

her **MASTER'S** *slut*



BY DUNCAN CUSIC

Table of Contents

[**Title Page**](#)

[**Prologue**](#)

[**Chapter One**](#)

[**Chapter Two**](#)

[**Chapter Three**](#)

[**Chapter Four**](#)

[**Chapter Five**](#)

[**Chapter Six**](#)

[**Chapter Seven**](#)

[**Chapter Eight**](#)

[**Chapter Nine**](#)

[**Chapter Ten**](#)

[**Chapter Eleven**](#)

[**Chapter Twelve**](#)

[**Chapter Thirteen**](#)

[**Chapter Fourteen**](#)

[**Chapter Fifteen**](#)

[**Chapter Sixteen**](#)

[**Chapter Seventeen**](#)

[**Chapter Eighteen**](#)

[**Chapter Nineteen**](#)

[**Chapter Twenty**](#)

[**Chapter Twenty-One**](#)

[**Chapter Twenty-Two**](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Three](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Four](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Five](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Six](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Seven](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Eight](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Nine](#)

[Chapter Thirty](#)

[Chapter Thirty-One](#)

[Chapter Thirty-Two](#)

[Chapter Thirty-Three](#)

[Chapter Thirty-Four](#)

[Chapter Thirty-Five](#)

[Chapter Thirty-Six](#)

[Chapter Thirty-Seven](#)

[Chapter Thirty-Eight](#)

[Aftermath](#)

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by Duncan Cusic

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Prologue

April fool's day had gone, spring break was nearly over, her twenty-first birthday was just around the corner, and her boyfriend of six months had stayed behind at school to study. The girl who had worn the yellow poke-a-dot bikini arose, gathered her swim suit from the ocean's edge, and stumbled toward the Fort Lauderdale Palace where earlier that morning she had seen the swimsuit hanging in the shop window across the street and been tempted. "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow poke-a-dot Bikini," she had sung, the lyric springing from her lips like lightning bugs flitting into the sky. It was a song her father sang, a song made popular during the sixty's, popular like she had been for the last three hours.

Still awash with alcohol, the girl dragged the flimsy panty brief up her legs and over her hips, pulled the minuscule bra in place over her breasts and tied the string. It was the empty Tequila bottle's fault; she told herself, but she knew it wasn't. She had set out to fuck all those guys since before the sun went down.

Because her college roommate visited friends in Miami, she was walking alone on the sidewalk in front of the motel when a god in human form trailed by an equally appealing god specimen, yelled, "Hey beautiful, ya wanna party? Bring a bottle—bonfire on the beach—nine o'clock tonight."

"I'm underage," she had shouted back, wagging a finger but adding a blond hair shake coupled with a butt wiggle for their entertainment.

The god laughed, and the specimen pointed. "See the clerk at ABC liquor; name's Bradley, bat your eyes and he'll take care of you."

Both deities moved on, but the temptation remained. Temptation has a way of weaseling into dark corners of the soul. Bradley the girl found out was old, was bald, and made a business of selling alcohol to underage college kids. The

girl knew she shouldn't have gone to the liquor store, and she knew she shouldn't have gone to the party, but spring break is a crazy time, and she had wondered how it would feel being a party favor.

Thirty yards away, the girl's eyes caught the light from the bonfire and the earlier impropriety once more entered her mind like fuel from a fire-breathing dragon. "My friend says you'll go for it, will you?" the god caressing her breasts had asked.

She didn't remember kissing her god, and she couldn't recall when he took liberties with her or when her hand had filled with flesh. She shook her head, or thought she did, and drained the last few drops of the illegal Tequila pint. It had been easy to score booze from Bradley.

"Ah-come on...," her god persuaded.

"I've never done it before."

"Do you want too?"

"Too much light," she had slurred.

"There isn't over by the beach chairs..." He nodded south toward the dunes.

"Will you take me back to my room?"

"I like you; besides what's the problem, my friend says you want it."

"All of you?"

His head pumped.

"Will you do me first?" She had asked disregarding the caution from her inner voice.

"Last," he said.

"First and last if I do it."

"First and last, then..."

"I don't think I can walk that far."

"I'll carry you."

"They won't hurt me...?"

"No!"

Her god was big and strong and handsome and his cock reached depths she thought unreachable. With pain she thought unbearable, like a horse's kick it consumed her breath, and forced her eyes to engage his. In a night without stars, they were the most fearsome eyes she had even seen. Why hadn't she noticed those eyes before? "My god you're so big," she whimpered. "I can't take any more."

"Sure you can, honey..." He pulled her wrists above her head, "A girl like you—so wet—shaking your ass at us, begging to get fucked."

"Please pull out..."

He snorted and penetrated deeper. "I wanted to be last after my friends loosened you up, but you wouldn't have it."

She had had cock before, plenty of cocks she guessed but never a cock like this. "AAAHHH," she moaned. "Sweet Jesus you're big."

He arose on his elbows, called her "CUNT" and pounded his cock faster through the folds of her flesh like a battling ram.

"Please kiss me," she begged. "Will you at least kiss me?"

"Are you worth kissing?"

"I want to be," she groaned as beach sand flew in all directions and no-see-um fleas chewed her skin. Horrified by her perversion, the question of worth stuck unmoving in her mind.

"Ask me again!"

"Please kiss me..."

"Will you be a good fuck for my friends?"

She could have lain on her back beneath her god forever, could have serviced his cock throughout time. "I promise," she sobbed, her hot tears draining down her chin like corrosion.

Her god gathered steam. He fucked her hard, fucked her quick, licked her face, and bit her neck. He ravished her

pelvic split, jackknifed her female spread, and rode her thighs like a mule. "Whatever they want...?"

"I promise," she convulsed.

He kissed her then, deep and ethereal. "Something to get you through," he teased before tapping her womb with his own fertilizer and rolling away.

She felt his weight lessen and watched him bend. She saw him collect his swim trunks and felt their mixture leaking down her legs. "Who's next," she heard him yell.

Next was his friend, the facsimile. She watched him remove his, dark as night, swim trunks, sighed as his cock sprung forth, and gasp as he climbed aboard. "I told him you were hot for it. A whore in the making, I told him. Move that ass, girl," he yelled. "Fuck me back, or I'll thrash your butt."

The girl groaned and her body caught speed.

Swim trunks up... swim trunks down. The facsimile rolled off, and another rolled on.

The boy from Minnesota, the one she had teased earlier by the bonfire, had her next. "Dirty slut," he shouted when he came.

The girl heard another "next." She was beyond caring who she was, or what she was, or what she would become by then, the disgraceful word corrupting her mind like a devil's toxin.

Another put her on hands and knees like a dog and made her bark.

Then she was doubled. A short skinny dick found her pussy while a long skinny dick used her mouth. She screamed when a third dick lambasted her anus with pain. "Make my friends happy," her god had told her. If I'm anything, I'm a real good fuck she thought as her overflowing swamp was once again filled with a gigantic thickness.

"First and last," he had promised. She began ferociously to fuck him. "You can hurt me if you want too," she cried a

moment before her god and the world disappeared.

Chapter One

At half past midnight with the house draped in darkness, Robin Miranda eased into a spare bedroom, cast the door lock, and crossed the gray Berber to the mahogany desk next to seldom used Murphy bed. Along the right wall, in front of a crushed velvet multi-flowered rose colored couch, a low coffee table sat, and angled at ninety degrees stood a matching recliner chair. Outside the white-curtained window clouds obscured the stars, and it had begun to rain.

Dropping her purple terrycloth robe on the floor, Robin stood naked. Then slumped onto the chair, awakened the computer, and typed the password. She glanced down at her painted red toenails and then at a picture of her eighteen-year-old son displayed on an end table. Jason had slept over at the Davis house and would start college in a few weeks while Rupert, the dying Heinz 57 variety dog, lay curled on his mat in the corner. Robin doubted he would survive winter.

After watching the Cubs lose the ballgame to the Cincinnati Reds on television, her husband, Frank, had gone to bed, would sleep through the night, and Robin had slipped to the appointed rendezvous. "My god, what if Jason or Frank finds out?" She murmured to the traditional off-white walls. Still, the online world of sex was an irresistible lure for her. With seconds to spare, the instant messenger acknowledged her presence.

Robin would be forty next April 21st. A Gemini with disparity in personality, she had not aged as gracefully as Sandra Bullock, was overweight, and her breasts sagged. Her blonde hair was laced with strands of gray and her blue eyes clouded from living. Her days were hectic, her nights were lonely, she dreamed of strong controlling men with big luscious cocks, and longed for love.

Robin turned on the microphone, set the volume and focused the web camera toward her middle. With practiced

fingers she scrolled to the chat room, typed in the code, massaged her pussy as ordered, spread its wetness toward her clitoris, pulled the blindfold in place, and waited. The man who had taken charge of her life required obedience. "His sex doll," he called her.

She supposed the online affair started as an amusing interlude from boredom and the vicissitudes of a loveless marriage. Sable, her college roommate and best friend for twenty-five years would raise an eye at the risk. Robin imagined her accusation. "You're a slut, just like you were in college, Robin Marie." Gosh, she wished Sable hadn't died from Cancer. Cancer, Robin feared above all else, their friendship being ended by Cancer.

Was she a slut in college? She was. She had become a slut the day her father died. To ease the pain, she drew joy from listening in on intimate telephone conversations between her mother and Eugene, her new husband, but also her dead father's brother.

Eugene was a lustful man. With dirty eyes, he watched a girl's every step, and more often than not put bruises on his wife's backside.

After Robin got drunk and let a strange man grope her breasts at her eldest sister's wedding party and later flirted with Kathryn's new husband, Claude Jorgensen, in her mother's eyes, she was never much more than a dirty slut.

She became a dirty cheating low life whore and mother slut with the plumber. Jason was fifteen at the time, the intimacy between Frank and her had grown cold, and the plumber was torrid. He had that bad boy thing going on; brown pony tail, moody smile, hooded eyes, was a decade younger than she, and had bulging muscles. She recalled glancing at his crotch and imagining a cock generous enough to unclog the largest drain pipe.

He hadn't been shy either. Handing her the invoice for a replacement water heater, he printed his cell phone number in bold letters at the top, jerked her into his arms and

consumed her lips. "Call me," he growled turning away and leaving her weak-kneed, breathless, and the lining of her stomach eviscerated by bumble-bees.

She resisted temptation for days after that. In her mind, she cataloged all the reasons not to call, but then manufacturing a lame excuse, she telephoned. "I need to know your name for the check," she announced.

"What you need, Mrs. Miranda is my cock," he sniggered, his laugh boisterous and condescending. Across the phone line her face colored with shame and she shook.

"Meet me at Casey's—twelve o'clock tomorrow, you know Casey's?"

"I work."

"Names Shawn—noon..." He clicked off before she could say anything more, or even negotiate a different time.

Even with flames on her face, she wouldn't have gone, but that night when she needed love, Frank was too tired, and when he agreed, he was inadequate. In that instant, noon the next day would not arrive soon enough. Robin trembled with anticipation.

Chapter Two

Casey's Lounge was a hide-hole for cheaters. It was dark enough to squelch candlelight, vacant at noon except for the bartender, and smelled like bleach and burnt cigars. Pictures of undressed women and hard bodied men decorated the walls, and the bathroom door identification signs read, "Sir" and "Slut". Even though she had dressed like a lady, Robin suspected the barman knew a slut when he saw one.

In shadow, Shawn lounged at a rear booth. He had a lecherous grin on his face, his eyes spewed fire like an omnificent landlord collecting rent, and arriving at his table, Robin prattled like a middle age virgin. "I'm sorry Shawn," she said. "This is a mistake. I should go."

Shawn expected the vacillation, however. He snaked her onto the seat beside him. "Hey Charlie," he yelled across the worn out gray linoleum, "two Budweiser's."

Robin fidgeted; the soft hair at her neck's back stiffened as she absent-mindedly twirled her hair into circles, her index finger shook. "I hate beer," she squeaked.

"Relax—baby, today you don't." From above his red and black checkered flannel shirt, he drew a smirk that made her wet, and reaching beneath the table, he gripped her stocking encased knee with a callused hand that made her squirm. "What's your first name Mrs. Miranda?"

She could lie but her resolve was deficient, and Charlie had arrived with the Buds and Shawn's piercing expression carbon copied her fathers' when he was alive and angry.

"Robin," she squeaked, her voice in chaos and her nipples punching up the fabric of her blue silk blouse like two traitorous prairie dogs.

"Fine, Robin," he said, voice hard and unyielding. "From now on I'll call you Slut. You are a slut aren't you, Robin?" He crossed eyes with the barman who slid beers across the table. "Robin's a slut, right Charlie."

“Whatever you say, Shawn...”

“Two more Buds and a couple burgers...”

Robin’s mouth gaped as Shawn squeezed a hand between her thighs and petted her pussy. “Take a pull, slut.” He passed her a Bud bottle. “I live in the apartment on the second floor.”

Chapter Three

Sun bathed Shawn's second floor efficiency apartment with afternoon light and required attention. A torn window shade hung at an angle. The wrinkled sheets on the trundle bed stared Robin in the face, food caked dishes collected in clumps around a porcelain sink like itinerant vagabonds, and body odor invaded the air. After drinking three beers Robin considered it paradise. She swooned. Shawn's intensity had elevated her hunger to a ridiculous level of yearning.

She radiated as he kissed her and her body seemed to expand to twice its normal size as he yanked aside her blouse, disassembled her bra, and fondled her breasts. He unsnapped her Levis, pushed them down and plunged his fingers inside her panties. "Dance for me Slut," he ordered when she was naked.

If she could have forced her legs to move, she would have run. She had a husband and a teen-age son who would be unforgiving of betrayal; she was president of a successful string of liquor stores, and Shawn was an authoritative creep. "We should shower first," she defended.

"We will shower later. You dance and I'll prepare a dessert for you." He unbuckled his belt. "You dance, don't you, Slut?"

"Not well..."

Shawn drew out the black leather, folded the ends and slapped it across his palm. "Work at it or maybe I'll whip your ass first... teach you a few new steps." He pitched his shirt on the floor; shimmied from his blue jeans without removing his socks and turned on her. "I don't like to wait; the sooner you dance the earlier you get fucked."

The tent inside his jockey shorts left her breathless. If the bulge were an indicator, she had never seen a bigger cock in her life. She swayed. "Whip me...?"

"Sure... your ass, and your tits; maybe your cunt, and then I'll fill your belly with sperm and then I'll fuck you until

you can't take anymore, and then use your ass until you pass out. Bend over the bed."

What an egotistical bastard he is, Robin thought, yet within her chest her heart was palpitating with anticipation, and the humiliation pulsing inside her flesh made her body shudder. She had never been whipped, and she wasn't sure she could stand it. "Really, Shawn," she groaned, "I'm not that kind of woman."

"Call me Sir, slut. Sluts respect their masters."

She reached for her panties. "I've had enough of this—you're not my master."

"So you say." He forced her face onto the mattress and swung the belt.

She screamed.

He swung again.

She cried.

He rolled her over and belted her tits.

She wailed.

He directed fire to her pussy. "Ask to suck my cock, bitch. Say, Sir, may this slut suck your cock."

"I can't take anymore."

"Ask!" He struck her again.

"Oh my god," she pleaded, her child passage trying to stay calm while her body shivered like swamp grass, and her pussy leaked slime like a two dollar whore. Her tits sported nipples as hard as overcooked sweet meats. "Please, Sir," she begged, "may this slut suck your cock."

"Get on your knees."