

Fleur was bored. It wasn't just a boring day or boring week, but it had been a boring couple of years. She had gone about her normal life. She had boyfriends that most likely only liked her for her big tits. She had jobs where she was probably hired for the same reason. She hung out with friends, but it all just seemed so bland. Fleur thought that she was missing some sort of purpose. She even thought that she might have had that sort of purpose once, but lost it somewhere along the line.

She wasn't necessarily unhappy, but when she laid in bed at night she often wondered what would make her feel more fulfilled. She fell asleep before the answer came.

But sometimes, in the deepest dreams, she would have vivid fantasies that felt almost like memories. When she would awaken, she was at peace, completely content and fulfilled, but unable to quite remember what they were about.

Fleur was going to go out on a second date with a guy that night. He was nice enough and he seemed to have money. Fleur would've fucked him the first night, but he didn't seem to be aware of that and hadn't tried anything. That didn't bode well. The sooner guys wanted to take advantage of her, the sooner she could get them to take the hint about giving her "gifts". She knew it was whore-ish to want to exchange sex for money or things, but a girl had to do what a girl had to do.

Her doorbell rang. Fleur looked through the peephole. It was Harry Potter. Fleur had ran into him and his girlfriend, a pretty girl named Cho, a few months ago. They had seemed content and for some reason, Fleur had been genuinely glad to see him. She couldn't put a finger on why though. She had the same feeling now.

Fleur opened the door. "Hey," she said, exaggerating the confused expression on her face, "what are you doing here?"

Harry looked Fleur up and down, a small smile on his lips. They lingered on her tits for a little long and Fleur repeated, "What do you want?"

"I want my bitch again," he said.

Instantly, Harry little- boy was gone, replaced by Fleur's Master. Everything else dropped out of Fleur's mind. Dates, boyfriends, dinners, friends... none of it mattered. His pleasure mattered. That was everything.

Fleur suddenly realized that she was fully dressed before her Master. It was like some sort of cardinal sin in her mind. She wasn't wearing the make-up that he liked. She hadn't been keeping her body in the exact form that he liked it. She wasn't even wearing her best lingerie beneath those silly clothes.

Then, Fleur realized that she didn't know how long it had been since her Master had gotten off. She didn't know what to do. Should she strip down or kneel down? She decided to give him the choice.

"Master," Fleur said. "Should I strip? Change into something kinky for you? Or would you like to fuck my throat like this?" She opened wide for demonstration.

"Strip," Master said as he stepped in, closing the door behind him. He locked it.

Fleur's clothes hit the floor almost instantly. Her shirt had been chosen for its cleavage, but if she had known she would be Master's whore again she would have worn something so much sluttier. Her little shorts followed. They made her ass look great, but a skimpy little thong would have made it look better for her Master. The bra and panties came next. Each of them covered far too much skin for a whore like Fleur.

"Kneel," Master said.

Fleur's knees hit the floor and she opened wide. Instead, a hand swung down and slapped her in the face. In was degrading. It was bliss. When she looked again, Master's dick was out and Fleur went to work. She devoured.

"You adjusted Cho before I set you all free," Master said.

Fleur's heart jumped a little. She had, yes, but in hopes of making Master happy. She had made her agreeable to any kinky sex that Master wanted, while providing him the relationship that Fleur had believed he wanted.

Fleur kept sucking, using her hands to fondle Master's balls. It had been a while since she had used her mouth to truly worship a dick and she had lost practice. She knew that Master had no problem shoving it down her throat and she hoped that he would use force to overcome her weaknesses while her throat re-acclimated to his usage.

"You told her to agree to anything I wanted. At first I thought I had just found a kinky girl, but as I asked for weirder and weirder shit, I realized that she had no limits. And I realized that you had taken them away."

His tone was very neutral and Fleur couldn't tell how he felt. Was he mad? Fleur had only done what she thought would make him happiest. His pleasure was the chief driving force of her life. She wanted to look up at his face and see if she could see any other clue, but sucking Master's dick was more important and she didn't want to fuck up the angle.

"At one point, I even asked her how she felt about having a harem full of sluts for me to fuck. Cho told me that the idea of me having my pick of whores to fuck made her wet and horny."

Fleur hadn't considered that. She wanted to unlock all the kinky delights in the world for her Master, but still give him the relationship he wanted. She hadn't considered that it would create an imbalance that would ruin the fantasy.

Master's balls were already swelling. It had been a while since someone had sucked him dry. Fleur felt shame that she hadn't been around to blow him. She hoped that Cho had done a good job in her absence.

"I think I know why you did it. I think I even know when and how. I've figured it all out. I'm not a stupid man, of course. I built the solution to rewiring a human mind. And I did it to you, but... but I thought it was false. I thought it was an illusion. I thought that I could punish my exes, have some kinky sex, and when I was done, I would send you all away."

Fleur was working his dick farther back with each thrust, gagging and then pushing that boundary farther the next time. This was the fulfillment that she had been lacking.

“But I miscalculated. I didn’t just create some kinky sex slave. Well, I did, but not just that. I realized that you were committed to my entire happiness. If I can be cheesy, to my heart as well as my sock.”

It was true, but Fleur hoped that her service to his dick was still admirable. Her tongue played up and down the shaft as she worked.

“And I realized that maybe I created something better. Something I didn’t fully realize the capability of. Fleur, you took orders like you took dick: without question and with enthusiasm. But you took it farther too. You looked for further opportunity. You learned what I wanted, and then gave me what I wanted. And you did a good job.”

Fleur would have smiled if her mouth wasn’t otherwise occupied. Her heart swelled with delight, just like Master’s balls were swelling as he approached climax.

“And to be honest, if I’m going to have a girlfriend with a sex slave mentality, then I’m just depriving myself by not having the full harem to fuck. But more than that, I think that you can do more than I gave you credit for. I saw you as a whore, with a fuckable mouth and big tits.”

I am that, Fleur thought desperately. She knew how much he liked to degrade her and she didn’t want to take that away from him.

“And you are. But you’re also creative,” Master continued. “There were dozens of times where I was horny and I thought about coming back to collect you. But I didn’t, because I had a girlfriend who could suck me dry too. But I think I did something when I remade you that I never took full advantage of. I think I created someone fully devoted to every aspect of my happiness. And I never took full advantage of that.” He paused as he looked down at her thoughtfully. Then, “Finish me off on your tits and tell me how much of a fucking whore you are.”

Fleur released his dick from her mouth with a pop and immediately started stroking it over her chest. A flurry of words flowed out of her mouth, “I’m such a worthless little fucktoy. Oh my god, my mouth is so underfucked. I have been waiting to suck this glorious dick for so long. You own every part

of me, Master. I hope you'll use my stupid little whore mouth to your delight. I hope you'll fuck my tight little slutty pussy. I hope you'll stuff this thick dick up my ass and make me scream. I'm your slut and that's all I ever want to be."

He exploded, covering her chest with thick cum. It was warm and Fleur was filled with a sense of homecoming as it covered her. She continued to pump him, covering her chest as completely as she could.

When he was finished, Fleur leaned forward and began to suck his dick clean. She did it with a playing, teasing tongue and took her time with it.

"Do you understand what I'm saying?" Master asked after a few minutes.

Fleur took a pause, gently massaging his cock as he did. She said, "You want me to make you happy. Not just horny, but happy."

"Yes," Master nodded.

"Master, I'm honored. And I'm going to do everything in my ability to make you happy." To demonstrate, Fleur scooped up a drop of cum that was dripping towards her nipple and licked it off her finger. She added, "But I truly believe that you're happiest when your horny needs are met too."

"Oh, don't worry," Master said. "I'm still going to use you as my whore."

And just like that, Fleur had a purpose again.

Fleur packed a bag of her sexiest lingerie—the type of lace she knew Master liked—and went with him. She wore a long jacket to cover herself on the way to his car, but left it open once inside so she could display herself for him while he drove. She offered to go down on him again, but he told her that he wanted to wait until they got home to play a little more seriously. Fleur liked the sound of that.

When they entered Master's home, Fleur was struck by the sweet memories immediately.

Cho, the pretty girlfriend, came out of the kitchen dressed in a sheer onesie that hid nothing. She smiled warmly and said, "Hey babe, is this the first whore for your collection?"

"Hi," Master smiled. "It would make me really hot if you went upstairs while Fleur and I talked."

"That sounds like so much fun," Cho said with a wide grin and bounded up the stairs.

Master turned to Fleur. "That's a trick I learned. If I frame anything as 'it will turn me on', she's all for it." Fleur slid out of her coat, now nude in Master's living room, and followed him to the couch. He sat down and Fleur began dancing for him. His hands explored her body as she swayed.

"I wanted to make sure you could have any new fantasy you wanted, so she's agreeable to anything that turns you on," Fleur explained.

"It was a good idea," Master nodded appreciatively as he pinched one of her nipples. "But I traded out three sex slaves for one sex slave, but with more complex rules."

Fleur straddled Master, grinding her bare pussy against the stiffness in his pants.

"Have you considered that you deserve slaves?" Fleur asked. "That women should be begging for the privilege of tasting your dick?" Master reached around and smacked one of her ass cheeks hard. It was how you treated property. Fleur smiled at how quickly they got back into their proper forms.

"I'm not going to lie," Master said, "it was kind of relieving when I realized I could just order her around. I think I wanted a relationship, but only because that was what I was told I wanted. As nice as a girlfriend could be, I really missed the days of jerking off onto three girls faces and watching them suck it off each other. Or knowing that I could send an order in a text and get whatever kinky fantasy I had played out for me when I got home. Or even the ability to send you away when I am done getting off." He smiled as he wrapped a hand around Fleur's throat. He began to squeeze and she didn't squirm away. She grinded harder on his dick to make sure

he was having the best time possible. "I like having sex slaves," he said. He loosened his grip on her so she could speak.

"You deserve it," Fleur said. "And not just because you were mistreated by bitches like me. And not just because you built a device to enable you to have a harem full of sluts. You deserve to have sex slaves like me because of who you are. From the start."

Master smiled and said, "You only think that because I programmed you to think that." He unbuckled his pants and slid them down. His hard cock sprang out and Fleur lowered herself onto it, impaling herself.

"Yes, I suppose," Fleur admitted. "But do you remember what I told you on the last day? When you sent me away? This is my purest form. This is all I desire to be." She bobbed up and down on his cock, knowing her tits looked great with this motion. "For the last year, I was wandering around looking for purpose. I was unfulfilled. But the second you reclaimed me, I knew I had purpose again. You may have remade me, Sir, but you have done it in a way to give me the ultimate joy in life. Every girl on earth should hope to find half the fulfillment I have found being your fucktoy. This isn't enslavement. It's liberation."

"I believe you," Master said, grabbing onto her bouncing tits and squeezing hard. "So tell me. How do you make me happy? I'm giving you full reigns. What do you have in mind to make me happy?"

"First and foremost, I think you should embrace the idea of your harem. Remake your girlfriend upstairs into the pure sex slave, like me. In fact, any girl you desire. Be greedy about it. You deserve to have any girl your cock desires and you should not be afraid to claim that rite."

Master grabbed her ass and buried his face between her tits. She continued.

"Use your device to get money. Get a house. Get a big TV and a pool. And fill the whole thing with a harem of whores that you can take any time you like. Invite your friends. Host parties. Your sluts will be for pleasure and your friends for companionship."

Master reached around and pulled Fleur's hair hard. He neck pinched in pain, but she didn't stop.

"Then decide what you want to do. If you want to fix old cars, take up painting, read, write... sluts can suck your dick and make you happy in the moment. But then you should find what makes you happy in the long run."

Master let loose her hair and set back in the couch. Fleur leaned forward and looked in his eye deeply. "The most important thing, Master, is that you commit to your own happiness. That you believe you deserve all of this. Every panting slut that begs you to fill her. Every dollar that you take. Every afternoon of pleasure and fun. If you don't choose to enjoy it... choose to believe yourself worthy... then you won't be happy. You deserve to be a king. Reach out and take your throne."

Master smiled widely. But Fleur worried her didn't get it. She took his hand and placed it back on her throat. "Take your throne. You are my king. Take it." His grip tightened. The thrusting beneath her picked up a little bit.

"Own me, my King," Fleur said. "Claim me. Fucking claim me. You are royalty and I'm a fucking peasant whore who should be so lucky as to service your magnificent dick for a moment. Own me!"