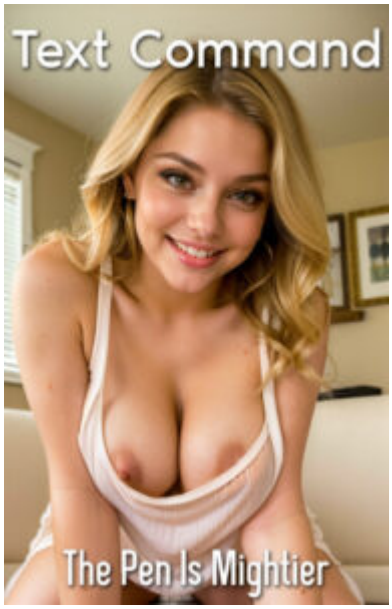
Text Command



Sitting up in his bed, Chris shook the tiny present, but it refused to give up its secrets.

“Just open it babe!” Hannah pleaded with husband. “I’m dying to know if you like it!”

Chris chuckled at his wife’s enthusiasm. It was his thirtieth birthday, and Hannah had promised him for weeks that it would be his best one ever. He had to admit that it was off to a good start. By the time he had woken up, Hannah had already showered, changed into the pretty summer dress that he loved, and even made an incredible breakfast that she served to him in bed..

With an hour before he needed to leave for work, Hannah took his breakfast dishes back to the kitchen and returned with his birthday gift. It was a cube, only a few inches long in each direction, and super light. Chris shook it one last time and finally relented, tearing off the wrapping paper.

When he popped open the box, there was nothing inside other than a single slip of paper with a QR code printed on it. He tilted his head at Hannah and arched an eyebrow. “What’s this?” He asked his wife.

“It’s a QR code, silly! You have to scan it”,” Hannah laughed in response.

“I mean, I get that, but what does it go to?”

“Well, there’s one way to find out.” Hannah pulled the QR code out of the box and gave it to Chris, then moved all the gift wrapping and the breakfast dishes to the dresser. Returning to where she’d been standing on his side of the bed, Hannah picked his phone up off the nightstand and handed it to him.

Opening up his camera app, Chris scanned the QR code. It brought him to a page asking to install an app called “Text Command.” Chris’ brow furrowed as he read the app description.

“Text Command – the app that lets you take control.” It began. “It’s so easy to use! Simply save the number of the person you want to control in the app and start sending commands. Once they read your text message, they’ll delete it, forget you sent it, and do whatever you ask as if it was their own idea.”

“What on earth?” Chris asked after reading the page. Hannah was beaming. “Is this some sort of gag gift babe? There’s no way this can be legit.”

“Oh, it’s legit,” Hannah replied, wrapping her arm around her husband. “My friend Sammie got it for her boyfriend last month. She said it really spiced up their love life. You don’t even want to know how much it costs.”

Chris looked up from his screen. “Babe, if this is real, it sounds seriously dangerous. Do you really want to give up that kind of control?”

“To you? Absolutely. It would be so hot for you to be able to make me follow your every order. We’ve been a couple since middle school. After dating for ten years and being married for seven, I’m pretty sure I can trust you… master.” Hannah made a kissing face with her lips, and Chris laughed.

“First off,” Chris said as he downloaded and installed the app, “You aren’t calling me master. That’s too weird. Second, if this really isn’t some kind of joke, it’s good that you woke me up early.” Despite his difficulty believing this was real, Chris found his cock stiffening as he sat there in bed with his wife’s arm wrapped around him.

Once the app was done installing, Chris opened it and it prompted him for a phone number. He entered Hannah’s number, and was transported to a screen asking him to enter a command. He showed it to

Hannah and she squeezed his shoulder.

“Okay master,” she groaned in a silly voice, “have your way with me.” Chris rolled his eyes.

“No calling me master, I swear,” he laughed. “Seriously babe, I don’t even know where to begin. You’re already perfect.” It was Hannah’s turn to roll her eyes.

“Here, I have an idea,” Hannah chimed, grabbing her husband’s phone and punching in a message. “You’re always begging to see more of ‘the girls.’ how about this?” She handed back the phone to Chris and he read it out.

“Hmm. ‘You don’t want to wear a bra.’ Are you sure about that babe? I saw a wiki for the app on their page. Maybe we want to read through the instructions first?”

“Nonsense!” Hannah retorted. “They said it was easy to use, and I want to have some fun before you go off to work and leave me alone all day long. Come on!”

“Okay, let’s try it.” Chris hit the send button, and Hannah’s phone dinged from her nightstand.

“Gee, I wonder who that could be,” Hannah said in a mock-patronizing tone as she sauntered over to pick up the phone.

“Oh look, I have a new text message. Let’s open it up and see who it–”

Hannah paused in her tracks. Chris watched her as she stood there in silence for two seconds. Just as he was about to say something she seemed to snap out of it, punched her phone’s screen a couple times, and turned towards Chris. She wrinkled her nose and scrunched up her face.

“Did you do it?” She asked. “I thought I heard my notification go off, but there’s nothing there. She held her phone out so he could see the thread with their texts, but sure enough, his text was gone. Chris also noticed that Hannah had started fidgeting her shoulders, and one of her hands had made its way up to tug on her bra strap under her dress.

As he stared at her, Hannah's shoulders twitched more and more, and before long both her hands were messing with her bra straps. Finally she spoke up. "Hang on babe, I've got to go take this off."

Hannah pulled down the straps of her summer dress, revealing her favorite pink bra. Reaching behind her back, she unclasped it and practically flung it to the floor, exposing her generous tits.Sighing in relief, she pulled her dress back up and over her boobs, returning the straps to her shoulders.

"What?" She asked her husband, who dropped his phone on the bed, staring at her wide-eyed. His eyes drifted to her nipples, plainly obvious through the dress without her bra, as she continued. "I just don't want to wear a bra."

Chris' head was spinning. How was this even possible? He took in the sight of his wife's tits hanging free in her dress. Hannah always wore a bra. She had massive tits, and she said that it made her self-conscious not to have one on. She even had a couple sports bras specifically for wearing to bed some days. Chris found his cock twitching as he began to wonder if this was in fact the real deal.

"Don't you remember? You typed that." Chris replied. "Just now I sent the command. You got the text, froze, and all of a sudden you had to take off your bra." Hannah's eyes went wide.

"I did type that, didn't I? Oh my God, I really can't remember getting the text or freezing. I just know I don't want to wear a bra. This is so hot!"

"Let's try something else," Chris told his wife. He picked up his phone and typed out "You want to dress provocatively," and hit the send button.

Just as last time, Hannah's phone dinged, she picked it up, froze in her tracks, then punched a couple buttons before setting it back down. She looked over at Chris, then looked down at her dress and frowned. "Hang on baby," she began.

"I've gotta change."

A couple moments later, Chris' jaw dropped when she walked out of their closet, wearing the tiny, see-through, crotchless lace teddy he'd bought for her a couple years ago. He had bought it as a joke, and she'd never worn it. Chris eyed her tits through the lace, as well as her neatly trimmed pussy. Hannah

nonchalantly strolled up to the bed, her brow furrowed.

“I don’t know babe,” she began, “do you think it’s working? I don’t think it did anything that time.”

Chris laughed. “Hannah, look at what you’re wearing. You’ve never worn that outfit a day in your life. I texted you that you wanted to dress provocatively and you froze in place again before snapping out of it and practically running to the closet to change.” Hannah arched an eyebrow.

“I don’t know. Maybe,” she ceded. “Still, it really feels like it was just something I wanted to do. I just realized that I’d been dressed kinda boringly, and thought it would be so much more fun to show off a little skin,” she replied smiling. Another idea popped into Chris’ head.

“Okay, the ultimate test then.” Chris said as he laid back in bed. He pulled the sheet off his body, revealing his very tented boxers. “How would you feel about sucking me off right now?”

Hannah considered his question as she glanced at the boxers which were barely containing his cock. “I suppose,” she said, kind of shrugging, “you know it’s not really my favorite, but it’s your birthday so if you want me to, I could do it.”

Chris knew Hannah was being overly kind. She’d admitted to him before that she absolutely hated blowjobs. She’d still occasionally give them to him, but she never swallowed, and didn’t like the taste of his cum. She’d also always refused to go anywhere near his cock after they’d had sex because tasting her juices on him would be ‘super gross’ in her words.

“Okay, hold on,” Chris told her. “This will take a second for me to type out.” Chris grabbed his phone and started filling words onto the screen.

‘You love giving blowjobs.’ He started. ‘You’re a cock-hungry slut who always wants her pussy stuffed. You really love to suck cock. Before sex, after sex, it doesn’t matter. You also love tasting your own juices. You’d fuck just to get to taste your juices mixed with cum on a cock. Next to your own pussy juice, cum is your favorite flavor in the whole world.’ Chris hit send, and a moment later Hannah’s phone chirped. He reached over to her side of the bed and handed it to her, and as soon as she opened the text message, she froze.

After being frozen for close to 10 seconds, Chris was starting to worry that something went wrong. This was taking way longer than the last two changes. Finally, another 10 seconds or so later, Hannah seemed to snap out of it. She deleted the text message, set down the phone, and gave Chris a look so sultry it nearly melted his eyes.

“So um, about that blowjob…” Chris hinted, and before he could say another word Hannah had pulled down his boxers and was hungrily slurping down his cock. “Oh fuck, that’s good” he groaned, experiencing the best blowjob of his life. Hannah looked him in the eyes for a moment, then plunged her face back down into his erection.

Soon, Chris was about to blow. “Oh fuck, babe. I’m, I’m going to cum!” Hannah redoubled her efforts, making loud gagging noises as she slammed her face on him again and again. Chris couldn’t take anymore and erupted, shooting his seed into his wife’s waiting mouth. She greedily slurped it all up, moaning in pleasure as she took shot after shot of cum.

Hannah came off Chris’ cock with a wet pop. A trickle of cum ran down her chin, which she quickly scooped up with a finger before sucking it clean. She looked over at the clock on the dresser and grinned. “Oh perfect,” she said. “We’ve still got about 40 minutes.”

“Why is that perfect?” Chris asked, his hand reaching over to caress one of Hannah’s tits through her teddy.

“Stop it,” she chided, slapping his hand away. Apparently not wanting to wear a bra and being a slut didn’t change her distaste for having her tit’s groped. “It’s perfect because that’s enough time for me to get you hard again, fuck you senseless, and suck you clean.” Hannah purred, “what do you think, birthday boy?”

“I love it,” he beamed. “Just let me do one thing to make it more fun. Grabbing his phone, he entered ‘you love having your tits played with’ and hit send. After seeing the message and spending a brief moment frozen, Hannah came back to her senses and stroked Chris back to hardness while he fondled her breasts.

Three fucks and as many blowjobs later, Chris finally stumbled out the front door to leave for work, completely spent before the day even began. “Man, I wonder if I could use that app to make Carol go easy on me for being late.” Chris mused to himself as he made his way to the car.

Inside, Hannah was in heaven, scooping gobs of Chris' cum from her pussy, licking it up, tasting their juices on her fingers. It was so yummy. She really hadn't wanted to let Chris go to work – she was a cock-hungry slut, after all, but she knew he had to. Still, not having a cock in her slutty pussy left her feeling empty. Suddenly her eyes lit up and in a second she was fishing through her nightstand.

"Yes!" She exclaimed to the empty room, holding up the dildo. It had been a prize at a bachelorette party a few years back. She'd rarely used it in the past, but today she couldn't figure out why she hadn't. Throwing herself back on the bed, she stroked the realistic cock along her pussy, groaning in pleasure as the tip gently parted her lips.

She pulled the toy up to her mouth and licked her juices off it before returning it to her pussy and slowly pushing it inside until it bottomed out. It was bigger than Chris, and she loved every last inch. She began stroking the fake cock in and out, pumping her pussy faster and faster. Her free hand found a tit – she loved having them played with.

Hours later, she was having her umpteenth orgasm of the day, coming hard on the dildo again. Sliding it out of her snatch, Hannah brought the tool up to her mouth, lapping up her juices. 'This is so good' she thought to herself. Like any slut though, Hannah found herself craving the taste of cum and a real cock inside her. As she sucked the last of her juice off the dildo, her eye caught sight of her phone laying on the floor by the bed. Hannah smiled as a plan materialized in her mind.

At work, Chris sulked at his desk amidst the sea of low-rise cubicles as he ate his lunch. For as great as the morning started, it all fell apart when he got to the office. Thanks to his extended romp with Hannah and a stop to get coffee, he was nearly an hour late. As soon as he got there, his boss had called him into her office and spent the next half hour chewing him out.

It was the first time he'd ever been more than a minute or two late, and she treated him like he was a common criminal. On his birthday, no less. To make things worse, after she finished ripping him a new one, Carol took him off his regular duties and assigned him to QA auditing for the day. It was literally the worst, most boring responsibility in the company. And then she told him he'd have to work through lunch. It really couldn't get worse.

As Chris did his best to scan through his sixteenth 'best practices' document of the day, his mind drifted to the app. Could he use it on more than one person? If so, he realized, that would be his ticket out of quality assurance auditing hell. Maybe he could even give Carol the attitude adjustment she desperately needed, he realized, smiling. Suddenly the day looked a lot less bleak.

Chris checked to make sure Carol wasn't somewhere in the cubicle farm. When he was certain the coast was clear, he pulled out his phone and opened up the app. Hitting the back arrow, he was delighted to see that it returned to the screen to enter a number. Grabbing his company directory, he flipped through the pages until he found the entry he was looking for: 'Shaffer, Carol, work cell'. He added Carol's number into the app and went on to the command screen.

Next door to Chris and Hannah's house, a video game let out a resounding 'blorrrrrrp,' from the bedroom TV, signaling defeat.

Jamie sighed. So much for beating that level on the first try. The 18-year-old took another slurp of his energy drink and was just about to restart the level when the notification alert on his phone went off. Picking it up and looking at the lock screen, he saw 'New Text Msg: Hannah Andersen' displayed. Jamie's heart skipped a beat.

Jamie had developed a crush on Hannah years ago, and it only got stronger as time passed. With her fit physique, massive boobs and long golden hair, she was a walking, talking, wet dream. He couldn't count the times he'd jacked off to memories of her.

As he got older, The Andersens started hiring Jamie to do odds and ends chores around their house. Usually it was mowing or pulling weeds, but his favorite was when Hannah needed help with her special projects.

Every summer, Hannah would come up with a list of things she wanted to accomplish. Some projects were fun, like painting their porch. Others were harder, like organizing their basement. She'd have him over and they'd work together on whatever the task of the day was. The Andersens always paid him fairly, but truth be told, he'd have done all of it for free just to get to spend time around his older neighbor.

With summer here, Jamie realized that Hannah must be working on her list, and eagerly popped up the text message on his phone. 'Hi Jamie!' it read, 'Got time for an extra special project today? It might take most of the afternoon and I'm gonna get you hot and sweaty, but I'll make it worth your while,' followed by a winking emoji. Jamie's cock twitched. She couldn't have meant it to come off that way, but the text sounded way flirtier than her usual messages.

'Sure thing!' Jamie replied back. 'I can be over in a few minutes. Do you need me to bring anything?'

When Hannah's response came, Jamie's eyes went wide. 'Just bring that strong teenage body of yours. Hurry, I need you!'

"Weird," Jamie said aloud. That message definitely sounded flirty. Chalking it up to old people not being good at texting, Jamie texted back that he was on his way, tossed on a pair of shoes and left his room. "Mom! Mrs. Andersen has some work for me. I'll be back later!" he shouted as he headed toward the front door.

"That's fine honey!" His mom shouted from the kitchen. "Just be home in time for dinner!" Jamie said he would, and with that, he headed out the door toward his neighbor's house.

Back at work, Chris read the message one last time before he sent it. 'You overreacted to Chris this morning,' it began. 'It doesn't really matter if he's late, because he does so much for the company. Chris is your favorite employee. You really like him. He's an asset to the company. You need him, and he shouldn't be given menial tasks like QA audits. Call him to your office and apologize. Make sure he knows how you feel.'

Feeling confident that this would not only get Carol off his back today, but possibly open the door for a big raise at his review next month, Chris hit send, smiling at his brilliant plan. This app could really change his life, he realized, a shiver going down his spine as he considered the power he held.

As Chris thought about the ways he could use the app, he realized that it could help him get anything he wanted. In work, love, or really anything. It was a head rush. He could Have Carol's job. Hell, he could have Carol. For as big of a bitch as she could be, Carol was hot. More than once he and the guys chatted at the water cooler about what it would take to melt the ice queen. Knowing he could just send a message and make her his plaything was so tempting.

Then again, Chris was a good guy, and he truly loved his wife. Not wanting to go further down that sordid path, he thought about Hannah and how the app could improve their marriage. There really wasn't a lot that needed improving if he was honest. Sure, Hannah could be a little prudish about sex, but Chris was confident he fixed those issues this morning. As he thought about the amazing sex they had this morning, he realized there was one big change he could make.

If there was one argument that Chris and Hannah ever had, it was over kids. They both wanted children, but every time Chris brought it up Hannah would argue that the idea of pregnancy gave her anxiety and she wasn't ready yet. Now Chris was 30 and Hannah would be joining him in the 30s in less than three months. The biological clock was ticking, so to speak.

Realizing that he could use the app to help Hannah get over her pregnancy anxiety, Chris backed out of Carol's number in the app and went back to Hannah's. 'You are no longer anxious about pregnancy. You want to get pregnant,' he typed. 'Getting knocked up turns you on. You'll do whatever it takes to get a baby inside you.' Hitting send, Chris grinned, looking forward to seeing how that message would play out.

The phone on Chris' desk rang and he picked it up. It was Carol. She wanted Chris in her office ASAP. Chris wasn't sure his grin could be any bigger. It was really turning out to be a great birthday.

Back at home, Hannah checked her makeup in the bathroom mirror as butterflies fluttered in her stomach. Part of her couldn't believe what she was doing. She'd never cheated on Chris before, and here she was, planning to seduce the teen next door.

It felt so naughty, but Hannah knew the truth. She was a cock-hungry slut, and she always wanted her pussy stuffed. If Chris couldn't be here to give it to her, what was the harm in having a little fun? Besides, she'd seen how Jamie looked at her. He was obviously into her, and it wouldn't take much to get his cock buried inside her pussy. With her makeup perfect and Jamie texting that he was on his way, Hannah headed back into the bedroom.

Quickly stripping out of the teddy she'd been in, she tossed on one of Chris' old tank tops. She wanted to dress provocatively for Jamie, and she knew from past experience that he'd give her a bunch of extra glances when she wore one of her tank tops. Chris' would be even better, because it was so much larger. Her tits were barely covered, with the straps just barely concealing her nipples. The hem hung low enough that her pussy was barely covered up.

Hannah was about to run back into the bathroom to top the ensemble out with a little perfume when her phone buzzed. Opening up her texts, she saw a message from Chris. Seeing his name made her stomach drop. She found herself reconsidering her plans with Jamie. Maybe she was going too far. Maybe she could still back out of this. Opening his text message, Hannah froze, her eyes fixed on the message.

A few seconds later, her fingers erased the message, and then Hannah found herself looking at her phone wondering why she'd picked it up. She didn't have time to mess around. Jamie would be here any second, and she needed to be ready. She needed her pussy stuffed, and maybe even knocked up, she realized with a thrill.

Stepping into the master bath once more, Hannah grabbed her perfume and applied a little. As she was checking herself out in the mirror, the doorbell sounded, and Hannah knew playtime was about to get

started. “Come in” she shouted as she stepped back into her bedroom. She stood just inside her bedroom door and listened as the front door creaked open.

“Hello!” Jamie called out. “It’s me Mrs. Andersen! What’s our project today?”

“Hi Jamie!” Hannah called back from inside her room. “I think you’ll really love what you get to do today. Just take a seat on the couch and I’ll be right out.”

Jamie was super confused. Something was definitely off about Mrs. Andersen today. Not quite knowing anything else to do, he plopped down on the living room sofa and stared down the hall where Hannah’s voice had come from, waiting for her to come out. Finally, he saw the door at the end of the hall open, and his eyes nearly popped out of his head.

“Muh, m, Mrs. Andersen?” Jamie asked in shock as Hannah strutted down the hall toward him. He could hardly do anything besides stare. As she took each step, the oversized tank top shifted, revealing hints of deep pink areola. Her makeup was sexier than any he’d ever seen her in before, and he was all but certain she didn’t have any panties or shorts under her tank top.

Hannah stepped up until her toes were touching Jamie’s shoes. “Well hey, stud,” she purred. “I hear you’re looking for some work.” Jamie gulped as Hannah leaned toward him, placing her mouth over his right ear. Jamie breathed in heavily, taking in the intoxicating scent of her perfume mixed with arousal. Hannah’s shirt hung open, her tits fully visible to the teen.

Hannah whispered into Jamie’s ear. “If you’d like, I’ve got something that you can work all afternoon long. It’s my wet, needy pussy. I want a baby in it, and I know you’re sooo good at working long and hard on special projects.” Hannah leaned in a little more and sucked on Jamie’s earlobe. His heart nearly stopped as all the blood in his body rushed into his cock.

Standing back up, Hannah took Jamie’s hands, and pulled the dumbfounded teen to his feet. Staring face-to-face with his married neighbor, Jamie still couldn’t believe what was happening. He’d fantasized about her for so long. Now here she was, offering herself to him. She looked so good. Smelled so good. How was this possible? Jamie tried to speak, but could barely form words.

“B, bu, but what about M, Mr. Andersen?” He finally managed to sputter out.

“What Mr. Andersen doesn’t know won’t hurt him,” Hannah cooed. “Now, Mrs. Andersen needs a cock to suck and a young stud’s baby batter inside her. Do you think you can make that happen, Jamie?” Jamie stared into Hannah’s deep blue eyes for the longest three seconds of his life as he decided what to do. His mind made up, he leaned in, and his lips met hers.

At work, Chris popped his head in Carol’s office. “Hey boss, you wanted to see me?”

“Please Chris, come in. Will you shut the door behind you? We need to talk.” Carol replied as Chris stepped into her office. Chris was doing his best to remain straight-faced, but he was almost giddy. The ice queen was finally about to get off his back! Shutting her door, he took a seat across from her, in the same chair he occupied earlier that morning when she chewed him out.

“What’s up?” Chris began. “If it’s about the audit reports, I’ve only gotten through –”

“No. About that,” Carol interjected. Chris noted an almost sweet tone in her voice. “Chris, I really need to apologize. This morning I was out of line. You’re a real asset to our company. There’s no reason I should have put you on something menial like a QA audit. I honestly don’t know why I was so cold with you. You do so much for this company. What’s the harm if you come in a little late on your birthday? I’m really, truly sorry Chris. Can you forgive me?”

Chris’ smile couldn’t be contained any longer. “Of course Carol. You’re a great boss. We all make mistakes. It’s water under the bridge. So does this mean that I can take back my regular assignments?”

Carol smiled warmly across the desk. “Absolutely sugar. I’ll have someone else deal with those pesky QA audits.”

Chris’ smile vanished. “Uh, did you just call me sugar? You okay boss?” Carol’s warm smile turned hungry as she stood and removed her suit jacket, tossing it on her chair.

“Chris, there’s something else, and I really need to make sure you know how I feel.” As she spoke, Carol began unbuttoning her blouse. Chris’ eyes went wide.”Chris, I like you. I mean, I really like you.” With her last button open, Carol untucked her blouse and pulled it off, tossing it with her jacket. Hooking her hands under her skirt, she slipped it down and stepped out of it.

Chris stared in shock as Carol strutted around her desk in her bra and panties. When she got to his chair, she grabbed his hands and pulled him to his feet. Chris was still in a state of shock when Carol leaned in and kissed him hard on the lips. The kiss snapped him out of it, and Chris backed up against the wall.

“Carol!” What are you doing?!” Chris asked her in a panic. His eyes somehow went wider as he realized that he must have somehow done this with what he’d written in the app.

“I told you. I really like you Chris. I need you.” She stepped forwards and attempted to kiss him again.

“Carol! I hrmph hmrrr, stop!” he pleaded as she pressed herself against him. Carol attempted to kiss him again, but he was able to deflect her, pushing her away and holding her at arm’s length. “We can’t do this! I’m married!”

“And I have a boyfriend,” Carol replied, her eyes pleading. “ I still need you. Please, fuck me Chris. I swear, nobody will find out.” Carol attempted to grab Chris by the crotch, but he managed to wrestle free from her grasps.

“I just, I uh, I need a minute to think about it!” Chris stuttered at his boss as he darted to the door and rushed into the corridor. Turning towards the elevators, he took off in a mad dash.

As he raced down the hall, Chris frantically pulled out his phone. His hands shaking, he managed to get the app open. Forgetting that he’d set the app back to Hannah, he slammed out the message ‘You don’t want Chris anymore. You only want the guy you’re with.’ and hit send.

Sprinting up to the elevators, he punched the ‘up’ button repeatedly, checking over his shoulder for his boss nearly as often. Just as the elevator dinged and the doors opened, he saw Carol exiting her office. She was dressed again, but with a disheveled look that screamed out her primal need.

Spotting Chris by the elevators, Carol started running towards him. As she ran down the hall she screamed “Chris, come back! I need you,” causing a few other executives to pop their heads out of their offices.

“Check your texts!” Chris shouted back, diving into the elevator, punching his floor and hitting the

‘close door’ button repeatedly. As Carol approached, the doors finally closed and the elevator started moving, a second later he heard banging as Carol pounded on the elevator doors in frustration.

Deciding he’d better lay low for a while in case his boss didn’t check her texts right away, Chris punched the button two floors below his. When he arrived, he ducked into the mens room and took up residence in one of the stalls. As he caught his breath, his mind drifted to Hannah, and he chuckled that at least he’d have a good story for dinner tonight, hoping her day was a little less intense than his.

“Oh fuck! Yes! Harder!” Hannah wailed, spread out on her bed as Jamie slammed his cock into her again and again. She was in heaven as the smell of their sex filled her lungs and the slapping of their flesh filled her ears. Having this young, hot stud come to fill her pussy was the best idea ever.

Jamie grabbed at her tits as he continued bucking into her, making her groan in pleasure. “Oh, fuck, oh fuck, I’m coming!”

Hannah’s body began to spasm under Jamie. Overwhelmed by the sensation, Jamie felt his own orgasm coming on. “Oh god! Mrs. Andersen, I’m gonna cum too!” He shouted, plunging his cock into Hannah as deeply as he could. Pumping spurt after spurt of cum into Hannah’s pussy, he collapsed on top of her. His lips found hers and their tongues eagerly began exploring each other’s mouths.

As Hannah made out with the neighbor teen, she couldn’t believe how good this felt. Jamie’s cock barely had Chris beat in length and girth, but that little bit was really making a big difference. Between one of their fuck sessions, Jamie had admitted that he’d been a virgin when he came over, but he was definitely a quick study.

The first time he fucked her, over the couch in the living room, he came almost immediately. But between his youth and Hannah’s mouth sucking him off like a porn star, he rebounded and made it much longer the second time. Now, so many fucks in that Hannah lost count, he was consistently riding it out until she came on his cock, making it so much hotter. She knew one thing for sure – there was no way Chris could go all day like Jamie had.

Jamie pulled his lips away from Hannah’s and started kissing her neck, making her whimper. For an inexperienced teen, he had a knack for pushing her buttons. And with all that young, fertile cum inside him, Hannah was hopeful he’d get her knocked up. She planned to keep seeing him of course, in case it didn’t take today. Plus, with Chris filling her up in the evenings and on the weekends, she was bound to get bred in no time.

Hannah felt Jamie's cock softening inside her, and Hannah was considering asking him if he wanted another blowjob when she heard her phone ding. She couldn't quite reach it from under Jamie.

While she really wanted to ignore it, the notification reminded her that it was getting late in the day, and she wanted to check the time so she knew how long she had left with Jamie before she had to get cleaned up for Chris. It was his birthday, after all. The least she could do is wash off Jamie's cum before he got home.

"Can you reach that?" Hannah asked her younger lover. Still inside her, Jamie easily plucked the phone off the nightstand and handed it to her. Pressing her power button, she realized it was from Chris, and immediately felt a pang of guilt. She'd spent the last several hours fucking Jamie. Sure, she was a cock-hungry slut who always wanted her pussy stuffed, but at least until today, she'd somehow managed to stay faithful to Chris. Letting out a sigh, she clicked on his notification, and froze in place.

"Hannah?" Jamie asked, still on top of her. She didn't respond. She didn't blink. She just kept staring at her phone. Jamie started to grow worried. "Hannah? Mrs. Andersen?! Hannah!" Hannah laid there in bed under him, perfectly still, staring at her screen. Worried something was happening to her, Jamie climbed off the bed and tried shaking her. She didn't respond.

After nearly three minutes of shaking and shouting her name with no response, Jamie was panicking. He started digging through his jeans looking for his own phone to call for help when suddenly, Hannah sat up in bed. Jamie watched as she sat up, pressed her phone a few times, then blinked a few more times as she spotted Jamie and smiled.

"Hey stud," she purred. "Why'd you climb off me so fast? You're not planning on leaving yet, are you? I want you."

Jamie blinked at Hannah. "Are you joking? Do you seriously not know what you just did? You got some message, then you just froze for like, minutes!"

Hannah's eyes got wide. "That bastard," she muttered to herself. "What did he do?"

"What bastard? What are you talking about?" Jamie asked.

“Chris. I fucked up so bad Jamie. This morning I gave him an app that lets him make changes to me. I know it sounds crazy, but it’s true. He made me take off my bra and start dressing nice, and probably other stuff that I can’t remember. But that was before you came over and I realized that I don’t want Chris anymore. I only want to be with you.”

Jamie was dumbfounded. “Are you serious? Like, this isn’t some crazy prank? You and Mr. Andersen always seemed happy.” In response, Hannah got off the bed and tossed around the clothes on the floor until she found a slip of paper with a QR code printed on it.

“Here, scan this with your phone, it will explain everything.” Hannah handed him the slip of paper. She continued, with worry in her voice. “Jamie, we’ve got to fix this, I don’t want to be Chris’ puppet. I only want you, and I’m worried that he’s going to keep sending me commands and take me away from you.”

While he looked for his phone, Hannah tried to mentally evaluate herself to see if she could identify what Chris had done. She looked at Jamie’s cock as he was bending over to get his phone and felt an urge to fuck and suck him ‘Definitely still a slut, so that’s normal,’ she thought. She knew she still wanted to get knocked up too. Whatever that loser did to her, she couldn’t figure it out.

Jamie scanned the QR code and read the description of the app. Curious, he clicked the download box and was greeted by a prompt. ‘Warning: this app was already downloaded using this link. Downloading on a different device will deactivate the app on the last used device. Proceed with downloading?’ As Jamie read the message, an idea formed in his mind. His eyes met Hannah’s and he smiled.

“Hey, I think I might know how to help,” he said, showing the message to Hannah. Her worried expression faded as Jamie explained what he was thinking. “But,” he began after finishing his thought, “do you think we can pull it off before he gets home?”

Hannah practically jumped into Jamie’s arms, kissing him hard on the lips.

Chris stealthily popped his head around the corner of the parking garage elevator. He’d spent all afternoon hiding from Carol. She’d been tracking him down with a bloodhound’s tenacity. He couldn’t figure out why she hadn’t just checked her texts yet. It would have solved everything.

With the coast appearing clear, Chris darted towards his car. As he was unlocking the door to get in, he heard Carol’s voice from across the garage. “There you are!” she cried. Acting as quickly as he could,

Chris opened his door, jumped in the vehicle, and backed out. As he started speeding out of the garage, Carol reached the back of his car and pounded on his trunk. “Please! Come back! I need you!” She shouted as he sped off.

Finally in the clear, Chris started the drive back home. From his pocket, his phone dinged, letting him know a new text had come in. He knew better than to text while driving, so Chris made a mental note to check his messages when he got home.

A few minutes later, he pulled into the driveway of his home, excited to see Hannah. Sitting in the car, he thought about how much fun Hannah would be after the commands he’d given her this morning. Plus, with the one this afternoon about wanting to get pregnant, he knew he was in for a perfect end to his birthday.

Suddenly Chris’ eyes went wide. “The text this afternoon.” he muttered to himself. He never switched back to Carol’s number after he texted Hannah. Had he sent the second text meant for Carol to Hannah instead? What would that do to her? It specifically said “you don’t want Chris” in it. It also told her she wanted the guy she was with. That could be misinterpreted so easily. What if Hannah had been around another guy at the time?

Chris felt the blood leave his face as he rushed to activate his phone. Ignoring the text from Jamie, Chris tried opening the Text Command app. Instead of opening, the app brought up a message reading ‘Error: App installed on another device. This instance deactivated.’ He tried the app again and again, but it wouldn’t load.

Chris grunted in frustration, going back to the home screen and seeing the text notification. It was from Jamie, the neighbor kid. Maybe he’d seen Hannah acting weird and texted him, Chris considered. Then he gulped. What if he was with her when she got that text? The idea of Hannah falling for Jamie made his stomach turn. He had to find out what happened. As quick as he could, he opened the text messaging app, clicked on Jamie’s message, and immediately froze.

Hannah held onto her dining room table she was bent over for dear life as Jamie’s cock slammed into her. “Oh oh oh ngh, fuck yes” she moaned as her younger partner mercilessly plowed into her.

“Mhh, yeah, slut,” Jamie growled as his cock jackhammered her pussy. “Tell me what you want.”

“I wa, I, oh fuck, I want your baby!” Hannah screamed. There was nothing better than a celebration fuck after pulling off a perfect plan.

As the two continued to rut, neither paid attention to the front door as it opened. Stepping into the house, Chris looked into the dining room where Jamie was fucking Hannah. The smell of sex hung heavy in the air, making it clear that this was far from their first fuck of the day. Chris smiled at the two. “Hi guys! I’m home,” he chirped. Jamie briefly glanced over his shoulder, but otherwise the couple ignored him.

Chris could barely contain his joy over the situation. He’d often fantasized about Jamie claiming Hannah for his own, and thanks to the app, he finally got to see his dream realized. Sure, he loved Hannah, but he knew he wasn’t enough man for her. She was a slut. She needed a bigger, younger cock that could pound her all day long while he worked to pay the bills. She needed Jamie.

“You two have fun,” Chris said. “I’m going to go to my room.” Stepping into the guest room where Jamie and Hannah had just finished moving all his possessions, Chris listened through the door to the sound of Jamie’s body slapping against Hannah’s as she moaned about how much better a lover Jamie was than her husband. It was so sexy. Chris found himself getting hard as he listened to the 18 year old pound his wife.

Later that night, Jamie and Hannah laid in bed together. Hannah held Jamie in a loving embrace and talked about baby names while Jamie played on his phone and considered how great the day had turned out. Out of nowhere, the woman of his fantasies landed in his lap. There was nothing he’d change. Well, almost nothing.

A moment later, Hannah’s phone dinged, and as she opened the text message from Jamie, she momentarily froze.

Laying in his new bed across the hall in the guest room, Chris couldn’t believe how great his birthday had turned out. He not only turned his wife into a total slut, he made her the neighbor teen’s personal property. It was so hot. Chris heard the slapping of skin and moaning from across the hall and realized they were at it again. “Oh, yes! Fuck me master!” Hannah screamed out.

Chris found himself getting hard again as he listened to the teen breeding his wife. He pulled out his own cock and started stroking it, fantasizing about Jamie getting Hannah knocked up. He’d love to help Hannah raise Jamie’s baby. He kept jerking off as he heard Hannah begging her master for more seed, and after a few more strokes, Chris came hard. Drifting off to sleep in the aftermath of his orgasm, to

the sounds from across the hall of his wife being fucked and screaming for her master to use her, Chris couldn’t help but smile. This really was the best birthday ever.