

Description: Max has gone too far with her powers and it's resulted in a new world order, a world completely dominated by men. Women have been reduced to slaves, doing humiliating and slutty tasks for their overlords and her girlfriend Chloe is no exception.

Will Max resist these changes and reverse their new fate or will she surrender to her strange life?

Series: Life is Strange

Kinks: Misogyny, Mind Break, Sluttification, Rimjobs, Deep Throat, Cock Worship, Maledom, Large Cock, Humiliation, Abuse, Choking, Cuckquean, Anal, Degradation, Sadism, Rape, Deepthroat, Dykebreaking, Orientation play, Corruption,

Note: **Fair Warning**, this story depicts some pretty intense dyke breaking, abuse and humiliation. If that is not your thing, skip this story.

## Prologue: Metamorphosis

It had been pissing rain over Arcadia Bay for the past two days, giving the normally vibrant town a gloomy overcast. The wind whipped through the sleepy town, stirring up large waves and shaking the trees. Everyone was cooped up indoors, either avoiding the storm or studying for exams, including Max and Chloe. The pair had claimed an empty study room in the Blackwell Academy Library for some casual fun.

They needed a place to be alone since the scrap yard was out of commission. However, how could they avoid any nearby library goers from hearing them? Sure, the privacy curtains would help but one of the nosier students might be able to hear them swapping spit though the thin walls, and Chloe had a not so great answer. A rock band Chloe really liked would be cranked up to max volume.

At first Max thought it would be romantic but after the song started to play she was quickly dreading giving her consent but didn't have the guts to ask Chloe to play anything different. Though, when Chloe leaned in the music almost entirely faded out as the pair started swapping spit. Their tongues entwined as Chloe pushed Max against the wall, her lips pressed hard against Max, making her girlfriend's brain go fuzzy. Things were just getting good but—

*Knock!*

*Knock!*

“*Mmmmn*, *wu*-one second Chloe,” Max pulled away from Chloe and went to go answer the door.

“You deal with them quickly,” Chloe gave Max a little slap on the ass, making Max flush as she quickly moved over to the study room door, taking a second to calm down and decompress. She didn’t want to answer the door all flustered.

“Hello,” said Max as she opened the door a crack, letting out a little sigh of relief when she realized who it was. Arven, her student advocate.

Arven was a tall man, well muscled with a stern posture. His face pointed with a cleft chin, slightly sunk green eyes and dirty red hair. He had the kind of country boy look, tall and bulky, the only farm fed boy in the class but he was also the nicest. He was level headed, good at conflict resolution and had kept campus drama to a minimum since he arrived, which made him pretty boring in Max’s eyes but he was still better than any of her more nosy classmates.

He looked down at Max, a very stern look on his face as he said, “Sorry to bother you Max but you’re going have to leave.”

“Why,” muttered Max, having a little trouble keeping eye contact with her much taller pier.

“Well, I’ve gotten a few noise complaints—

“Calm down limp dick it’s just a little Wheezer, no need to be a bitch about it,” interjected Chloe giving Arven a “what the fuck is your problem” kinda look.

“It’s a library Chloe, but beyond that you don’t have this room reserved and the group that actually did reserve it said the people inside didn’t respond to their knocking.”

Max rubbed the back of her head, averting her eyes, “*Hehe*, ya sorry Arven. I just wanted a private place to... talk with Chloe.”

“If it’s really a big deal, can’t they just use another room,” scoffed Chloe, giving him a shrug.

"No they can't, everyone is cramming for exams and these rooms are in demand."

"Fucking great," she exhaled.

"Also Chloe, I've been meaning to talk with you but you always run off with Max before I get a chance." Arven crossed his arms

"Why? You're not my advocate."

Arven sighed, "and that's the point. You're not a student here but some students said you've carried weapons on campus when you've visited. Do I need to explain why this is a problem?"

"And so what, a girl's gotta protect herself against guys like you" she spat, not so lightly shoving Max to the side to get into Arven's face, "and besides, what the fuck is it to you?"

"Mmmnn, Chloe", meekly muttered Max, rubbing her shoulder but doing little to get the attention of either of them.

"I'm the student Advocate Chloe and I've gotten more than a fair share of complaints with regards to your attitude on campus."

"Tough tits, not my fault people are looking to start shit," responded Chloe, folding her arms copying Arven's posture.

"Ummm, Chloe he's—"

"He's being an ass," she interjected, "and I don't need shit from him—"

"Look Chloe, " interjected Arven, "I am not trying to lecture you like you're a child, I'm not your father."

"Hell you're not—"

"But I can ask to have you searched by security whenever they see you and I bet you won't like what they find," said Arven, keeping his composure, "So try acting like an adult and realize you are Max's guest and your actions reflect on her while you're on our campus, understand?"

"I'd like to see them try," she spat.

"Just keep the music down and make sure you actually schedule ahead, next time, alright?" He continued, giving Max a look, "your safety is my concern too and I'd prefer to have no incidents during such stressful times."

"Yeah Arven, will do," blurted Max, interposing herself between the pair. She thought Chloe might stab him but a hand on her girlfriend's shoulder seemed like enough to keep Chloe from doing much more than sneer at Arven.

"No one wants campus security to come by and make an even bigger disturbance, especially not me." Arven looked over and gave Max a half smile, "You've got five minutes to clear out, alright."

"Yup, yup, sorry again Arven."

"*Hmmmmph*, whatever." Chloe rolled her eyes as Arven left the study room, giving Max enough time to grab her school things and exit the room as a crowd of bio-chem students entered. Chloe didn't say a word to Max as the pair went to their car. The rain hadn't let up one bit, soaking both girls as they rushed from the entrance to the parking lot.

"What a limp dick bitch," spat Chloe as she entered her car, not even bothering to put on her seatbelt. She shoved the key in the ignition as Max got inside and put on her seatbelt. Her wet hair dribbled over the headrest as she leaned back, letting out an exhausted exhale as she turned to look at Chloe. Max was unsure of what to say as Chloe started driving, clearly frustrated.

"Where does he get off pushing us around like that," Chloe ripped out of the parking lot at top speed, sending up large waves of rainwater as she skidded through a puddle. She only now bothered to turn on her windshield wipers as she looked at Max, "and why didn't you have my back?"

"Me," muttered Max, "what did I do?"

"You just stood there and agreed with that douche!" Chloe pressed down on the accelerator wanting to get home as fast as possible.

“Hey, he was going to call campus security,” said Max, as she looked out the window, her voice shifting down to a mumble, “it’s not like I wanted to leave....”

“Well nothing we can do about that limp dick now, maybe I’ll break into his locker and plant some pot. That’ll show the little misandrist,” spat Chloe as she made another hard turn.

“Yeah, he could get taken down a peg,” said Max, a little nervous.

“But that’s for later,” she continued, “how about we continue back at my place? Maybe my mom and her bitch boy will be gone.”

“Helluh,” said Max, giving Chloe a nod as she raced back to their place.

Hours later, back at Chloe’s place...

“God you’re fucking stupid dyke bitch~” sputtered Max as she rubbed herself raw, gooning her braincells away to the most degrading dyke breaking she had on her tumblr feed (this was 2015, so it was pretty filthy ;3).

Chloe’s parents weren’t home and Chloe was soundly asleep after a little lesbian love making, meaning Max could finally off some steam and boy did she need it. The need to slick her brain cells into a mush mess always came after she got home late from a long day with her girlfriend. Max took her intense arousal as a sign that she was just so in love with Chloe, but after a week or so vanilla stuff wasn’t doing the trick. She needed hardcore brain-melting dyke-breaking misogyny to cum: rimjobs, titsjobs, beatings, bimbos and hard core throat fucking were all on the menu for tonight.

Max had mostly stripped down, taking off her jeans and panties, her hood was tossed off the side of the bed and her shirt had been pulled up above her perky B-cup breasts. Both her little pink nipples were hard and twitching, her stomach shiny with a fresh layer of sweat as she arched her back, cumming her brains out in the dark. The only light in the room came from the degrading dyke breaking POV that she was watching with religious fervor.

“That’s it, choke on that cock, *mmmmph~*” Max muttered some of the words as she sucked on her fingers and teased her clit, pinching the swollen little love button between her ring and middle finger. Max always came the fastest when she mercilessly punished her clit, something that Chloe never learned but Max knew she couldn’t hold it against

her lover (nor did she want her to know). Plus Max never wanted Chloe to find out about her most perverted desires, it would just be too embarrassing and the scissoring she did with Chloe was pleasurable enough; even if she never cum.

Still this post make-out goon session was so addicting, Max must've cum twice watching the video. Once when she saw the dumb-lesbo rim some hairy dude's asshole and again when that very same man's cock bulged the blond bimbo dyke's belly. Lucky for Max she had the foresight to put down a towel or else Chloe's guest bedroom would be stained and sink like girl-cum.

*"Hhnnngghhhaa~"* Max bit down on her t-shirt, eyes crossing as she squirted again. Her pussy lips drooled cunt honey down her taint as she squirted over the towel.

*"Huff... huff... huff..."* she panted heavily, collapsing on the bed.

At times Max thought life would be so much better if she was being choked out like the stupid dykes in those degrading videos. Not a single care in the world, their values and I.Qs stripped from them as they get reduced to dumb cumdumpsters. There were so many blogs featuring girls around her age devolving into total sluts and they seemed pretty happy...

*Don't be silly Max!* she thought, shaking her head as she regained her senses. This was all for fun and besides this was all just fantasy. She could never betray Chloe but a little more clit pinching wouldn't hurt anyone, right?

## **Chapter 1: New World Order**

Max had a surprisingly restful sleep for someone who passed out after a night of intense gooning. She must've had a dozen ruined orgasms and came twice as much, though her head was a little hazy. *Uuuuhhhgg, I feel hella dehydrated,* thought Max as she rubbed her eyes. The morning sun had just started to peek through the blinds, running streaks across Max's body.

She didn't want to get up today, the bed was so warm and Max felt so comfy but unfortunately she was naked, and sprawled over a towel covered in her fem-cum. A not unfamiliar situation for Max but she didn't want her girlfriend's parents to walk in and

find naked, wallowing in her own sweat and cunt honey. So Max raised herself off the bed, reaching for her phone but she couldn't find it.

*"Ahhhhh—mmmnnn, must've fallen,"* she muttered, rubbing her eyes. Though as she flexed her shoulders she felt something around her neck.

*"Whu-what the fuck, how the fuck?!"* Max opened her eyes and saw a bronze collar around her neck. The inner ring was padded and the outring had a loop around it where a little heart shaped pink tag with her name written on the back could be seen beside Chloe's home phone number.

Max felt her cheeks get flush red, did Chloe find her passed out after masturbating and decide to put some BDSM accessory around her neck as a prank or to spice things up. Chloe was kind of a bitch but how could she do something so lewd? However the reality wasn't so simple.

When Max stumbled to her feet, her body still was not fully awake. She noticed her body in the mirror and let out a screech, *"Eeeeeeh, wwhuu—how! Where even..."*

There was a moment Max just stared at herself, muttering half questions over and over, eyes wide as she looked at all the changes on her body. Her hips looked a fair bit thicker, hips bigger and breasts at least two cup sizes larger, around a D-cup with puckered pink nipples that just started to poke out of her areolas. Beyond the collar Max had a incredibly lewd womb tattoo; a stylized black and red cock was printed over her navel and surrounded by a heart, lines that looked like ovaries curved out from the sides of the top of the heart and little waves underlines the entire tattoo, flowing towards Max's hips. While her face had just a bit of make-up, pink lips, eyeliner and blush were all slightly smudged, and Max didn't remember applying any of the cosmetics.

"This has gotta be fake, right? There is no way Chloe could... could do—" Max's expression switched to stunned horror as looked around the room. Only just now noticing that the walls now were covered in posters depicting very degrading sexual acts. Phrases like "Don't think, be Pink", "Brains are for Boys", "Good Girls Swallow", "Lesbian Correction" were printed over some of the most degrading sex acts: rimjobs, girls in ruined makeup deepthroating dicks, being choked and experiencing brutal cunt breaking sex were all over the walls.

Max started breathing heavily now, her vision was getting blurry and head was spinning. All over the floor of the room were dildos, anal beads, butt plugs, empty lube bottles and

condoms that were packed full of what Max assumed was cum. Max rushed to the bathroom, this had to be a prank, there was no other explanation.

She threw open the door and realized the bathroom was in a similar state to the room, sex toys and used condoms all over the place; most noticeably, a suction cup dildo on the mirror with *whore* written in lipstick, Max could see the rings up the side of the dildo and some looked suspiciously close to her own shade. However, Max was trying to focus, surely if she could scrub the tattoo off that'd be enough proof that Chloe was playing some horribly out of taste prank on her. There was no way Chloe would've let Max get raped while unconscious right?

Max picked up a bar of soap as she rubbed a bar of soap on her midsection. The smell of cum and sweat hit her nostrils, making her want to hurl but the vain hope that the tattoo would disappear if she just scrubbed enough, but it would never be enough.

The tattoo remained over Max's belly and a cascade of thoughts rushed through Max's mind; *how could I have gotten a tattoo, why does the room look like a porno and why do I feel so...* Max leaned over the sink as she vomited, hurling up a greenish-white puke into the sink.

*"Huuuhhhnnn, nuh-no... I didn't, it couldn't—huuuhhn!"* Max vomited again, the realization that she might've been force fed cum was a little too much for her to handle and within a couple minutes the contents of her stomach were swirling down the sink. Then Max dry heaved for what felt like hours, she felt dehydrated and ready to pass out as she fell backwards in the washroom, leaning against the tub.

*"Huuuff, huuuuuff, huuuuuhnnn, h-hun-holy fuck, what the fuck, how the fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!"* Max wheezed, trying to yell but struggling to find the energy. All she could manage was sputtering a line of swears. She curled up into a ball, body shivering as she felt the cool tiles on her naked body.

*Chloe, what the fuck have you done?!* She thought as she rocked back and forth, trying to calm down and failing miserably. Literally everything around Max reminded her of this horrible prank but how could such a prank be possible? Was it even Chloe who did this, maybe Victoria had done this to Max. That seemed possible but the how seemed impossible!

Then Chloe noticed the poster on the wall and let out loud, "Chloe! Who the hell would do this, *whhy—*"



On the wall was one of those dyke breaking posters with the text; “No Lesbian can resist a big white dick!” with Chloe’s face in the middle of half a dozen massive dicks. They pressed against her cheeks, hands and hair, drooling pre-cum on her face as she flashed a double peace sign, her eyes crossed and tongue flopped out of her mouth.

It was the most realistic photoshop Max had ever seen! Enough to shock Max back to her senses so she could look at the manifestation of an image she had imaged dozens of times during her nearly nightly gooning sessions. It was like someone had plucked it out of her mind and put it on the side of this filthy bathroom.

“Holy shit, this is hella, weird,” muttered Max, feeling a slight twinge of shame getting aroused looking at the image of her girlfriend’s whorish face being smothered in sausages. Which made her feel even worse which caused her to dry heave, again.

“Max! You brain dead cunt,” Chloe’s voice echoed from the hallway, not quite a yell but loud enough to reach Max in the bathroom, “what the fuck are you making so much noise for?”

Max turned just in time to see Chloe throw open the bathroom door, “Chloe what happened to you?” she gasped, trying hard not to continue her panic attack right in front of her lover.

Chloe was slutted up, currently only wearing an apron. Her bouncing jiggly E-cups peaked out of the sides of her apron and threatened to spill out of her apron entirely. Both her nipples were pierced by steel barbells. The edges of a familiar looking womb tattoo could be seen peeking out from the edges of her apron. Chloe’s lips were a fair bit poutier and painted in a bright cyan that matched her hair which was parted to the side.

However, unlike Chloe she had a thin choker of pure platinum around her neck. It seemed to shine even in the low light of the bathroom and for some reason looking at it made Max feel inferior?

“Looks like the orgy went well,” continued Chloe as she took a look around the bathroom, “master and his friend’s must’ve had fun using your worthless holes, you must be happy to be of use for once.”

“Wu-what!” Max snorted her words, nearly choking on her tongue as she asked, “Chloe what the fuck are you talking about, you sound crazy?!”

*“Uuuuhhh, fuck I know dykes are brain dead,”* Chloe spat, rolling her eyes, *“buuut* you’re so fucking stupid it makes me wonder if this is how men look at me.”

“Chloe what is going on, I—

Chloe sneered at Max who basically looked like a battered baby bird who fell out of her nest, “Master and his friends must’ve fucked whatever brains you had left out of your empty head.”

“If this is a prank it’s really not funny and very toxic—”

**SMACK!**

*“Ooouuch!”* Max let out a guttural goran as Chloe smacked the side of her head, knocking Max down onto the floor, she barely caught herself on the side of the toilet and looked up at Chloe with teary eyes.

“Fuck Max, I think I heard that smack echo in your empty fucking head.” Chloe cracked her wrist as she continued, “now are you going to get ready this morning or are you gonna make my morning?”

“Stop!” sputtered Max, clinging to the toilet as the tears streamed down her cheeks, “I’ll call the police!”

*“Ha, you’re certainly energetic today,”* chuckled Chloe, wiping a tear of laughter from her eye, “but you must be extra retard if you think the police will do anything~”

“Chloe whatever I did I’m so—*uuugghhhh!*”

The wind was knocked out of Max’s lungs as she felt a swift kick to her stomach, “You’re a sorry little dyke if you think begging will spare you a punishment for being a disobedient bitch.”

*“Hyyyhhnnoooo, suh-su-stip,”* sputtered Max, confusion and pain in her plea.

“Nope~” giggled Chloe, completely ignoring Max’s mewls as she planted another kick against Max’s ribs. She let out a wheezing grunt as her back hit the side of the tub. Max was still stunned by Chloe’s actions, could this really be her sweet girlfriend? But like everything Max was experiencing this morning she had no time to process it before it got worse.

Chloe grabbed a handful of Max's hair and dragged the limp lesbian into the room. Max let out little pained grunts as her abusive lover dropped her in the room, letting out a sigh, "You know Max, I'd expected you'd learned your place by now. Especially since your behavior for the past few weeks has been so much better but I guess master hasn't quite broken your dyke half."

*"Nnnnyyhhoo!"* wheezed Max as Chloe knelt down beside her, picking up a rather lewd anal plug. A short string of half a dozen anal beads slowly increased in size until it reached a large pink butt plug with a long fluffy dog tail attached to the base.

"Oh yes, this will do nicely," said Chloe, smiling as she grabbed one of Max's ass cheeks, "better try and relax or else this is gonna hurt~"

Max grit her teeth as she felt the first bead insert into her asshole and it wasn't so bad. Her puckered little pink asshole stretched easily enough, taking the first two beads but the next four got larger and larger until finally the fat plug stretched her anus to the limits. Pushing the walls of her intestines out, Max naturally tried squeezing the plug out but it was buried too deep.

"There," Chloe let out a satisfied sigh, "now you look like a proper bitch."

*"Hnnnhnnn, it hurts, mmmnnn."* Max's words were barely audible, sputtering as her body shivered on the floor. She was pretty sure her tits squished against a used condom but at the moment that was hardly a concern.

"Too bad, cunt. It's what you get for being disobedient," said Chloe giving Max's ass a heavy smack, "get up and let's get going, I don't want you late for master's early morning service."

*"Mmmnnn, I-"* Max tried to push her body up right but the plug shifted and sent a jolt up her spine, a rush of mixed pain and pleasure. She stumbled forward on all fours and muttered, "I-I can't s-s-stand..."

"Then crawl you stupid bitch." Chloe started to walk out of the room, "you should be used to behaving like a bitch at this point, so crawl to the kitchen or I will drag you there by your tail and if it pops out I'll just find a bigger plug, got it you brain dead dyke?"

Max couldn't help but snifle, tears dripping off her cheeks as she looked up at Chloe and gave her a nod. There was no point in asking questions or resisting at the moment,

all Max could do was obey Chloe and hope that she'd be able to figure out what was going on if she just kept her head down. Maybe it was all just a terrible nightmare brought on after a night of gooning to some intense impact play? However, the pain in Max's ribs made that thought seem very unlikely.

The walk to the kitchen was mercifully short, just a slow pathetic crawl down the stairs. There was no doubt in Max's mind that this was Chloe's house but all the pictures of her family had been replaced by lewd posters. Many featured Chloe getting fucked, a couple depicted Chloe's mother, now a drooling MILF gettign double stuffed but one of the images featured Max.

She was dressed up like a puppy girl, plugged with a now familiar plug and tail combo. Max was panting, her legs spread, tits bouncing and cunt drooling as she huffed an absolutely massive pair of hairy nuts. Face between those heavy globes she looked completely zonked out as she took a massive inhale. The text in the corner of the image read, *"Max's first day of obedience school."* A feeling of dread filled Max and she hoped it wasn't a real image but those anal beads did enter her ass pretty smoothly.

"Max! Hurry the fuck up you retarded cunt," shouted Chloe.

Max shivered and quickly finished crawling down the stairs and into the kitchen, where Chloe was cooking? The once rebellious punk was humming to herself as she made what smelled like bacon and eggs. Max was surprised nothing was burnt, she was pretty sure Chloe didn't even know how to work a stove but here she was happily cooking a meal, life really was strange.

This was more proof that Max had to be delusional, she had to be in a padded cell somewhere tripping balls. Though there was the grim possibility that this was the result of her time powers but before she could really think on it, she heard something familiar. The jingle of their local news station. She had no idea why such a thing caught her attention but Max couldn't help herself and crawled over to the T.V, passing the kitchen island and a pair of empty pink dog bowls with the girls' names on them.

Max meekly climbed onto the couch, letting out a little, *"Ahhnnnggh!"* when she accidentally felt the base of her plug touch the couch. She had to lay down on her stomach to watch T.V to make the anal torment more manageable. However, the news report quickened the erosion of her mental state.

The weather was being reported by a naked African woman, a lady Max once thought pretty was turned into a drooling ebony gymbo. Her tall, tight and slightly muscled body

was completely bare. Bimbo boobs perky and bouncing as she strutted across the screen, her voice sweet and stupid like a porn star trying to sound dumb but in her case it was genuine. She gave a mocking attempt to tell the public it was an overcast before a man came on screen, he was naked with a cock large enough to match the reporter's tits and she happily knelt down and sucked him off. The mic picked up her sloppy gags as the program swapped to a special new bulletin.

The same blonde news anchor she'd seen and heard hundreds of times was sitting behind a table dressed like a complete slut. Trashy leopard print dress that tightly hugged two massive boobs. The tops of her bright pink nipples just visible over the edge of the dress. Her puckered lips were glossy and pink, her cheeks painted with blush and her long blonde hair was tied back into the classic housewife's beehive.

"Good morning Arcadia bay, I've got some great news for all you dumb cunts out there that are still looking to get picked." Her voice was bubbly with just the hint of a giggle at the end of her sentences.

"We've got word that a wealthy financier has given significant funds to local cunt and platinum collar Victoria Chase, who has started a brand new pickers program at Blackwell high."

An image of Victoria came on screen, a headshot of the former popular bitch, which still carried a lot of her smug superiority but a lot more thottish. Her short blonde hair had streaks of neon red, eyes rounded by thick black eyeliner and ruby red lipstick. She looked like a complete bitch, so not too different from normal.

"Cunts that have no owner may report to The Arcadia Bay Housewives society for some meet and greets," the reported continued, giving her fat tits a heavy squeeze as she muttered, "Such lucky cunts, hopefully those poor women will manage to get a man in their lives with the help of this program."

Max felt like having a panic attack again. There was no way this was a prank or some fucked up porn video. The news looked too real and the morning news followed the same pace, talking about local women like they were nothing more than meat for men. Offers for buying sex slaves, new regulations on women, rewards for information about female resistance members, ads gaslighting women into believing they were barely fuckable and needed larger tits, sluttier clothes or a change in attitude. Everything focused on transforming women into brainless fuck sleeves was being pushed on T.V and this wasn't even prime time.

There was the small chance that this was just porn made to gaslight Max but all the detail was too perfect, too exact to be Victoria's awful prank; she would never put herself in such a slutty position just to prank Max. There was no other explanation Max could come up with, something must've happened to the world while she slept but it couldn't have been her powers that did this, right? Max nearly vomited again, the churning in her stomach returned and Max started hyperventilating, gasping her chest.

*SLAP!*

*"Aaaahhhnn!"* yelped Max as she felt Chloe's hand beat her cheeks.

Chloe shut off the T.V as she ordered, "Get off the fucking couch, bitch. It's no place for pets."

*"Sooooorry!"* yelped Max as she started to crawl off the couch but was stopped as Chloe grabbed her tail, gently pulling on the plug; not enough to pull it out but enough to torment Max's anal rim.

"Master will be awake soon and I want you to be on your best behavior. So stop mewling like a brain dead cunt and make sure you behave." Chloe clapped between her words, treating Max like she was actually braindead., "do you understand you stupid bitch?"

Max quickly nodded, "Yeeeeees, ma'am!"

"Good."

*"Ahhhhhhnnnn!"* Max let out a pathetic yelp as Chloe let go of her tail, letting her scurry off the couch and onto the ground.

"Though it is nice to see Victoria's little program finally getting started," she continued, almost sounding happy, "She's always been a go-getter and hopefully her efforts give some silly girls a home."

"At the very least it'll give all those lonely bronze collars a place to stay," said Arven as he walked downstairs in a robe.

"Master!" exclaimed Chloe as she skipped over to him and planted a kiss on his cheek, "did you sleep well?"

“Very,” Arven pulled Chloe in for a deep kiss and Max’s eyes went wide. Even if reality had somehow been altered and even if this Chloe was different than hers, she winced watching the lewd make-out session. Their lips pressed together, Chloe’s thick lips puckering as she sucked on Arven’s tongue for a second before tangling her tongue with his.

They didn’t even bother sparing Max a glance and all Max could do was stare. Wide eyed and slack jawed, she’d never had such a lewd kiss with Chloe; if anything their make-out session had been a bit awkward like the awkward first kisses of two teenagers (which they still technically were). Though the way Chloe kissed Arven was feral, full of need and lust. She grabbed the sides of his head, sucking face desperately before Arven pulled back.

“Extra needy this morning aren’t you,” Arven teased, giving Chloe’s ass a little smack

“I’m extra needy every morning master~” she continued taking off his robe and exposing an absolutely massive meat hammer. Max had never seen a dude with such a kong shlong, it had to be nearly thirteen inches long at full thick, veiny and pulsating glory. A fat pair of hairy’n heavy nuts sagged slightly below, really completing the look of a true man’s cock. His size dwarfed the size of any dildo Max had seen and she had never been so close to the real thing. Though Max could swear she’d seen those cum containers before and stared intently at his pulsating cock.

“Arven is a much better kisser than you, Max~” said Chloe as she noticed Max staring, she licked his slip off her lips, “Mmmmmph, but it’s not that hard to beat a dyke.”

“I heard you punishing her earlier.”

“Sorry master, I hope I didn’t wake you up,” Chole responded lovingly. Max had never heard her sound so sweet, clearly trying to please her man. It was almost pathetic but she didn’t dare speak up.

“Not at all but I’d thought Max had been behaving,” he stated, giving a whimpering Max a side eye.

“Uuuuhhnn,” Max felt a shiver run up her spin as he looked at her, nearly pissing herself. She wasn’t afraid of Arven but her body had this immediate reaction like a bunny in the wolf’s eyes.

“Oh Max was just retarded blabbering as all stupid cunts do after she got her brains fucked out but that was no excuse for being such a loud bitch, right master?”

“Of course,” Arven walked over to Max who was sprawled on the floor by the couch and pressed his foot against her face, smushing Max’s cheek as he asked, “Are you going to be a good bitch today or will our master need to punish his retarded bronze collar?”

“I’ll be good, I’ll be good,” mewled Max like a whiny pup, her voice meek and eyes wide with terror.

“First smart thing she’s said this morning,” said Chloe as she reached into one of the kitchen drawers and threw a condom against Max’s face, “now be a good pet and get this on our master while I get his breakfast ready.”

Max gave Chloe a small nod as she awkwardly pulled the condom out of the packet. She had never used one of these but remembered a lesson in health class and managed to roll the condom down Arven’s shaft. He was so hard, her fingers could barely fit around the girth of his shaft as the smooth latex slid around the majority of his shaft, clinging to it tightly.

“Good cunt-”

*SLAP!*

“Mmmnnnggh!” Max shuddered as Arven slapped his heavy cock across her cheek, leaving a red spot where his girth hit. She shivered, almost weeping from the sudden hard impact but she didn’t dare piss off Arven. So she just meekly averted her eyes.

“Here is your breakfast,” Chloe leaned over and placed the plate of eggs and bacon on the table, “and I’ll be waiting for you whenever you’re done cock slapping that useless lesbo-slut.”

Chloe took off her apron, folded it and placed it on the side of the couch. Finally showing she had a perverted womb tattoo to match Max. Then she laid her head and shoulder blades down on the couch cushions and arched her back, resting vertically off the couch. Her tits jiggled, sagging towards her face as she arched her back, standing on the tips of her feet. Max wasn’t sure what her former lover was doing until Arven plated his fat man ass on her face.



“Mmmmmmmhhhhh~” Chloe let out a loving mewl as her face was smothered by Arven’s ass cheeks but that wasn’t all. Chloe didn’t bother using her arms to support her body at all, opting to use her hands to squeeze her tits around Arven’s dick, using her fat bimbo fuck-pillows to milk his dick dry as her master ate his meal.

Max watched wide-eyed, breathing heavily as Arven’s pale pillar disappeared between Chloe’s breasts but his pulsating latex covered tip poked out the underside. Her tits formed a tight sleeve for her master to grind between as he ate. She could see Chloe’s pierced nipples hardened as she squeezed his meat. Then that’s when Chloe heard the sloppy slurping.

“That’s it you brain dead cunt, clean daddy’s rim right in front of your girlfriend. Show her exactly who you love more.” Arven gave Max a little smile before he returned to shoveling eggs into his mouth.

Chloe was slobbering over Arven’s rim, her talent for tit jobs didn’t take all her effort. Her thick lips firmly planted around his anal entrance. The sweet tease of her master’s sweat drove her to wriggle her tongue deeper and squeeze her tits harder. Max heard every kiss and slurp she made, the sloppy sound of ass worship had her tearing up again. She felt like some meek cuck from a shitty doujinshi and she looked like one too.

Max looked over the edge of the coffee table, mouth agape and eyes watering. Yet, she felt her cunt pulse. *Max what the fuck is wrong with you*, she thought, biting her lower lip. Chloe was literally darting her tongue out of Arven’s anus, giving his bowels a kiss and Max couldn’t stop her pussy from reacting to the sight.

“Already blushing, what a silly dyke?”

“Ahhhhh, n-n-no I—”

“Feel free to edge a bit while you watch, consider it a little reward for not fucking up putting on the condom,” spat Arven, chuckling as he watched Max’s hands dart between her legs.

“You lesbos sure love watching each other get abused,” Arven grunted as he finished his meal, “you’re a pair of real fucked up cunts.”

“Mmmmmhh—aaahhhnnnggh!” Chloe gave an affirming grunt from under Arven’s ass.

“Hhhhhnnnnngghh,” Max wanted to die of shame but the other option was to reject his offer. Max dared not refuse Arven’s offer to slick; she was desperate to avoid any

punishments, especially his. She felt like they'd be a lot harsher than any treatment Chloe could possibly subject her too but didn't know why.

Her once punk lover had been reduced to a dumb bimbo ass licker and all Max could do was flick her bean and finger her slit. The little shocks of pleasure were the first pleasant feelings Max felt since she woke up this morning and the sight was not completely horrifying. With each pulse of her cunt she was taken back to all those degrading porn videos. All those stupid sluts she had watched eat ass and now Chloe was no better.

*"Mmmnnnn, fuckin bitch..."* Max wheezed under her breath, half aware as she entered a pleasure haze. Simply drooling as she watched like a good little cuckquean.

"I'm cumming you brain dead bitch!" Arven clenched his teeth and let out a heavy grunt as he started to cum, his hot spunk filling the condom as Chloe's tongue pressed down on his p-spot. She let out happy squeals as she helped her master reach orgasm and didn't stop squeezing until Arven had filled the condom near to bursting with his superior seed.

"Very good, Chloe," Arven let out a satisfied exhale, "You were a born ass eater, must be your dyke side."

*"Mmmmmnnnyyoo~"* Chloe's eyes fluttered and her cunt dribbled over the pristine floor of the living room, it took a couple seconds for intelligence to return to her eyes. They crossed momentarily before she muttered, *"Uuuhhh, uh-of course not, master, it's all thanks to your training~"*

"If it's my training, then why is this mewling dyke so useless?" asked Arven, cocking an eyebrow.

"She's a loser, it's in her DNA to be far stupider than the average woman." said Chloe, angry at the implication that Arven was ineffective and not the obvious insult towards Max.

"If it wasn't for you, Max would be a retarded street whore," she continued, voice fervent and a bit excited, "she would've forgotten how to speak after a couple years on the streets. Too stupid do anything other than act out and breed, so please don't think it your fault that Max is such a fucking failure."

Max winced at the words, she knew something must be seriously wrong with Chloe. Yet, part of her words rang true in Max's mind and she couldn't help but fall into self loathing

as she caught a hint of Chloe's mean glare. She wanted to go curl up in the bathroom again but Arven wasn't done with his pets.

"You gave a correct answer," Arven reached over and pet Chloe on the head.

"*Hehe, duh*-does this mean Chloe gets a treat?!" she moaned.

"Yes it does but first-" Arven stepped over to one of the dog bowls and dropped the softball sized filled condom in the pink dish. His cum spurted out of the stretched base and oozed out into the bowl as he ordered, "Now be a good bitch and eat up Max, you've got a big day ahead of you."

"Yes, sir..." muttered Max, avoiding eye contact as she crawled past Arven and towards the bowl. The pink dish was nearly half full of Arven's thick acrid cum; it smelled awful and had little pubes sticking out of the filthy yellowish white sludge. Again she wanted to wrench but managed to swallow her vomit. Sparing a look back just in time to see Arven bend Chloe over the side of the couch and shove his cock deep into her pussy.

"*Yeeees, maaaaster yeees,*" screamed Chloe, her tongue fell out of her mouth, "beat this stupid lesbian's womb straight, I'm just meat made to squeeze out that hot seed."

"Come on your dumb pet, tighten up or I'll never cum," barked Arven.

"*Mnnngghh*, yes sir," she squealed, pushing her hips back, "I'll make sure to squeeze every drop of your superior seed into my worthless hole!"

Max could feel the tears flowing again but she didn't want to find out what would happen if she didn't eat her master's "superior seed". So, Max closed her eyes and buried her face into the bowl, puckering her lips and sucking down the seed. It tasted terrible like eating salty garbage, and the smell clung in Max's nostrils as she slurped it down. Yet with every single drop of nasty sludge swallowed she felt her thoughts start to get hazy, her cunt throbbing as she sucked down sperm like a rope of thick noodles.

*Fuck, fuck, fuck, stop pusling your stupid cunt~ "Hhhhhyyyooooo,"* Max let out a lewd gasp between her desperate sucks, unsure why her body was having such a pathetic reaction to gobbling down Arven's cum. However the cum was warm and satisfied her thirst in primal ways she couldn't ignore.

Odds are Chloe wouldn't give her water. This might be the last chance Max had a chance to drink down some fluids, yeah that must be the reason she was currently

gobbling down cum like lemonade on a hot summer day. All while Chloe's cries of pleasure rang in her ears. Max was so utterly cum drunk she didn't even realize that she was sucking the condom dry for the last few drops of cum. The limp piece of stretched latex flopped out of her mouth and into the bowl the second Max realized it was empty.

*I fucking hate myself*, Max thought between breaths. The thought occurring that she still had no idea what was going on, but—

"Hey pet," ordered Arven, his voice stern as he rutted deep in Chloe's cunt, "If you're done eating, then get over here and help out your girlfriend.

*"Mmmmmnn~ y-yu-yes,"* she gasped, crawling back over to the couch. There was still a fair bit of leftover cum dripping off her chin as she climbed behind Arven. His fat nuts waved as he made slow hard thrusts into Chloe's insides. Taint and asshole covered in Chloe's lipstick kisses that had been smeared during her worship. Max didn't quite have the nerve to eat ass, even the fear of being beaten by Arven or Chloe again wasn't enough. However, Max didn't know the first thing about pleasuring a man but had watched hundreds (maybe thousands) of women milking dicks. There weren't many sex acts she thought she'd be able to stomach, except for one.

Max cradled Arven's nuts in her hands and buried her face between Arven's balls. Her nose pressed between his balls as her tongue ran along the underside. The immediate salty taste of sweat greeted Max's tongue, making her cunt pulse which made Max feel even more ashamed of herself but at least she didn't want to vomit.

"That's a good girl, huff my balls and let whatever's left of your brain melt," grunted Arven.

*"Ahhhnn, eeh-I hope she's duh-doing a good job, master. I'll b-bu-beat that stupid bitch again if she doesn't,"* sputtered Chloe through gritted teeth. Her eyes wide and watery as tears of joy streamed off her cheeks. She could feel Arven getting close and her pussy clamped down on his meat in anticipation for a stuffing.

"Don't worry, pet, you're retarded GF is doing just fine," Arven wrapped his hands around Chloe's neck, choking the bitch.

*"Ghhaaankkk!"* Chloe squirted over the couch as Arven's hands squeezed her neck.

"You tightened up quick," grunted Arven, his cock pulsing as he felt Max's clumsy tongue tickle his taint, "but you better clean up the couch after we're done. I don't want it stinking of your filthy cunt."

*"Uuuuhh-huuuhnnn,"* drooled Chloe, her mascara running down her cheeks, her face rosy red as she let out wheezed groans.

Arven tightened his grip more, rutting deep in Chloe's insides as he spat, "Hopefully this one knocks you up."

Chloe's eyes fluttered as she had another air-starved pain-gasm, her brain melting as hot ropes of Arven's thick cum filled her cunt up, coating her tight folds in his hot cream. So hoping that this time Arven would give her a baby and she hoped it'd be a boy.

"As for you, that ball cleaning you did wasn't half bad," continued Arven, making a satisfied sigh as he pulled his hard cock out of Chloe's cunt, showing off her cream packed pussy. There was a hot cum soup slowly oozing out of Chloe's cunt and only a little was leaking out of her pussy as she turned over and looked up at Arven.

"Thank you for packing this dumb dyke full of your superior seed, master," she said, with a tired yet sweet voice.

"And what do you say?" he continued, looking at Max.

*"Ummmm, th-thank* you for filling up my girlfriend," responded Max, avoiding eye contact as she sputtered her response.

*"Mmmmn, and t-th-thank* him for letting you suck his nuts you dumb whore. It's a privilege to be able to service a man," wheezed Chloe as she rolled onto her back. Her voice was still soft but noticeably more spiteful when addressing Max.

"Thank you for letting me clean your fat nuts master, I just love the taste," blurted Max, making her clumsy confession but it was enough for the moment.

"Very good," said Arven, "I think you've earned the right to clean out your girlfriend."

Chloe spread her legs and gestured for Max to come forward, showing off the nasty load of cum mixed with her cunt honey. She bit her lip and moved tentatively forward onto her hands and knees, muttering a meek, "Thank you sir..."

“Actually,” Arven moved behind Max and grabbed her hips, “I think you’ve earned a greater reward today.”

“Oh you’re too kind to us cunts, master,” cooed Chloe.

Arven slapped his hard, pulsating, cum coated meat between Max’s cheeks. Every pulse of his fatpenis a reminder that Arven was basically a fucking breeding stallion, ready to dump more hot loads in whatever holes her wanted. Max had seen it before (in porn), the feeling of his heavy shaft on her ass reminded her of so many such pornos, but also filled Max with building fear as she realized what a “greater reward” meant to this awful bastard.

“No, no, no, *pleeease*,” Max whined, unable to hold back, “I promise to do whatever else you want but this is my first—*mmmmmph!*”

“Shut up and eat up your stupid sperm sucker,” spat Chloe as she grabbed Max’s head and shoved her face into her muff.

“And I thought she’d finally learned to stop being a dumb bitch,” added Arven as he spread Max’s cheeks and pressed his swollen tip against her pink slit.

“You know us girls, we just can’t hold onto a thought for more than a couple minutes without forgetting,” Chloe tightened her grip.

“Hopefully, I’ll finally drill her place into her little brain.”

“I doubt it, this loser just doesn’t have the I.Q to truly understand her place,” added Chloe with a sadistic grin on her lips, “but at least she makes an okay cumdumpster.”

“*MMMMMHHNNN!*” Max let out a loud cry as she lost her virginity. Something she once thought would be taken by Chloe after a romantic night was now being pulverized by Arven’s massive cock like she was a cheap toy. His thick tip scraped out all of Max’s folds all the way to her poor defenseless womb where she could feel his tip bashing the entrance.

While her every breath was choked by Chloe’s cream packed muff. The familiar sting of Arven’s hot genetic sludge on her tongue made Max’s mind hazy, her body grew weaker with each deep thrust. The cum slowly slid down her throat as her guts got re-arranged by a cock thicker than her forearm.

*“Ahhhhnnn—mmmmhnn—mmmmnnnn.... Mmmm...”* Max’s mewls got weaker with each heavy slap Arven’s spit polished nuts made against her stomach. His nuts swung like wrecking balls as they beat her body, sending shocks up her spine. Max tried to stay stern but could not, almost hoping that she would pass out but she wouldn’t be so lucky.

When Arven’s cock spurted the first bead of pre-cum into her womb, Max’s eyes shot wide open. A memory flooded into her head of another night Arven had fucked her just like this. There was no time to lose, Max had to focus and block these memories out but it was pointless. The new memories flooded into her mind like a cascade taking her back to all those sweet and slutty days she’d spent under Arven’s foot, being trained to be the best bitch she could be.

Never had her powers given her the memories from an alternate life. Her core timeline always persisted as her anchor, allowing her to focus on the events she wished to experience, reverse and rewind. However, the second she felt her master’s big veiny dick split her open a well in her mind opened. Years of experiences, learning and customs all rushed back into her head.

The childhood she once had was completely tainted by male superiority. Her former female role models and friends were now beside images of them being whores, performing all kinds of degrading sexual acts. Even her memories of Chloe were tainted, those precious memories of childhood friendship were now cut with Chloe selling her out for bening a dyke and her being forcefully collared by Arven who fucked Chloe raw for the first time as Max, meekly masturbating on a chair in the corner of the room.

All those days after her collaring and training rushed into her mind. Every single moment she spent; dressed like a pig, being walked like a dog beside Chloe, being forced to sleep on the floor, taking whorish selfies and degrading herself for any male attention, these memories exploded from her mind.

Uncountable nights she was forced to sleep on the porch in full dog costume after being bad and a number of times she was lent out to the school’s free use stations. Left in the washrooms to drain men’s dicks and be a literal toilet until her master decided she’d improved enough to be allowed to serve him again. Arven took great pleasure in trying to break Max and often said Max was only ever honest when she had a cock up her fat dyke ass.

At this point Max wondered if he was right but couldn’t think much on the matter. Max could feel everything going dark, her brain was melting from the overstimulation, body

convulsed as she squirted on her master's meat. The pleasure was too much, the combination of cum stuffed cunt cleaning, cock impalement and her powers battering her mind to bursting with these memories had Max's brain turning into slop.

*Pleeeeeease stop cumming, please let this be over!* She thought, her brain popping as the pleasure helped to overstimulate her neurons.

Max's nostrils flared and her eyes fluttered closed, she was passing out. Maybe even dying, Max had never felt this way before and wondered if it would be best if she didn't wake up, for what hope is there? Soon her vision was going black, Chloe and Arven disappeared into the darkness. The taste of Chloe's salty muff ceased to be on her lips and the feeling of Arven's cock left her, and Max wondered if her constant humiliation was finally over.

"Wakey, wakey, you silly little prude." said a very bubbly, yet familiar voice, "it's super not over yet but you'll realize that's totes a good thing!"

*Holy fuck*, thought Chloe *you gotta've gone full on crazy if you're hearing voices...*

"You're pretty retarded, sweetie but not a schizo~" The voice continued, adding *claps* between her words, making sure to come off as condescending as possible, "but don't you worry you've got me to straight you out, in more ways than one!"

*"Uhhhhgggghh,"* Max looked up, pushing her body off the floor to see herself? Or a very trashy version of herself.

The girl Max was looking at was a bimbofied parody of herself; everything was pumped and perky. Her skin was tanned a lovely white brown, two breasts the size of her head, both fake and plastic with large pink nipples. Her tummy was tight with wide hips and a bubble booty that was all oiled up. This version of herself kept short hair but her much thicker lips were painted a bubbly pink with little sparkly stars drawn on her rosy cheeks. The rest of her body was mostly unclothed, save for a tight thong which showed off her cameltoe and a pair of big pink pumps that gave her half a foot of height.

"I'm you Inner Bimbo and I'm like super disappointed in you." She pouted, pushing out her lips in an exaggerated fashion, "you got everything you wanted, Chloe is happy, and you get to spend your days cumming your brains out. Yet, you wanna change things?"

"Yes, I *wuh-naa* change things," Max mocked as she leaned up, "this world is awful, degrading, miserable and—"



“Pretty fuckin hot? Honestly girl, you’re the one who did this,” her Inner Bimbo interjected.

Max got pale as she muttered, “*Whu*-what do you mean, how could I do any of this!”

“You can travel back in time, teleport and do like practically anything in between but this little corruption of reality is too much of a stretch for you?” Her Inner Bimbo squatted easily, legs spread wide showing off her pink cameltoe, “I must be *waaaaaay* stupider than I thought, *hehe*.”

“*No, no nooooo!*” Max clasped her head, “I couldn’t, I wouldn’t—”

She rolled her eyes, her voice very matter of fact, “We both know you’re not that retarded, this is all your handy work you great big perv. Who would’ve thought you were such a mean cunt?”

“You bitch, change it back!”

“But I *duh-waaana~*” Her Inner Bimbo stuck out her tongue, drool dripping off her lips, “I wanna suck some dicks and gaslight some dumb cunt until she can’t think without a cock up her ass.”

“You, you... you horrible awful,” Max’s words got caught in her throat, she couldn’t find the proper words to convey her feelings with her inner self but she could.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m a total cock addicted bitch but at least I’m honest unlike some dykes I know,” she gave Max a wink and stood up, “You’ll wise up soon enough but by all means go out and try to reverse this, maybe you’ll like find some alternate reality selfie in the school files or something, *hee-hee*.”

Her Inner Bimbo had a cheshire like smile like she was holding a juicy piece of blackmail over Max’s head. Yet, Max assumed she wouldn’t lie about such details. There would be no sport in leaving Max hopeless and suicidal, right?” Though before Max could focus her thoughts on a plan she was snapped back to reality by a sudden rush of pleasure.

“*Nyyggghuuuu!*” Max’s tongue darted back inside Chloe’s muff, eating out tons of leftover spunk as she kept her cunt clamped down on Arven’s cock.

*"Mmmmmph~* Not bad for a dyke," muttered Chloe, biting her lip, "but it is good for you too, dear? If not I could always slap her around some more."

"Surprisingly," grunted Arven, his meat still balls deep in Max's slit.

*"Ahhhhnnn!"*

"She's keeping tight and actually moving her hips," he continued as he started dumping his load deep into Max's cunt, "it's like I'm not just fucking a fuck-toy but a... Well not quite a gold girl but maybe silver~"

*CLAP!*

*CLAP!*

Chloe smacked her hands together, showing the first bit of genuine kindness (towards Max) since Max saw her in this world, "good work dyke, after all these years being a mopy piece of meat you might actually be worth something to the man in our life."

*"Uuuuhhhnnn,"* Max's tongue flopped out Chloe's muff and onto her chin, her eyes crossed as she felt Arven's thick cum load bloat her womb. A large load for certain, she could feel it mixing with the last one he dumped, nearly distending her stomach before he finished blasting ropes. Max wanted to curl up and die, trying to ignore the fact she came twice while Chloe told her she might be worth something to Arven.

"So much in fact, I think Max has earned the right to come with me to school." he continued, pulling his thick dick out of Max's pussy.

"You better be grateful, Max," said Chloe, her voice chipper with just a hint of spite as she looked at Max's sloppy drooling face.

*"Uuuuhhhnn—huuuhhnn..."* Max's body twitched as Arven's cock flopped out of her cunt, allowing his thick cum to dribble onto the floor. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she gave Chloe a weak nod, desperate for the humiliation to just be over for the moment.

"Good girl, you might not be demoted to a black collar after all," sighed Chloe, seeming almost impressed with her girlfriends' performance.

“Now please go get ready while I get your lunch ready and finish cleaning this cunt. I would hate for you to be late simply because of that dyke’s training,” Chloe grabbed the dishes off the kitchen table and put them into the sink.

“Oh, is the car going to be out of the shop today?” asked Arven as he went to go back upstairs.

“Yes dear, I’ll make sure to pick it up while you get your classes done.” responded Chloe as she put on a pair of big yellow gloves and threw a slightly moist dish cloth at Max’s face. The rag slapped against her skin causing Max to shiver as it hit her in the eyes.

“I’ve got dishes to do and won’t bother helping you get presentable for master unless you help yourself,” Chloe continued as she returned to cleaning, “and you better hurry or master won’t bother taking you with him to school.”

“Yes Chloe...” Max bit her lip as she took the wet rag, rubbing the cum off her stomach and ass cheeks. The slightly warm rag, while rough, felt good against her skin but the stream of cunt juices running down Chloe’s inner thigh was enough to keep Max captivated as she cleaned the sex juices from her body.

There was no time to waste. Reversing the mistake could still be possible if Bimbo Max was to be believed, maybe she could find some of her old pictures on the school server and slip back a couple years? The faint hope of being able to reverse this life of misogyny and degradation, and go back to the way things were where everything was so much better...

“All the same, it would be better if master fucked some retarded police bitch or street meat,” Chloe shot Max a dirty look as she racked a dish, continuing, “I am of the firm belief it has been a waste of time to train you but master likes to keep the first pair of dykes he broke, so for now I will tolerate your cuntly demeanor.”

Max could feel the tears running down her face, she knew deep down Chloe didn’t mean it and continued with a choked, “Thank you Chloe...”

“Once you’re finally clean, put on your slutwear, master picked it out for you a few months back but you haven’t earned it,” she continued, not even looking at Max, “it’s at the end of the hall.”

Max nodded, using the rag to wipe away the tears as she stumbled to her feet. Her cunt still pulsing as she slowly shuffled down the hallway. The shame was currently enough

to distract Max from the seeming betrayal of her body. It almost felt like her cunt was screaming at her to give it more but Max pushed these feelings down. She had to remain focused or else she'd have another nervous breakdown. However, Max nearly had another one as she opened the closet.

She gasped, letting out a low whimper, "Do I really—"

"If you want to accompany, master, you better or else he'll let me punish you again." shouted Chloe.

Max cupped her face in her hands, rubbing her cheeks as she let out a sad groan. She couldn't blame Chloe for this, deep down she was sweet. It was just this fucked up society that forced her to abuse Max whenever she felt even slight need. Arven and men in general needed to be the focus of her scorn. After all it was them forcing Max to wear such a humiliating outfit.

The outfit was trashy, whorish and revealing. A bubbly pink skin tight dress, basically a sling-bikini with barely enough cloth to cover her nipples and thin enough to show their outlines. The fabric zig-zagged in x-patterns between the two thin pieces of sparkly pink latex like fabric that covered her breasts. The fabric around the hips was cut in circles showing off the strings of Max's new tight pink thong that really dung into her crotch but at the very least the wavy skirt portion was long enough to cover her crotch...

"There you almost look presentable," Chloe sprang up behind Max holding a pair of pink pumps with a gold trim and a makeup kit.

"Put these on and sit down by the kitchen island," she continued and Max obeyed. It was difficult walking while wearing the pumps but Max managed to make it to the kitchen without tripping. Perhaps her new memories were actually helping her acclimate to wearing such uncomfortable shoes.

"Now hold still, you can do that much can't you?" spat Chloe as she grabbed Max's face, forcefully turning it to show off both her cheeks.

"Yes ma'am—*mmmmnn*," Max let out a squeamish squeak as Chloe got to work, applying a light bit of blush to her cheeks, eyeliner and a shade of bubbly pink lipstick. The finishing touch, a little gold glitter around the edges of her eyes which made them pop and gave Max an extra whorish hint.

*"Hmmm,"* Chloe groped Max's tits, cupping them as she mused, "A bronze collar isn't worth getting the expensive all natural tit enhancements but maybe our master will give you some fake plastic ones. You could use the extra cup sizes."

*"Mmmhmmm~"* Max bit her lip, she was still so sensitive and Chloe's squeezing was making her brain go blank.

"Well at least you look presentable enough for the public," she continued, "try not to embarrass our master. He deserves only the highest amount of respect from dumb dyke dick addicts like us."

**SLAP!**

*"Ahhhhhnn!"* cried Chloe, her face shifted to a sloppy ahgao as she felt Arven strong hand slap her ass. Her perky bubbly booty jiggled for a second as she recovered from the heavy hit.

"And don't you forget it," ordered Arven.

*"Heeeehnnn,"* yes master, this dumb dyke exists to polish cocks!" Chloe stuck out her tongue and flashed her master a double peace sign. Her lips curled into a sloppy smile as drool dribbled off her chin.

"Chin up, cunt," he continued, his voice stern as he held up a long black leash. Max obeyed and lifted up her chin as Arven placed a hand around her neck for support.

Arven hooked the leash to the little ring welded into Max's collar. She could feel it chafe as he tugged on the leash, making sure it had a firm connection. The leather pads on the inside of the collar were uncomfortable but saved her from the feeling of metal digging into her neck. Still the feeling of being pulled to the front door was extremely uncomfortable and Max couldn't help but let out little grunts as Arven tugged her along.

"Isn't this nice, cunt. You've finally racked up enough good girl points to get a walk," said Arven.

"Yes Ar... master," muttered Max, giving him a quick nod that almost seemed excited.

"Keep addressing me properly and you might get your camera back," he continued.

*"Ahh, thank you, master—"* exclaimed Max, excited like a little pup at the mention of her camera but quickly she stifled her expectations. She couldn't let this bastard get under her skin like he'd somehow done to Chloe. For now she'd have to smile and nod like a good girl which seemed to work, Arven seemed pleased and seemed to tug a little lighter.

*"Now come on cunt, we've got a busy day ahead of us."* Arven pulled Max outside the house where she had to survive a full day in this awful society. With only the vain hope that she might reverse her strange new life.