**Suckers 3**

John awoke to the sound of his alarm clock. Reaching over to turn it off, his hand landed on something soft instead. As he looked to his left, he noticed he wasn’t at the edge of the bed as he normally was; Janet was laying next to him.

He looked to his right to see his wife, Maria, laying on his other side. Yesterday wasn’t a dream. He had actually turned his wife into a bimbo and her bitchy friend into a slut.

“Uhg, turn that alarm off!” his wife whined, rolling over in the bed to look at him.

“I-I have it!” Janet said quickly, reaching out and slapping at the alarm clock, hitting the snooze button. “Did I do good, Mistress??”

“Mistress…? Janet!?” Maria seemed a little more startled by Janet’s presence than John was. “Wait… We… We really had a threesome last night?”

Janet squirmed, biting her lip as she turned around, pressing her chest into John’s arm. “Uh huh! Can we go again? I really, really wanna cum this time!”

The red sucker lasts until the Sucker who accepted it had an orgasm. So, last night John had given Janet instructions not to cum without his permission. As desperate for him as she was now, she couldn’t disobey. She would never risk displeasing him, so she had been taken care of.

His wife, on the other hand, was right back to normal after a long night’s sleep. He could offer her another sucker, but it would wear off long before he got home from the office. He could offer her a red one and order her not to cum as well…

“Maybe later,” Maria said, interrupting his thought. “I mean, I had a lot of fun last night, but I’m still… Processing it all.”

She seemed not to be suspicious of what happened, even now that she was supposedly back to normal... Perhaps some of what she was told while she was under the sucker’s influence stuck. Before he could ponder further, however, the snooze went off.

He slipped out of bed, turning the alarm off properly, and began to get ready for work. Leaving Janet with instructions to be good for his wife while he was gone, and a reminder not to cum. On his way out, he stopped by the box of suckers… Perhaps he could find some use for them at work today. Grabbing a few from the box, he headed out.

One commute and some time later, John finally sat down at his cubical. A tall stack of papers were already waiting for him on his desk as he arrived. It looked like he wouldn’t be getting much time to socialize today.

The hours passed slowly, rubber stamping documents and filing them. It was dull work, and his mind drifted again and again to the night before. He had more than a few attractive co-workers he could offer a sucker to if he just had a chance to get to the break room, but it seemed that the paperwork piled on his desk was growing steadily throughout the day rather than shrinking.

He couldn’t afford to take a trip to the break room with such a visible pile on his desk. Absent mindedly, he pulls a sucker from his pocket to look at it. It had a bright yellow wrapper on it, which meant it was the financial gullibility sucker. He didn’t have much money on him but he could possibly convince someone to blow him for a few dollars.

From the corner of his eye, he spotted his boss approaching with yet another stack of paperwork. Quickly, he stuffed the sucker into his pen cup and straightened up to look busy as she approached.

“Still not finished with the last stack?” She asked incredulously as she roughly set the new stack of papers onto the pile. “You don’t have to read them all, just stamp them. It’s all taken care of digitally already, I don’t know why we need to do physical copies anymore.”

It took some effort to prevent himself from groaning; even if he was just rubber stamping, he needed to make sure he didn’t miss any signature spots to stamp. Before he could reply though, his eye caught his boss’s hand reaching over to the pen cup, taking the sucker.

“It’s no wonder you are so slow today.” She commented, holding the sucker between her fingers “Already down to one piece of candy? You know sugar just leads to a crash.”

“Do you want it?” he asked, remembering how Janet found herself unable to resist the offer.

There was a moment of quiet as she considered his offer. Looking down at the sucker, she hesitated, uncertain why she found herself wanting it now. Slowly, she pulled the wrapper off and raised it to her lips. She closed her eyes as though anticipating the inevitable before finally popping it into her mouth.

As he heard the sound of her sucking, John knew he had her. Though, he couldn’t do much right out in the cubical farm without being overheard. “I have some business ideas you might be interested in” he said softly “Would you like to discuss them in your office?”

She popped the sucker out of her mouth to reply, “Of course!” she said, her tone having rapidly changed from stern to eager. “Follow me, I can’t wait to hear your proposal.” without much delay, she began to walk towards her office, almost seeming to bounce with each step.

John quickly got out of his seat and followed behind her, watching her ass bounce and imagining what he might be able to convince her to do. He would have to think quickly though; this sucker is more heavily themed so he had to make his suggestions follow that theme to work.

As they walk into the office, John closes the door behind him and turns around to watch his boss walk around her desk, sitting down and leaning forward heavily. He could see her breasts bulging through her blouse’s cleavage as her long black hair fell from behind her shoulders to rest on the desk. Before being given the sucker, she would never have taken a pose like that.

“Please, take a seat” she suggested, putting one elbow on her desk and resting her cheek in her palm while her other hand held the sucker briefly before sliding it back into her mouth. “I’m very interested in what you have in mind for me.”

The sucker seemed to have a much more obvious influence over her than he expected. Maybe this wouldn’t be as difficult as he assumed it would be.

John took a seat across from her, his eyes still drawn to her breasts. Her posture had them pressing against the desk’s surface now, causing them to be pushed out of her cleavage even more than before. He couldn’t quite see her nipples but at this rate it might be only a matter of time before they peaked out.

“Oh, I’m sorry” she said softly “Are these distracting you? I can… Put them away if you’d like.”

“Actually” John said quickly “I’ll give you a dollar if you pop them out”

“What?!” her suddenly raised voice startled John. Was the sucker not working well enough for that? Or- “You’d give me a dollar just for that?”

Or it was working much better than he would have thought. He gave her a nod and pulled out his wallet, grabbing a dollar bill out, he pressed it against the table. “Make it good.” he said slowly sliding it towards her.

Her eyes locked onto the bill hungrily, and as soon as it was close enough, she snatched it up, and stuffed it between her breasts. “Make it good, huh?” she said with a grin “How do you like this then?”

She sat up slightly, and pulled her shoulders back, pressing her breasts against her blouse, growing tighter and tighter until finally a button popped right off; then a second button followed soon after, her bra covered breasts peaking out from the new gap in her blouse.

She ran a hand around each breast, pulling them out before gripping the bra, and lifting them. She leaned forward again, lifting her breasts higher until finally they slipped from the bra, and fell onto the table with a thud, the dollar bill still resting between them.

“Was that worth a dollar?” she asked seductively.

He nodded, stunned for a moment at how far she was willing to go for a dollar. He wondered if she knew how to sew; if not, she costed herself much more than a dollar just to do that. He remembered what the note said… After the treat is done, she won’t regret a thing…

He decided to take a risk. “I do. You want to make the big bucks, don’t you.” she nodded excitedly as he spoke “Could you imagine ten dollars?”

Her jaw dropped as she stared at him, it was as though he had just casually offered her a trillion dollars. He kept going “A month?” now she was salivating. “And all you have to do is use your body for me, there’s no cost to you.”

she nodded fervently “Yes, yes! Absolutely!” she said quickly “I’ll do whatever it takes to earn your business!”

He grinned “Alright. Here are the terms. I get free access to your body whenever I want, to do whatever I want. And you get ten dollars a month.”

She nodded again “Of course! Yes, I’ll do it!”

“Very good, now write up the contract, make sure it’s unbreakable with exactly the terms I described and have It on my desk in five minutes.” he said confidently, standing up and walking out of the office.

He sat down at his desk and waited. He stamped a few documents to pass the time, but before long, he noticed his boss walking towards his desk. Sucker in mouth and breasts hanging loose. A single sheet of paper in her hand. She walked up behind him, leaning forward and pressing one of her breasts against his shoulder as she placed the paper on the top of the stack.

“There you go. All you have to do is sign it and we’re set for life.” she said softly.

Out of instinct, he picked the sheet of paper up to read it. “Wanda Barks agrees to give full access to her body, and her sexual autonomy to John Smith. John Smith agrees to give ten dollars to Wanda Barks on a monthly basis. This agreement will exist in perpetuity and cannot be broken by any single party. Only a mutual agreement by both parties may alter or end this agreement.”

As he read, he passively overheard his boss behind him, “Oh, my sucker is out.” he looked over his shoulder to see her holding a bare sucker stick, which she tossed into the trash bin next to them before looking down at herself.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, pulling her bra down and pulling her blouse shut “I should be more careful.”

She then looked down at the document John was reading, her eyes widening with realization as her eyes traced along the text on the page. “You… Don’t need to sign that one” she said nervously. “Here, I’ll just get rid of it for you…”

She reached down, but John already had his pen in hand. Quickly, he scribbled his signature next to hers, and just as her hand was inches away from the paper, he lifted his pen and her hand froze.

“Th-That… Isn’t legally binding” she stammered. “...Is it?”

“You wrote the contract.” he said “So any terms that fail to be in your favor would be considered your fault.”

She picked the paper up, reading the words she herself wrote, in her own handwriting. The words that sealed her fate…

“I guess I own your tits now.” John said with a low teasing voice.

“N-No…” she looked up and down the paper, it was too brief, too concise to find a loophole… All she could do was… Stall… “N-Not until… I get paid…” she said, almost at a whisper “The contract isn’t valid until payment begins.”

John pulled a ten dollar bill from his pocket and held it in the air. It seemed he wouldn’t be getting lunch today but, it was worth it. He felt her snatch the bill from his fingers then after a long pause finally she spoke again.

“See me in my office. I am at your service.”