

I had just gotten to the edge of the village. The sun was rising behind me as I crossed the threshold into town. My mistress had sent me off on a quest to gather her favorite treats, and this village was the best spot to get them. So I skipped down the lane, my black dress shimmered slightly in the light like feathers with a hint of a rainbow underneath.

I loved this form that my mistress gave me; I was just her familiar before this, a little raven who would hop and fly, collect small things, or relay information. But my mistress has unique tastes to be certain, and so she wanted me to be a hot little slut for her. Loyal to a fault as familiars are known to be, but also someone she could have a long, steamy night with.

She shaped me into this new form, I'm about 5'3", a little bit plush as she lovingly called it. But most of that plushness is in my breasts and thighs, which she often uses as pillows while I stroke or braid her hair. But my hair was always just a bit of a mess; those ruffled feathers could not be tamed, even with magic.

When she had first made me a human, the dress came with me, my feathers woven into a flowy dress that gave her lots of access to my waiting sex. I could remove it and even put on different clothes, but I could never turn back without my pretty dress. And so I wore it more often than not, especially when I was out and about.

I did a spin while I walked down the street. I never wore anything under this dress, so the cool summer air freely swept across my pussy as I made my way to the baker's. Through the window, I watched as she kneaded fresh dough for the day.

I had to stop and watch, as it was in my nature to collect, and my mistress had often put that urge to use, so I had the habit of spying on even normal people. She had a plumpness that came from plenty of eating, but I had once heard in passing never to trust food made by someone skinny.

Her hands and elbows were buried deep in her work, leaving sticky residue on her arms that she ignored. I could see the smile on her face as she worked, a simple joy in a simple life.

I shook my head as I started to move into the shop. While I would often spend hours on watch, I neither wanted to keep Mistress waiting nor stand in the open street staring. So I pushed the door,

sounding a little bell. When the bell sounded, I noticed as she dipped into a bowl of water beside her, cleaning her arms slightly before she turned and spoke with a warm tone, before spotting me.

“Welcome, what can I?” Once fully turned, she paused to look me up and down, taking specific note of my face and dress before continuing, “Ah, you must be a traveler. Haven’t seen you in town, what can I do for ya?”

I straightened up and, in my most proper voice, said, “My mistress would request your presence at her party, you are known for your great pastries and biscuits that she would love to have with you. She would like a basket of your finest cream pastries and a basket of biscuits.”

She gave me a wary look and tensed, “Mistress? The fancy little dress seems more appropriate on you. Who do you serve, a queen, duchess, or is this some vampire trap?”

I couldn’t help but give a little giggle. “No, no, nothing like that, I understand where you’re coming from, though. My mistress is a Drow of some renown; I assume you saw the fortress that appeared around an hour north of town. She has come to the surface to tour the world and see the sights. Your bakery is just that renowned, we had to stop.”

I could see her shoulders drop from their defensive position. “Well, then I guess I mustn’t disappoint, be back here in an hour or so, and I’ll have it all ready.”

I gave her my biggest smile. “Lovely, here’s your payment,” I pulled a small bag of gold from within my cleavage, another benefit of this form, I had a nifty pocket right here for me.

She blushed a little at the bag. I didn’t think she would be that pleased by a bag of coins. I guess humans aren’t that different from me. Shiny things are great.

“See you soon,” I cheerfully said as I skipped out of her shop. Just one treat wouldn’t do it for my mistress. I needed to get her a feast for her party. I knew instantly who I needed: a butcher. All that lean muscle would make her so happy.

When I thought of pleasing her, I felt something flowing down my leg, and I quickly rushed into an alleyway. No, I can't be dripping in the streets while I think of her happy face, her smile as she tells me I'm such a good girl.

I had to bite my lip to stifle a moan. I was such a submissive slut for my mistress. Just the thought made me so horny, but my mistress said I shouldn't touch myself in public, at least not unless she was there to see me be a horny slut for her. How happy she would...

NO, NO, I had to hold out, I pinched myself and took a deep breath, ok, I just had to get her more things, her party would be great. I got up and began to leave the alleyway when a hand grabbed my shoulder and turned me around.

"A pretty girl like you, in a dress like that, must have some coin, give it here or I'll gut ya."

Oh, OH, this was what my mistress told me about, bandits. She had done lots of adventures before getting me; her life had mostly been working on her experiments since I joined, so I only heard the stories, but I would get the chance to face one.

He was about level with my chest and green-skinned; his dagger looked a bit rusty, and he wore dark leather. But I honestly felt no fear; this was just the most endearing thing. The surface and outside world was so quaint. I don't think anyone underground would threaten me with how famous the mistress is down there, but up here, the air is fresh, the sun is warm, and I could feel the rush of true danger.

I was smiling like a fool, and that seemed to freak the poor man out. "A, freak, just give me the coin, I'll really gut ya if you don't comply."

I didn't hesitate further than I had; it was time to fight. I went straight to peck him. Wait, I don't have a beak when I'm a human. Oh well, too late. I charged straight at him and smashed my head into his. He yelped and fell over. He was holding his head and whining, I think this bandit is broken, I mean, the mistress said it was never a hard fight, but they at least did something. I'd have to bring him to the party, I think.

I pulled the fancy powder the mistress gave me from my breasts and sprinkled it over his form. He began to shrink down in no time. I scooped him up and thought about where to keep him until the party. I needed to reach into my breasts for supplies, and I didn't want him blocking that. If I put him in my pussy he was liable to fall out with how wet I was, and because of his thin frame, even before he shrank, so I decided I would push him gently into my shapely ass.

I lined his feet up and pushed him in nice and deep. It was a pleasant stretching sensation for me, but more than anything, I was satisfied to use this form to its full potential; humans have so many useful little nooks and crannies.

I put the powder bag back between my ample breasts before skipping out of the alleyway to the butcher. He was built like an ogre, his muscles straining against the little clothes he had, which were far too small for him. He wore an open shirt that still looked stretched and snug on his broad shoulders. A pair of shorts I assumed, which cut off right before his quads, and an apron with a fresh stain.

I assumed it was just the tailor not selling things in his size because, on top of being visibly muscular, he was a mountain of a man, clearly two or three heads taller than me, and covered in what looked like inked-on lines running down his body. My mistress would ... no look at something else.

I scanned the room for something and noticed the cuts of meat that lay in his shop were on fancy shelves with cooling runes. My mistress loved runes, so seeing these little details would have made her smile.

Everywhere I looked, I could imagine how my mistress would enjoy it; my mind almost started to spiral into thoughts of my happy mistress, but snapped out of it before I had another accident. I stood there awkwardly for a moment as I was calming down, so I didn't hear his words the first time, and was pulled back by.

“Creepy girl, you want something or just gonna stand and stare, I got work to do and don't want to be ogled while doing it if it wouldn't be too much of an inconvenience for you.”

I gave a deep curtsy as I went to hide my blush, “No, I’m sorry, I’m just distracted. I wanted to invite you to a party my mistress is holding; she would be deeply pleased to have a meal with you.”

He eyed me up and down, “Yeah? And why would I enjoy having a meal with her?”

I had to think, there were so many reasons I wanted to be with her, that I enjoyed her meals, but I was her familiar and horny servant. “Um, I, well, she has a habit of gifting people help for their time, um, she grew a farmer's crops really big one time. OH, or she once got rid of a group of forest bandits, would that help you if she got rid of forest bandits? I know I met one today.”

He just shook his head. “Sorry, but I have a full day here. I just got in a couple of pigs and sheep, I gotta get them processed.”

I just gave him a sad look. “Oh well, mistress says it's always nice to ask, keeps stress out of the meat, but I must do it the hard way.” I reached into my cleavage for the little bag of powder to throw at him.

He turned to “wait, what are you...”

With no time to finish, he was hit with the dust and began to shrink; his features stayed lean, but he shrank rapidly to a size I could fit in my hand. His apron fell from his form and pooled on the ground. I hurried over to fish him out of it all.

Because of his prior enormous stature, he was still rather large by shrunken standards. He flailed in my hands and shouted in an angry voice made softer by his size, “You, you witch, turn me back. The village will get you for this.”

I just smiled at him. “Aw, that’s cute, but my mistress will protect me. I’m just doing what I was told to do. And you will join her feast, I know you’ll be just a tasty snack for her, full of protein, look at your muscles.”

He went pale, but I didn't give him time to speak. I would need to store him somewhere for now, and I knew just where. The throbbing need was building, and I just wanted something in there. The bandit might have been too small to keep in my pussy, but the butcher would stretch me a little, even like this. If I clinched, he wouldn't go anywhere, and if he kicked and thrashed, even better. So I took the little man and shoved him deep into my cunt

I could feel my juices coating him as I pressed him further in, until he was stuck in my pelvic muscles, which already began squeezing him tightly like they were trying to milk a cock of all its warm prize.

Once he was firmly in place, I knew I needed more treats, nothing special like the butcher came to mind, so I just wandered around asking people if they would want to come to my mistress's party. Those who turned me down, I let get away; they were just a dime a dozen, but those who agreed, I told to meet me at the gate soon.

Time passed swiftly, and I must have had at least 20 people interested, and 2 who were just to be brought along in my holes. No one could hear the butcher as he screamed and fought in my pussy, and I had been holding back the urge to fall to my knees and scream in bliss.

I must have been dripping all over town, but no one brought it up or seemed to notice. And so I went back to the baker; she had the baskets as requested and had even changed into some travel clothes.

I smiled at her and took a big whiff of the fresh treats. They had a light, sweet smell that made me salivate just for the thought of the feast to come.

“Yum, my mistress will love these. And she'll love you, now come along, I don't want to keep her waiting too long.”

We both set off to the gate and found the crowd. I gave them all a smile and told them to follow me. We would go to the castle my mistress had, which was a portable fortress, so she could stay in luxury regardless of where we went.

It was a nice walk. I had conversations with so many villagers about magic, sweets, and battle. All their stories filled me with such simple wonder; they were less eloquent than my mistress, but they shared a passion for making their lives sound like a hero's tale, even if it was just punting a goblin to save a chicken.

Eventually, we arrived at the archway to the castle. I walked through fine; the guests would have difficulty, which was intentional. Anyone not welcomed by my mistress herself would be shrunk and knocked out.

They all fell asleep in quick succession as we cleared the arch. It wasn't instant; it came over them like a wave, the first to enter giving out long yawns before they fell and began to shrink. Panic set in for those who had entered last, but that feeling quickly dispersed as slumber overtook their bodies, which became like mice in sleep.

I even felt the butcher fall still. I was a little sad by that; his thrashing was a good test of my will to be a good girl and not touch myself until my mistress could use my aching hole for her pleasure. But I would keep him in there to marinate.

I stooped low and put the little bodies into the basket with the biscuits. The clothes had not shrunk with them, so I would get to have a dress-up day for Mistress. She loved it when I modeled for her, always saying my plump rear made the peasant clothes seem sexy even in their modesty.

That my breasts, which made tunics impossible to tie closed, were just perfect because my nipples would rub on the fabric and tent. Although I never tried on pants, I didn't like things that blocked off my pussy, besides the fact that I assumed my constant state of arousal from keeping the thoughts of the mistress happy would stick them to my crotch with grool.

When every tiny thing was in the basket, I hurried to the kitchen to prep the feast. Starting first with the biscuits, I divided them in half and applied various sweet toppings. Jams, Honey, Butters, and preserves.

I removed the top pastries from the cream pastries to prep for the major topping on each. This was how the villagers would enjoy the meal, as a part of it. I quickly plucked a few and laid them into the treats, creamy filling washing over some as I pushed them in and replaced the top pastry. Others were stuck to various biscuits, their back pressed to the pastries, so they could look at my mistress as she ate.

I always considered the ones who got to watch lucky, they could see mistress, not just feel her. I know if I came back short, I would be in the mix, and so I always put myself on the track that got to watch. I also sometimes deliberately didn't gather enough people, but today, enough people were genuinely interested in the feast that I wouldn't be on the plate.

I even had spares that weren't included in the sweets so that I could give her extras by hand today. I put those extras in a jar before plating all the sweets and getting them on a cart. I would deliver these to the mistress; she would be waiting in the dining room after I rang.

I pulled the cord, which would cause a distant bell to ring, letting my mistress know I was ready to please. That would be so nice, her waiting and eyeing the cart, those words forming on her lips even before she tasted anything, "aww, has my little raven come back, look at all you got, you're such a..."

No, not yet, I couldn't think it on my mistress's behalf, I needed to hear her say it. So I began to push the cart. As I pushed, I looked back and forth in the halls. She had so many adventures and treasures to show for it, some weapons, an armor set that came from a human lover, and I think she had a succubus in a butt plug somewhere. I wish I could have seen it in action.

But I had to focus up, for the dining hall was before me, and I pushed in the cart. I saw her; she wore a lace gown with deep cleavage. A corset was visible under that, which gave her a shapely waist and held her breasts aloft in that perky display.

Even sitting, she was majestic. I was smaller than her; she stood about 6'9", but even when sitting, I felt dwarfed by her presence alone. She was thin but not dainty, her arms had slight muscle, and her stomach was flat and tight. But most of all, her breasts stood proudly from her body. When her friends and lovers talked about her bosom, they gave it a D rating. But I always thought she was an A plus.

She had black silky hair that ran to her neck. It was unkempt, as I had likely called her from work, but there was a natural beauty to the way it framed her face. Slender with a button nose, thin lips, and long eyelashes that then framed the most beautiful part of her face, her eyes, which shone like gold fresh pressed from the mint, and displayed in a look the depth of her mind and soul.

She looked at the cart, and I could see the hint of a smile on her face. I restrained myself from melting right there and then.

I gave my best curtsy before I spoke. “Mistress, I present for your tasting pleasure the best sweets of the village and a sample of its population. Please enjoy and let me know if I can do anything to make it better.”

She waved me and my cart over, where I stopped and moved plates before her to try. Starting with a sample of the cream pastries, she couldn't see the tiny inside, but whenever she would pop a pastry in and chew, I could hear a little crunch. My mistress's face turned a light red in pleasure, an appreciation of her favorite flavor.

I bit my lip a little and crossed my legs. I would stave off the pleasure, at least until she was done. Her blush fills me with such emotion, knowing I made her do that. I could stare at her forever if that made her happy. But I must have got lost in thought because she had to nudge me with her foot a little.

“Kraw? Sweetie? Do you want a treat? You must have worked so hard, so come have a taste with your mistress.”

I blushed, and my dress puffed up a little, damn magic dress, so cute, such an easy tell for those who knew me. I had to look up at her to speak, “I-I would love to, thank you, mistress, you're so good to me.”

She handed me a small pastry. It was slightly warm from the journey, but I popped it into my mouth and let it melt even more. The sweet vanilla flavor coated my mouth, starting the

experience with a slightly chilly sweetness, but when I began to chew, I quickly bit into a villager.

The slight crunch, the rush of warm metallic flavor that filled my mouth and mixed with the sweet cream, it was bliss. As a raven, I was used to this sort of raw consumption, but my mistress made sure to refine my palate so I could enjoy this feast almost as much as she does.

I had a bright blush on my own face as I continued chewing my treat. I soon swallowed and gave a little bow before I started moving the next plates to the table. “Next, we have our biscuits with our best toppings and another fine selection of the villagers. I picked out the prettiest or most filling-looking ones for this. Please eat to your heart's content.”

She picked up a biscuit with honey. I instantly noticed who she picked. The lovely baker, unclothed, her plumpness made her look like a most delicious snack, her stomach and breasts standing out.

There was also a reason I saved them till now: the knockout magic would be fading soon. My mistress loved it when the little ones squirmed a little, made pleas, or tried to fight the sticky substance that held them captive. So when the baker started to wake, I knew my mistress would be delighted.

It wasn't too long before she awoke with a start. I saw her try to pull against the honey but quickly found the effort too much. She scanned and saw me standing by. “Traveler, hey, please, what is this? Please help me, you were so sweet, you wouldn't let this happen, right?”

I wanted to give her a quick answer, but my mistress gave me a wave to stay silent before she pulled the biscuit close to her mouth as she spoke, “No, no. Don't try to bring my lovely pet into this; she was following orders. I am her mistress, and she brought you to my feast. I promise I will pay you all back for joining me, but for now, please focus and scream, it makes this much more arousing for me.”

The baker was taken aback, but refused to go down without a fight. “Why, WHY, is this some sick game? You send sweet little things like that to lure prey in, you pay for hard work, then eat all the workers. You are sick.”

My mistress just gave a smile, “Yes, you get the assignment, very good, I hope the others can play along like that, you’ll be so tasty.”

I could see the baker was going in for another retort, but my mistress quickly bit into her, and screams echoed throughout the dining hall. I could see red mixing into the honey and even dripping onto the mistress’s plate. She took a few more bites before moving to the next, a man in jelly who had watched the whole thing.

“Aren’t you just a tasty-looking guy? My pet has good eyes for snacks. Now be a dear and scream a little.”

And so he did, and the next and the next. Some she bit without hesitation, leaving them with no hope, and others she licked from their biscuits, popping them into her mouth to be held there. I could see their fists beating slightly against her inner cheek, but that was nothing but a meaningless struggle, as she would eventually bite into the biscuit and they would get caught up in the mush left over as she chewed, dragged into her teeth with a decisive crunch.

The ecstasy of her power over them flowed from her every action, and I had to keep my arm constantly pinched to distract from the way it made me feel, the idea that she was going to praise me soon, call me, I, I can’t bear to think it right now lest I cum and fall over.

She just kept popping them in, but eventually the biscuits were gone. She looked at the cart and spied the jar, an enthusiastic look breaking out on her face. “Sweetie, please get me that jar. I think you know how I want it served.”

I wanted to comply right now, but I had to resist. “Um, Mistress, I actually need to do something before that, um, I have an extra special treat stored in there.”

She looked at me with both shock and interest. “My pet disobeys, you better have an amazing surprise, or I’ll have to punish you for disappointing me, so then come here give it.”

I pulled my dress up and exposed my wet pussy, my grool clung visibly on me as I had been holding in my desires for so long. I shoved a few fingers deep into me to pull out my special treat. And with a little fishing and a close call, I pulled the butcher from my honeypot.

He was glistening and coated in layers of my lust and need. “I, I present to you, honeyed ham maker, the butcher has so much lean muscle I thought you’d want him with some marination. Please savor him after all that time in me.”

She quickly plucked him from me and looked him over; the lines over his body made him look like he was covered in chocolate, along with my personal honey. He still seemed out of it, maybe being in me messed with the gate's magic? Mistress seemed a little sad to have him without the screaming, but she seemed more than happy to have the treat regardless.

She popped him in her mouth. She moaned in delight, “Yum, he’s so sweet with your juices.” She swished the man back and forth in her mouth before a look of surprise crossed her face. I saw a pair of tiny hands start to part her lips as the butcher pushed his way out.

I could see that as more of him emerged, he was taking deep breaths, enjoying the moments of fresh air he had been deprived of since his capture. He seemed both pale as when I captured him, and with a certain air of new aggression.

I assume he cursed in a language I don’t know before he began in common “I refuse to die, not by anything short of giantkin, and you’re no giant, whatever your little creep did to me just made me small, so you ain’t big or important, you’re just a cheap trick.”

I wanted to go over there and punish him for speaking to my mistress like that. She was great, she was smart, she made me this pretty body. I would turn into my bird form, fly him straight up, then drop him. Yeah, that’s the only punishment worth his insolence, to turn down a polite invite, then to insult her. I was fuming.

But my mistress just waved me down, she pulled him the rest of the way out of her mouth and held him in her fist before talking past him to soothe me. “Sweetie, it’s cute when you get like that, but mistress can handle herself. I want this mite to know just how wrong he is.”

She turned back to him and began to give him a piece of her mind. “I would be careful of your words, I could just pop you right here in my hand, so let’s start on your first mistake was insulting my lovely pet, she doesn’t take well to degrading comments, I want you to apologize, she’s nothing but faithful, so you get ten seconds before you die.”

“Ten,” He looked indignant, and if he could have crossed his arms, I would imagine he would have because he turned up his head, and the two gestures seemed to be well connected. “Nine,” she turned him to face me. “Eight,” he refused to even look at me, so the mistress’s other hand took his head between her fingers and forced him to look. “Seven,” I could see him struggle, but he couldn’t overpower my mistress when she wasn’t surprised. “Six” I could hear the pressure start to increase on him as his bones began to pop, if he complied right now I could image that would actually loosen him up, “Five” but of course he was too proud for that, I started hearing cracking and his face couldn’t hide that pain “Four” He opened his eyes started straight at me, I gave my best pout. “Three.” The words began to form before they were crushed out of him. He gave a wheeze and tried to take another breath. “Two,” his lips were moving, and I looked at my mistress to lighten up her grip.

When he had some breathing room, it came spilling out, “Please, forgive me, I didn’t mean to insult you, you’re just doing your job, I would be lucky to have a helper like you, your” he seemed to pause before a little pressure egged him on “your mistress is lucky to have you.”

She turned him back to her. “See, not that hard, now let’s teach you your second mistake, insulting my work, I didn’t develop permanent size alteration potions and powders to have a meathead treat it like nothing. I think I’ll remake you as a scrawny thing after the feast.”

He looked so confused, but I knew she was really mad to threaten like that; she cared a lot about all her work, including remaking people perfectly, so doing it wrong, out of spite, shocked me.

But before my own shock could subside, she popped him in her mouth and bit in. I heard popping and tearing as her teeth tore his muscles. Her effortless display, even after all that, made me feel pangs of submission and desire deep in me.

When she swallowed, she looked at me and beckoned my shaking form over. I was beet red, radiating heat and lust. She put her hand in my hair and ran it through my hair as she leaned in close and whispered in my ear.

“I’m sorry you had to see that, but you did so well, you’ve made mistress really happy so far, you’re not just a good girl.” I buckled a little and moaned, "You're also such a good little slut, standing there holding it in so I could tease and praise you. So who’s a good girl?”

My voice went up an octave as I could no longer ignore my fantasies, “I, I’m a good girl.”

She smiled, “And who’s a good slut?”

“Me, I’m a good slut”

She stroked my cheek, “and who makes the mistress so happy that she earns orgasms?”

“I, I, AAAAAAAAAA” I couldn’t hold it in, I fell to my knees and felt my body rock as she kept heaping on the praise, a wet puddle formed under me as she kept stroking my hair and calling me names like pet, good girl, slut, cutie. I was in heaven.

I was completely whited out with bliss that it took her a few minutes to snap me back to reality as I kept playing her words in my head. She held my head in her hands and looked at me, “Come back, sweetie. Mistress wants you on her waiting rod while you finish feeding her. Now, can you do that?”

I shook my head and smiled at her, slurring my words in lingering bliss only a little bit “Yess Mistress, right aAaway.”

She let go of my head, and I got up to grab the jar. I heard her undo her dress as she prepped to fit her throbbing cock into my waiting hole. When I turned around, it was fully out, 5 inches of girlcock to push deep into me.

I climbed on the table to get into position before moving onto her cocks head. It pushed gently at first into me, before she let gravity and my natural wetness push her deeper inside me. She pleasantly stretched me. Focusing was so hard, but I must not blank out, even after her earlier praise had left my pussy sensitive from active orgasm.

I slid until my arms were in range of her mouth. I undid the jar while she was buried 2 inches into my cunt. Taking the small men and women within and feeding her one at a time like grapes. As she chewed, she would buck her hips and watch me try to stay focused on feeding her,

“Such a cute little servant you are, and a nice warm cock sleeve, I made you just right to fit me, perfectly tight.”

Every thrust in my tender slit filled me with a cascade of bliss, but I had to feed her, I had to please her, she said I had to feed her, and what mistress wanted I would get, so I had to plead and beg.

“Mistress, Ahh, p-please refrain from that, I, I need to serve you right now, if you keep this up, I, ah, I’ll blank out again.”

She smirked as she gave one last thrust, which pressed my cervix before pulling back. I was so worked up that the feeling was beyond compare. I could feel my eyes start to flutter, but I had to hold on. I bit my lip and felt the pain bring me back.

Mistress looked at me during this standstill and, in a sweet sarcasm, whispered, “We would hate that, wouldn’t we? Maybe you need to be a bad girl if making your mistress happy is going to put you out.”

I huffed a little, “No, I could never, I, I’m a good girl, I’m your good girl, and I will feed you.”

I popped another into her mouth before she could tease me more, but that motivated her cock back to filling and moving around my pussy, threatening to plow into me deeper and deeper until my guts were caught in the jumble of pleasure. Each cycle of her cock brushing my stretched pussy, like petting my insides, because I’m such a good...

I couldn’t think, not now, I had to stay empty if I wanted to focus, but my voice escaped me, “Ahh, I, I won’t cum mistress, not till you do, now eat and let bliss fill your mind.”

I kept popping new tinies in her mouth when old ones were swallowed, never letting her take time to tease me with words. Knowing I was so weak to her sultry tones, but her bucking was getting relentless. I could feel my insides getting warm and moist as her precum leaked within me.

Each thrust was pushing against me, deeper and deeper, touching my cervix, then pushing it, then stretching it. I was starting to lose focus. I had to work; if I stopped, I would make Mistress sad. That’s what I had to think: Mistress should cum before me, so I don’t disappoint her.

I went through the jar at rapid speed, keeping her thrusting relentlessly, taunting me, testing me to cum first, but I wouldn’t when mistress was so close herself.

We stayed in this stalemate of pleasure until she whispered, “You’ll lose, because I want you too, so be a good girl, and cum for mistress.”

Despite the blocks I had in my mind, regardless of all the will I could muster, Mistress’s word was law to my submissive body, and while I could resist, I could be a bad girl on a normal day. I was so warm, so full, there was nothing but good girl left.

“Ahhhh, No, no, AHHHH, Fair,” I cried as my will broke with her orders. I tightened around her dick as my walls relentlessly squeezed in orgasm, trying to milk her for all she had.

And with her victory in place, she let it all loose, burst after burst of rich sticky cum pumped into my pussy, filling me like a cream pastry. Each spurt rushed into me, and its warmth rapidly spread over my body.

My senses were overloading with pleasure. Sight lost meaning beyond her tits, sound was nothing beyond her voice in my head whispering praise. The smell of sex banished any baked good's lingering fragrance; my tongue twitched with the phantom taste of her cum, which was familiar from my years of service. And all sensation of touch was in my throbbing, squeezing, leaking cunt.

My entire existence felt like a sex toy that was once a person. Every throb makes me nothing more than good, hot, and mindless. But eventually it ended. When she had finished cumming she helped lift me from her softening length. Gently placing me at her feet.

I lay on the floor after all this, her cream dripping out of me as I breathed quickly, as passion still filled my veins. My entire body was tense, still acting like she was in me, my pussy gripping for a ghost of cock. Each breath brought me down slightly, until eventually my body could feel the floor. When pressure returned to me, my ass felt so full, and I remembered.

I moved my mouth, but nothing but a moan left me; I was nothing but a puddle, which my mistress stared at in admiration. But as the pleasure waned, I could feel my body prepping to rest, but I needed to give her a last gift.

“M, Mistress, I have one last thing for you, actually.” I breathed out, “It’s up my butt, I, I thought he was broken, it was nothing like your story.”

She looked confused. “My dear raven slut, what are you talking about?”

I had to focus for a few more words, “Just check, he, well, tried to rob me, but he just lost so fast. Please look him over, I wanted to see a real bandit in action.”

She gave an evil little giggle. “Oh, you kept an attacker, well, I’ll deal with them, sweetie, just let me.” She flipped me over, and I felt her hands fish around inside my ass. I squirmed and moaned until she plucked the small man from my ass. He was still, maybe I had cliched him too hard sometime in my bliss. Opps.

Mistress just looked at the poor thing. “Well, I was gonna make him pay for attacking you, but you seem to have done a great job already. Maybe I’ll just,” she took the man’s limp body and dangled it over me.

“Here, one last treat for you, you kept him nice and warm all day, so enjoy, sweetie, open wide.”

I weakly turned over and opened wide as she fed me, my own passenger. He was nice and tender from my ass crushing him. He made a nice pre-nap snack, as I chewed, his bones were already ground, so he didn’t have that satisfying pop. But he was still delicious.

But with that last treat in my belly, I could no longer fight my body; I started to drift off slowly. The last words I heard were the mistress whispering to me, “You did so well today, sleep well, I’ll get them new bodies and back home. Just rest up, my good girl.”