

Saffron Chastity checked herself in her rear-view mirror as she came to a stop in the mansion's driveway. The prostitute smacked her lips as she carefully applied her black lipstick, satisfied that she was as beautiful as ever. Tying back her long black hair into a ponytail, Saffron slipped a diamond-encrusted scrunchie into her hair. It had been a gift from her favourite client. Picking up her handbag, Saffron reached for the door handle.

Stepping out of her car, Saffron closed the door and began to check herself in her car's window. Her clothes could best be described as an outfit that made her status as a professional slut obvious. A tight black tube top showed off her bust, a modest pair of pale D-cups. Around her thighs was a tiny black latex skirt, her large cock and balls bulging impressively. After a moment's consideration, Saffron hooked her fingers under her skirt, and slid her black panties down her legs. Slipping them into her handbag, Saffron felt ready to go to work.

Her favourite client lived in a mansion, large enough to impress Saffron each time she visited. It took Saffron a few minutes to actually reach the front door. As Saffron walked through the front garden, she saw a young girl sunbathing next to the manor's pool. The prostitute grinned in anticipation.

"Hey, Millie!" Saffron called out to the girl. The sunbathing girl flinched and flicked up her sunglasses.

"Oh, you *again*?" Millie sighed in irritation. "Father promised to stop hiring you!" She was the client's daughter, and she hated Saffron with a passion. Possibly because the prostitute took great pleasure in antagonising the girl at every opportunity.

"Oh, no chance of that." Saffron laughed and rubbed her bulge. "I'm afraid that your father has become hopelessly addicted to my fat cock."

Millie's face contorted in disgust. "Oh. My. *God*. *GROSS!*" She shook her head, as if trying to clear her head of the vile image of her father sucking dick. Saffron looked down at the girl's body appreciatively. Millie was wearing a bikini that was far too small for a girl her age. "At least keep it quiet this time. I don't wanna hear you two grunting like that again."

"No can do, Millie." Saffron grinned. "How do you expect your father to keep quiet when he's emptying his balls onto my face?"

"Oh my *god*, I don't want to think about Father ejaculating." Millie made a rude gesture and pointed toward the manor's front door. "Just... *go!*" The girl put her earphones in, trying to ignore Saffron's presence.

Chuckling, Saffron walked over to the front door of the manor and rang the doorbell. Her favourite client was prompt, as always. Mr. Sandral, as he asked her to call him, was well-dressed as ever. The older man had greying hair, but he was well-built and tall, and still very handsome in a tailored suit. As she looked him up and down, Saffron licked her lips. "Mmm, the suit looks *good*. Thanks for remembering."

Mr. Sandral nodded. He never seemed to smile, but that was something that Saffron found enjoyable about him. "Five minutes early," he said, in a clipped tone. "And dressed as slutty as

possible. Thank you, my love." If she didn't know him better, Saffron might think he was being sarcastic. "Did Millicent notice you arriving?"

"Yeah, I think so. She's lovely as always."

Mr. Sandral had the decency to look a little embarrassed. "I imagine she wasn't too happy about seeing you. I promised I wouldn't call over any more prostitutes."

Saffron pushed Mr. Sandral back slightly, and kicked the door closed. Running her hands up and down his chest, the prostitute felt her cock beginning to harden. "So, why did you make a promise like that, freak? You know you couldn't keep it." 'Freak' was her pet name for him, just as 'my love' was his pet name for her. Saffron rather enjoyed the difference in affection between the two. He was only a client to her, after all, and he seemed to enjoy the fact that his feelings for her weren't reciprocated.

"No, but her disappointment in me is thoroughly enjoyable." Mr. Sandral had a bulge of his own, and Saffron slid her knee up his thigh to press against his arousal. "After her mother died, she only had me to look up to. Failing her over and over again is just so... painfully erotic."

Saffron snorted. "Okay, freak. Upstairs, *now*." Forcibly spinning him around, she pushed Mr. Sandral toward the staircase leading up the bedrooms. "My dick needs a good sucking." He was her client, but she always took charge with him. Rich guys were always bottoms, in her experience.

It took them a few minutes to reach the bedroom. Saffron had never understood where Mr Sandral had made his money, only that he always paid double. He liked giving her expensive gifts, like the diamond-encrusted scrunchie in her hair.

Inside, Saffron quickly pulled off her clothes. "You. Naked. *Now*." she ordered her client, who made no attempt to disobey. As much as she liked his sharp outfit, Saffron didn't want to dirty it with the mess they were about to make. "On the bed. I wanna do something really *humiliating* to you."

Mr. Sandral nodded. He rarely spoke during their sessions, which Saffron loved. His stoic face made her so happy when she was coating it in cum. Laying down on his back, Mr. Sandral waited for the prostitute to begin.

Saffron licked her lips as she leered over the rich man's naked body. He was a keen athlete, she knew, and his body was kept in good order, even in his older years. His shoulders were broad and muscled. A six pack of abs rippled as he moved, and his cock was almost as big as Saffron's.

Saffron climbed on top of the rich man, her ass in his face. Leaning down, she ran her tongue along his abs, enjoying the shiver that ran through his body. The cock in front of her face was painfully hard, but Saffron made no attempt to touch it. Instead, she spread her asscheeks and plopped her ass down onto Mr. Sandral's face.

"I've been waiting to fart since I got in my car..." she said, and clenched her bowels. A long fart slipped out of her ass, and the prostitute bit her lip in satisfaction. "Did you like that, freak?" she asked the rich man under her.

Saffron felt the rich man's lips moving against her asscheeks. "More," was all he said. Well, she was happy to oblige...

"Father, please tell me you're not..." Millie opened the bedroom door and stared at the two of them like a deer in headlights. "Oh, you're already..."

Saffron pushed as hard as she could, A nasty fart slipped out of her ass, almost rattling the windows of the bedroom. Millie stepped back in horror. Saffron grinned at her. "Your father is a little busy at the moment, Millie. Come back when he's not breathing my farts." Millie looked almost physically ill as she turned and left, slamming the door behind her.

"Oops, she saw everything!" Saffron grinned. Mr. Sandral didn't react apart from reaching up with his hands to squeeze both her asscheeks. The prostitute felt her dick twitch in anticipation, and she lifted her ass off him. "Time for the bourgeoisie to swallow some humility!" she said, grabbing her cock and forcing the head into the rich man's eager mouth.

Plunging back down, Saffron felt her dick slide all the way down Mr. Sandral's throat. When they'd started their session, he'd struggled to take her length, but now he had no trouble getting facefucked. Saffron had no intention of being merciful, as she brutally fucked his throat. Within a few minutes, her cum was spraying down his throat.

Crawling off the rich man, Saffron enjoyed the afterglow of what she expected to be the first cumshot of the session. "Good warmup!" she said to Mr. Sandral next to her, as he sat up on the bed unsteadily. "What's next? Anal? I've got an itch for a bit of bum fun today."

"Not today, my love." The rich man sat up and took her hand. "Today, I want to do something more permanent."

Saffron felt a flutter in her heart. "Is this..." Mr Sandral rose from the bed and knelt before her. "You're... gonna ask me to marry you?" Her heart racing, Saffron flipped her body over, and leaned over to kiss the older man. "Fuck yeah! You're *loaded*, I'll never have to work again!" She grinned nastily. "Oh man, Millie's gonna be *pissed*! You know I'm gonna get rid of her permanently after we get married, right?"

"No, my love, you're misunderstanding me." Mr. Sandral squeezed her hand. "As much as I'd love to make you my wife, I've decided to make this arrangement even more permanent."

Saffron gasped. "You mean...?" She stared at him in shock. The rich man was a pathetic bottom, but this was insanely submissive even by his standards. "You want me to *eat* you?"

The rich man's face didn't change, but his eyes were lit by passion. "Yes, my love. I've been wanting nothing more since I met you."

"God, are you serious?" Saffron let out a snort of amusement. "You're so fucking pathetic. Wanting to be eaten alive by a prostitute?"

Mr. Sandral shook his head. "You're more than that to me, a *lot* more. I am hopelessly, *utterly* in love with you, Saffron Chastity. Since the death of my wife, I've slept with hundreds of women, but

you captured my heart more than any other. Becoming a part of you would make me that happiest man in the world."

"It'd make you the happiest tit fat in the world, actually." Saffron sneered. "What about your lovely daughter?"

"Millicent?" Mr. Sandral shrugged. "I don't care what happens to her. Rape her, kill her, do whatever you want. To be honest, I'd hoped that the two of you would get into a fight and you would strangle her to death." His dick twitched as he spoke.

"What a good father you are!" Saffron couldn't blame him for wanting that. Millie was a cunt, and the idea was arousing her as well. "What would your poor, departed wife think?"

"She was a wonderful woman, but what I felt for her can't hold a candle to you, my love." Mr. Sandral stared deep into Saffron's eyes, and the resolve she saw in there was almost frightening.

"Look, freak. You better be absolutely sure about this." She poked her belly, causing it to let out a loud gurgle. "This thing doesn't take prisoners. You go in here, you're only getting out the other way. If you change your mind halfway through, I'm not gonna let you out."

"I know." The rich man stared at her stomach longingly.

"And I want payment *now*." Saffron demanded. "You might be in love with me, or whatever, but you're just a client to me. Even if you're rich and buy me shit like this..." she pointed at her diamond-encrusted scrunchie. "...you can't buy love from me. And I'll never love you."

"I understand, my love. But you love yourself, which is only just. So, I will become a part of that which you love, if you'll allow me." Mr. Sandral reached into his pile of clothes and pulled out his phone.

"Throw me my phone too, freak." He walked over and reached into her handbag, which she'd thrown in the corner. Handing the phone to her with great care, Mr. Sandral tapped quickly on his own phone. Saffron opened up her bank account, waiting impatiently.

"Don't hold anything back, now. I want my last minutes to be brutal." Mr. Sandral placed his phone on the bedside table and bowed his head, as if waiting for his execution.

"You got it, nutjob." Saffron checked her phone again. "When is the money coming through? I'm not waiting until you're sliding out of me."

"It should be coming through at any moment." Her phone buzzed, and she opened the bank app.

"Okay, good. It better be- Holy shit!" She blinked and checked the numbers on her phone again. "Hey, this isn't the amount we agreed on; you sent me *way* more. Did you hit too many zeroes or something?" She could feel herself almost salivating at the eight-figure sum now sitting in her bank account.

Mr. Sandral didn't open his eyes. "That should be correct. I won't be needing it anymore."

"Are you fucking serious? This is more money than I could get in a lifetime!" It was so large that it didn't seem real to her eyes.

"Yes, exactly. I planned this from the beginning. My family's fortune and my various bank accounts emptied into yours, just as I will be emptied out of you soon. Everything flushed down the toilet, metaphorically and literally." Mr. Sandral's voice didn't change, but his cock was visibly hardening.

"Sure, whatever you say, freak!" Saffron had no intention of letting the rich man have any second thoughts. Lurching forward, she dropped her phone onto the bed and grabbed him by his greying hair, opening her mouth to swallow him. Before he could even grunt in surprise, his whole head was down her throat.

It took Saffron almost ten full minutes to devour Mr. Sandral. The hardest part was his shoulders, broad and strong. Once they were down, Saffron ran her tongue across his abs, enjoying the flavour of her favourite client. Mr. Sandral didn't struggle, amazingly, even as Saffron choked his hips down. Once he was inside her stomach, Saffron felt him try to settle in. She tasted cum, and sneered as she realised at her meal had ejaculated on the way down.

His passiveness only lasted a few moments inside her guts, though, as he began to squirm in pain. Saffron guessed that the painful stomach acids had probably begun to weaken his resolve to die inside her. The prostitute didn't know how much the rich man had really thought this through, but she wasn't going to allow him to change his mind now.

"Die, you stupid asshole!" Saffron leaned forward and pressed her stomach against the bed, trying to put pressure on the man inside her stomach. The faster he died, the easier it would be for Saffron. "Come on!" She pressed down hard, feeling *something* inside her stomach begin to give.

Straining hard, Saffron was finally rewarded with the horrific sound of bones cracking inside her. When she pulled back, the prostitute saw that the shape of the man in her belly was deformed, but still moving. Furious, she slammed him down on the bed again. "FUCKING!" There was another snapping noise. "DIE!" A loud group of crunches were heard. "ALREADY!" There was an absolutely horrific series of cracking noises, and Saffron felt the man in her belly stop moving.

Looking down at her belly, Saffron grinned. The shape was far too small to be a man now. Whatever horrible mess of meat that was inside her belly probably couldn't be called Mr. Sandral anymore. Reaching into her handbag, Saffron pulled out her black panties and slipped them back on, enjoying the comfort of support for her cock and balls. Then, she reached over to the rich man's discarded clothes and took out the shirt he'd been wearing. It was tight around her churning belly, and Saffron enjoyed the fine cotton on her nipples as she buttoned up the shirt, which she decided would be a wonderful trophy. "Thanks for the new nightwear, by the way," she said, as if Mr. Sandral was anything other than pulp turning away inside her.

Sighing happily, Saffron laid back in the bed, feeling the incredibly soft pillow under her hair. Pulling out the diamond-encrusted scrunchie, she closed her eyes, pulling the sheets up to cover her naked body. Digestion had started in earnest now, and Saffron felt her juices being pumped into her stomach, feeling soothed by their rhythm. Slowly, she drifted off to sleep...

Saffron opened her eyes a while later, feeling a sudden urgency in her bowels. Picking up her phone, she saw that around three hours had passed. And speaking of passing...

Stumbling into the former rich man's bathroom, Saffron felt something nasty brewing inside her ass. As she unbuttoned her new shirt, a fart burst out of her ass, the fabric of her panties doing little to stop the awful stench of digested bourgeoisie from filling the large bathroom. Saffron inhaled deeply, enjoying the familiar smell of her asshole. She loved her own scent, and the prostitute felt her cock begin to harden again, just in time for the next part.

Saffron carefully hung up the shirt so it wasn't in the line of fire. Sitting down on the toilet, she slid her panties down to her knees. As if waiting for the moment, her guts began to churn, and Saffron felt the mass inside her colon begin to move. Wrapping one hand around her erection, and one hand around her left tit, Saffron began to furiously masturbate as she felt Mr. Sandral rushing to exit her body.

"Oh god! Oh fuck!" Saffron practically screamed, as she felt the first log begin to crown. She worked her shaft as fast as she could, feeling the turd finally slide out of her. It took nearly ten full minutes to shit out the man who had made her rich, and she enjoyed every second, even more than the sex they had had. By the end of the process, her belly, tits and even neck were coated in cum, having ejaculated five times in rapid succession.

Once the orgasm was over, Saffron sat back on the toilet seat, her cock beginning to droop. Cum was dripping off her tits, rolling down her thighs and into the stormy darkness below. For a long moment, Saffron enjoyed the afterglow.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. "Father? Are you in there?" Saffron heard Millie call out from the other side of the bathroom door. "Are you finished with that... woman?"

Saffron didn't bother to answer. Picking up an expensive towel, the prostitute began to wipe down the cum she'd sprayed all over herself. Actually, former prostitute, Saffron corrected herself. Not like she ever needed to work again.

"Father..." Millie's voice was sad. "I... I'm scared of how much you've been seeing these women. You keep promising to stop, but then you just start again. Why?"

Saffron raised an eyebrow at the door, but didn't say anything. Walking over to the sink, she picked up a toothbrush labelled 'Millie'. Saffron didn't feel the need to brush her teeth, but she had a killer itch near her butthole that the toothbrush did wonders for.

"I know it's been lonely since Mother died. Since then, it's just been you and me. And I need you." Millie choked back what sounded like a sob. "But... if you need female company... You don't need to look for it in those awful women!"

Saffron scowled at the door and cracked her knuckles. She walked over the door.

"Father, I... I would be willing to become your lover, if that would help. I can do anything that those awful women do for you, even if it's... unpleasant for me. Would that help you?" Millie knocked on the door again. "Father, can you hear- oh!"

Saffron had opened the door to glare at the girl. Millie was still dressed in her bikini, looking shocked to see Saffron. "You?! Where's Father- URK!"

Saffron's hand closed around Millie's throat. "I just blasted him out of my fucking *shithole*, you little bitch! What was that about me being an 'awful woman'?"

Millie's eyes were wide with terror as she gasped for air. She struggled, but Saffron's grip was far too strong. "P-please..." was all the girl could manage.

Saffron felt her cock stiffening again. "Fuck, I'm still craving anal sex..." she said, and squinted her eyes at the bikini-clad girl in her grip. "Fuck it, you'll do. I'm not into girls, but buttholes are buttholes, right?" Millie tried to scream as Saffron dragged her into the bedroom.

"OH GOD, DON'T CUM IN MY ASS AGAIN!" Millie screamed pathetically, as she felt Saffron cock twitch inside her colon. Saffron ignored her and thrust deep into the girl's ass. Pleasure blossomed from her cock, spreading through Saffron's whole body as her balls began to empty into Millie's asshole.

"Come on, *Millicent!*" Saffron laughed, as the girl underneath her squirmed as she felt Saffron's hot cum inside her. "Your father took my dick up his ass like a champ. Why are you struggling so much?" Twitching from the orgasm, Saffron moaned loudly. "Your ass isn't as tight as your father's was, but I think I'm coming around on girl asses..."

"Please..." Millie tried to be defiant, but two hours of anal rape had a way of weakening a girl's resolve. "Please stop... no more..."

Saffron's guts gurgled, her rich meal still leaving her feeling quite horny. Pulling her cock out of her victim's ass, the prostitute admires the sight of her cum bubbling out of Millie's stretched and gaping butthole. "Ah... This is amazing! Not only does your dumbass father make me a rich woman, he also gave me his sexy young daughter to *rape!*"

Millie's eyes widened in horror. "W-what?! What do you mean?" The young tried to roll over, but two hours of having her ass stretched by Saffron's fat cock had left her temporarily paralyzed down there. "Father wouldn't have...?!"

Oh wow... Saffron has never considered herself a cruel woman before, but something about Millie *really* ignited her sadism. Maybe it was the disgusted looks that the girl used to give her, or the contempt she'd clearly felt for the prostitute before this... But something about raping this girl just feels like catharsis.

"Oh, he didn't tell you?" Saffron sneered down at the unfortunate girl, licking her lips. "Your poor departed daddy made *me* the heir to the Sandral estate. Me, Saffron Chastity. Not *you*, his beloved little daughter. You're not getting a *cent* of your rightful inheritance!"

The *former* heiress gasped, looking up at Saffron with a glimmer of fear. "N-no... No, that can't be true!" It seemed to Saffron that Millie had finally realized how *fucked* she was. Not only was she

totally at the mercy of a horny futanari, but she had not a single cent to her name. Even the money she might have in a bank account now rightfully belonged to Saffron. Millie had *nothing*. “No...”

“I own you now, Millie.” God, this felt *amazing*. Finally wiping that contempt off the girl’s face and replacing it with *fear*. Maybe Saffron was finally getting everything she deserved. “With a snap of my fingers, you’ll be out on the streets. You’ll be a prostitute, just like I am... *was!* How do you like that, bitch? Turning tricks just like the woman who you used to look down your nose at?”

Millie shuddered at the thought. For a long moment, she stared up at the futanari, as if she was desperately trying to think of a way out. Some other way that didn’t involve... But there was none. Blushing, Millie bowed her head and sacrificed her dignity. “Please... I’ll do anything you say... S-Saffron. Please don’t throw me out onto the streets like one of those *poors*. I’ll be your servant, I promise...” Anything was better than being poor, it seemed.

Saffron felt her heart surge. Oh... This was better than anything else she could have desired. The former heiress, bowing and scraping before her? “Oh?” The former prostitute sneered down at her new slave, biting her lip. “Show me what you’re prepared to do, Millie?”

The former heiress gulped nervously. Then, she reached down and began to stroke her vagina, rubbing her delicate fingers against the glistening folds of her sex. “P-please... Fuck me, Saffron.” Millie begged, a nervous smile on her face. Saffron had to give the girl credit for actually trying to consent. “Use me all you want...”

The sight of Millie’s wet pussy made Saffron’s fat cock twitch. She’d never fucked a girl before, nor considered herself anything other than straight. But that pussy... Ooh, that looked *inviting*. Hot and wet, the perfect place to stick her stiff, aching cock...

Saffron grabbed the girl’s hips, pulling Millie’s pussy toward her erect penis. The former heiress let out a squeak of surprise, but she didn’t resist. “Better keep me satisfied, Millie!” The futanari growled, chuckling to herself. The head of her cock gently pressed against the wet folds of her slave’s pussy, and the heat made Saffron shudder in pleasure. “Oh, I’m gonna *enjoy* this...”

Both Saffron and Millie groaned in pleasure as the former prostitute’s cock plunged deep into the former heiress...

Several hours later, Saffron sat relaxing on the luxury recliner near the pool, wearing a bikini decorated with jewels that she had found in one of the mansion’s dressing rooms. According to Millie, it had once belonged to the late Mr. Sandral’s wife. Saffron’s tits had swelled enough to fill the diamond studded bikini top, and her now eight-inch cock was snug inside the sapphire encrusted bikini bottom. Draped around her shoulders, the former rich man’s shirt completed her new outfit. Sunbathing, Saffron enjoyed the glimmering lights off what was now *her* pool. After all, she was a rich woman now. Might as well get used to acting like one.

“Y-your champagne, Saffron...” Millie walked over, carrying two glasses in her hands. The young girl was walking nervously, unaccustomed to acting as a servant for the first time in her life. She was dressed in a green bikini studded with emeralds, the same one she’d been wearing this morning.

Saffron had always thought she'd disliked the girl's slutty outfits, but seeing the girl wearing such a racy outfit now made her quite pleased. After all, Millie was *her* property now as well.

A trail of cum was still trickling down Millie's leg as she handed the champagne to her new owner, her delicate fingers trembling slightly. "Thank you, Millie." Saffron took the glass from the girl and sipped it gently. The taste was strong and rich, much like Saffron herself now was. "Lay down with me, I want to feel your body against mine..."

To her pleasure, Millie didn't hesitate. "Yes, Saffron." With her own glass in hand, she climbed onto the luxury recliner, nervously embracing the futanari's bikini-clad body. Saffron was pleased to feel the young girl's boobs squishing against her side, and Millie's wet thigh rubbing against her own. "Is this, um, satisfying?"

Saffron adjusted the sunglasses, the same pair that Millie had been wearing while sunbathing. They were worth more than all the money Saffron had earned in the previous year combined, she suspected. "Immensely satisfying." She stated smugly, as the young girl tenderly embraced her. "You know, Millie, I always thought I'd gulp you down the first moment I could. But I think I'll keep you around for a little while..."

Yes, it would have been nice to have Millie filling out her tits and cock right now, but there *was* something to be said for keeping her as a slave. Plus, it would make the inheritance a lot easier if Millie 'consented' to it. She could always eat the girl later too...

"Really?!" Millie seemed excited to hear that. "Oh... T-thank you, Saffron! You're so kind..." The young girl leaned over and kissed the futanari on the cheek. "I'll do anything you ask, okay?"

Mmm... Saffron was *really* beginning to warm to this whole 'lesbian' thing. She'd always thought that vaginas were just less enjoyable buttholes, but fucking Millie in the pussy had been an *experience*. Especially the thought of knocking the young girl up. "You've certainly changed your tune..." Saffron chuckled. "What happened to me being an 'awful woman'?"

Millie bit her lip, looking embarrassed. "... I was wrong to look down at you, Saffron. I was wrong, you're the best. I love you!" Wow. The girl could really *grovel*. Not that Saffron was *complaining*, mind you. Seeing the young girl debase herself was a pleasure like none other. "Please, how can I make it up to you?"

Saffron looked down at Millie's belly, at the toned tummy that was pressed against her hip. "Mmm..." With her other hand, the futanari stroked her slave's stomach, feeling the womb inside the young girl. "I can think of something..."

The young girl looked down at Saffron's hand in confusion. And then, she seemed to realize what the futanari meant. "O-oh... Well, I guess we already kinda started trying, didn't we?" Indeed, another spurt of sperm dribbled down the girl's thighs as she spoke.

Smirking, Saffron clinked their champagne glasses together, and the two women sipped their drinks, celebrating their new 'arrangement'. Making the young girl bear her child would be the ultimate catharsis, Saffron decided. Not to mention, it would be *fun*. Even the very thought made the futanari's cock stiffen inside her diamond-studded bikini bottoms.

“You... want me to sort that out for you, Saffron?” Millie had apparently noticed her new owner’s arousal as well. She nodded down at the futanari’s erection, which was now pushing out of Saffron’s new bikini, precum already soaking the tip of her cock.

With a wordless smirk, Saffron nodded. Millie took another sip of her champagne and placed it on the rich marble beside the chair that they now shared. Then, the former heiress took a deep breath and leaned down, her hot breath ghosting across the head of Saffron’s cock...

Saffron felt a hot mouth sucking on her cock, the familiar lips eagerly enveloping the head of her penis. She let out a groan of pleasure, reaching out to tangle her sapphire studded fingernails in Millie’s blonde hair.

The futanari opened her eyes, staring up at their bedroom ceiling. “Ugh... Millie, what are you...?” She moaned, still half-asleep.

With a wet pop, Millie spat out her owner’s cock, reaching up to shift the bedsheets aside. “Waking you up, silly?” She grinned at Saffron, saliva still running down her chin. “You have a busy day today, and I thought I’d take care of your morning wood for you!” Around her neck was a collar of black leather, with the name ‘Saffron’ studded in diamonds. Once, it had been a mark of humiliation, but Millie now wore it with pride and never took it off, even to sleep.

“Mmm... Okay.” Saffron grimaced, closing her eyes. She’d never been a morning person, really. All her best work had been done in the evening... Although, that was a long time ago now. As Millie descended on her cock once more, the futanari sighed in contentment, enjoying the girl’s well-trained ministrations.

Only a few minutes later, Saffron felt her cock stiffen as she reached orgasm. Feeling her balls clench, the futanari didn’t resist as a piping hot rope of cum spurted into Millie’s waiting mouth, followed by another, and then another. The thundering wave of pleasure was better than any coffee when it came to waking Saffron up, which was nice, especially since she couldn’t drink coffee anymore. As the orgasm began to fade, Saffron lay back in the huge bed, breathing hard and fully awake.

A moment later, Millie pushed aside the sheets, wiping Saffron’s cum from her lips. Grabbing a pillow, she laid down beside the futanari, pressing her naked body into the futanari’s. “How was that, my love? Satisfying? You’re not going to put me out onto the streets, right?” Over the years, it had become a joke between the two of them, as if Saffron could live without Millie anymore.

Saffron rolled her eyes. “Don’t tempt me.” She groaned and reached out to the rich oak bedside table beside her, fumbling with her hand. A moment later, the futanari slipped her wedding ring back on. Then, she leaned over and kissed Millie on the forehead. “Ugh... My flight is in two hours. I’m gonna miss the two of you while I’m in New York for the next week...” Another business trip. Sometimes, Saffron felt like being the CEO of a fashion company was more exhausting work than being a prostitute. At least she’d get to sleep on the private jet.

“Well, it can’t be helped.” Millie shook her head, grinning at her wife. “You’re the one who started a fashion company with Daddy’s money, Saffron. You could have lived a comfy life as an LA celebrity, breeding your slave-wife, but you had to be *ambitious*.” Like her collar, Millie never removed her wedding ring. Even long after their relationship had gone beyond mistress and slave, Millie liked to think of herself as Saffron’s property.

The futanari snorted, shaking her head. “We only get one life, Millie. After your moron of a father handed me the world on a silver platter, I couldn’t just go back to being a normal person.” Not that the former prostitute had ever been *normal*, but... “At least New York will be fun...”

“No coffee or alcohol while you’re there, Saffron.” The blonde woman ordered the futanari. When Saffron grimaced in irritation, Millie frowned. “You know what the doctor said after that little heart scare a couple years back, my love. You’re barely over forty, Saffron, you still have a good forty years before you’re allowed to make me a widow.”

“I know, I know...” Saffron sat up in bed. She was well used to her wife’s nagging by now. But Millie was right, as usual. Getting older wasn’t fun. At least their daughter wasn’t here to nag her as well. “No coffee, no alcohol... How’s a rich woman supposed to have fun?” The futanari shook her head and looked down at Millie. “I’d say I at least get pussy, but I’m going to be away from you for a whole-ass week. Ugh, I’m gonna be aching for your pussy bad tomorrow night, I just know it...”

“No, you won’t.” Millie gave her wife a smug look. “I booked Mary and Onyx to sleep with you for the week.” She winked at her wife. “And I paid extra so that you won’t have to use protection either...”

Ooh... Those two prostitutes are Saffron’s current favourites. Mary is a former Miss Universe model and Onyx is a popular online celebrity fitness trainer. The futanari grinned at Millie. “And the food?” She asked, feeling her stomach rumble slightly.

“Uh... A couple of young girls trying to break into the acting world, some teenage influencer girls looking to get eaten by you to show off on their social media, a female vtuber who recently got picked up by the talent agency that’s a subsidiary of Chastity Fashion, and a femboy pornstar. After all, the doctor *did* say you need a more varied diet in the future, didn’t she?” Millie winked at her wife. “Don’t worry, I picked your menu myself. And I also pulled some strings and got you a special *celebrity* meal that I’m not going to spoil for my lovely wife!”

“God, I fucking *love* you, Millie Chastity...” Leaning down, she kissed her wife on the lips, a long and lingering kiss between two longtime lovers.

“Mmm... I talked with Mary and Onyx, and they’re willing to get knocked up by you, so do your best to breed them while you’re in New York, my love. You’ve only knocked up eight girls this year, and it’s almost October.” Millie stoked Saffron’s thigh, leaning down to kiss the side of her wife’s ass. “There’s a lot of fertile wombs that need your seed, Saffron...”

Ugh... Only eight? And four of those had been prostitutes, even. A pretty weak number for a futanari CEO. “Maybe I’m getting old...”

Saffron winced as Millie slapped her on the butt, her wife giving her an angry glare for a moment. "Don't say that, Saffron Chastity! You're a beautiful, *virile* woman. Futanari don't get older, they get *stronger*." The blonde looked up at her wife, licking her lips. "A few girls in your stomach to power you up, and you'll go into a breeding frenzy, you'll see!"

"Mmm... If you say so, love." Saffron sometimes longed for the power and energy she'd had in her youth as a prostitute. But not for long. Being one of the wealthiest women in the world was hard to complain about, after all. "Speaking of which, Becky came home late last night. She was trying to be smug, but I could tell she was upset about something..."

"Oh, she was trying to put on a brave face." Millie snuggled deeper into her wife's thigh and sighed. "There was a couple of college girls that she wanted to snuff out, but apparently she 'decided' to let them go. At least, that's what she claimed. I'd guess that someone *forced* her to release them and she wasn't happy about not getting her way. You know how she is."

Saffron did indeed know how their daughter was. "I wonder if that's related to the new girl she's got a crush on?"

Beside her, Millie raised an eyebrow. "She does? She didn't tell *me*."

The futanari shrugged. "Me neither, but she's had that hungry look in her eye again lately. And she asked me for that private detective's number yesterday too." She chuckled affectionately. "I think she's found a cute girl to stalk."

Millie chuckled at that. "Well, I hope this one lasts a bit longer than most girls she likes. That girl who ran against her in the college election didn't last long at all. Anyway, I have another underwear photoshoot with our daughter on Sunday, I'll get all the details then, I'm sure." The former heiress looked up at her wife, an aroused glint in her eyes. "Speaking of you breeding and our daughter... She's almost twenty-one now, our Becky."

"Yes, I've been finding myself jerking off to her bikini pictures a lot lately. You and I made quite a stunning work of art." Saffron sighed. "When I get back from my trip, I'll take her on a nice sire-daughter date, love, and we'll see where that leads. But in the meantime..."

As she trailed off, her wife gave her a curious look. "In the meantime?" Millie asked, biting her lip in anticipation.

Chuckling, Saffron reached out and grabbed her wife, pulling Millie into a crushing embrace. "I've got two hours until my flight." She declared, reaching down to grab her cock. Even in the short time since her wife sucked her off, the futanari was already rock-hard again. "I can fuck you until I'm satisfied in that time... And if I'm late, who cares? The private jet will just have to wait!" Millie giggled in excitement as she eagerly allowed her wife to seize control of her.

In the end, Mr. Sandral remained Saffron's favourite and *last* client. Deep inside Saffron's tits, the rich man's remains still linger, as his daughter squeezes the tits he fattened. The blood surging through Saffron's cock still has traces of the rich man. It's hard to say for sure if he'd be satisfied with the price he paid for his pleasure.

But Saffron and Millie certainly are...