

Suckers 14

It was already getting dark by the time John pulled up to his house. In the driveway was a red car he had never seen before; but he knew exactly who it belonged to. He didn't know what to expect the situation to be inside, but he did know Cathy would be there still believing herself to be a highly impressionable teenager.

John got out of his car, leaving it at the curb so he wouldn't block Cathy in, and walked to the front door. He had been pondering how to deal with her permanently. He didn't need yet another slave living with him, but he also didn't want to waste an extra sucker any time she happened to interfere with his plans.

Fortunately, he knew of more than one way to leave a permanent effect on someone with the suckers. Contracts were literally binding but were followed to the letter, while loose verbal agreements seemed to work out more in his favor.

He wasn't sure if temporary suckers would allow for that kind of agreement. The semi-permanent effects of the red sucker did though. He would need to make sure she was ready for a sucker as soon as the effects of the one she was under now wore off.

It didn't take long for him to find her when he entered the house. Almost as soon as the door opened, Cathy spoke up, her voice loud and bubbling with excitement.

"He's here!" Cathy announced "Heey! Sorry I didn't come back. These adults wouldn't let me leave until you got here!"

"I'm not surprised." John lied, "They can't have you driving drunk, now can they?"

Cathy blinked a few times silently. She didn't actually have anything to drink, but now that he implied she had, her mind was busy rewriting her memory of the evening.

"Uhm... Well like... I only had one real quick." She said evasively, "They didn't see me do it! How do they know??"

"It's pretty obvious how drunk you are." John continued "You must be a light weight, you're slurring your words pretty badly."

"A'am fine..." Cathy replied, her speech slowing as she began to look visibly confused. "I c'n totally make it back. Ah don't need help..."

"Really?" John asked, leading her on further. "You look like you could pass out any second."

"Nahh, I... I'm not..." Cathy stammered, her body swaying side to side. "Ahm... G-Good..."

Cathy took a step towards John, then began to collapse. He caught her, and gently laid her down on the floor. This would hopefully count as sleep as far as the sucker was concerned.

"I thought we agreed, no more sex slaves." Wanda said with a disapproving tone as John stepped over Cathy and walked towards the box of suckers.

“She’s not staying here.” John replied, “Just need to tie up a loose end so she doesn’t cause us any trouble.”

“Well, as long as she doesn’t stay here...” Wanda said with a low voice as she looked down jealously at Cathy as she slept on the floor. “Three live-in slaves are more than enough to handle your libido.”

“We’ll see about that.” John said, fishing a red sucker out of the box and walking back over to Cathy. “Wake up now.” He said as he knelt down and gave her cheek a few pats.

“Uhg...” Cathy groaned, sitting up on the floor. “What the fuck happened...?”

John stuck the red sucker in Cathy’s face before she had a chance to get her bearings. “Here, have a sucker.”

“Fine.” She said, snatching the sucker and starting to unwrap it before the situation had begun to dawn on her. A look of slow realization washed over her face just as she began to lift the sucker towards her mouth. “Wait, you’re that magician!” she said before plopping the sucker into her mouth. Her fate was now sealed.

She looked around in alarm as she began to realize she didn’t recognize the room they were in. “Wh-Where am I? What am I doing here?!”

“You’re in my house.” John replied calmly. “I had to remove you from the party since you were being a disruption.”

“Disruption?!” Cathy cried out indignantly, “You shouldn’t have been there at all!”

“I had a show to put on for your daughter. I couldn’t let it be interrupted.”

“A show? What kind of show?? What did you do?!” Cathy asked in a sharp, accusatory tone.

“I fucked your daughter.” John replied simply. “And her friends.”

Cathy’s jaw dropped at how casually he said it. One hand unconsciously gripped the stem of her sucker to prevent her from dropping it as she struggled to process just what she had heard.

“Y-You... You what...?” She said again, now in disbelief.

“I had unprotected sex with your daughter, and all of her friends.” John replied, finding it fun to antagonize her now that he knew she couldn’t do anything about it.

Cathy’s eyes were wide with shock, and her breathing began to quicken. Anger flashed on her face, as her other hand began to pull at her shirt. “A-And now... Y-You’re planning to fuck me too?”

John smirked, “No. You were just in the way.”

“Wh-What?” Cathy gasped, her anger melting into confusion.

“Why would I do that? Your daughter is hotter and I can have her any time I want.” He explained, “If I really wanted to, I could pop over now and go another round with her.”

“No! Don’t!” Cathy cried out in alarm “Please don’t touch her! Y-You can have me! Just use me and leave her alone!” She argued, her hand gripping her own breast now rather than just her shirt.

“I told you already. I don’t want you.” John said, “Why would offering yourself change anything?”

“B-But...” She stammered, in a defeated tone. “I-I’m right... Here...”

“So am I.” Wanda spoke up, “As well as his wife and her friend. If he needed to get fucked he wouldn’t need you to do it.”

“But... B-But...” Cathy stammered, desperation slowly growing as she struggled to her feet and lifted her shirt dramatically. “I-I have these! My tits are bigger than anyone I’ve met!!”

“So?” John said, pretending not to care.

“S-So I could give you a better titfuck than anyone here!” She argued “Please! Give me a chance!”

“If I fucked you, it would be more a favor to you than myself.” John insisted, “Why would I do you any favors when you got in my way?”

“I...” Cathy froze as she tried to come up with an answer. “I’m just... Trying to be a good parent... Y-You understand don’t you...?”

John stepped up to her, roughly gripping one of her nipples and lifting it. “I don’t care for those that interfere with my plans.”

Cathy let out a moan as she was touched, her arousal having grown to the point that even pain seemed like bliss to her. “P-Please... I won’t... I-I won’t interfere...”

“I already stopped you from interfering.” John replied.

“I...” Cathy looked down, her thighs rubbing together as she took a moment to think, “What if... I helped you...?”

“Helped with what?” John said, “I already got what I want.”

“Wh-Whatever else you want!” Cathy stammered desperately, “Whatever you need! I’ll pay you! Everyone needs money right? Just please fuck me!”

John grabbed Cathy’s other breast and pressed her against the wall, leaning next to her ear. “Do you really want it that badly?”

“Y-Yesss!” She moaned, “I need it... I’ll do anything!”

“Even knowing what I did, you want it?” He pressed.

“Y-Yes...” She replied with a gasp, “I don’t care anymore I just... I need you...”

“If I fuck you, you’ll have to do whatever I want you to do.” John instructed.

“Y-Yes...” She replied between heavy breaths “I... I understand!”

“No exceptions.” He whispered into her ear, “Once my cock is in you, you won’t go back on it, no matter what I ask of you later.”

“Y-Yes! I’ll do anything! Please, fuck me now!” Cathy begged, her voice cracking in desperation.

“Fine. Follow me.” John said, releasing her breasts and walking towards his bedroom. She had barely started on her sucker, but she was already as desperate as his wife and her friend had become after finishing theirs. Was it due to having already taken a sucker earlier, or was she simply less capable of resisting her desires...

He opened the door to the bedroom and walked over to his new bed, removing his clothes and laying down on it. “Strip and climb on, slut.” He ordered, looking at Cathy as she entered the room.

She opened her mouth as though she was about to object to being called a slut, but quickly closed it without a word. Instead, she pulled her shirt off, and began to unfasten her bra.

John watched as she dropped her bra to the floor, exposing her massive breasts once again, and then watched as she bent down, her face burying itself between them as she pulled her pants and panties down.

Once naked, Cathy crawled onto the bed, swaying sensually with each movement until her pussy was right over John’s cock. Her eyes rolled back and her body shuddered as she finally slid down onto it.

Still feigning disinterest, John put his hands behind his head and looked her over before speaking. “Get started. I want you to prove that it wasn’t a mistake for me to accept your offer.”

Cathy nodded rapidly in response, bucking her hips as hard and fast as she could. She leaned low, her breasts pressing into John’s chest as her hands gripped the bed sheets for stability as she desperately thrust her hips down onto his cock again and again.

As Cathy continued to thrust wildly onto John’s cock, he unfolded his hands from behind his head and reached down to take hold of her breasts. The moment his hands touched them, Cathy let out a long moan, followed by a gasp as he gripped them firmly and began to fondle them.

John continued to fondle and grope her breasts lifting them enough to feel their weight and giving them another firm squeeze. Cathy’s breaths had begun to grow ragged and forced, both from the pleasure of being touched, and from the exertion of thrusting her hips ever faster.

Before long, she sounded as though she was choking on the air it’s self, unable to moan between desperate gasps and sighs forcing the air in and out of her as she continued to thrust herself onto his cock as though her very life depended on his satisfaction.

At that point, John began to buck his own hips, thrusting up into her and catching her off guard. She stammered and sputtered to the point that one of her hands raised again from the bed to keep her sucker from falling out of her mouth.

He moved his hands from her breasts to her hips, controlling her pace until he finally pulled her down hard onto his cock as he came inside of her. As he came, Cathy let out a loud scream as though feeling his cum had triggered her own orgasm.

Exhausted from the exertion, and from the pleasure, Cathy collapsed onto John before rolling over onto the bed. She panted for several moments before speaking.

“N-No wonder... You are a magician...” She said slowly, “That was... Magical...”

John looked at her, noticing the sucker still in her mouth. If she still had some left after cumming once, would that keep the effect going until her next orgasm? If so, he wouldn't let a little extra leverage over her go to waste.

“And like magic, you are bound to your agreement.” John replied, looking her in the eyes with a serious expression.

“Y-Yes...” She said softly “I know. Whatever you tell me from now on...”

“And the first thing is that you won't let yourself cum until I give you permission.”

“What?!” Cathy gasped.

“Is that a problem?” John asked.

“N-No... I... I was just surprised!” Cathy said quickly “D-Does that mean... We'll do this again?”

“If I decide to. You will need to serve me faithfully first though.” John said firmly.

“Y-Yes Sir!” Cathy responded, “I will serve you as faithfully as I can!”

“Good. Now get dressed. Wanda will give you my contact details. You will send me a text with a picture of yourself naked to confirm it when you get home.” John instructed, “If I ever text you or call you, I take priority over anything else. Got it?”

“Yes sir!” Cathy said, hopping out of the bed before stumbling over herself. “You are my highest priority from now on!”

John grinned, ready to give her one final push. “Higher than even your daughter?” He asked.

Cathy froze from picking her shirt up and slowly looked back at him. She had a shocked look on her face for a moment before speaking. “But... I... I did this for... Her...”

“No. I rejected that offer, you agreed not to interfere, then begged me to fuck you.” John corrected.

Cathy held her breath for a moment as she stared at him in disbelief. After a few moment she began to squirm in place before biting her lip and nodding. “Y-Yeah...” She finally said, “I remember now... You’re right... And... Um... Yes... Y-You are a higher priority to me than her...”