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**Author's Note: All Characters Depicted Herein Are 18 Years Of
Age Or Older.**

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Bimbo Office – Her Takeover

By Nadia Nightside

Happily slurping Miles's Cock behind the desk of his office, Delilah conveniently realized a Perfect Truth.

Her big, perfect young 36D tits spilled out of her blouse, leaking urgent hot milk all over her Master's lap, so that she was constantly coating his manly length with her saliva, her milk, and licking up his precum and endless stream of cum. His Cock had no refractory period, no need for rest. Her body was tight, gorgeous, and completely owned by Him. She dressed for Him; strutted for Him; sucked for Him and Him alone.

Miles had The Cock, and the The Cock was all that mattered to her.

These Perfect Truths revealed themselves to her fairly often when she sucked Miles off. This only made sense to her; he was her God, after all, and Gods were full of Truths.

And Cum. Her God *filled* her with Truth and especially *cum* all the time. Glorious, sticky, warm, yummy cum that made *her* cum and drilled all her spare braincells to bits until she was a brainless babbling bimbo babe who wasn't good for anything but fucking, sucking, and serving.

Just like she liked it.

The Perfect Truth she realized then, on her knees in her Master's office, was this:

There's dick, which was kind of lame, and then there's Cock—which is mindblowing, important, and necessary for happiness.

Only her boss Miles had Cock.

And Delilah didn't *fuck* about dick her whole life; she hadn't even hardly had a boyfriend.

But now? Now, she *Lived* for Cock...and that meant she lived for her

Master.

She happily sucked up and then back down, moaning and urging her leaking tits all over his thighs, realizing that this was her salary now. That cumshots down her throat were bonuses. That her wages were basically just pretty clothes and jewelry to wear so she would be fucked more.

Her tight young body urged against his knees, heavy tits sliding into muscular man thighs, as she willingly choked herself harder on his Cock. She needed him to understand just how *badly* she needed him, needed the Cock—how badly she needed to *serve*.

It hadn't always been this way. In fact, just a week ago, her life had been much different...but Delilah was delighted that it had come to this.

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Delilah wasn't sure how it had come to this but she was mad as hell about it. Not for the first time, she stood dumbstruck in a pair of tall heels that she was barely comfortable in, making copies.

Ivy League educated. Interned for years. Expert in web campaigning. Reads a new political strategy book every week. Somehow—here. Making copies for pretty much her worst enemy.

Somehow, despite all her terribly hard work for nearly a year of her life, she had been somehow positioned as the “office manager”—a role which meant in this particularly small office she was a glorified secretary—for a man she absolutely loathed.

And by “loathed” she meant all kinds of things—hated, despised, held in complete contempt, would prefer to murder, and so on. She held regular fantasies about his death. Most of them involved stampedes by various zoo animals.

In fact, Miles Abram was pretty much the *definition* of a man she hated. A chauvinist bully who treated other people in his life like disposable objects and somehow *got away* with it all because he was just...somehow...lucky! It drove her insane.

To top it all off—he had *her* job somehow. After a virulent campaign fraught with drama, he was the councilman for St. Gilbert’s 3rd District.

That job by all rights was supposed to be *hers*. And somehow, here she was, in front of the copying machine and making fliers for some town meeting that *he* wouldn't even bothering showing up for.

That Delilah should have his job was no idle exaggeration. Being the campaign manager for Barbara Clayton—a progressive female candidate who had *won* the nomination, who had all but *won* the office—Delilah had worked her tail off for a year. She canvassed, she made phonecalls, she organized polls and managed interns and arranged interviews. She had done *everything*.

When Barbara dropped out suddenly a mere *three weeks* before the date of the vote, citing a sudden illness, she should have by all rights thrown all her support Delilah’s way.

And Delilah was a shoo-in as a candidate as well. She was educated, with a graduate’s degree in Political Science from Berkeley. She was friendly, with a famously good rapport with the press and local communities. And she was good-looking to boot, with the kind of body that showed she

tried and the kind of face that was pretty but didn't put people off from being too severe or that implied that she was an airhead.

Sophisticated, smart, and looking both; she would have been a home run.

Instead—*instead!*—Miles Abram came back from some weird vacation in South America after missing more than half the campaign and insisted to Barbara that he's the man for the job.

And even worse, Barbara *listened!* She *loved* the idea! She seemed to love *Miles*, actually—like, in an intimate fashion. Those long soulful looks. The way she giggled and played with her hair. The strange moaning sounds that Delilah had heard when Barbara visited Miles's office (which used to be Barbara's office).

The only reason Delilah adamantly refused to believe Barbara was romantically involved with him was that she knew to a certainty Barbara played solely for the other team—meaning she had seen Barbara hit on girls at bars when they had gone out with each other after long days of campaigning.

Now Delilah stood, dressed smartly in her last-day-of-work outfit, a modest and respectable brown skirted suit with a brief jacket and cream-colored button-up blouse, taking a breath at the copy machine and mentally preparing to enter Miles's office.

“You going to do it or what?” Mona chided her.

Mona was their intern. The real secretary of the office, who barely even needed to have a job since Delilah and the industrious Bonnie—in the middle of rearranging their entire list of donors by gender, height, and weight for some weird Miles-related reason—were more than capable of handling every last part of the work the district needed.

Which was lucky, because it didn't seem like Miles himself did any work outside of long cigar-smoking sessions with the other councilmen.

“Of course I am,” said Delilah. “I'm just preparing. It's important to be prepared. To know arguments and—”

“Counter-arguments, yes. You said.”

Mona's brief foray into interests of life outside of her phone receded and her attention snapped back, fingers shimmying along her screen. She

played some game where you built a castle and a town and defended it from multi-colored walking rocks.

The only reason Mona had this job at all was because she planned to return to college come January when the semester rolled around again, and she wanted the PoliSci credit and the blip of political service on her CV. She didn't care about St. Gilbert, or Miles, or Delilah, or anything really outside of mindlessly scrolling on her phone every day. She was young and blonde and very pretty and every day she put up with more and more from advances from Miles and his Overwhelming Cock.

Delilah paused. Hand on the knob. Her fingers slowly but urgently tugged at the hard roundness. A soft moan escape her plush lips.

That was funny.

Overwhelming...Cock?

Why had she...thought that? Why were her cheeks flushed all of a sudden?

Delilah pushed the thought aside—*you know, like taking that Cock and just adjusting it to one side so You can moan His name like He likes—*

and opened the door, feeling suddenly weak.

This happened *every* time she stepped into the office. The sudden heat of her cheeks. The confusion. The heat between her legs—urgent, needy, empty heat, the kind of sopping wet heat that needed something *hard* and *strong* and *thick* to fill her up right away.

Animal heat.

Moaning heat.

Mindless, empty, bimbo-headed heat.

This wasn't her first attempt at quitting.

The first was right after the inauguration—the same night, in fact. But she hadn't been strong enough; her meek knocks at the door hadn't been loud enough to break Miles from his revelry, and when she peeked inside she saw him clearly receiving a blowjob from some beautiful blonde.

The sounds stuck with her. The *moans*. She was getting off from sucking him. The way she practically *whinnied*, like a pleased horse gallivanting in the country.

By the strangest coincidence, the blonde wore the same exact dark blue skirt and blood-red heels that Barbara had been wearing. Delilah wanted to tell her about the amazing coincidence, but hadn't been able to find her anywhere at the party.

The blowjob incident only solidified in Delilah's mind that Miles wasn't worth working for. All that labor for some pig who would receive oral sex where he worked? That's *not* what Delilah went to six years of schooling for.

But as much as she hated to admit it, the incident stuck with her in all the wrong ways. A stronger woman might have stormed in, blown apart the entire "celebration," demanded something—justice, a payoff to keep quiet, a transfer to a different posting, something! Instead, Delilah felt awash with the naked wet heat of the moment, even a bit, well...*understanding*.

Miles had accomplished something *really* hard; he had been elected! He was *important* now. Even if he didn't deserve it...he had *done* it. Didn't that deserve her respect? Shouldn't she let this sleeping dog lie?

Going after him might hurt her career, after all. Nothing mattered to Delilah more than her career.

Of course, none of that explained the hot, vibrantly orgasmic dreams she had that night, dreaming of cheering on the girl sucking him off.

Or *being* the girl sucking him off.

Or *begging* to be the girl or even one of *many* girls sucking him off.

Before Miles had returned from his trip to South America, Delilah wouldn't have considered herself a very sexual being. She had her self-imposed mandatory orgasm about once a month just to keep all the engines running how they should so that *in case* she met a man she liked, she wouldn't be some frigid sex-abhorring bitch. She had to think of the future, after all.

But ever since seeing/hearing/smelling that fantastically long painfully urgent sexy-as-fuck blowjob from the suspiciously Barbara-like blonde, Delilah's sex drive had become a sex *overdrive*.

First, by herself in her bed, fingers moving tentatively and purely as an exploration experiment, she just came to thinking of a handsome man receiving a blowjob in an office.

That was really nice. It was *innocent*. The handsome man could have

been anyone. The blowjob could have come from *anyone*. It didn't have to be Miles. It didn't have to be her.

Then, glistening, moaning, heated, wet, she came thinking of *her* giving a blowjob in an office. She imagined a dark billionaire with hidden passions that only she could unlock. That got her going really well.

But then, sweating, tossing, turning, she came thinking of sucking off *Miles* in the office. It hadn't started that way, this fantasy—it had been the billionaire. But then she imagined Miles's handsome face just for a second, and her pleasure intensified a hundredfold, her fingers sinking so fucking *deep* into her needy cunt and her clit feeling like it had caught fire...

Then, barely able to form words, she imagined asking to suck him off. In the middle of an office day—just sliding into his office wearing nothing but a smile and a pair of sexy fuck-me heels and asking pretty please, sir, can I suck your cock just how you like?

And then after that, asking to cum again. Asking to please slide her hot, sexy, high-educated lips around the slick hard knob of his sensational cock until her brain was so thoroughly fucked that she could barely walk, until every first and last thought on her gorgeous manager-turned-secretary

mind was *please, Daddy, let me suck it more?*

And all of that was just the night after the inauguration. Last Tuesday.

She took the day off to think. Determined to set her brain right.

Instead with all the free time she came three times as much as she had the night before, barely taking ten steps from her bed—seemingly satiated entirely by orgasms—and regularly had to clench a pillow between her teeth to keep from moaning Miles’s perfect name too many times.

The next day, Thursday, she dedicated herself to the cause. She got her mind right with a cold shower. She had a heavy dose of caffeine with a double espresso dumped into her usual coffee from the cafe down the street. Wearing her strictest, blackest outfit, she marched right into his office, fired up her finger to the air, gathered her breath—and then looked at his handsome face and completely melted and asked if he would like her to get him some coffee.

He would. And he told her that she looked rather smart in her outfit; that it really showed off her figure.

The chauvinist pig. Like she *cared* about what he thought!

And clearly he was being dishonest anyway; Delilah had worn a *dozen* other outfits that had shown off her figure better, and she spent the following Friday and Monday showing him just that. Monday night, cunt dripping as she casually picked out the next day's outfit, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

Slightly hunched over in her underwear. Her svelte thighs slick from juices accumulated since her drive home where she went over and over again all the different ways Miles had spoken to her. His voice was so *sexy*.

Everything about him was *so. Sexy*. Delilah didn't understand it. Before his trip to the tombs in South America, he had been a decent enough fellow. Ignorable. Nobody she would have really bothered with. He had been *beneath* her in the office! A little older than her, but still not as educated, with only a Bachelor's, and at some nowhere school she hadn't even heard of.

A forgettable sort with a forgettable face.

When he came back, though, he had changed. Delilah wouldn't have recognized him as Miles unless he had said it was him. His thin hair had filled out and was now a shining gold mass perfectly styled on top of his

head. His jawline had broadened; his body had filled out so that every inch of him thrummed with high-intensity muscle; his blue eyes were brighter and almost hypnotic to look at.

His voice *stuck* in her head; his smell fucked up her sense of direction and definitely her sense of right and wrong; and his Cock—which she had no prior information on—was nearly always visible in his tight form-fitting trousers as a massive never-soft bulge.

Delilah's mouth had become like some kind of reverse punchline to a joke. Mouth waters all you want, just add Thought of Cock.

So—there. Seeing herself in the mirror. Fingers halfway into her cunt, seven different outfits on the bed as she tried to determine which would garner her the most compliments from Miles, she had an epiphany: something was *wrong*.

He was wrong.

He had changed her.

He had...had *convinced* her somehow. *Changed* her. Changed Barbara, even!

She had to get out of there. No two weeks notice; no need for a recommendation. Just in, out, goodbye.

She would tell him in person, though. She owed him that much.

Owing him turned her on; she had to cum about it. She slid her fingers up her red-hot pussy and moaned his perfect name and begged him to fuck her and begged him to fuck up her mind about leaving and begged him to make her suck his beautiful gorgeous massive Cock and thought about him starting a ledger of Blowjobs Owed—Times She Turned Him On in the red and Blowjobs in the black.

After two hours of seven quick dreamy orgasms, her mind was made up—she had to leave.

Today was Tuesday. One week—*one week* since Miles had been elected. One week since her life had become some kind of weird vociferous fuck-dream that began and ended and punctuated every day with high-pitched moans and loving orgasmic screams dedicated entirely to her new boss.

But no longer! Not today! She was powered up like never before.

Steeling herself, Delilah grabbed the knob—*Knob*—and walked in, trying to hold her breath.

Inside, Miles sat behind his desk, feet up, relaxed. Like he was waiting for her to come in.

Oh god, she thought suddenly—what if he was? What if this—her rejection of him—was all part of his plan? What if it was all a way to bring him pleasure, to see her squirm and have all these misgivings?

She powered through anyway, storming right up to his desk and politely sitting down.

“Oh, hey babe,” he said. Casual. In control. “No coffee this morning?”

“*No!*” she nearly screamed. So much willpower expended all at once. “No, no coffee, not now, and not ever again!”

To his credit, Miles looked a bit taken aback. He put up his hands in surrender. “Listen, Delilah...”

“I’m quitting,” she said. “As of...”

Say right now. Say right now or you don't mean it!

“As of right. Now.” She had to force the words out. “I’m done. Right after this conversation. I’m out of here and you’re not seeing me anymore.”

His feet came down entirely now. He leaned forward on his desk. It was a powerful pose; shoulder muscles popping, biceps swelling against his shirt.

“This is disturbing news, Delilah.” He shook his head. “We really need you. The office won’t work without you here.”

Invisible tendrils tugged so hard at Delilah that she nearly fell to her knees. “Th-that’s...too bad.”

He stared openly at the curve of her breasts. Mindlessly, her hand went to the blouse and unbuttoned the top two buttons. By the time she realized what she was doing, she would have felt foolish to undo it, calling even *more* attention to her tits if she buttoned it all up again. Well—she wouldn’t! He would get this *tiny* substantial peak of her glorious cleavage and that was all!

“It really is,” he agreed. “You’re spectacular. I know I joke with you some and boss you around, call you babe and stuff, but I really value you,

Delilah. As a co-worker. We wouldn't have won the campaign without you."

"You're damn right."

"I know it." He sighed. "I should have been more upfront with you about my plans. I've got so much to do, so much to *say*...so much we should accomplish. But you're so intimidating...I didn't know how to bring it up with you. I think I was afraid of being outclassed."

She twirled her hair and counted it an astronomical success when she suppressed the giggle that came along with it; nothing could stop her smile, though. "Outclassed? By me?"

"Sure. I mean, I know you're leaving at the end of the day and everything, but honestly, nobody at this office can do what you do. Especially not me. I mean, look. We've got Bonnie. She can run numbers all day, in her sleep practically, but she's got no mind for strategy. And Mona is...well. She's not really ever "here," is she?"

Delilah, feeling the compliment in his words swell, felt her brain get strangely fuzzy. He said *end of the day*. But *she* had said right *now*. Hadn't she?

Well, it would only be an extra few hours. And it would be awfully *fair* of her to deliver him some kind of strategy plan. And she was looking so *fine* in this outfit, and didn't she want his eyes on her just a little more? And...and...

“Delilah?” Miles snapped his fingers. “Are you okay?”

Something had happened. Time had been lost. Her fingers were halfway buried into her snatch through the front of her skirt. Very quickly she checked—eyes darting everywhere—he hadn't seen. Impossible for him to see unless he had been leaning all the way forward on his desk. He had a big desk just like big, powerful men deserved.

And Miles was a big, powerful man who deserved *everything* he wanted. She moaned slightly, looking at the office clock.

Fifteen minutes had passed.

What?

How?

She felt crazy. Then she thought about how *clock* sounded a lot like

Cock and she giggled, sliding back, her fingers reaching again toward the insides of her hot thighs...

Miles snapped fingers. “Babe? You all right?”

She stood up shakily, not sure of what to think.

“Y-yes,” she said. Her body felt she had cum at least once. Her brain felt like it was awash in that warm soggy post-orgasm glow, and her thighs felt slick; her pussy moist. Another button had come undone on her blouse. A little drool ran down her lips and chin to the top of her tits; shiny and sparkling. She left it there. It would call too much attention to wipe it away now.

“So. You’ll have that plan for me at the end of the day, right?”

“Yes, sir. Of course, boss.”

She began to walk out, barely cognizant of extra-sexualized sway she added to her hips. Just as she touched the knob, a thought occurred to her.

Knob.

Like a Cock.

Like HIS Cock.

Touching His Knob.

Touching His Cock.

Cock. Cock. Cock. Oh fuck, I need Cock so fucking bad...

“Really,” she said, “i-if you want me to do a good job of it, I’ll need more than just today.”

Miles sounded chipper. “How long do you need?”

“Why don’t you just count this as my two weeks notice? That way...”

I have plenty of time to still finangle my way into sucking Your

Beautiful Big Fucking Cock.

“...that way I can do it right.”

“Sure. Two weeks sounds fair. Thanks, babe.”

Babe.

She moaned. “Yes, Sir.”

She capitalized the S on purpose; knowing what it *meant* for her to do

that. What she was doing to her own brain.

“And you’ll have that coffee in just a few, right?”

“Of course, Sir. Coming right up. I’m *so* sorry you’ve had to wait.”

Delilah walked out and saw Mona with an eyebrow raised.

“So. Are you done?”

She could give an answer later. Delilah rushed to the bathroom, fingers already sliding down to her searing-hot cunt before she even locked herself into a stall.

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The level of his control over her was mysterious and unquestionable.

Towards the end of the day, after her seventh or eighth cum in the

stall—counting was *so* hard when her braincells were popped every second by the puncturing thought of Cock—Delilah became convinced again that she would either have to leave the office to preserve her mind or she would become a sex-obsessed fuckdoll eager to deliver herself to Miles as a personalized office sexpet.

Before, she had only considered the first part of that equation—she had to *leave*.

But what if she stayed by choice? It would still be *her choice*, wouldn't it? Why not make that choice while she still could?

What if she stopped giving a fuck that she cared so much about Cock?

Didn't it feel *good* to obsess about his Cock?

Wouldn't it feel *good* in her mouth? In her cunt?

One incident drove this home for her in a way she would not have expected.

She was at her desk, fingers toying with an erect nipple through her largely unbuttoned blouse—she kept giggling, thinking of how it was

“unblutted”—and imagining Miles’s Cock.

She wasn’t getting any work done. Instead she was closing her eyes in her small cubicle, leaning forward into her fingers—which was fine, because she wasn’t *fingering* herself at her desk, she was just letting her hungry cunt and needy clit slide against her fingers—and imagining the shape of his Cock.

The size of it. The taste of it.

She knew the smell already—it filled her nostrils, filled every breath she took. His musk stuck to her clothes, followed her home, stalked her in the bedroom and shower no matter how much she bathed and fucked herself silly in the shower and moaned his name.

She rather liked it; it was masculine and smoky, a bit like cedar and campfires, and it crowded her tongue and filled up the fast-emptying contents of her brain.

People began to file into his office—several in one hour, as a matter of fact. Bonnie must have arranged them to come in while Delilah was on one of her frequent bathroom cum breaks.

Bonnie, who Delilah actually had a silent understanding with now. Bonnie, the married older woman with the massive tits who had been coming into work clearly wearing corsets underneath her skimpy blouses for the last week.

Bonnie, who had been there in the bathroom three times already when Delilah stepped out from a needy, moan-filled cum session, who winked at Delilah and nodded with understanding.

Bonnie, who Delilah had seen googling “How to divorce your husband and leave him with nothing but the clothes on his back.”

Bonnie had short auburn hair that grew by inches every day over the last week and, while over forty, seemed to be getting younger by the day.

Not young enough.

The thought was strange but it was pressing—it found a hot spot in Delilah’s mind and rubbed there like her fingers on her slick button clit.

Not young enough to be a good Sexcretary for Miles.

Ungh.

All his servant girls ought to be pretty and young and already that way and tight tight tight their cunts need to be soooo tight and she's NOT good enough.

“Ungh.”

Now Delilah was actually vocalizing her moans.

The first person to file into Miles’s office was actually his old girlfriend, Lily. She was a hard-nosed journalist with an emphasis on social justice in the workplace.

Delilah admired her—and not just the gorgeous thrill of her devastating cheekbones or her lovely jet black hair or the way her blue eyes sparkled. Though of course Delilah *did* admire all that because lately all she saw when she saw women was their aesthetic qualities—how much they would or would *not* please Miles’s Cock.

A lot of time was spent for Delilah hoping she pleased Miles’s Cock. Despite all her promises of quitting, she had several packages of expensive high-end clothing arriving at her house that afternoon, ordered in a cum-fueled haze over the weekend while she imagined herself dressing up and

giving the Cock its own personal fashion show.

Delilah admired Lily for her articulate arguments and the poignant, timely nature of her articles, which had first run in the *St. Gilbert Gazette* and then regularly found wider circulation in the larger, national papers.

Lily had managed to bring down four different CEOs in the last year, all of whom now faced life-crippling charges of sexual harassment, blackmail, and embezzlement (as these women were often used by the CEOs to hide them immorally-gained funds).

Lily went into Miles's office clearly furious—a house of fire. Mona, who was supposed to be his *gatekeeper*, for god's sake, didn't even call Miles to let him know that she was coming in.

Delilah would have to fix that; there was no use in being an office manager of an unmanaged office, by god, and even if she was only going to have this job for another two weeks, she wasn't the kind of person who would just do a job poorly.

No, no *Sir*. It was do a job right or not do it at all.

Fifteen minutes later, Lily left the office with a kind of glassy look on

her face. She had a tape recorder in one hand that she mumbled into incoherently. Her beautiful lips a bit slack. Thick hair disheveled and let loose out of her ponytail. Tugging and tearing at her stuffy sweater and loose blue jeans as if they were somehow unsatisfactory, unpleasant.

Delilah logged this away, filing it delicately into a file marked “Miles's Cock Runs Women's Lives and Isn't That Hot?”

It was clear that Lily had been *affected* by him the same way that Delilah had. Maybe even worse for Lily because she actually *had* seen his Cock before—and now it was more powerful than ever.

The next visit was from a pair of detectives. They had questions for Delilah. She was Near-Cum, a state that she had started to acquaint with more blissful than any other save for Cumming Itself. Edging had become something between a pastime and a hobby for Delilah in the past twenty-four hours and she found it difficult to believe she would ever want to do anything else ever again with her life.

She was young and beautiful and sexy as hell; why not edge all the time, even at work? Why not do it when grumpy detectives wanted to ask you questions?

She was not, needless to say, purely in her right mind.

Both detectives were women. They stood uncomfortably at the front of Delilah's cubicle, clearly aware that Delilah touched herself. If her urgent crotch-thrusting motions weren't enough evidence, there was the trickle of sweat on her brow, her shuddering breath, the dilation of her eyes, the flush on her cheekbones...

Delilah had kind of lost her touch on *subtle*.

All Delilah could see was that one was clearly *Worthy* of the Cock and the other was *Not*. This was based on physical appearance only. She sized them up, rated them, and cataloged the information away for future use.

“My name is Detective Grant,” said the first. She was blonde, with strong feminine features and bright blue eyes. “This is my partner, Detective Primm.”

Delilah only bothered to look at Grant. She was rather beautiful, in a severe way. Primm was beneath her notice entirely, and Delilah didn't bother trying to hide it. Shows her for not being *Worthy* of the Cock.

They asked her, while she barely hid her arousal thinking of the One

Cock that had started to rule her entire life, about the death of some local millionaire who had apparently left all her inheritance to Miles.

“*Her* inheritance?” Delilah asked. “A lady millionaire?”

“An heiress herself,” said Primm.

Still Delilah didn’t look her way.

There were an awful lot of women, Delilah thought, circulating in Miles’s life. Like he had arranged it for himself. Like some kind of giant game to amuse himself. So...powerful. So strong. So much potential worship for His Cock. She moaned softly.

“Are you all right?” Grant asked her.

“I...yes.” Delilah was sweating; her entire body flushed. The Near-Cum taking over. She kept licking her lips, thinking of them sliding over the Cock. “I...I’m not feeling entirely well. A fever. I probably shouldn’t have come—” *CumCumCum* “Ungh.” She gulped. “Arrived to work today.”

“I see,” said Grant. “He hasn’t been spending any money, lately?”

Delilah shook her head, barely cognizant of the rest of the questions.

No, no displays of wealth. No flagrant spending or debts that he owed. She watched the two of them, disappointed and clearly creeped out by her stilted, moaning tones walk into his, *His Office*...and then, ten minutes later, walk out like Lily had.

Glassy.

Dazed.

Blank.

Especially the blonde. *Especially* Grant. The Worthy One. The uglier one looked out of it—Grant looked straight-up *mindfucked*.

That was hot.

This was when Delilah's revelation came:

He had done that to her, too.

He had mindfucked Delilah.

For a week now at least, maybe longer.

She thought of Mona, who seemed *bored* but otherwise unaffected.

Dressing in smart, lovely outfits but nothing more scandalous than a normal teenager might wear to work—short skirts and tights, calf boots with a slight heel, tight sweaters on a thin frame.

Nothing like Bonnie and her marvelously aggressive series of corsets, building an arsenal of ever-growing cleavage that seemed like it could contain the entire city of St. Gilbert. Nothing like the silk and leather and lace Delilah had arriving that afternoon.

She thought, in her cubicle, looking at Mona from behind her own desk, of taking Mona into Miles's office by the arms. Pushing her down onto her knees. Holding her down. Holding her down for *Him*. Making her look at His Cock. Making her watch as Miles did his thing—whatever he did to fuck up a girl's mind. Begging him to do it.

Maybe Mona would struggle in her grip. *Probably* she would. Try to squirm away, threaten to call the police. But Delilah would hold her tight regardless—hold her while Miles took out his Perfect Cock. Delilah would hold her the whole time—hold her down and not let her go while Miles did whatever he wanted. While his stiff, erect, perfect Cock shoved against Mona's unwilling, resisting f-f-face a-a-and—

“Holy Fuck,” Delilah moaned, opening her eyes, about to cum. “Holy Fuck, *Miles...!*”

She moaned, bucking, legs thrashing, and barely contained a scream as an earth-shattering cum delivered itself. Like a lightning strike down her body, from her crown to her toes, electric current shattering every nerve and neuron. She whimpered, tearing up as she held in her exclamation, as pleasure annihilated the vestiges of her resistance to Cock.

Mona looked right at her from across the office, confusion and embarrassment in her eyes. And beyond, in the desk just behind her, Bonnie looked at her with understanding and gratitude, like—“oh shit, we can cum at our desks now?”

Delilah staggered—still not having finished cumming, slick juices making her thighs hot—up to her feet. It had all become so perfectly clear in her head. Crystal. Like she was in a glass display case in a collection just for Him.

Ungh.

At first she thought she was running to the bathroom once again. But,

she took a hard right turn and steered directly out the door, back home.

* * * * *

“It’s not like you don’t have a choice,” she said to her gorgeous, dolled-up reflection. “Because you really do. You can either serve his Majestic, Eternal, Perfect Cock, or you can be miserable for the rest of your life.”

She was alone at home in front of her mirror. She had dressed herself up for him—exclusively for him—entirely in new, way too expensive clothes.

Her entire adult life, Delilah had saved money. She was a frugal spender, and even went so far as to curtail restaurants and groceries when doing so would have put her overbudget for her monthly gasoline bill. Being

a public servant paid, but it didn't pay well, and a career full of internships and a hell of a lot of student loan debt meant she had quite a while to go before she would be spending with any kind of comfort.

So why—why why why why why—had she spent over three grand on pretty clothes to make Miles happy when she had all-but-decided to quit?

Was it because now, standing in front of the mirror wearing a Yves Saint Laurent silk blouse, Stella McCartney Blazer, and leather Balmain mini-skirt with hard rock silver buckles, she truly understood what it meant to be a Trophy?

Was it because with four-inch Casadei heels on her feet—the kind with those gnarly-hot silver metallic blade stilettos—she knew what power a man must feel to have someone who looked like her in an outfit like this utterly supplicating herself before him?

The silk blouse tugged at her tits, which felt like they had grown somehow in the last hour. Her hair, already long and dark chestnut and beautiful, looked shinier than ever. The tight pull of the skirt delivered an aching view of her thighs.

“I’m so *pretty*,” she said to herself, kind of stunned.

As she watched her reflection, something sensational happened. She watched herself *come alive*. Strutting towards the surface of the mirror. Giggling and laughing at her.

“You really are pretty,” her reflection said.

“I...I am?”

“That’s why he wants you.”

She didn’t stop to think that it was crazy in the deep cray-cray way to talk to herself like this. It made perfect sense—her mind was splitting apart, so why not have her actual appearance do it too?

“He wants me...”

She moaned. Thinking of *him* wanting *her* hadn’t quite crossed her mind with all of *her* wanting *him*. But she *really* wanted him to want her.

“You will be miserable without him, you know,” her reflection said.

“Without *Knowing*.”

“Knowing what?”

Talking to her reflection would have seemed ludicrous a week ago. Doubly so if the reflection motherfucking *talked back*. Now it seemed perfectly normal in the orgasm-overloaded spaces of Delilah's brain. Her thoughts flowed like slow, sweet syrup.

“Knowing his *Cock*. Knowing the Taste of it. The Feel of it in your pussy. You need it, don't you, baby? You Need. That. Cock. It's okay. It's just us. Just me and...well, me. Say it. Say you Need That Cock.”

“I...” Delilah whimpered. She whispered, “I *Need* That Cock.”

“That's right. You do. Didn't that feel good?”

It so fucking did. Delilah nodded.

“Good girl. You've been looking at this all wrong, sweetheart. But I can help you.”

“You can?”

“That's right. Just let me be in charge. He doesn't want some serious-brained mindfucked sweetie who's so *stupid* she can't even tell that he's brainwiped half this fucking city *already* into sucking his Cock whenever he

wants, probably. He wants an *accomplice*.”

“Accomplice?”

“A partner in crime. A confidant. Someone to share with. Someone to fuck up girls with him. Wouldn’t that be hot?”

Delilah’s fingers were stuffed inside her pussy, thumb skillfully maneuvering around her clit. She had “forgotten” to put on the I.D. Sarrieri panties she bought.

“Do you get it? We’re the fucking *first victims* of his, stupid. A *Man* like Him?” Mirror-Delilah bit her lower lip and moaned; she was fingering herself too. How odd... “Even if he doesn’t get away with it—and he probably will, did you see him fuck up those detectives?—he always, *always* gets his first victims! That’s how these power games go on! That’s how these things work. If anyone’s going to stop him, and like, I completely fucking *doubt* they will because he’s *super* smart and a real fucking hunk, it’s going to be someone waaaay down the line. So we’re *fucked*, my dear. Completely. Why not actually *get fucked* while we’re being fucked? Why not lean into this a little? Why not just...forget to mind?”

“Forget...”

“That’s it. Just don’t mind. Just be a bad. Fucking. Girl. For Daddy.”

“Oh. Oh fuck.”

“I *know*. I know, sweetie. Daddy left, didn’t he? He left because you weren’t bad enough and neither was Mommy. Daddy wanted to do *whatever* he wanted but Mommy wouldn’t let him and it fucked. You. Up. But you can be bad now, can’t you? You can be bad for your *new* Daddy, can’t you?”

This was central for Delilah. This was a complete insurrection; all her values, all her fighting, all her efforts to prove what a self-sustaining woman she was centered around her need to never need Daddy again.

But now she could have a Daddy.

Now Daddy would *fuck* her if she begged him nice enough...

“Oh *fuck*.” Delilah’s need to cum was tangible, like a third-party in the room with her and *her*. “Oh fuck, oh Daddy...”

“Give in. Say you don’t care. Say you *want it*. Tell me...” her reflection pushed against the glass. Her erect nipples sighing into

themselves. Delilah's breath fogged the mirror. "Tell me you want Daddy to fuck up everyone and everything he wants."

Delilah did; everything changed.

* * * * *

An hour later she was back at work; it was after hours, but Miles's light was on and she knew he was still there.

She stopped in the bathroom on the way there, already a bit nostalgic for the cums she'd had earlier. But she knew, already, that all her cums would be *office* cums from now on.

She hardly recognized herself in the bathroom mirror.

When the day began—when the madness of actually trying to *quit* this

dream job where she could suckleslurpworship the Cock of the Man she
Worshiped All. Day. Long had taken hold of her—Delilah had classified as
“Truly Pretty.”

She was the kind of girl that men saw and dreamed about taking home
to Mom. The kind of girl who, in jeans and a jersey, could melt a heart at a
local sportsball game. The kind of girl that got hit on at bars if she wasn't
alone, who looked hot enough for men to want to see her naked but friendly
enough to make them think they actually *could* get with her.

Now, though?

Now, Delilah categorized only as “Spectacular.” “Surface of the Sun
Hot.” “Mind-Meltingly Gorgeous.”

Delilah looked at her reflection and saw looking back at her a being
who existed Purely to Make Cocks Painfully Hard and *Loved* everything
about it.

Miles's Cock was magic and she was completely and utterly right to
Worship it. Its magic had stuck to her, infiltrated her, corrupted her, changed
her. She was so fucking *glad* she had submitted to it; its power was so

overwhelming that the thought of actually trying to stand up to it—or it even *thinking* that she was trying such a foolish idea—filled her with dread.

But she didn't have to be filled with dread. All she had to be filled with from now on for the rest of her gorgeous, cock-pleasing life was Cock, Cock, *Cock*.

She wore the same outfit as before; but now she fucking *rocked* it. Her body's exaggerated proportions were now what clothing designers drew as ideal; she might as well have been a pair of tits on sticks. Her legs had grown several inches, long thighs leading into supple calves that balanced so easily in her ultra-high heels that she might have been practicing gymnastics in them for her entire life.

She had, for funsies, done a few cartwheels in the parking lot in her six-inch heels. There was ice on the ground; she had no trouble with balance whatsoever.

Abdomen muscles had grown and hardened, gifting her with an utterly flat fatless belly that displayed the latest in crushing hip and pelvic bone aesthetics. Her clavicles pushed forward and together, almost forming their own kind of understated, shiny cleavage above the hefty display of her

brilliant new tits.

And what tits they were. Her breasts, formerly perfectly respectable B cups, had jiggled their way into blouse-spilling D cups that felt like even more would be on the way soon. They felt full of milk; Delilah hoped they were.

She had a fervent, feverish fantasy of sucking Miles's Cock with milk spilling out of her tits and covering his Cock with her saliva and tit milk at the same time so that some other Favored soul—Mona perhaps—would be able to lick up all her sweet liquids off Daddy's amazingly hard Perfect Eternal Cock.

Her face and hair had changed also; they took her from the “Possible Porn Star” potential of her new rocking bod to “Goddess on Earth” status. Her bafflingly beautiful blue eyes blazed like twin neophyte suns; her cheekbones sported such devastating curvature that they send reverberations through the spacetime continuum and probably gave ancient sculptors second thoughts about their masterpieces.

The thick line of her hair rose inches above her head, adding more height onto her already considerable frame, and all of silky smooth chestnut

mane was free of tangles and soft as liquid. It draped down to the curve of her tight, bubble-butt. Every part of her screamed delightful femininity.

Delilah bit a lip, looking at herself, needing to cum just from her own reflection, and then strutted off toward Miles office. On the way, she sent a text that she had written earlier, smiling at the gift she was about to give herself and Miles.

Polite knocking at Miles's door and then waiting to be told to Enter. It was Important—*so* Important—to follow directions.

Especially from *Him*.

“Yes?” she heard his voice. “Come on in.”

She entered, heart swelling when she saw him. He sat at his desk, examining a stack of print-outs. Warm, fresh heat gathering in the underside of her throat, needing to taste him there, to feel His Bulge pushing her flesh around as it pleased.

Ungh.

“Delilah?” he asked, in that thrilling, hot, low voice of his. “What’s

this about? Say, you look sharp, babe.”

Ungh again. The compliment drove all conscious thought out of her like horses before a chariot.

Halfway to his desk, she felt an uncontrollable urge to drop to her knees. Down she went, crawling the rest of the way, hips swaying, drool gathering in her mouth and spilling down her lips. Hands ripping at her blouse, tearing it away until the other thing left on her tight torso was her delectably hot push-up bra.

That blouse had cost more than half a month's paycheck. She didn't care. Only him looking at her tits mattered.

“Damn,” he said. “Look. At. You.”

Yes. Look at me look at me want me want me LOOK at Me, Daddy please!

Quickly she poured her arms and head into his lap. Moaning. Cooing against his shaft. Lips rubbing against the outline of his bulge beneath his pants. Her Near-Cum High took over the preciously small real estate of her mind, crowding all rationality and logical function. She existed as a Sexual

Engine, a being of pure heat and need.

“Please don’t fire me, Sir,” she moaned. “I Know you were going to.”

He took her head in his hand, stroking her. Petting her like a kitten. She purred and giggled and bit her lip and stared up at him with eager blue eyes.

“You were the one who threatened to quit, Delilah.”

“And you would have fired me for it!” She stared up at him like she knew that she should. Good girls stared up at Men; Men with Cocks like Miles were so fucking important. “Please. Don’t.”

Her lips continued to press firmly against his bulge, pushing up and down. Her tongue tasting his precum as it soaked through his pants. It barely registered with her that she turned him on—Miles was always Turned On; his Cock was Always On. It was The Cock; it was Hard and Ready, always.

“You want to keep your job now?”

“Please.”

He began to unzip. The smell of the source of his musk—his

MuskSource, his Source, His Cock, *The Cock*—unraveled her. She came immediately, legs thrashing against his desk, mouth pressing firmly against bulge and thigh and knee as she moaned his name and came.

The orgasm felt like it lasted for hours, her reality unwrapping itself as she stared up at Miles and felt urgent dark cosmic forces of worship, love, and adoration sinking ever deeper into her soul. She felt like she was flying with only the fact of His Cock keeping her on the ground.

After several days of this unending pleasure, her body and brain rewiring themselves to His Circuitry, she realized he had only *just* reached the bottom point of his zipper, and only *just* began to unleash His Cock from their container in his pants.

Several cums passed; it might have been ten thousand years in Delilah's newly fucked up world. Time became a kind of rumor that she had heard about in grade school; something better to forget all understanding of. She felt decades fly by in seconds.

A drop of hot, needy drool fell from her lips to the top of her perfect heavy tits over the period of centuries. And all that time, looking at His Cock, his Beautifully Hard Cock, its veins and girth and length

overwhelming her gentle, soft, impossibly servile mind.

“*Please,*” she said again, surprising herself with the familiarity of her voice. It felt like her own voice should be a stranger; she had not heard herself in so very long. “I...don’t *care.*”

“Don’t care about what?” he asked.

“About what you’re doing.”

“What do you mean?”

A ripple of displeasure was present in his voice; she had to assuage it.

“With the others. I saw them. I see you. I see...everything. I’m the office manager. With Bonnie. With Lily. All of them. I think it’s *hot.* You’re fucking up our minds. I don’t *care,* Sir. I *want* it. I want You to.”

His Cock dragged against her cheek; Delilah moaned.

“This...this is not something I expected.”

“Huh?”

“You liking it. You being...into this. You always seemed like such a

stuck-up bitch.”

“Y-you...you’re *powerful*,” she explained. “You’re clearly going to *win*. Just...don’t leave me behind.” Her lips dared to kiss the shaft—*The Shaft of The Cock*. He didn’t push her away. Didn’t make her stop. She dared for more, tasting him, loving him, licking him. “Let me win with you. Please.”

Thick hands cycled through her sensational mane of hair. “You want to be mine, huh?”

“I so fucking do...” She licked up and down the length of his shaft. “It’s just...why haven’t you done any work on Mona?”

He tsked. A sore subject. “It’s that fucking phone of hers,” he said. “I can’t get this to work unless her focus is on me.”

“I can help you with that.”

That really elevated his interested. He grabbed her by the hair now, lifting her off her knees and pressing her face firmly against His Cock.

“You can?” His voice choked with arousal. “You want to?”

“Fuck yes, Sir. Fuck yeah, Daddy.” Another hard grab and push—he *liked* that, liked being called that. *Good*. That was so fucking *good*. “I’ll bring her in here. I’ll fucking throw her phone away. I’ll hold her down for you and let you do whatever you want. We’ll *force* it on her, Daddy. We’ll do it together. Fuck her mind up for You until she’s slobbering for Your Cock like a good girl and doesn’t know the difference between—mmmph!”

She couldn’t say anymore because he shoved his Cock into her surprised, utterly willing mouth. She slurped him down with complete eagerness. It was so fucking *good*. Her entire body had rearranged itself to take Him. Her esophagus sucked down hard on his Cock head, all her being rolled up into pleasing His Cock.

He jammed harder and harder into her. She noticed him standing up to fuck her face harder. She was just an object to him; just a hot toy for him to use. That was *so good*.

Thick, heavy hands clung to her pretty, empty skull. Using her. Abusing her. Her hands clasped onto the muscular cheeks of his ass and held on for dear life.

“God,” he said. “I never thought you'd go for this. And *fuck* you're so

good...”

She was good. She was good for *Daddy*. Delilah was so blisteringly happy. She kept cumming, over and over. A puddle of her lust gathered around her knees.

He had no reason to hold back and Delilah didn't want him to. It felt like he had been holding himself in all day long.

“God,” he said. “Fuck. You're going to make me...gonna make me...”

Delilah moaned with eager need. She was going to make Daddy *cum!*

“Y-yeah, babe,” he grunted. “Gonna come right down your filthy little throat.

His blast coated her mouth, her tongue, her throat, her esophagus. Heavy white seed sprayed deep into her stomach and filled her with his blessed, salty warmth. She came, again and again she came, thinking only of His Pleasure, His Cock, His Blessed Presence, and what a fucking lucky good girl she was.

Then he kept going. *Still* hard. Delilah moaned with surprise and

eagerness.

“Gonna...fuck.” He groaned. “I’m gonna fucking fill you up, babe.”

She was so enchanted with the idea that when the knock on his door came, it surprised her. Even though she knew who it was; even though she had *invited* who it was.

Well, invited was a liberal term. She had threatened Mona with termination of her college credit if she didn’t show up immediately.

“Mr. Abram?” she heard Mona's voice. All she saw was Miles's crotch and Cock, though. “What’s going on? Delilah texted me and told me to come right away, but I don’t see her anywhere, and...”

Delilah overheard Mona’s slow, breathy inhalations as she loudly, slurpily, removed herself from her new Master’s Cock.

Mona sounded confused. “What’s going on?”

Delilah stood up from behind Miles’s desk, wiping her mouth and adjusting her bra-less titties. Somewhere in the fray they had been lost. Her heavy tits leaked milk. Delilah was so happy; she was *hoping* they would

leak milk. Now she truly looked as fertile as she felt. God—soon Miles would be able to fuck *babies* into her belly. Ungh.

“Oh my god!”

Mona shrieked and began to back up, hands looking for the door.

“Calm down,” said Miles. “Come here. Delilah was just helping me with something. Look at this.”

“Look at...what...?”

He had his Cock out, obviously. He held the lamp over it; let Mona get a good look. How hard it was. How long and thick. The bulging girth of it. The heavy veins, the massive balls underneath. The gleam and glistening of Delilah’s saliva running up and down his Godlike length.

“Look at it, Mona.”

“I don't want...don't want to...Cock...”

“That's right,” said Miles. “Look at my big fucking Cock, baby.”

“It...it’s so big,” Mona whispered. Like she was in church. “So pretty.”

Delilah stepped behind her to lock the door, just in case. Her willingness to hold Mona down were no idle words; a big part of her was really fucking turned on by the thought of that being necessary.

But seeing Mona looking at Master's Cock, she knew that the wheels had already started turning in Mona's head. Like the presence of Miles's Cock had already laid out all the groundwork of seduction and all she had needed was a shove in the right direction.

Delilah could shove as well as anyone. She kissed Mona's ear and neck, sliding her hand around the pretty young blonde's body.

"So big," she whispered in Mona's ears. "So pretty."

"Delilah?"

"Kneel for him."

Mona struggled down, tried to get up. "N-no. No. I don't want to...oh fuck. He's so *big*..."

Miles came closer. Delilah snatched up a big handful of Mona's hair and held it out for Miles to take. She watched his Cock spurt lovingly from

this action of devotion. The hot liquid landed on Mona's thigh. She slid it up with a finger, face full of interest, and sniffed.

“Oh god.” Like she was in a restaurant inhaling her favorite dish. “Oh. *Fuck.*”

Delilah grabbed her, spread her legs apart with her own, and positioned her to be spread eagle before Miles. They sat down like that—Delilah with her legs spread open wide, holding Mona tight against herself. Mona pressed backward into Delilah's heavy tits and heavenly body.

“W-Wait,” said Mona as Miles came down on the ground with them. “I'm not sure. I-I-I oh fuck, You *have* to put that in me, please, *please...*”

It was all he needed to hear. His Cockhead pressed hard against her entrance and then shoved inside.

“Oh my god wait,” Mona started. “Oh my god I'm a virgin please oh god don't stop keep going yeah yeah yeah...!”

He wrapped one arm around Mona and the other around Delilah. His Cock—already slick from his precum and Delilah's saliva—easily slid inside of Mona's dripping hot wet virgin cunt.

They formed a hot fuck sandwich very quickly. Delilah tugged him further inside of Mona and begged him to keep going faster, harder, deeper into the teen beauty. Milk sprouted from her heavy tits, slathering all over Mona's back. Meanwhile, Mona couldn't get enough of his impregnating cock in her belly.

“Yes!” She looked deep into his eyes, experiencing that long mindfuck for the first time. “Yes, please keep going! Fuck me harder!”

Delilah badly wanted to be fucked by Miles. She lived for it now. But her pussy's needs weren't as great as Miles's Cock, not as great as His Cock's needs. He was more important, always.

Miles bent them both over and buried them underneath his massive manly musculature and His Big Cock. He drove into Mona relentlessly, fucking her bare pussy with all he had.

“Fuck me, Sir,” Mona begged him. “Fuck me *good*, please!”

“Yeah, Daddy,” Delilah moaned in his ear. All that milk dripping down Mona's body, making her shiny and wet. “Fuck her. Fuck her *so good*. Fuck her pregnant.”

Two brilliantly gorgeous beauties begging for his cum. Begging for him to cum in *one* girl. Begging him to be the man he knew he deserved to be.

It was too much for him; he could only stand to not empty himself for so long, and with Delilah begging on top of everything else, he had to release.

Groaning, groping Mona's body up and down, he came.

A flood of his virile seed—so soon after emptying into Delilah—delivered into Mona's tight young fertile body. She moaned with orgasmic pleasure—and so did Delilah. All three of them cumming at the same time and all for the same reason—for Miles's pleasure.

He had arrived into the next stage of his ascension. He was becoming something much more than a simple man.

Delilah was delighted with this. She could sense it as well as Miles. Mona seemed completely spent by being fucked and cumming, but Delilah still needed more.

She pushed herself on top of Mona's gorgeous body, spreading her

legs—needing that unprotected Cock. “Daddy...will you fuck me next?”

He smiled and nodded and kissed her deeply.

As he pushed her down next to Mona, the blonde already obediently cooing and kissing Delilah, all Delilah could think of was how much they *really* needed a third beauty to worship Master with them.

All she could think of was how much her Master *deserved*.

#

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