

“*Master!*” squealed a high-pitched voice. “I made *breakfast!*”

Garin’s eye half-opened. He yawned and stretched back in his bed, practically buried on soft, silky blankets. Above him, a narrow-waisted, big-breasted blonde bimbo beamed and bounced in place, bosom near-bursting her lacy baby-blue bra. It matched her glassy blue eyes, which gleamed with excitement as she held up a plate of sliced white bread messily slathered with jam.

“What time is it?” he mumbled.

“Um...” She blinked, biting her lip, and turned to face the clock. She stared for a moment, clearly deep in calculations as she glared at the northern contraption, before turning and exclaiming, “Morning!”

“It’s too early, Belli.” He buried his face in the pillow. “I need more time to sleep after all the work I did yesterday.”

“Oh, of course, Master!” She giggled. “But, like, the sun’s getting *suuuper* high, and it’s *soooo* boring —”

“Put the plate down, Belli.”

“Ooh! Yes, Master!” Humming with glee, she reached down to set the platter on his chest.

He opened his eyes and reached up, taking his slave by the hand. She froze, blinking big bimbo-blue eyes.

For a moment, he admired her.

Belli had once been a bard, years ago, back before the rise of the Kingdom of the Chosen. She’d played the fiddle, or something silly like that. When the Chosen had risen to take what was theirs, Garin had been on the front lines—a soldier for the Chosen Commander, fearless, heroic. He’d seen her and instantly knew he had to have her. So supple and swift, so ripe and desperate to be turned into a giggling little bimbo...

He ran his hand delicately over hers and then up her arm, towards her shoulder. Belli shivered and licked her lips, visibly quivering with anticipation. He smiled fondly. “Down on the floor, Belli.”

“B-But Master—it’s *warm*—”

He reached up and put a finger to her lips. Her eyelids half-closed, and awash in bliss, she bent over to set the plate down on the carpet.

He caressed her plump ass as she did so, enjoying her little squeak. Oh, she’d fought. But back then, the Chosen had been unstoppable. Fearless. None could stand against their justice. And administering the Conversion had been the sweetest gift he could have given.

Garin had never been married. This was something denied him by the schemes of elves and brothel owners. Now he had something better than a wife. Someone who was his.

But *goodness*. He smirked as she rose back up, staring down at him hesitantly as he continued to stroke

a finger over her midriff, along her hips. Most Chosen soldiers of the initial takeover had claimed two, three, twenty slaves of their own. He had taken only one. And without anyone to keep her occupied, she could be quite a handful.

“So eager,” he purred, beckoning. Slowly, Belli’s head bowed. “But I still need more sleep, silly slut.”

“Oh, Master,” she whined, bending down and crawling onto the bed. He put his hand on her head, guiding her to creep beneath the covers. “Oh, M-Master...”

“Good girl,” Garin whispered, grinning as he felt her perfect, plump lips settling around his shaft. Nobody had lips like his bimbo bride. “There’s a good girl. Sucking yourself to sleep.”

“*Shlelppy*,” he heard her slur, as beneath the covers her head started to bob, and sweet, wet pleasure started to flow into him. “*Shl... shl... mm...*”

Garin’s eyes closed, as he let her rhythm lull him back into slumber. He petted her hair, hearing her moans quiet into a soft, steady soundtrack as she began to sleep-suck. He kept petting her as he himself drifted away, his breathing going steady, keeping her at that steady, edging rate.

“My good girl,” he mumbled, and drifted into dreams of Belli’s obedience.

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Later that day, after he’d finally gotten up, Garin lounged back in his chair and scanned over the reports from the capital. Striking victories over the False Goddess, as always. He wasn’t actively fighting anymore, of course—as one of the Chosen Commander’s favored, Garin had been assigned the work of overseeing the southern port town of Mistbunker, and there was little need to fight at the moment. In fact, there wasn’t much to do at all. The Southern Castle Isles were still holding firm in their embargoes, leaving Mistbunker a sleepy town with a dusty port.

Mainly, his job was to report anything that tried to creep into the Kingdom from the docks. It was a very important job, of course, but not one that involved much real work. Nothing came from the south these days.

Still, a victory for the Chosen was a victory for him, too. He smiled and set the paper down, turning back to his breakfast. Toasted white bread slathered with berry jam, the latter imported straight from the capital. One of the perks of being favored was access to the occasional sweet treat—and to that even more precious resource, milled white flour.

He tore into the bread, savoring the sweetness of the berry mix, the crispness of the freshly-baked bread. A lovely diversion from the watered-down meal and pig fat he’d be having for lunch and supper.

It wasn’t a ‘foot shortage.’ The Kingdom had food. Their nation had *always* been a breadbasket. They just had to root out some radicals, win the wars, and get the mills running again. Then the times of plenty would return, and milk and honey would flow like water.

He frowned, going back over the numbers in the reports. ‘*Vast crowds of hundreds gather in the Southern Castle Isles and Western Plains in support of Moral Revolution.*’ Well, that probably wasn’t true for the Isles, from what word he received from the south... but it *was* probably true in the Plains,

anyways. And he wasn't about to contradict the favored men who ran the reports.

Garin was distracted from the report by Belli's humming, and he gratefully looked up to see her ass swinging about, her eyes closed, mumbling some tune he didn't know as she tidied up the kitchen.

He licked his fingers clean of the jam, savoring every sweet drop, and watched her ass sway. Belli was perfect. The other men of the town all envied him—even with all the alteration magic they could muster, none could ever hope to create a pet to rival Belli's perfect bimbo form, jiggling with every motion.

She kept glancing back over her shoulder, grinning when she saw him staring. She would give her ass an extra bit of swing, and he would smirk, knowing how badly she craved his attention. Poor thing. She looked at him with such adoration, her pouty lips a clear marker of how desperate she was to please him, her blonde curls almost glowing in the afternoon sunlight. All his slave really understood how to do these days was make herself look gorgeous, but that was all women needed to be able to do anyways, surely.

That and be perfectly devoted to his every, every whim. He reached down and stroked himself idly through his trousers, watching her ass sway in time with her song as she dusted the top shelves. She had to get up on her tiptoes for it, and he enjoyed the view of her skirt riding up along her tall, toned thighs.

She'd been so eager, he thought, biting his lip, to suck him this morning. Such a good girl. When he'd finally decided to awaken, his cock still in her mouth as she sleepsucked herself brainless, he'd fucked what remained of her brains out. And still she'd begged, even while squealing her bliss, to taste him, to lick him clean.

The Conversion purged women of unclean thought. It also rendered them too ditzy and horny to really do much baking, or cooking, or to work on the farms or in the mills or smithies or... to do just about anything, really. But they knew how to clean. And they knew how to please.

If only they weren't such helpless bimbos. He stroked faster, building himself, feeling his head buzzing with pleasure. If only they weren't such stupid, silly, distractable sluts, too dumb and horny to do anything but suck and fuck and obey. If only they weren't such distractions, and he'd remembered to harvest some prisoner fruits this year from the orchard, so he could fuck her all day long without having to... to...

... he bit his lip, holding in a whimper as he *barely* held off a too-soon climax.

Garin frowned. She'd been dusting that shelf for a while. And finally looking at her face, he realized she was staring at the window. *Out* the window.

"Pet?" he enquired, slowing his edging and taking a deep breath. He needed to be able to fuck her senseless again later, after all. She'd been really very spoiled during the months the prisoner fruit had been in season, keeping him nice and full of cum all day long—so he could fill her full of cum every night.

Belli's humming had slowed and ebbed. She stared at the window, her expression hard to recognize. Garin realized it was curiosity as she whispered, breathless, "Who's *that*?"

Garin's eyes narrowed. He rose to his feet. "Who's who?"

"Them!" She pointed, not taking her eyes off for a second. "They're so... *pretty*..."

Garin hurried over and looked out as with one hand he tugged her away from the window. "There's no one there, pet."

Dusk was falling—he really had slept in this time—and fog was starting to rise. But he couldn't see any sign of a person.

Nonetheless, envy rose in him as he wrapped a possessive arm around her. One of the men had better not be trying to take what was his.

"I thought I, like, saw someone," Belli murmured, putting a finger to her lips. She was trying to think, he realized, even as her other hand continued to fiddle with the duster.

Garin took the duster from her, leaning in, and ran it playfully over her side. She squeaked and giggled. "Saw who, pet?" he cooed.

"Um, like..." Belli sucked her finger, her eyes practically crossing as she seemed to think intently. "Someone! She was, like..."

Ah. A *woman*. He relaxed slightly, even as he kept running the duster over her, rising up to tickle her breasts. She squirmed and giggled, but he kept her captive. "... was she a silly bimbo, Belli?"

Her eyes lit up. "Heehee! Like, Master, of course!" She beamed and wriggled against him, wiggling her ass along his hardness. "I mean, like, all girls are silly bimbos, right?"

"That's right," he purred as he steered her towards the armchair. "And what do silly bimbos like to do *most*?" The duster played along her cleavage as she giggled and wriggled desperately.

"Heehee—like, um—hee—they like to *suck*, Master!"

"Good girl!" he cooed, sitting down in the armchair. Guided by his hand and feather duster, Belli eagerly sank to her knees. "And what are you, Belli?"

Belli bounced with pure delight. "A silly bimbo!" she squealed, licking her lips.

He let her pull down his pants, lounging back in his chair. He stroked her hair, trying to contain his intense need, trying to keep his head from buzzing too much as her lips approached his cock, promising him the pleasure he hadn't sampled since he'd gotten out of bed. "Prove it," he said sweetly, tickling her face with the duster.

Belli giggled and could only obey.

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It was a few days later, a hot, lazy summer afternoon, when he first noticed something was off.

One of the few duties of any real import Garin trusted Belli with was shopping. Converted women couldn't do numbers, of course (when counting kisses or spankings, they generally lost track around nine, depending on how smart they'd been before the purification), but Garin's position in town meant that all she had to do was hold up the list she wrote for her and the shopkeepers would know what to give her—and would know better than to cheat him. If they did try to cheat him, they knew he would find out.

So he was lounging on his front porch in an old rocking chair, grimacing as he took slow spoonfuls of the greasy grain slop he'd mixed up for lunch, when he noticed Belli returning from her shopping trip and immediately knew that all was no longer well in his town.

Belli was in a wonderful mood, of course, skipping down the path, ducking under apple blossom-laden branches (apples were coming in late this year, as nobody in town really knew how you were supposed to prune them anymore) as she swung her bag of supplies. He had sent her out wearing a long, conservative blue gown that matched her eyes perfectly, just to be sure none of the shopkeepers got ideas.

But under that gown had been a simple sky-blue sundress. And now the gown had been taken off and stowed in the bag, leaving her prancing back to him with her breasts practically bouncing out with every footfall.

"Belli!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet and hurrying over.

"I finished, Master!" Belli sang. "And they even had some plums! Plums are, like, *soooo* in right now!" She waved her bag excitedly.

"What happened?" He frowned, running his hands over her. She had no marks on her she could see—until he pulled down her dress slightly and saw it.

Right on her left breast.

A big, bright red lipstick mark.

"Oh, that!" She giggled. She was clearly enjoying the attention, and brainwashed as she was, she didn't really understand anything wrong with fucking anything in reach, which was why he had to keep such careful watch over her. She was wriggling up against him now, in fact, nuzzling his neck. "Some pretty girl, like, kissed me!"

"... she did?" Garin blinked down at her. Reflexively, he reached up and stroked her hair as she started kissing his neck.

"Mm." Her lips smacked wetly, sloppily. "Mm. Mm-hm! She was, like... *mmwah!*" She pulled back and giggled. "*Super* pretty. She didn't say anything, but I could tell she wanted to kiss me, like, super bad, so I let her!" She licked her lips, beaming down at him. "You aren't, like, mad, right?"

Her hips wriggled against him.

Garin hesitated. He wanted to be angry, but how could you be angry at one woman kissing another? Whoever took care of that kiss-happy harlot certainly needed to keep her on a tighter leash, but... “Silly slut,” he murmured, running a hand over her—now significantly less investigative, but no less familiar. “You can’t go *anywhere* without getting into mischief it seems!”

“Nope!” She licked her lips again, bouncing with excitement. The bag dropped to the grass as she enjoyed his touches, wrapping her arms around him and wriggling more intently. More deliberately. “I’m just a super *silly bimbo*, Master,” she cooed, “and *I* think I need to be *punished*!”

He smiled, letting her embrace him, letting her pull him up into her arms. She was so warm, and her kisses, smacking over the top of his head affectionately, sounded so sweet and *promising*, and her bosom felt so soft and warm...

He squirmed slightly, realizing how this must look. “Now, now, pet,” he purred, making his touches just a bit more *deliberate*. As his fingers played with her sex, he heard her whimper, and he smiled. “That’s right. Let’s go inside. And I’ll see about your *punishment*.”

She set him back down and followed with a bubbly laugh and happy hum as he took her back inside.

Garin was glad now to have such a remote home on the corner of town. It would have been embarrassing if anyone had seen this tall bimbo cuddling him to her so sweetly, almost as if *she* was in command instead of him—especially considering his rank.

He wasn’t sure where she’d gotten the idea to be so... clingy. But it was adorable. And there was a sweet smell hanging around her he found he liked very much.

Still, there was a faint nagging sense of doubt as he took his bimbo slave inside to fuck her silly brains out.

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The next incident came a few days later, in the late evening, when Garin heard humming coming from the orchard out back.

Garin rarely went to the orchard these days. In the summer, the trees hung heavy with fruits, and the ground was littered with rotting cherries, even a few prisoner fruits that had mostly rotted to the stones. Bees and wasps buzzed around the path as he stepped outside.

Belli had quite the sweet tooth when it came to the plums. They didn’t have much proper candy in the Kingdom for the time being, so when fruit was in season, Belli was out here quite often, gorging herself on cherries, pears, grapes—whatever was in season.

But as Garin drew nearer the source of the humming, his eyes narrowed.

Because he could see that Belli was not alone.

Belli lay back upon one of the white birch benches erected throughout the orchard. She was dressed in a pretty silken blue crop top—the kind that naturally dipped to show one shoulder, and could easily bare quite a lot more with just a little wriggle—and a pair of tight red shorts that showed off her ass

effortlessly. As always, she was immaculate, with light blue eyeshadow, flawless skin, beautifully coiffed blonde hair that spilled down her shoulders like a foamy waterfall, all capped off with bright painted red lips.

Although she rarely wore such striking lipstick, Garin thought, as he turned his attention to her companion.

In contrast to Belli's statuesque build, this woman was small, and a bit plump—not quite so much in either category to be considered a classic “goblinesque” beauty. She wore dark clothes, unusual for a woman of the Chosen, and her long, dark hair was rather messy, as if she'd just woken up. Her eyes were a striking red, and there were bags under her eyes. Although her skin might have been a rich brown at full health, she was very pale, as though she rarely saw the sun. That wasn't so uncommon, especially for women who were particularly favored by their owners.

In contrast to her messy, colorless form, were her incredible, distinctive lips: a brilliant bloodred, and as plump and luscious as any he'd ever seen. Cocksucking lips, Garin thought, as he stared at her.

He realized she was staring right back at him. Though he was still a ways away, she seemed fascinated. There was no sign of shame or guilt in that gaze. Of course, the Conversion usually stripped shame from its happy target almost instantly, one of its many gifts.

Belli was lounging back in the woman's lap, smiling up happily as her head rested upon the woman's thighs, their hands clasped together.

“Hey!” he shouted, recovering from his shock. “Who are you?”

Belli looked up. He heard her murmur something—or was it just a moan?

Quick as a flash, the cocksucker was on her feet, Belli's head set gently back on the bottom of the bench. She licked her lips as Garin raced towards them—then turned and sprang up over the bench with surprising agility.

Garin was so startled, he didn't even think to order her to stop. And before he could, she was rushing away, with the swiftness of a polecat caught in the chicken coop. By the time he came to the bench, she was already out of earshot.

But then she paused.

As Garin stood by the bench, a hand resting possessively on its back, he watched in stunned silence as the cocksucker turned back to him.

She seemed to be smiling as she reached up and plucked a plum from the branch above her.

Slowly, almost sensuously, he watched her take a bite. And even from this distance, he could see those striking red lips set against the lusty violet of the plum, and somehow knew she wasn't even smudging her lipstick, no matter how juicy the plum was.

She tossed the plum aside and smiled, and curtsied, and pranced away into the darkness of the woods. The fence might as well not have been there for how easily she scaled it.

“What in the Hells,” he muttered, shaking his head. A non-Converted woman? Couldn’t be. Not this deep into the Kingdom, and no common rebel would have access to that kind of grooming, anyways. She *had* certainly looked tired, but besides, what rebel would be spending time with a woman as fully under the Chosen’s sway as Belli?

He glanced down at Belli, who had two prominent lipstick stains on her face—one on each cheek, perfect, symmetrical. And though plenty of fey had naturally red lips, he didn’t know of any that actually left marks behind. Maybe cherry dryads, but cherries were already going out of season around here. And besides, the fey were as subservient as all women now, this close to the capital city.

So she had to belong to someone around here. Someone who wasn’t keeping his pets on as tight a leash as Garin did his. He folded his arms, mind racing with possibilities. He would have to put out a notice that...

Belli was still humming, he noticed, glancing down, as the bimbo rose up into a sitting position. Her eyelids fluttered.

“What did she say?” he asked, trying to make his voice gentle as he reached forward to stroke her hair.

“Mm.” Belli giggled and leaned into the touch. She hummed a moment, as if thinking, then said, “I dunno!”

He turned back to where the woman had gone, returning to his thoughts as Belli leaned closer, fiddling with his belt. Perhaps he could contact the trackers, follow the trail. Someone that nimble probably didn’t leave much behind, but she had a scent—a sweet scent, a familiar scent, that hung around Belli like a cloud of mist. They could probably...

Still humming, Belli, undid his belt and started unbuttoning his trousers. The tune was catchy and incessant. Belli had always been a musical bimbo, especially when she was excited.

“What do you mean, you don’t know?” he asked, frowning.

“Mm.” Belli blinked up at him innocently, licking her lips, as she put her hands on his hips and rose to her hands and knees on the bench so she could easily access his cock. His underwear was no obstacle—she was already starting to lick him sweetly through it, even as she tugged it slowly down. Oh, that felt good. “Like, um.. mm... lalam...”

“Now, Belli,” he began, trying to focus on the matter at hand, but then her lips settled on the head of his cock, and he bit his lip to hold in a most un-dominant cry. He gripped the top of the bench. “B-Belli,” he managed.

“Mm-hm!” Belli beamed as she kissed his cock, once, twice, three times, kissing it to full erection by the third. Each kiss was a bit louder, longer, sloppier, and as she went in for the fourth, his breath caught. “Yes, Master,” she slurred. And giggled.

Garin started to breathe quicker. Oh. Oh, her lips felt more luscious than ever. His knees wobbled, and he clung to the bench for dear life as her head started to bob in his lap.

Within seconds, he found himself falling down into the grass. And Belli climbed atop him, a triumphant, gleeful smile on her face, as the silly, obedient bimbo started to suck him off right there in the orchard. He wanted to protest, but only happy moans and whimpers slipped from his lips as he bucked and accepted it.

He would only later think to question that sweet smell coming from her—and the fact that, as her head bobbed, he could have *sworn* he saw her left breast bounce out of the crop top altogether, and a lipstick mark right on the nipple. And her nipple dripping with a slight lingering trickle of milk.

But when he would next think to check on it, both mark and milk would be gone.

His eyes rolled back up into his head as Belli started to hum a sweet, soothing lullaby.