

Whatever you say 8

“You know...” Dave said between gasps as Cathy bobbed her head up and down on his shaft. Her lips tightly sealed around it as she skillfully worked her tongue around him. “T-They already agreed to be sex slaves before. I... I wonder why they... Ah... Objected when they got back...”

Amy squeaked a stifled moan first before managing to speak her reply. “M-Maybe it does wear off? I hope not... I don’t want to be shy again!”

“Its not that hard to get.” Rebecca said between licks as she worked on Amy’s pussy. “We only agreed to be sex slaves because we felt sorry for attacking him. Not because we want to be.”

“S-So why... AH! Wh... Uhn...” Amy said, failing to put her words together as Rebecca lapped eagerly at her folds.

“Why were we upset?” Rebecca asked rhetorically, “Because you wouldn’t have attacked him like us. So we thought he abused you.”

In response, Amy reached for Daves hand, and placed it on her breast. “Nope. This was what I wanted.” She said before falling back into gasping a moaning again.

All the while, Cathy worked his shaft diligently. Not breaking the suction for a moment to speak for herself. Instead, she worked tirelessly towards his release. He had only cum a short time before, so it took a little longer, but eventually he did feel himself getting close.

“I... AH... I think I’m getting there!” Dave said as he felt his climax approaching.

As though in response, Rebecca dove deeper into Amy’s pussy, plunging her tongue into her depths and lapping at her juices with even greater intensity.

Amy gave up on speaking as she quickly succumbed to the pleasure. Her voice a sputtering mess of moans, gasps, and broken words as she approached her own climax. Dave could feel himself getting there as well, letting out a loud gasp as he heard Amy cry out in ecstasy.

He came into Cathy’s mouth directly as the same time that Amy came for Rebecca. Dave gasped for air, but quickly spoke after he came. “D... Don’t swallow...” He said between heavy breaths. “I want you to share with Rebecca.”

The two women stood up from in front of the couch and looked at each other nervously. Cathy had her mouth clearly full, with her cheeks bulging and reluctantly, Rebecca nodded to her as they both went in for a kiss. The two women held each other as their tongues met and they began to share Daves cum between the two of them.

“S-So...” Amy said softly “Now you’ve had head from each of us. Right?”

“Yeah.” Dave said, slowly getting his breathing back under control.

“Who... D-Did it best?” Amy asked nervously.

Dave paused. Was this a test? Was she fishing for a compliment or fishing to see if he would lie to her? What do you even do in this sort of situation? He had never had a normal relationship before, and now this was far more complicated than anything he had heard of.

“I think Cathy did.” He admitted reluctantly “B-But that’s probably just because of experience!”

“Hmph...” Amy said, crossing her arms and looking jealously up at Cathy. “I see. Share some of that with me too. Down there.”

“What?” Dave asked as Cathy dropped down to her knees again and began to lick at her. “A-Aren’t you concerned about getting-”

“Pregnant?” She asked, looking over at him smugly. “So what if I do? With our experiments, it’s bound to happen sooner or later, even if we use protection.”

He couldn’t really argue with that... Before he could think of a response, she spoke again.

“Besides, wouldn’t... Ah... You rather your first be with me, rather than this... Wh-Whore?”

“I’m not a whore!” Cathy objected between licks, “I’m a test subject.”

“You are what I say you are.” Amy said, looking down at her with irritation. “Got it, whore?”

“Y-Yes Ma’am...” Cathy replied softly.

“Ah... That’s better.” Amy said, leaning back on the couch and enjoying the sensation of being lapped at.

Something else occurred to Dave as he looked over at her satisfied expression. “I guess it’s lucky you’re into girls too then, huh?”

“I’m not.” She replied, staring up at the ceiling.

“You’re... Not?” Dave asked, feeling more confused now.

“Nah. I like boys. And you, in particular.”

“You seem to be enjoying-” Dave began but Amy cut him off with a short laugh.

“You can use a dildo without liking men.” She said, “They’re just tools.”

Rebecca crossed her arms and looked away as Amy said that. Noticing it, Dave looked up at her and asked. “Is there something wrong?”

“No.” She said tersely. “She’s not wrong. We’re not people anymore.”

“Does that bother you?”

“A little.” She admitted, “But I guess that’s just what I deserve for trying to attack you three times today. I was such an idiot...”

“Three times?!” Amy sputtered, her voice going shrill. “You attacked my boyfriend three times?!”

Rebecca continued to look away from them with her arms still folded in front of her. “I already apologized for it. I thought we were past this.”

“I thought you only attacked him once!” Amy said indignantly before turning to Dave and pulling him into a hug. “I’m so sorry, baby. They didn’t hurt you, did they?”

“The second two times I stopped them before they started.” Dave replied.

“But...” Amy said, her face looking like she was calculating something. “That means they did hurt you the first time! What did they do! Tell me!”

“One of them hit me in the mouth.” Dave recalled “Luckily it didn’t seem to give me a fat lip or anything.”

Amy seemed to fume at hearing that. Maybe he should have downplayed it more?

“Who did it? Which of you two whores did that??” She snapped.

“I... I did... Ma’am...” Cathy said meekly. Amy glared down at her, and narrowed her eyes in anger. She actually looked cute angry... Though, the real power she had over the two girls probably made her seem a lot more intimidating from their end.

“I think I’ve had enough of you.” Amy said angrily. “Go to the bedroom so I don’t see you. And start edging but don’t you dare cum. If you cum... You don’t want to know what we’ll do to you.”

Cathy nodded and frantically crawled to the bedroom, closing the door behind her.

“Are you okay?” Dave asked, looking at Amy with concern. “It really didn’t hurt very long, and they’re already paying for what they did.”

“She deserved it.” She said, throwing her arms around him again. “Nobody hurts my boyfriend.”

He figured, he should probably change the subject before it comes out that Rebecca almost gagged him with her used sock... “Well, anyways...” He began slowly “I guess we need to come up with some actual experiments.”

“We’ll need some clean test subjects for that.” Amy replied, “By now all three of us have been changed too much to get good clean data from.”

“I-If that’s true... Why keep us as test subjects at all?” Rebecca asked.

“That would be wasteful, wouldn’t it?” Amy replied, looking up at her. “Its better to save materials for re-use than wish we had them after throwing them away.”

"I understand... Ma'am..." Rebecca said reluctantly.

"Why don't you go to the bedroom and keep an eye on Cathy." Dave suggested. The sooner he got them out of Amy's view the better it would be for her mood...

"Yes, Sir." She replied, walking to the bedroom and opening the door, then closing it again behind her quietly.

Amy took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Should we discuss who our first recruits should be?"

"Are you okay for that?" Dave asked, concerned for her. "We can discuss it after you have a chance to cool off."

"This is how I'm cooling off." She said, sitting up and turning to the table they had moved to the side of the couch to pick up her journal.

"Tell me exactly how you are feeling." Dave insisted, putting his words into the form of an order.

"If you insist." She said, adjusting her glasses and beginning to turn through the pages of her journal. "I don't like those two. Its irrational, but I can't forget how they treated us both before they became test subjects."

She paused for a moment. "I suppose that is why you had difficulty separating test subjects and casual sex as well. Separating who they were from what they are now is... Difficult."

"I guess so." Dave replied. She didn't even consider them people anymore, but he knew they still were. Should he fix that? Would... She hate him if he did fix it? He couldn't take that risk.

"That presents us with a difficult decision to make." She concluded. "Do we recruit people we like, who don't deserve it, or do we recruit people who deserve it, but who we don't like?"

That was an interesting question. It sounded as though she was having a moral conundrum, in spite of his suggestion not to consider their work immoral. "What do you mean by deserving it?" He asked.

She looked up from her notebook and to him. Her face looked calm as she spoke this time. "Oh, I see what you mean. Its the suggestion, isn't it?"

He nodded slowly, and she looked down at her notes. "I wrote it down somewhere. Ah... Here it is. I hope you don't mind but my device was still recording and I wanted to be as accurate as possible."

Dave raised an eyebrow uncertainly, "What do you mean?"

"I don't remember the suggestion first hand." She replied, "I listened the recording while taking some notes. You told me not to consider anything about our testing immoral."

She paused for a moment as she continued to turn through the pages. "Ah... Exact wording is from now on, you do not consider anything involving our experiments to be too immoral."

Dave nodded again "Yeah, that is the suggestion I gave you.

“I understand your confusion then.” She explained, “Its the word too. Its not that I don’t understand morality anymore. Its more... Nothing will ever seem more immoral than I can accept. Does that make sense?”

“You don’t mind that I did that to you, do you?” He asked.

She paused for several moments, as though considering his question carefully. “No. It was part of the experiment, so it is not too immoral for me.”

“In fact...” She added, “I could justify nearly anything as long as I could find some way to tie it into our experiments somehow. Which is... How I can handle seeing you with those other girls.”

“They still seem to upset you.” Dave said.

“They do.” She admitted. “Which brings us to our moral conundrum.”

“That is?”

“People who have wronged us will be satisfying to recruit and punish.” She explained in a level tone of voice, “But their presence will be... Upsetting.”

She flipped back through the journal to the pages she was on before she looked for the quote as she continued to speak. “It won’t be very satisfying to recruit and punish people who have not been cruel to us. But their presence will be more pleasant.”

She looked up at him with an uncomfortable smile. “I guess the question is, do we go for something very satisfying upfront, or something more comfortable in the long term?”