seed in barren holes. And that also includes oral."

It appeared from her comments and tone, that she was accepting her new status in life. I made a mental note to have a private talk with all of them to see how they were adjusting. These four executive positions were critical to my plans. So if any of them were struggling, I need to make a slave change quickly.

During dinner someone asked about the schedule for after dinner. Did I expect them to work until bedtime? I answered that all work and no play makes for a lot of bitches and I had enough of those. No, work was from 9 to 5, unless we needed to work over. After that, it was playtime.

Then someone asked if I would mind taking them to see the Rec Center. I told them I would after I got my suit. That's when Kristen asked, "Why? We've seen everything." and she started clearing the table as I tried to come up with a good reason for wearing my suit.

After several minutes the ladies were ready and we headed to the Rec Center. It appeared that I was just along for eye candy, because both Kristen and Helen led the way.

At the pool the ladies stripped to their birthday suits and dove in. I was shocked when none of them complained about the temperature and more shocked to find it a comfortable degree when I tested the pool with a foot.

Helen noticed and she shouted, "Kristen upped the temperature this morning after I complained." So I peeled off my clothes and dove butt naked into the warm pool.

For the next half hour, the five of us swam and played in the pool. Even though we were naked, it didn't seem to make a difference. A couple of times, I brushed against a free tit. And a couple times my genitals found someone's hand but other than that it was non-sexual.

After a while, I decided to check out the hot tub. I was getting comfortable when both Cynthia and Tory joined me. My eyes feasted on Tory's nakedness as she slowly slipped into the tub and I felt my stick come to life.

Tory moved around until she was sitting at my right and Cynthia went the other way and sat at my left. With nothing better in mind, I just sat there and closed my eyes.

Visions of Tory and Helen danced in my head. I envisioned them both laying, au naturel, on my bed, with their thighs spread wide, flashing me their bald cunts. Both were looking at me with lust in their eyes and both pussies were dripping honey on the bed. Right then a plan materialized and I made my move.

Reaching an arm around Tory, I pulled her close and forced my lips against hers. At first she tried to pull away but she changed her mind and her lips parted. Her tongue now joined mine and my hand made the next move as it cupped her firm breast before fondling it.

My plan had been to warm Tory up and then shift my attention to Cynthia, but that changed when Tory grabbed my now rock hard rod and slowly stroked it. Now I wasn't in such a rush to switch lips as I let Tory give my dick some attention.

After letting Tory give my pole about a half dozen soft tugs, I opened my eyes to switch women, and I caught a glance of Kristen. She was sitting on the diving board with legs hanging over both sides, her shaved gash split open, displaying her inner flesh.

I fucking lost it, and I seeded the hot tub!

I grunted. Tory squealed and let go. Cynthia asked, "What's up?"

My hips kept bucking as my dick kept pumping. Tory whispered, "He just came."

Cynthia quietly said, "Okay."

Tory, "What about a sample?"

As I held my head down in shame, Cynthia said, "Don't worry about it. It was going to happen sometime. I'll just note the time. Now don't tell the others."

A couple minutes later, the object of my mental affection climbed into the hot tub along with Helen. I was too ashamed to look at either of them.

While I stewed about my complete lack of control, the ladies started talking. I didn't hear what they were talking about, or cared, as long as they didn't talk about my manhood.

Tory interrupted my funk when she said, "Shit, who's that?"

Looking up I saw a group of what appeared to be soldiers standing at the opposite end of the building staring at us. Now I had my reason for a suit!

They started heading our way, so I decided to meet the group half way. I didn't want them to see the ladies naked. Yes, they're slaves, but they're MY slaves, and I don't need just any old asshole taking a gander at MY breeding stock. Yes, I'm a possessive jerk.

As I got closer, I found out that there were six soldiers, all male, early 20s, of various sizes and colors. I said, "Can I help you?"

A medium white guy, built like a brick shithouse replied, "No, we're just checking the place out. What are you doing here?"

"I'm the care taker. And you're not supposed to be here. This side of camp is off limits to military personnel."

The guy then got up into my face and said, "Sorry, I can't read." Right then it became crystal clear that they weren't leaving until they were ready.

For the next minute we stared at each other before he looked over my shoulder saying, "What have you got over there? Your own pool party?"

Looking over the group, I knew I was in trouble. And looking at the tents in their fatigues, I knew my girls were in trouble. During all my months of preparation, I didn't conceive the need to fight the army. So much for planning, let's try off the cuff.

"Gentlemen, I must ask you to leave."

Another soldier said, "Or what?"

He had me there. I had no, 'or what's.

The leader said, "Bring him along." and two dudes grabbed me by my arms and started dragging me towards the hot tub. We had gone a few feet before the group stopped and someone said, "Wasn't there four of them?"

Several seconds later another answered, "Yeah, where's tall and skinny?"

Just then a male voice boomed out, "Privates let go of the man." I was quickly released as everyone started looking around to see where the voice came from. The voice continued, "Mr. Perz, are you okay?"

Nodding my head, I said, "Yes, sir."

The voice, "Privates, you've already broken a fair number of regs, let's not add anymore to the charges." Doors started slamming and then I heard the sound of boots. Hot damn, the Calvary has arrived! Oops, wrong military branch.

Very shortly I was separated from my captors and they were surrounded by a squad of MPs. During this transition someone handed me a towel and I was able to cover up.

I was just getting curious about what was going to happen next, when the doors banged open and three soldiers walked in. They marched right up to me and the leader said, "Mr. Perz, I'm Colonel Haun. Intelligence Officer of the Camp. Behind me is my assistant Major Collins and Sergeant Major Belue. Sergeant Major take charge of the prisoners." The sergeant barked out some orders and the MPs escorted their charges out of the building.

Once they were gone, the colonel said, "Sorry about interrupting your outing. We were tracking that group earlier until they crossed into your restricted zone. Due to your agreement, we weren't authorized to follow them without your approval. Once we got it, we acted as quickly as we could."

Unfortunately, my brain hadn't quite gotten in gear when I said, "What approval?" or else I would've kept my mouth shut.

From the look the colonel was giving me, he was majorly freaked. He stammered, "We got a call and they gave their approval. Didn't you authorize the call?"

Tory said, "Colonel, it was authorized by the Trustees." I now noticed the ladies standing a few feet away. They were clothed but it appeared they hadn't dried first, because all four dresses were in various stages of transparency. Tory's was the worst, she might as well have been naked.

The colonel looked at me and asked, "Is that true? Does the Trustees have that authority?"

My mind was clear enough to answer, "Yes sir, they have the authority."

The colonel looked relieved and said, "Good. You had me worried for a moment." I noticed his attention was focused on Tory as he said, "Sir, can you spare about thirty minutes tomorrow to sign the complaint? It will be ready first thing in the morning."

"I don't have a problem. Just call first."

Just before he and his assistant left, he said, "Mr. Perz, I promise you this won't happen again." Then they quickly left. And since our party had been spoiled, we headed back to our residences.

On the way back, I suggested that they come to my place and watch a movie. They asked what kind of movie? To which I answered, that I had many kinds, they just needed to pick one. They thought it was a great idea but asked if they could freshen up before coming over and I told them that it was okay since I had nothing planned.

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About thirty minutes later there was a knock at my door and I opened it. The girls entered.

It looked like I was hosting a slumber party. All four were dressed in different styles of night clothes. Cynthia was wearing flannels: shirt and shorts, both with different patterns. Kristen was wearing a plain white t-shirt and a pair of gray boxers. Tory was wearing a knee length green satin nightshirt that hid all her assets. Helen was the only one that had anything close to being sexy. She was wearing a pink camisole with a matching skort. She was showing her assets.

As for me, I had changed into a pair of silk draw string trousers.

My guests were floored when I showed them my collection of movies. They couldn't believe I had that many until I informed them that I was expecting to spend most of my evenings watching them. After the initial shock

wore off, the ladies started looking for a movie that they all could agree on. While they did that, I asked, "By the way: Which of you saved my ass?"

Three of the ladies pointed to Kristen, so I asked her, "How?"

She answered, "From the building plans, I knew where the alarm was. After I pressed it, the phone right beside it rang and I answered it. Whoever was on the other end asked, 'Do I have your approval?' Of course I said yes. The rest you know."

The girls finally agreed to watch, 'An Officer and A Gentleman', so everyone got cozy and watched the movie. I sat in one chair. Kristen, Helen, and Tory sat on the sofa. Cynthia sat in another chair.

I had seen the movie a couple of times, so during some slow parts, I daydreamed about the new life I had started. It was weird being an owner of humans, and for that matter, an owner of prime baby making women. And I was having sex with them for just that purpose, babies. Well, at least that's my story, and I'm sticking to it, as I'm sticking them. Ha. Ha. Boy this is going to be the life.

Taking another gander at my new flock: Cynthia is a tad older than my mother, the chances of us having a child is low. Kristen is prime baby making age, but she seems a bit scrawny to have that many, I figured her for ten. Helen, was a couple years younger than my mother, but I figured she was good for two maybe five tops. As for Tory, she was ten years older than Kristen, but had the body for producing kids, she was going to give me at least a dozen girls, hopefully fifteen. Between the four, they were going to produce 24 to 30 babies.

I had to pause my rapturous thoughts of fucking my way to wealth when the movie ended and the ladies decided to call it a night leaving Tory and me alone.

Looking at Tory, the butterflies in my stomach started dancing, so I said, "I need some wine, do you want some too?"

"Yes."

I opened a bottle of California Zinfandel and poured us both a big glass. We then sat together on the sofa. Unlike the first night, I started the conversation asking her what she liked.

Over the next hour we shared our likes and dislikes as we killed off the bottle of wine. I made sure she drank as much as me, but she seemed to get more information out of me the more we drank. At some point we ended up in my bed as we talked and drank.

Once the wine was gone our clothes disappeared and our lips met. Somewhere in the back of my alcohol numbed brain a voice was yelling to take it slow. We needed to start manning up and take it slow. I listened and let Tory take the lead.

After a couple of minutes of kissing, Tory moved my face to her neck, and then to her breasts. There my lips and tongue went crazy, as they feasted on both mounds of flesh with very hard tips. Man she's got a nice pair of tits. The nipples are good too.

I don't know how long she let me mouth her rack, but soon she was guiding my face down her chest, over her bellybutton, until she pushed my face into her pussy. She was in complete control as my tongue tickled her privates.

She guided my face around her dripping hole, forcing my tongue to clean her juices, before she steered my tongue to her slit. There my tongue lapped up her honey as she moaned in pleasure, giving my tongue the

courage to go deeper and deeper into her slit looking for more. The deeper it went the louder and louder the moans became until suddenly she pulled my face upwards and shoved my tongue on her clit.

When my tongue landed on her bump, her hips did a quick swivel, before she shouted, "Oooohhhh sssshhiit!" Now her hips went wild as her orgasm exploded. For the remainder of her climax, she tightly held my face against her pussy, until suddenly her arms went limp and I was free.

Giving myself a few seconds to weigh all my options, I moved in for seconds, but when I did Tory's hands grabbed my face and started pulling me back up to her lips.

When our lips touched, I felt her guide my dick into place, before she forced me into her tunnel. My dick wasn't in the mood to argue, as it started pumping deeper and deeper, neither was I, as I shoved my hips down.

I now tried to make love to my lover. I say try because it didn't last very long. I got in about a dozen long slow strokes, before my balls took over and my hips went wild. Six rapid pumps later, I grunted and my balls forced my seed into her waiting pussy.

I rutted into her a few times, planting my cum close to her womb, before I pulled out and crashed beside her. As I laid there panting, I got pissed at myself for being so juvenile, I need to do better. No, I must do better. Everything counts on my sexual prowess, otherwise a machine could do the deed just as well. I decided I needed to talk with the doctor tomorrow.

Shifting my attention back to the companion lying beside me, I snuggled against her. Laying an arm over her, I gave her a gentle hug before rubbing her stomach and whispering, "Maybe you'll give me my first girl." Then my fingers slipped down to her button. When they did, she grabbed my arm and kissed it saying, "I'm good, now go to sleep."

I did.

{END Chapter 3}