



HEAVEN  
HATH  
NO  
WRATH

ISAAC BYRNE

# **Heaven Hath No Wrath**

**By Isaac Byrne**

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## Prologue

Before getting in the car, Cindy took one last whiff of her surroundings, holding it in for a long moment before releasing it with a happy sigh. This would be the last apple-picking trip for the year, and she wanted to savor the fragrance of the orchard for as long as she could. Eric was smiling at her as she settled into the passenger seat after settling her sack of fresh-picked apples in the trunk. She was so glad she had a friend like him who liked to do these kinds of things.

Marcus used to, before he left her for the Peace Corps. That had been such a difficult time, so many powerful emotions jumbling up her recollections that she tried not to think of it. Honestly, sometimes she could hardly even remember his face. Or if it was really the Peace Corp, or... something else, maybe? Was that strange? She didn't know. Besides, what did it matter. She forgot the train of thought almost as soon as it cropped up. Again.

Eric good-naturedly listened to her gab on about her plans for their apple haul. She was so excited about this process for turning apple peels into rose-shaped decorations she'd seen on pinterest that she was home before she even noticed. Cindy loved the little adventures they had together – picking apples, going hiking, taking squash lessons, even a weird weekend at a LARPing camp that she knew she'd never stop giggling at. She and Eric just had so much fun together, and he never seemed to mind her quirkiness. Boyfriends in the past sometimes got irritated with her always wanting to go do something, go try something, that she'd spent long periods in her youth just not dating at all so she could just hang out with her male friends as friends, and nothing more complex, no baggage.

Speaking of baggage, presently Eric helped her carry the apples up to her apartment, and after a few more minutes, she gently steered him towards the door so she could get on with her evening.

“Hey, thanks again for taking me, Eric. I had a lot of fun today.” Cindy opened the front door, the setting sun throwing a red light on the two of them. She took a big bite from her apple, eyes closing in delight at the crispness, the juiciness of it. Oblivious to how beautiful she looked just then.

When she opened them again, her friend was looking at her with an intensity that was almost staggering. And in an instant, she knew what was about to happen. It had happened to her so many times before, so much that she'd even learned not to even dread it any more. *Just enjoy it while you can*, she'd told herself. And now, the window was closing.

“Cindy... I'm in love with you.”

There it was. She stifled the weary sigh that threatened to come out by reflex. She'd always preferred the company of guys as friends, finding girls a bit too catty, manipulative, jealous; still, she knew she was pretty, and she knew her friendly nature could easily be taken for more than it was intended as. Cindy had lost a lot of her guy friends that way. All of them, really, practically a revolving door.

“You're so kind, and sincere, and beautiful, and brilliant, and talented, and driven, and... truth be told, you're the best friend I've ever had. And I want you to be more than that. You know how I haven't been dating?”

She nodded, trying not to look discouraging. She knew this would be hard for him, and at least wanted him to have the peace of mind of getting the whole thing out. “Yeah, how you turned down Kiera a while back. I remember.”

He smiled. “Exactly. And you know Kiera – she’s great. But... well, she’s not you. Kiera, and plenty of other girls, too. More than you’d think, honestly. I just kept thinking it over, and I just knew I’d never be able to stop comparing her, stop realizing that she wasn’t what I needed. And I do. I need you Cindy. I love you.”

A plaintive smile tinged with desperation stole over her friend’s face as he took a step forward, lips parting. In a moment, he’d be kissing her – it was time to intervene.

“Eric, wait.” She stopped him with a feather-light hand on his chest, carrying with it a mountain of grim reality. “Eric, you are my best friend, and I care about you so *much*. You’re my best friend, too, and you’ve been so good to me, especially these past months after Marcus left... I just...”

She trailed off, as ever unsure of how to say it without destroying him. Eric interjected, “...need more time? Is that it. I waited a year, Cindy. You need to move on. Let yourself be happy.”

She shook her head. “No, it’s not that. I’m ready, really. Honestly, I’ve been wanting to start dating again for months now, but something just keeps stopping me.” What *did* keep stopping her? She banished the question from her mind. Again. He had that look on his face, that crestfallen, shattered look she’d seen before.

“Don’t let it stop you. Let me make you happy, Cindy. I’ll be so good to you.” Tears welled up in his eyes, and as the awkward silence loomed, they began to leak out down his cheeks. Dirt from the orchard washed away in the narrow rivulets, dripping down onto his shirt.

Somewhere, the sun had set while she still searched for those words she had never found, would never find, to make this go away like it had never been, to make Eric stay her contentedly platonic friend. But those words just didn’t exist.

“Cindy? Say something?” The desperation in his voice almost overwhelmed her.

And finally, she spoke, her voice small and tremulous, squeaking guiltily through the tears that threatened to break out at any moment. “What do you want me to say?”

“I wanted you to say yes.”

“I’m sorry, Eric. I just don’t feel that way.”

And then, in an instant, all the hurt on his face melted away, leaving a look like nothing else she’d seen before. Blank. Nothing. It was like looking into a bottomless pit. Cindy staggered back away from the door. Eric closed it with himself inside.

“Well all right then.”

Cindy gasped in shock as a bizarre feeling shook her mind. It was like the feeling of peeling dried glue off her fingers, except the glue was being peeled off of her brain. She heard him speaking, but distantly, the way you hear people sitting at another table in a restaurant but don’t really register the words.

“I tried to do right by you, Cindy. This past year, holding myself back... it’s practically a miracle I managed it. I thought maybe I could do it the right way. Earn your affection, like I tried to before. But no, nothing was ever going to be good enough for you, was it. Well, except for that asshole Marcus.”

She wanted to speak out in his defense, that he'd left to go join the Peace Corps, she realized that... that never happened. They'd had a fight, he'd... what had happened? That was part of the glue that had come off. How could that be? She remembered, he had... had... what had happened to him? "What did you do to him?"

Eric sneered. "He got off easy. He cheated on you, Cindy – some slut he met at a bar, no less. You walked in on them, remember?" And she did. Balls deep in some skank with blonde highlights and a tattoo reading "RIP Gpa" on her shoulder. "You were wrecked, Cindy. You wanted to kill yourself. Even then we'd been friends for a while, and it was the first time I ever thought about using my gift on you. You were always special to me, and I didn't want to risk that you'd get low one day and do something awful to yourself, especially over an asswipe like that."

She remembered, the cobwebs of false memories swept away by his words as he continued. "So I rewrote the memory, let you think he joined the Peace Corps. Had to mostly block you from thinking too much about it, since obviously that idiot would never make the cut."

"No – it wasn't like that! I never would've..." She trailed off, the memories of how depressed she'd been flooding back. She'd been heart-broken, and it had destroyed her sense of self-worth. "Still, you had no right to—"

"You don't think I know this is wrong?" Eric roared over her hoarsely. "I tried to help, and sure, I was happy to see Marcus go and happy to see you move on, for all the selfish reasons you'd think. But I also saw how unhappy you were – remember how much you complained about him to me, even before the incident? I did you a favor making you get over him – just like I've made a lot of people do a lot of things. And I could have made you do a lot of other things, but with you, no, I had to be a fucking sucker, fell in love, decided to lower myself to being like every other pitiful chump too blinded by love to realize it's a one-way relationship."

"Six months. I told myself, I'll play it straight, give you half a year to get over him organically, move on, and see what could have been yours. Let you fall in love with me like I did with you. But you know what? Time is up. You have no idea how much I wanted this to be the right way, but that's impossible now. Now, we do things the easy way."

Cindy looked up at him, her head swimming with the pace of realizations. "H-how? How are you doing this?"

Her erstwhile best friend shook his head. "I've been able to do it for a long time. How? I don't know. I could describe what it feels like, but it probably wouldn't make any sense to you. How does a dragon breathe fire? It just opens its mouth and does it." She had an odd recollection in that moment, of a poster that used to hang in his bedroom: a depiction of a dragon, with the caption "do not meddle in the affairs of dragons, for you are crunchy and taste good with ketchup."

Eric allowed her a moment to collect herself, rising back to her feet but still trying to keep her distance. "So what happens now? What are you going to," she swallowed with difficulty past a lump in her throat, "to do to me?"

"Cindy... I wasn't lying when I said all that earlier. I do love you. And I wanted more than anything for you to feel the same way."

“Is that it? You’re going to... make me love you?” She shuddered with a sudden chill.

“What, you mean like this?”

Cindy gasped, vision clouding – and then it cleared. Eric stood across the room, his presence soothing her as always. He looked upset, but she’d lost track of what they’d been talking about. It didn’t matter – it was just hard seeing him that way. She wrapped her arms around his waist, kissing both cheeks and then his lips softly, pouring her empathy into it. “You look tense.”

“I am.” Their common language was unnecessary to understand his response. It infused his tone.

“C’mon, let me help. Let me rub your shoulders, we’ll put on a movie, order Chinese, and just cuddle the night away.” She kissed him again. “You pick the movie, I pick the restaurant, like usual, right?” Another kiss, a comforting smile.

But his stern tone didn’t waiver in the least. “I’m sorry Cindy, but that won’t cut it.”

“Oh, hon. What’s wrong?”

“Unlike you, I know this is all bullshit.” And as suddenly as before, his power, whatever it was, reached into her mind, and after losing the time again for a brief span, she was herself again. Her hands recoiled from him in horror, and she stumbled backwards.

“And that’s why I won’t just make you love me. Because every word out of your mouth is going to reverberate with the bullshit that it is. I don’t want you to love me because I forced you to, and I’m not going to settle for it.”

She tried to breathe steadily. “So you’re going to let me go?”

He laughed – but it was a dark, ugly thing, bitter and wounded. “Oh, Cindy, of course not. I’ve wanted you for so long, wasted so many hours fantasizing and dreaming of what it would be like to... well, I won’t spoil it just yet. I’m not letting you go. Not ever. But... I meant it when I said I love you, so I’m going to do something for you I’ve never done for any woman before. I’m going to give you a choice.”

*Choice.* The word was pregnant with meaning, and she kept silent to let him explain. “I can mold your mind into anything I want. I could have you be a harem girl, a robot, hell I could have you be a fucking hat rack with a pussy. But instead, I’ll let you choose your fate.”

“What kind of choice is that?!”

“The last one you’ll ever get to make as your own woman, Cindy. I knew you might react the way you did, so I have a few options ready for you. Are you paying attention?”

She realized she’d been borderline hyperventilating, still reeling from the shock of knowing how easily he had made her become his adoring little girlfriend. How casually he undid it, like her brain was a radio with dials available for adjustment, switched on and off at will. She tried to steady herself, and nodded. What else could she do, after all? She’d tried to run out of the room, scream for help, grab the taser out of her purse – but there she stood. She was sure Eric was holding her in her place, because every instinct she had was to panic.

“All right. Now I could spell the options out for you, but honestly, I worry that you’d judge them on your preconceived notions and not on the actuality of it. So for the next few days, you’re going to *live* the options. Each morning, you’ll become one of the versions of you that I’m offering. Then, when you’ve seen all your options...”

Eric walked back to the apartment’s door to the outside and opened it. “You’ll choose.” Cindy remembered how different he had seemed when he had last opened that door. How different everything had seemed. She had trusted him then. Loved him, even, though not in the way he wanted. But now...

“Rest up tonight, Cindy. You have a busy day ahead of you tomorrow. And for what it’s worth ... I meant every word.”



## Day One

The morning began bizarrely. Lying on her side, Cindy's eyes opened the split second her alarm clock turned from 7:59 to 8:00. Normally she wasn't a morning person, slow and late to rise and groggy until she had her coffee and often for hours beyond it. At her job as a copy editor, it was well-known that if you wanted a favor from her, wait to ask until after lunch. Today, however, she immediately sat bolt upright and whipped the covers off in a rush, ignoring the uncomfortable shift in temperature.

Today was the first day she would be... well, whatever it was Eric was going to have her be. He had been cryptic on the subject last night, but she could guess.

She realized that she had no real control over what she was doing, a passenger in her own body, no more in control of it than she was of blinking when dust got in her eye. Her body just knew what needed to be done, and did it. Her morning routine passed almost as if she were watching someone's first-person recording of their routine on their cell phone. She shed her pajamas and started the shower, brushing her teeth mechanically while the water warmed. In the shower, she watched her hands scrub every nook and cranny. She had always been proud of her long, toned legs, and from the attention to detail she took in shaving them, it seemed likely that Eric admired them as well. She wanted to gasp, or grumble, or *something* to express her anxiety as she shaved her pubic hair down to a neat little patch. (Being single, after all, she hadn't had to bother with yard maintenance in quite some time.) Instead, she finished the methodical process and then proceeded to tweeze the few wayward bits of stubble that remained. She supposed she had Eric to thank for her stoicism in not making a sound despite the pain.

The next few hours passed by with her only semi-conscious of it, and what she was conscious of, she was in a state of near disbelief. An appointment with her stylist, a mani-pedi, a makeover (which had to have included more makeup than she had since Cindy had been in middle school trying to prove that even straight-A students could look chic), a trip to a clothing retailer to pick up a few new outfits, and finally a stop by a seedy little sex store on the outskirts of town that ended in more charges to her credit card than she earned in a month. Her skin refused to blush when she walked out of the store wearing one of the purchases, no matter how much she wanted to as she felt the eyes of the store owner on her body. She wore one of her purchases out of the store; the part of her that would have been aghast at what she was wearing was absent. Instead, there was merely a calm contentment that she had done the thing she needed to do.

It was just before noon when she arrived at Eric's house. She carried her bags of purchases with her up to the house and walked right in without knocking, though that was normal enough. They hung out four or five days a week, after all, and both had keys to the other's place. She found Eric reclining in the armchair in his living room, watching her evenly as she came in. Cindy set down her bags on a coffee table and stood back up, posture proud and erect.

Suddenly, in that instant, she was in control again.

Eric sat patiently, only slightly smirking, as her hands flew into protective positions. Cindy stood clad in a joke of a fetishized French maid costume, the square neckline so low that a careful eye would see the tops of her nipples exposed. It hugged

her tits like a second skin, then after nearly a foot of exposed tummy came the skirt. The straps of her white lace thong poked out atop her exposed hips above it, and then it flared out to near horizontal, leaving her butt almost completely exposed. Fishnet stockings rose most of the way up her long, pale thighs, and finally a pair of glossy black boots with at least a four-inch heel. Later, she would see her makeup was caked on thickly around the eyes, and even with the flesh feast she was offering, the deep red lipstick would captivate the gaze of anyone looking at her with its unspoken promises of a long, wet blowjob.

It wasn't even the sort of attire a slutty college girl would wear to a party. It was the sort of thing a prostitute would wear when a john bought it for her – and would probably charge him through the nose to see her in it. Cindy's breasts were not huge; she had always kept to a B-cup, enjoying spilling out of that rather than having her breasts go unnoticed swimming around in a C. Today, in this slutty get-up, they conveyed the image of an under-endowed slut so desperate for attention she'd try anything to get men to leer at her.

Needless to say, her arms were utterly inadequate for the task of preserving modesty.

"You look good. Ready to start your first day?" Even as the tears sprung up, they receded as if by magic – Eric didn't want her makeup to run, evidently.

"Please don't do this, Eric. Please–"

But Eric's impatiently raised hand silenced her without him even needing to reach into her mind. "Now today, we're starting you off easy. Today, we're mostly going to just shut that brain of yours down and put a few healthy, pleasing desires in you and let them run the show."

"So, what, I'm going to be your slutty maid?" She frowned, though with her thick lipstick it looked more like a pout.

He chuckled, sounding almost apologetic, oddly. "No no, nothing quite so cliché; I've done the slutty maid thing before, and it can be amusing, even therapeutic watching some rich lady scurry about dusting my house. Honestly, the outfit here was mostly to screw with you – though don't get me wrong, you're hot as hell in it. No, for today, you're actually going to choose your own outfit."

He looked pointedly at the packages she'd bought that morning, a mix of fetishized costumes and slutty outfits, but she pretended not to see it. "OK, I choose a sweatsuit. And a parka. And a ski mask." She laughed, only a little laugh, in spite of herself. Somehow, part of her still thought of him as her friend Eric.

"You may need another shopping run, then," he said with a grin.

"I'd just as soon not leave the house like this again, thanks," she said cuttingly, shooting him a half-hearted glare as if this were a normal interaction between them.

"And hey, before we, um start... are you doing this? Making me feel normal about this?"

Eric's regarded her gravely. "Not that it matters, but for these next few days, during the times when you feel like Cindy Classic... it's legit. I might stop you from doing anything that could cause us headaches, but the thoughts and feelings, those are yours."

She nodded. "Maybe it's stupid to say this, but... thanks."

But evidently, his desire for intimate conversation had been expended. “Anyway, are you ready? You look self-conscious as hell – that’ll go away when we get you started.”

“I guess it’s pointless to beg, huh.” Her arms lowered to her sides, defeated.  
“Let’s get started.”

Cindy was quickly getting used to the way she lost time when Eric was playing in her brain. It felt like longer this time, but she supposed that only made sense considering that when she came to, she was no longer the same person. Really, she wasn't a person at all.

*Make Eric happy.*

The voice wasn't a voice, not really – it was an instinct. A whole personality, really. It was the voice that said *eat* when starving; not a command, but just the verbal expression of what obviously *must* be done. Her friend sat watching her, seeming neither pleased nor displeased – which, for Cindy, was the second-worst way to have him watch her, after displeased. Her purpose was to please him. *What was the point of being alive if I'm not doing something to pleasing for him?*

*That's a stupid question, Cindy. You should be thinking about what would please him,* she chided herself. *How can I please him? He is in love with me. He thinks I'm beautiful, sexy. He's made me his pleasure slave.* And it was that easy. Having now considered herself rightly, she began to have some idea how to proceed, and smiled at him.

“What can I do to make you happy, Master?” She knelt in front of him. He would like that, her on her knees before him, subservient. It would tell him she knew she was less than him, that she knew her place, that she knew his greatness. It would remind him how available she was to give him a blowjob. She thrust out her tits, pushing them together with her arms to deepen the cleavage. She could push just a little harder and they would pop right out of this ridiculous little slutty maid uniform – but first she needed to know what he wanted from her. Maybe he was hungry, or tired, or wanted a foot rub.

Eric *tsk tsked* at her. “First off, don't call me Master.”

She smiled, grateful to be given this piece of guidance to help her avoid annoying him. “Of course, Eric.”

His nod of approval silenced her. “Second off, I want you to think for yourself what would make me happy. I don't have the time and energy to direct every single thing you do – that's why you have a brain, right?”

She rolled her eyes at how stupid she'd been. “Right! Duh, why else would I still be able to think for myself, if I wasn't supposed to be thinking of how to please you. You're so smart.”

“And don't flatter me. You know me, Cindy; you know I already have an over-inflated sense of self-worth.”

“Right, no flattering.” *Stupid girl,* she rebuked herself. So, he wanted her to think of ways to please him – and his reminder that she knew him was helpful for this. The old Cindy was no longer even a whisper in her thoughts, but she did have all those useful memories of things Eric liked and disliked. Well, he'd had her buy all those outfits, and said he hadn't intended her to actually be his maid, so...

She stood back up, and was pleased to note Eric's eyes watched her with interest. He was curious what she'd do, and she was determined not to fuck it up. “What kind of outfit should I put on for you?”

“I say again – I'm not going to dictate every little thing you do. We've been friends for years, Cindy. Surely you've picked up some idea of what I like in that time.

Don't panic over it – if you do something that bothers me, I'll let you know.” He folded his arms across his chest patiently.

“Thank you. I'm still learning how to be your little fuck toy.” She paused just a moment to see if he'd correct her on that, like he had with “Master.” He didn't. “Gimme just a second. I can do this.”

Cindy began rummaged through the bags, reviewing her options. There was the black leather miniskirt and the red spandex halter top. Very slutty, would show off her legs well. A set of bright red lingerie that would highlight her pale features, with all the fancy garter belts and stockings that pin-up girls wore in old-fashioned smutty pictures. She had a knock-off Hooters uniform with the short-shorts and the top – guys went gaga over those girls, for sure.

*Wait!* Then she recognized it for the test that it was. Suddenly she recalled a rant he'd gone on about how cheap and degrading the Hooters uniforms were, and how he thought they were sexist. Was it ironic, a man who had remade his best friend into a fuck toy fashioning himself a feminist? It didn't matter. Having her buy it this morning had been a trick, seeing if she listened to him and remembered his preferences. And the pin-up girl lingerie – he hated old-fashioned, was bothered by how those contraptions made women's breasts look conical.

She discarded the slutty schoolgirl outfit – too pervy – and the latex body suit – while watching Catwoman (with Rifftrax, of course), how he'd said what a pain it would be to get someone out of that stuff. Careful to make sure she bent at the waist as she reviewed her options, displaying her ass shamelessly while trying to seem as though she was unaware of it, she started to realize the game. Be Cindy, the stupid bitch who'd been too dim to realize what an incredible purpose being Eric's fuck toy would be – but be the version of Cindy that emphasized his positive memories of her. It was complex, having to walk a fine line of reminding him of the girl he was in love with while still reminding him she wasn't actually that girl, but a slutty parody of her that it was safe to fuck without annoying emotional attachments.

With that thought in mind, she cried out in triumph when she solved the riddle. “Aha!” She seized the outfit and clutched it to her chest like the precious treasure it was. *Now, should I just change here in front of him? No, no, if he wanted to see me naked right off he wouldn't have mind-controlled me into going to all this trouble.* So with a sly grin, she slunk off to the bathroom and changed in a hurry. She even toned down the makeup some to blend better with the new digs. She left the lipstick though. He'd never specifically mentioned wanting her to suck his dick, but... get serious, of course he wanted it.

Her pussy started juicing instantly upon seeing the delighted expression on Eric's face when she came back into the room – not with sexual arousal, quite, but rather because she knew she might be fucked soon and Eric would want her nice and wet when he did. His eyes took stock of her from head to toe. She'd ditched her shoes altogether, but a pair of white athletic socks went up almost to her knees, decorated with cute pink stripes near the top. After that, it was an acre of creamy thighs, then her round ass tucked neatly into a pair of skimpy, pale blue shorts, not skin-tight but tight enough that it was easy to make out her panty line.

She'd almost donned a semi-see-through tank top, remembering how he'd commented on how he liked little, dark nipples on a girl when they were watching *Orange Is The New Black* together (and she was in her present state of mind elated to know she possessed), but then she'd flashed back to the time he'd stopped by unexpectedly and caught her in the middle of a work-out. Cindy still recalled how his eyes had kept being drawn to the sports bra she'd been wearing. At the time, it had made her uncomfortable – but also at the time, she had been a stupid useless bitch who had no idea that the whole point of having a sexy body was to have him look at it.

"You remembered." Now, he didn't bother pretending he wasn't staring at her chest. He ogled her plainly, and she stood by encouraging it. *Thank God he likes my tits. Not that I wouldn't get a boob job if he wanted me to.*

She adopted a runway model's walk, hips swaying seductively as she approached him. She crossed in front of him, then walked away, luxuriating in the feel of his eyes on her round ass. She'd caught him looking at her butt plenty of times; it was important not to make him hide it any more, or feel conflicted about it. She came back up to him and on impulse settled sideways onto his lap, letting the arms of the chair support her. Her fingers played seductively across his chest.

Cindy was especially pleased she remembered to consider whether Eric would want her to wriggle her butt into his erection. *Of course he would. I have the body of the love of his life.*

"That day was one of the hardest days of not just immediately making someone fuck me in my whole life." She knew he was referring to the day he'd first seen her wearing this. "Just knowing I could've had you, fucked you right then and there, but stopping myself... You know, I didn't even go fuck somebody else to blow off steam. Was saving myself or some shit." He shook his head self-deprecatingly.

She wanted to apologize, but quickly knew she shouldn't. That was Cindy's mistake, and Cindy was the one who would need to apologize if she felt sorry for it. It was clear to her that she did not speak for Cindy, his beloved. Her words were that of the easy piece of ass who looked like the love of his life, a toy with which he could act out pent-up fantasies. If *she* said she was sorry, it would be meaningless – naturally she was sorry, because he had made her so. Besides, apologies should be in actions, not words.

"Well you're not saving yourself any more." She kissed along his jaw. "I remember that day, too. I was so embarrassed – you know how self-conscious I was when I was trying to lose my winter weight. Plus, I was all sweaty and out-of-breath..." Eric put a hand on her neck and kissed her harder.

They made out for a few minutes, but he never proceeded beyond putting his hands on her waist and shoulders. He was holding back. "Eric? Do you mind if I do a little working out? I was lazy all weekend and I need to get my heart rate up." She smiled invitingly. "You can watch, if you want." *That was what he wanted. Before, you denied him permission. Today, you have to let him relive it.*

"If you want, Cindy." But she felt his hard-on twitching with his quickening heartbeat underneath her butt.

She rubbed the crack of her ass slowly against his cock as she slithered down to the floor, beginning by doing some stretches that let her arch her back. When stretching her lower back, she twisted extra hard to give her boobs a little jiggle. *That's it, make*

*sure he knows that every little move is for his benefit.* She put one foot on the arm of Eric's chair to stretch the leg, and he brazenly put his hands on either side of her standing thigh and caressed up towards her pussy. Just like she'd wanted him to.

Ironically, she knew the old Cindy would have been incredibly aroused by the tender gesture – she had loved having her skin touched in foreplay, having a man's hands touch her somewhere other than just her tits, ass and pussy, since those would invariably receive plenty of attention later. Her stomach, her neck, her arms and legs... she got turned on like crazy when someone took the time to touch her like that. *At least, she reflected the old Cindy would have been aroused if she weren't such a stupid pointless bitch.*

The new Cindy was no longer really subject to such feelings though. *My arousal doesn't matter, after all, she considered as she shifted to her other leg, Eric giving the new offering equal attention. If it would make Eric happy to ram his cock up my ass without any lube, then that's what I'll give him. If he wants to blow off steam by spanking me for being so cruel yesterday, then all I need to do is try to keep my butt loose so it quivers nice and sexy for him.* She imagined just that, thinking how she would take cues from how quickly or slowly he went to gauge whether her reaction was the one that made him happy.

And so went her thoughts as she retrieved her ipod and turned on her workout playlist, selecting Lady Gaga's *Born This Way* (to appeal to Eric's enjoyment of irony.) Not that they were really thoughts – no more so than it was “thinking” to tie her shoes or drink without spilling. It was something her brain now did effortlessly, analyzed each of its words and actions to select the one that would best please Eric. Cindy was not a being of thoughts any more. She was an extension of Eric's desires. His fuck toy.

She began sweating quickly, the few stray wisps of her hair clinging to her forehead. Lifting her knees, shaking her ass, jiggling her tits, quiet little high-pitched gasps issued along with each breath – they barely made it through the first song when she felt Eric behind her, his painfully erect cock pressed up against her ass, his hands firmly gripping her hips.

Not yet sure Eric wanted her to break her character, she wriggled a little, as if self-conscious in his grasp but with the perk of grinding her ass against him. “Eric, what are you doing? You're disrupting my workout.”

He smiled at her commitment to staying in character. “Your workout was disrupting my ability to concentrate on anything but your smoking hot body.”

“Oh, whatever, I'm all sweaty and gross.” She giggled.

“I like you sweaty.” His hands slid up her slick stomach to the bottom of her sports bra, making soft contact with the underside of her breasts.

She purred a little. “Well there's a whole hell of a lot more sweat up there, I promise you that.”

“Prove it.”

*Does he want me to just act like a slut? Keep playing hard to get?* For a moment there was anxiety until she remembered him saying to just make a decision and go. How lucky she was to have Eric's permission to risk displeasing him. She settled on feigned indignation, whirling around to face him and breaking contact with him, placing her

hands on her hips. “You’re being awfully forward, Eric. I’m a little uncomfortable with this.”

“Shut that pretty little mouth of yours and show me your tits. Now.”

*And just like he said, he’ll let me know when I chose wrong.* She smiled, knowing the time had come to stop the game and start getting serious about fulfilling her purpose in life. Still, a segue wouldn’t hurt. “Well, I mean, I guess I could...” She added some hesitancy to the process of lifting off her sports bra, but a moment later, for the first time in her life, she stood topless in front of her best friend.

The reaction on Eric’s face, had Cindy the wits left to notice anything in his features except pleasure and displeasure, was a mixture of fascination, lust, resentment, and self-satisfaction. She folded her arms behind her back, hoping both to look shy and to thrust them out a little more – they weren’t large, after all, and without the sports bra she no longer benefitted from cosmetic embellishment. But he just stared, not moving, not touching.

“Do you like them?” She tried to sound hopeful, self-conscious.

“They’re OK.”

*OK. Not really praise at all. We can’t have that.* “Do you, um, want me to get them bigger? I’m sure I could get a loan for it, or lie to my parents and con some money out of them. I’ll get them as big as you want.”

Eric chuckled; the derision didn’t even register as offensive. She just needed to hear what he wanted so she could do it for him. “No, Cindy. You don’t have the most amazing body I’ve ever seen – your face is pretty, your tits are cute and perky even if they’re a little small, but your legs... that ass... Besides. You’re my Cindy. I want you just like you are, like you’ve always been.”

*Uh,oh, dwelling on emotions will make him unhappy. I need him to go back to seeing me as Fuck Toy Cindy.* She gave him a smoky look. “But I’m not like I was before, am I? I’m *better* now, thanks to you. Before, I wouldn’t have been standing here practically naked for you. I wouldn’t be almost drooling at the thought of falling to my knees and sucking you off. I wouldn’t be dripping wet waiting for you to rip these skimpy little shorts off of me and give me the fucking you’ve wanted to give me for so long.”

Before she knew what was happening, Cindy was on the ground, Eric atop her and – per her own suggestion – tearing her flimsy little shorts off at the waistband. They’d been so tight on her butt that the stitching had been straining to hold her in already, and now it just gave altogether. His pants were off in a frenzy, and he slammed his cock in her to the hilt on the first thrust with ease given how soaked her pussy was, supporting himself with a hand on each of her tits.

Cindy shrieked in surprise and ecstasy – the appropriately pleasing reaction – at his rough treatment. After all, it had been a year since she’d last had sex too, before Eric decided to dismiss her husband and try to romance her. Mind-controlled fuck toy or no, the body was wired to want and miss pleasure. Now, thrusting in and out of her cunt, he was finally having her.

The afternoon was lost in a torrent of sex, and Cindy helping Eric recuperate for more sex.



He bent her over the coffee table and fucked her doggy style while she begged him to take her ass, reminding him that she'd never let another man do that, how Marcus had pleaded with over and over until she'd threatened to break up with him. She'd meant it, too – guys had always loved Cindy's ass, and it had made her defensive, until today. Now, giving her anal virginity to Eric more than made up for all the frustration it had caused her in the past.

He took her to his bedroom and had her ride him, screaming and screaming from how deep his cock went. It wasn't embellishment – Eric deserved sincerity. He man-handled her tits all the while she bounced on his cock, and she was sure they'd be tender later, the perfect reminders of how they'd brought him pleasure. It would be a comforting reminder whenever she couldn't be actively pleasing him (he had to sleep after all) that she had once had a purpose.

He took her to the shower, where she got on her knees and took him in her mouth to get him hard again – after three fuckings, it wasn't easy, and she was pruny by the time he was hard again. But once she had him ready, they relocated to the hot-tub in the back yard where she straddled his lap and gave him a long, loud, casual fuck. At one point she saw one of his neighbors watching over the privacy fence from his second-story bedroom window. She told Eric, and he told her to keep her eye on the ball. She could tell he enjoyed her embarrassment though; the old Cindy had never liked PDAs, much less being seen by a total stranger as she was naked and getting fucked. She made sure to give the man a good show. No doubt he'd think about her when he jacked off for years to come. She came then, just from thinking about how great it was that she could help Eric feel so generous.

Finally spent for a while, Eric took a nap while Cindy made herself useful tidying up the house, doing some light cleaning and preparing dinner. She selfishly stole a few minutes to call her boss and make up an excuse as to why she hadn't come in that day. *Should I tell him I'm Eric's personal slut and his needs will come before my employers? They might fire me, which is fine – one less thing to distract her from being pleasing – but maybe Eric will want me to not be financially dependent on him, or want a break from my company, or even want me to embezzle for him. No, better for now to just make up a family emergency.*

She dressed herself in a skin-tight t-shirt, braless, and a pair of white denim cutoff short-shorts with the pockets hanging down below the fabric in front and back, making sure at all times that if Eric came into the room, she'd be in a pose that conveyed how sexy she was, how ready to be fucked she was, how committed she was to making sure those two things were always, always true.

After dinner – a spaghetti squash dish she'd made once that Eric had hounded her to make again – they put on a show Eric liked and let it run; Cindy lied down with her head on his lap like she often had. She wriggled her head just enough to get him thinking about it, and soon, he'd lifted up her top and was lightly squeezing and pinching her nipples. Cindy moaned and panted, just like the little slut he'd made her into should. It was objectively arousing, but what was true no longer matter compared to what was desirable.

After a while, she looked up at him and batted her eyelashes innocently. "Eric?"  
"Yeah, Cindy?"

“Can I please, pretty please put your cock in my mouth?”

“Eh, I don’t know, hon. We’ve had a lot of fun earlier – even ruthless mind-controllers have limits on their stamina.”

“It doesn’t have to be anything. Just... wouldn’t you like your show better if you could watch it with me, on my knees in front of you, running my lips up and down your cock? Sliding my tongue back and forth on it? My soft hair on your thighs...” She sighed breathily, licking her lips for effect. (She had re-applied the lipstick after they’d eaten.)

Eric just looked down at her for a long moment; he seemed conflicted, though she didn’t know why. Not that it mattered – if a two-hour blowjob would annoy him then she didn’t want to do it. Still, she was relieved when he shrugged a little and mumbled permission.

She shucked her shirt and slid down to her knees, undoing his pants and scooting them down gently. His cock was already rock hard, but she nonetheless took her time. Three episodes of the show passed – and it was an hour-long program when it ran with commercials – and he still hadn’t cum. She’d felt him come close several times, but each time she’d looked up for permission to bring him to climax, he’d shook his head. At long last, he tapped her on the head. His cock still in her sore, tired mouth, she looked up at him questioningly. She thought he seemed pleased that she left his dick in her, so she didn’t pull back from the blowjob.

“Cindy, in a moment I’m going to cum.” *YES. Good. Perfect. I have a reason to exist.* “Before I do, I want to ask you a few questions. I know you can’t really talk right now, which is fine, so you just blink once for yes, twice for no. Understand?”

*Blink.*

“Cindy, would you like it if I came in your mouth?”

*Blink.*

“What if I pulled out and came on your tits?”

*Blink.*

“What about your face? Have you ever had a guy cum on your face?”

*Two questions with different answers!* She didn’t know what to do, so she gently shook her head, careful of her teeth. Eric noticed and repeated, slowing. “Have you ever let a guy give you a facial?”

*Blink blink.*

“Too degrading for you, eh?”

*Blink.*

“What about me though – would you let me?”

*Blink.*

“What if I wanted to snap some pictures of it, of your face coated in jizz? That cool?”

*Blink.*

“And if I wanted to, say, sell those pictures? You’re a pretty girl, Cindy; I could make decent money with those. Mind if I sell pictures of your cum-stained face, make you a porn star?”

*Blink blink.*

He looked puzzled for a moment before he realized her “no” was permission, not refusal, then smiled and stroked her cheek affectionately. His cock twitched in her

mouth – it would be soon. *I hope he decides soon where he wants to cum – I'd hate to fuck this up by swallowing when he wants to plaster my face, or taking it on my tits when he wants to shove it in my ass.*

“So, say I did that, made you an internet sensation. You cool with it if I send links to your friends? Make it your profile picture online, send it to your boss, that high school teacher of yours who was always checking you out, your pastor...? That OK with you?”

*Blink.* Without hesitation. His cock twitched, repeatedly – on the brink now. She blinked and again and again, pausing just long enough that it was clear she was silently shrieking *YES! YES! YES!* And with a shout, he came. Cindy pulled back just as he began, catching some of it in her mouth and the rest splashing out across her face. She pointed his cock downwards a little and pumped it, the final few spurts painting her tits pearlescent and soon oozing down her flat, pale stomach.

In her old life, Cindy had felt like an accomplished person. Honor student, varsity track and cross country, awards and honors enough to make any parent annoy the hell out of their co-workers with bragging. But nothing she had ever done filled her with the raw sense of completeness that filled every corner of her soul in this moment.

And that was when Eric turned her back to normal.

She lost the time again – short enough a span that none of the cum on her face or chest had begun to dry, merely dribbling down where it didn't just stick. Her mouth still had some in it, too – by reflex she looked for a place to spit, but seeing no nearby trash can, she quickly swallowed it just to resolve the problem.

Eric had put his pants back on in the interim, but was still sitting right in front of her. Her mind was rapidly readjusting, but she was certain he'd not completely returned things to normal because she couldn't summon the will to wipe off the cum, or to put her shirt back on. That little fucking gutter slut she'd been most of the day would no doubt be thrilled that he was seeing her like this. Still, that girl was gone as if he never was, and the real Cindy was utterly mortified that he could see her like this. That he had made her like this.

“So that's option one.”

“No!” she screamed – or tried to; her voice came out as merely just a-little-too-loud. “No! Whatever the other options are, they can't be as bad as that!”

He looked surprised – perhaps even a little hurt? “It was that bad, huh? Tell me about. Be honest.”

She gathered her thoughts – and realizing she was doing so helped her put her finger on it. “I... it's like I wasn't a person any more. My brain just completely shut down, like only my autonomic functions were working. Like, you know how you can control your breathing, but only so much, and if you stop focusing on it then it just does it on its own? It was like that. Like pleasing you was something my body just did, normal as breathing.”

“You sure did a good job of it.” She frowned, too humiliated to be kneeling there cum-soaked and half-naked to be angry. And, as frustrating, having spent the whole day fucking and sucking cock, she was still incredibly horny – she'd have thought he was making her that way, but then, she'd believed him when he'd said earlier that her normal moments would be normal. “But was it actually that awful, or do you think it's that awful in hindsight?”

Cindy considered. “Well, at the time it was fine. I wasn’t like, enjoying myself, but I guess it felt like... I dunno, kind of like that feeling you get when you’ve cleaned the whole house and it took all day but now it looks amazing? Like, it doesn’t feel good; but I felt *accomplished*.”

He nods. “Right. That was the idea.” In an instant, she felt the block in her mind stopping her from dressing herself and cleaning up disappear, and she hastened to do both, using a paper towel still sitting there from dinner.

Eric continued as she sponged her face and chest off. “If you pick this option, that’ll be your life – you’ll work your hardest to make me happy, and I’ll give you lots of opportunities to do it. You’ll ride by on auto-pilot. You won’t have to be humiliated, or uncomfortable, or unsatisfied, or tired or anxious or bored or anything bad ever again.”

She thought about the things he’d been saying right before he came on her, about how she’d been perfectly content to let him send pornographic pics of her out into the world. Thought about having that guy watch her fuck him, about having strangers leer at her in the sex store that morning. It had been... nothing. What should have been the most mortifying experiences of her life had been no more unpleasant than a cloudy day.

“Either way, no need to decide now. You’ll have more time to think it over. For now, you’ve had a long day, and I promise you, tomorrow will be even longer. Go home, get some rest.” Eric offered her a hand and helped Cindy to her feet.

“You mean, you don’t want me to stay here? Now that I’m your, um fuck toy and all, I just figured...”

Eric shrugged. “We’ll figure out housing issues later, once things are more settled between us.”

It was impossible to tie her shoes without giving him an amazing view of her ass, part of her grateful she could go home in this and not one of the items she’d brought over. Besides, Eric had seen plenty of her bare ass already, so what was one more flaunting of it. “Any clues about what I should expect tomorrow? Another early wakeup, more kinky costumes?”

“Cindy, how much time do you think you have left with your own thoughts? Do you really want to waste them worrying about things you can’t change?” She sighed resignedly, and Eric showed her to the door. “Good night, Cindy.”

He said it in that same affectionate tone that he always had, and she thought back to his confession of love the day before. She’d had no doubt he was in love with her – or had been, at least. After all, a man who could have had his way with her so easily, however he wanted, would surely have done so much sooner if not for his emotions getting in the way.

No, in his own way, Eric was absolutely, positively in love with her – and that unrequited love had turned him into... this.

Was it too late to change his mind?

## Day Two

The next morning, Cindy was both grateful and rueful that she had had the presence of mind to set an alarm the previous night for 6am, having remembered Eric's programming that woke her up and put her right to work the day before. She was sore in so many places after an evening of relentless oral, vaginal and anal sex, and even knowing her time as a free woman might be measured in mere hours, she almost shut her eyes and went back to sleep.

some effort, she forced herself up to her feet and soon was taking comfort in a hot cup of coffee, trying – and failing – not to think about what the day might hold. Would she be some kind of geisha? Or cater to some kind of specific fetish? She remembered Eric cracking jokes about being into female body builders, but... what if he wasn't joking? Would she be hitting the gym four hours a day, using steroids?

, it was a lot of paranoia over nothing. And while she didn't want to admit it to herself, yesterday hadn't been the worst day of her life. It had been a little jarring in hindsight, her platonic friend fucking the living daylights out of her, but... it had been exciting, certainly, and she hadn't had sex since Marcus left her so many months ago, so even just clearing out the cobwebs had been good. The sense of comfort of being so unthinkingly devoted had made it easy, contenting at the time. Maybe that would be her choice, if it came to that.

Cindy jarred herself out of her reflections and back to the main reason why she'd gotten up early – to see if she could think of a way out of this, out of having to make such a choice at all. She got out a pencil and paper and started brainstorming.

She could try running away. Tonight, if he sent her home again after, she could just get in her car and keep driving. He could still come after her though, and as close as they were, it would be easy for him to find her friends and family. She didn't think Eric would hurt them, but he could easily make them give her away. Could she completely leave her life behind?

Cindy could try pleading, use his lingering feelings of affection to persuade him to let her out of this. There were a couple times yesterday when he seemed conflicted, she thought, and through it all he had still seemed more or less himself (with a healthy extra portion of libido).

She went through numerous ideas – bribing him, asking for a stay of execution, getting sick on purpose so he'd have to stay away, cutting her hair short – she knew how he loved long hair on girls. She even thought of tattooing Marcus's name on her somewhere, just so the sight of her naked body would always repulse him.

Her last thought – her first, really, but the last one she wrote down – was to kill him. Eric, her best friend. Her captor. She erased it almost as soon as she wrote it.

She looked up and saw the clock on the oven said 8:06. Had Eric not planted instructions in her today? She didn't feel a compulsion to do anything. Really, if he didn't, she ought to be hurrying up and getting in to work. Her boss Mr. Andrews was semi-lenient on arrival time, but after yesterday's no-call no-show, she knew she was in for one of his classic long-winded chewings-out as it was. And if she didn't have to begin her day of sex slavery until later, then all the better.

Who knows, maybe Eric had reconsidered and decided to let her go. After all, nothing like a day of fantastic sex with a girl to make you decide *not* to make her your sex slave.

She almost made it in to work by 9. She'd spent more time than usual on her makeup and outfit, figuring it couldn't hurt to look nice when she was making her apologies. Then in the shower... well who could blame a girl if after the most sexually charged day of her life if she wasn't a little horny. Without even realizing she was doing it, while soaping up her chest, her hands just lingered, caressing her breasts with her fingertips, playing delicately over her wet nipples. Her pussy was the next logical step, and she indulged herself with some slow, sensual teasing. She still hadn't gotten off when she realized the time and reluctantly got on with her morning. *Not like that itch won't get scratch later anyway.*

Not that she was eager. It was no secret that Cindy hated her job – it was a soulless corporate waste of time that was quite deliberately engineered to be sure as to never afford her a moment of actual satisfaction for helping someone or completing something meaningful. The money wasn't even good. But it was experience, and they promoted from within, so perhaps someday it would put her in a better position. Although as much as she usually dreaded going in, today she found herself actually in a good mood about it for some reason.

At work, clearly people were anticipating her getting chewed out – practically everyone did a double-take when they saw her. Or maybe they just weren't used to seeing her dressed so cute – not that she was a slob normally, but it was a casual office and usually jeans and a sweater or blouse were all she bothered with. Today, coming in wearing a black miniskirt and fire engine red tube top – something she usually only wore when she was clubbing and looking to fend off some advances – apparently, they just weren't used to seeing it.

The attention was nice; guys kept making excuses to stop by her desk, and Cindy amused herself by crossing and uncrossing her legs, or pressing her tits together with her arms and letting them sneak peaks down her shirt. By mid-morning, she'd been brought four cups of coffee, and had three different projects taken off her hands by guys who clearly thought it might help them get to sleep with her. She giggled at that thought – that she was such a slut she'd fuck a guy for doing her job for her.

*Though, it is kind of hot.* Maybe she could just let them feel her up, or suck them off instead. *Yeah, so hot.*

Cindy had been pretty turned on all morning, and it just kept getting worse. The boys going all gaga over her titties and ass were only making it worse; she excused herself to the ladies room to masturbate, but it was impossible to be discreet and women kept coming in and out. She contented herself to just sitting at her station, looking at porn and massaging her clit under desk. *Glad I was smart enough not to wear panties today!*

She must not have heard Mr. Andrews the first couple times he tried to get her attention, because when she did, he was barking her name angrily, his pudgy, balding, perpetually-red face redder than usual. Finding herself with her legs splayed, three fingers in her snatch with her other hand plunged down her neckline tweaking her

nipple, she giggled self-consciously as she folded her hands back in her lap. "Sorry, Mr. Andrews. Guess I got kinda caught up in things."

He was blushing – maybe she should be too? It was *kinda* slutty, she supposed. Whatever. "Look, Cindy, can we talk in my office?"

She hopped to her feet. "Sure! What did you wanna talk about?"

Her burly boss just about-faced and headed toward his office, so she just marched on in behind him. Well, not so much marched as minced, with her five-inch heels. Annoyingly slow, but super worth it for the extra wiggle and jiggle. She shut the door most of the way behind her and stood at attention, arms folded behind her back and her chest thrust forward as he seated himself in his desk chair.

"Well, Lichtmann, I *was* only going to bring you in about yesterday, that bullshit excuse you called in at the end of the day. You missed two client meetings, goddamnit, one of them on our biggest account. But now, this...? I don't even know what to make of this behavior today."

"Oh, you mean my outfit? Darn, I thought I looked good..."

"Well, I meant..." the middle-aged man trailed off. "Sure, let's start with that. What the hell are you wearing, Lichtmann? This is a place of business, not the alley behind a singles bar."

She did a little spin, swaying her hips to and fro. "You like it?"

"For Christ's sake, girl, you're dressed like a goddamn streetwalker! What's gotten into you?"

Cindy pouted. "What, you don't think I look hot?" She knew she looked hot, actually; it was still nice to hear someone say it.

"Do I think... you were—" his voice dropped to a hiss, "*masturbating* at your desk! In plain sight!"

Cindy shrugged. "Well *I* happen to think I look perfectly fuckable." She walked around his desk, smirking at how his eyes widened into saucers as she perched her butt on the edge right in front of him, giving him a clear view up her teensy little skirt. She picked up a photo of him and his wife. She looked just like the kind of wife a pudgy balding middle-aged middle manager would have. "Especially when you have to go home to *this* every night. I bet it'd be nice to have a hot young piece of ass to give you the attention you deserve."

"Well, now, I, uh..." he sputtered.

"Shhh, you don't have to pretend, sir. I mean, here I am in this skimpy little outfit, and you just saw me knuckle-deep in my coochie! And with me already in trouble from yesterday, heck, maybe I *owe* you?"

"Owe me... what?" His voice lowered. So did his eyes, staring right up her skirt.

"You tell me, sir. Cindy's been such a bad little office girl. Maybe Cindy's boss should get to decide how she makes it up to him. He's in charge of her after all."

"Y-yes." Mr. Andrews tugged at his collar, suddenly far too tight. "Damn right I'm in charge, girlie."

Cindy nodded solemnly as she slid down out of the desk and poured herself into his lap in a straddling position. She could feel his hard-on press into her cunt, only his slacks between them. "Oh yes, sir. Just tell slutty Cindy what she needs to do to keep her job. Slutty Cindy will do *anything*," she breathed dusily.

He let out a soft whistle as his hands settled on her ass. “Ya know Lichtmann, I never had you pegged for such a little slut.”

She giggled. “Who knew, right?”

With surprising strength he lifted her up and spun her around with a firm grip on her hips, and then he was standing behind her and pushing her down so she was bent over the top of his desk. “Prepare for the ride of your life, girlie.”

She smiled over her shoulder at him. “So if I let you fuck me I get to stay?”

He chuckled. “I just might find it in my heart to give you one more shot. What can I say – I’m a humanitarian.”

And then, Cindy stood up and slapped him right across the face. Her sultry grin evaporated in an instant. “You’re an asshole. And your door is open.”

His jaw clenched shut as he verified it; neither of them could miss the tell-tale noise of eavesdropping employees scurrying away so as not to get caught red-handed.

“You little–”

“Watch yourself, Mr. Andrews. As it is, I bet you’re going to have one hell of a time bribing everyone not to tell Mrs. Andrews about how easy it was to push you into some slut’s pussy.” Serious or not, she still felt a little thrill in her own pussy at just saying the words. *God, I wish someone would actually fuck me! But first things first.*

“Blackmail! You’ll never get a goddamn cent out of me, you hear me!” He pounded a fist on his desk.

“I don’t want any. I just came in today to tell you I quit.” With that, she stormed out, leaving her dumbstruck boss in her wake.



A short while later, she arrived at Eric's. She'd been masturbating the entire drive over – ran a red light and two stop signs in the process. She'd gotten pulled over, but the nice cop had let Cindy go with a warning after she smiled and showed him her titties.

Eric was reading a book when she came in, and put it down as she strode right in. He looked pleased at her choice of outfit, and just the feeling of a man's eyes on her was enough to make her pussy wet. That it was Eric felt so much better.

"Eric?" She slathered a heavy note of neediness on it.

"Yeah, Cindy?"

She stuck her lower lip out poutily. "Would you fuck me? Pleeeeease?" She fidgeted one leg anxiously.

He smiled, then patted his lap. Giddily, she frolicked over to him and threw herself into it, immediately grinding against him and cooing happily at the promise it held of fuckings to come. She kisses his face and neck over and over, murmuring "thank you" repeatedly as she did.

It was sometime in the middle of this that she became herself again. Self-consciously, she pulled back from his neck, then almost as quickly jumped out of his lap and onto the far side of the couch, tugging her neckline up and skirt hem down.

"What the fuck!" Eric's expression said he was restraining laughter. "It's not funny, Eric!"

And he burst into a fit of the giggles. "Oh I'm sorry," he laughed, then adopted a mocking falsetto. "Would you forgive me? Pweeeeeease?" He thrust out his lower lip comically before losing it in laughter again.

Cindy fought not to smile. "What! *You* were the one who made me say that! As always, the only one laughing at your own lame joke." He was laughing too hard for a rejoinder, so she thundered away while she could. "And what was with this morning, huh? You made me quit my fucking job! Now what am I going to do?"

That sobered him up pretty quick. "Wait, what? You quit your job?"

"Yeah – you had me dress up like I was out prowling for dick and so out-of-my-mind horny that I was friggin' masturbating *at my desk!* Then when that asshole Andrews came by, he saw me doing it!"

He seemed surprised. "Wow. It's a wonder you didn't get fired before you quit."

"Don't fake shock, like you weren't the puppet-master behind it all. And I didn't let him fire me. We went back to his office, and I put on a big slutty show of seducing him with the door cracked open, then when he was all but ready to drop trou and nail me, I told him to go to hell and stormed out. Half the office heard us, I think. He's probably already responding to blackmail letters."

"Wow, that's..." Eric composed himself. "That's pretty kick-ass, actually. As quitting stories go, that's tough to top."

"Yeah, I guess it was." She smirked in spite of herself, then swatted him in the arm (mostly playfully). "Still, you didn't have to turn me into such a freaking slut!"

Eric raised his hands defensively. "All right, let me clear things up here. All I did was make it so once 8:00 rolled around, it'd be harder and harder to think about anything but sex. I didn't do anything to make you wear anything – though nice choice, by the way – and I didn't make you do *anything* having to do with quitting your boss. Shit, Cindy, I can't believe you even made it into work like this."

“Well I did! Geez, you could’ve just asked – or hell, just commanded – me to come over here in the morning.”

“Sue me for my flare for the dramatic. Not like you didn’t know you were expected – you couldn’t just come straight here.”

She folded her arms across her chest. “And no idea how I’m going to pay my bills now, by the way. You know full well I was paycheck to paycheck.”

“Yeah, because a mind controller couldn’t possibly manage something as outlandish as covering rent and utilities,” he retorted sarcastically.

They were quiet a moment, and in the silence, the reality of it, what was about to happen, slammed home for her. “So is that what you’re going to do to me today?”

He broke eye contact, nodded. “Yeah, something like that.”

She folded her arms across her chest. “And do you have to turn me into such a bimbo? I was talking about myself in the third person at one point, for crying out loud.”

“Believe it or not, when you’re mind-controlling people into having sex with you, having them possess a deep and complicated personality isn’t all that appealing. If you just want sex with no strings attached, sometimes it’s nice if the feeling’s mutual. Uncomplicates things.”

“You like your girls ‘uncomplicated,’ do you,” she teased.

“Yeah, ‘cause most guys hate the idea of a hot girl with nothing on her mind but fucking and sucking. Or most girls, for that matter.”

She attempted a counter-argument, but a few of the comments he remembered her making while watching *Magic Mike* – then later during *Magic Mike 2* – came back to haunt her in his rebuttal.

When they’d finished bickering, he gave her a long look. “Well, are you ready?”

“If I said no, would it make a difference?”

Eric shook his head. “In a moment, believe me, you won’t want to say no.” With that, Cindy lost the time again, coming to a moment later.

The first two things she was aware of were: *There is a cock in the room.* and *I want it.* Lucky for her, it was Eric’s cock – the bestest, most delicious and scrumptious and fucktastic dick in the world! And luckier still, Cindy knew Eric pretty good, and she immediately began having ideas about how to get it in her.

She started with her cleverest plan. “Hey, Eric! Like, do you wanna fuck me?” She spread her legs invitingly, revealing her dripping wet pussy. *This is a good plan! Even if he says no, showing my pussy is super fun.*

Eric chuckled. “Not much for foreplay, eh.”

“Oh, like, you mean you want a blowjob first? ‘Cause I love sucking dick!” She nodded enthusiastically.

“Oh yeah? What else do you love?”

She thought. Thinking wasn’t much fun, nor was it easy – the total opposite of Cindy – but thinking of things she loved wasn’t as bad. “Um, so like, I like cock, and I like fucking them, and fucking them with my butt, or with my mouth, or with my boobies, and I like looking sexy, and making cocks hard, and fucking them, and fucking them with my butt, or with my–”

Eric interrupted her. “I think I get the point, you like cock.”

Cindy nodded vigorously, glad he got the basic gist of her very complex thought. She slid down to the floor and knee-walked bouncily to the other end of the couch, stopping in front of Eric. She plunged her face into his lap, rubbing and nuzzling at his crotch. She could feel his dick getting harder, and giggled happily at what she hoped that meant.

She stripped out of her top hastily, braless breasts springing forth happily. Cindy loved being naked, too, but Eric didn't let her get that far in her list. She kissed the front of his pants lovingly.

"Damn, Cindy, you're getting me kinda hard here," Eric admitted.

*Yay! Hard cock!* "That's the idea, silly."

"You know, I think I'm going to head downtown. I know this crazy hot little barista that I've had my eye on for months."

Cindy sat back upright, jaw dropping. "But- but-" she stammered. "But I wanna fuck you!"

He looked her over. "I'm sure you do, but... no offense, babe, but my barista's hotter than you. Big tits, tight butt, pretty face... just a better deal, sorry."

"No no no no no no no!" Cindy cried out desperately. She was so fucking horny! She hadn't been fucked since, what, last night? It was torture! Eric couldn't leave her like this, unfucked and wet! "No please, I can be SO much hotter than her! You just gotta lemme try, k?"

He eyed her skeptically. "Well what do you offer that she can't?"

She thought. *Damnit, why is thinking so hard! Why can't we just fuck already!*

"Um, I'm right here already, so you don't have to go downtown for pussy?"

Eric considered, then nodded. "Fair point."

"Um... I have super cute boobies? And a nice round ass - boys *love* my ass. And my legs, too!" She tried to take off her skirt, but it was hard to do on her knees. She rolled around on the floor fumbling with it for a minute until she got it off. Eric snickered at the display.

"I'm not saying you're not hot, Cindy - but this girl, well, she can give me free coffee too."

That was tough. Cindy didn't have any coffee! "Um, I could go get you coffee? Or, like, I could make some?" She was dubious about her ability to figure out the coffee thingy, but for a good fucking, she'd sure try.

"All right, what else you got?" Eric still looked mostly skeptical, impatient.

Cindy whined, pinching her nipples hard to express her frustration. She *knew* she deserved to get fucked more than this barista bitch! Cindy had met lots of girls, and except for maybe Susan Templeton from high school who rumor had it fucked the entire varsity offense on the football team after regionals, Cindy didn't know *any* girl who loved fucking as much as she did.

"Please Eric, just PLEASE fuck me! I want it so ba-ha-haaaad! My pussy is fucking dripping wet right now and I'm almost drooling at how bad I want your cock in my mouth!" For the first time, her prey began to show interest. She pressed the attack.

"And my little ass is just begging to be fucked, don't you think?" She turned around, arching her back to show off her perfect butt atop her long ballerina legs.

"Speaking of begging, is that something your other little slut's going to do? Show you

how bad she needs you? Show you what a desperate little fucking slut she is? Will she spend all afternoon proving to you that your cock is the center of her universe?”

Cindy slipped a finger into her pussy, then another, overwhelmed with her need to get her cunt stuffed. Eric watched – *I hope he’s watching; I love it when he watches me act like a needy little slut* – and she just whimpered and moaned and panted and even growled with how bad she wanted it.

Her orgasm eluded her, but that was OK; playing with herself was fun, and helped pass the time between all those boring times when she wasn’t fucking. Then, just as she finally felt it nearing, someone rudely took her by the wrist and extracted her fingers. “Hey, I was using that!” *Rude!*

But a moment later her objections died on her lips – or really, they died in her cunt – as someone’s cock finally, FINALLY slid inside her. The sensation was beyond anything Cindy had ever felt before – even though she had somehow expected it to be exactly like this.

She had never felt this kind of pleasure before. Cindy shrieked like a banshee as her long-awaited orgasm triggered almost instantly, and didn’t stop. Her brain lost the capacity for registering anything but the mind-numbing pleasure of it, like she had a super-charged vibrator inside her and on her clit, except her whole body was a clit and her whole brain was a pussy. Or something. It felt perfect.

Except “perfect” couldn’t get better, but this somehow did. The cock in her kept thrusting, but now whoever it belonged to – Eric? That sounded right – was doing other things too. He was smacking her ass, *really* hard. That was good. That meant she was so fuckable that a cock wasn’t enough – he had to use his hands too.

She noticed he was talking, too. Well, not so much talking as just saying things about the fucking, calling her names. “Cheap little whore” and “that’s it, take it from behind like a bitch” and “fucking gutter tramp” and “ready to be my little butt slut?”

*Oh!* Cindy realized, *that last one was a question!* She was about to answer that of course she wanted her ass fucked when she felt him pushing his way in anyway. *Good, talking about it would have just slowed us down.* Her own cunt juices had lubricated his shaft just enough to slide in, stuffing her so full that it was like she could feel it up into her stomach. She had thought she was having an orgasm before, but now her whole body thrashed in bliss, and all she could do was try to hold her legs steady to keep from falling off of Eric’s cock – the worst thing she could imagine happening. He struck a relatively fast rhythm – for butt-fucking, anyway; her pussy could handle much rougher treatment – and Cindy did her best to try to rock in time with the thrusts, but it was difficult to concentrate through wave after tidal wave of ecstasy.

Then, she came so hard she blacked out.

When she came to, she was lying on the couch, still naked, and he was standing over her smiling. She smiled back. *Eric is so nice. Eric fucked me.* “Sorry if that was too much,” he said in an apologetic tone.

Cindy giggled. “Silly! You can fuck me as hard as you want! Wanna fuck some more?” She spread her legs helpfully.

“Nah, not just yet.”

“Oh, OK. What do you wanna do then? You wanna touch my boobs?”

“I was thinking of maybe going out for a while, actually. Maybe to the beach. You game?”

She sat up, instantly excited. “I love the beach!” Her tiny little mind was filled with visions of herself in (and out) of a variety of skimpy bikinis.

“Cool. Go see if you got yourself a suit to your liking when you went shopping yesterday, and let’s get ready.”

Cindy eagerly rummaged through her bags – she *loved* shopping! – and saw that she’d bought not just one, but several. There was an electric blue one that was technically a one-piece but was really just two thin straps that went across part of her breasts and over her shoulders, looping back down again to her crotch. There was a more standard leopard print bikini, neat triangles over breasts, pussy and ass. Finally there was one the old Cindy doubted would have been legal to wear at a public beach – a string bikini bottom that went right between her butt cheeks to hide nothing from behind and only a few-inch triangle in front to conceal her slit, her pubes and nothing else, with a top that was little more than a couple patches of stretchy fabric to cover her nipples and an inch or two around them. It was sluttier than going naked. It was the sort of swimsuit that only served to guarantee every single guy who saw her would be instantly fantasizing about ripping off the annoying little scraps that stood in the way of seeing her completely nude.

Naturally, Cindy donned this last one.

Even Eric was taken aback a moment when he came back down in his own tank top and trunks, and she beamed at him while spinning to show it off from all sides. “Like what you see?”

“Holy shit, Cindy, that’s the sluttiest fucking thing I’ve ever seen. Where did you even find something that revealing? I could fuck the hell out of you right now.”

She clapped her hands giddily and draped herself over the arm of the couch, spreading her legs and arching her back. The skimpy joke of a bikini would do nothing to impede his cock from getting right into her pussy.

“Figuratively,” he said, then seeing her not comprehend, he rephrased. “Not yet, hon.” He patted her ass affectionately. With a sulk, she got back up and followed him to the car.

It was a little more than a half hour drive to the beach, so Eric suggested stopping for a bite. Cindy couldn’t really agree or disagree with her mouth full of Eric’s cock, but she didn’t care anyway, any more than she cared about the cars stopped alongside them at lights snapping pictures of her practically naked ass up in the air while she gave her friend a blowjob. Cindy knew she had a hot ass. Of course guys would wanna take a picture of it to jack off to, and she liked to be helpful.

She didn't even notice when Eric pulled into a gas station until he gently lifted her off his cock by the hair. A few other people were staring as she came up for air. "All righty, Cindy, the station has a sandwich place inside, so I'm gonna head in and order for us. Mind pumping the gas? Then just head on inside."

Cindy agreed, and hopped out of the car to comply. Everyone around her was staring, which made it super hard to concentrate with how horny being stared at made her. For fun while she waited, she put her pelvis up to the pump and rocked her hips back and forth. *That's funny – it looks like I'm a boy fucking the car in the gas-hole!* But then that just made her even hornier! *Life is hard. Like a good hard cock.*

When she was done, she strutted on inside, pausing to wave to all the men watching her go. Behind them, cars were honking for them to get out of the way, as some had been done with their own gas for a good while as they'd leered at the ditz in her bikini. She joined Eric at his table, where he was already sitting with their lunches. For a moment a man who looked like he was probably the manager came over looking angry at Cindy – how a boy could be angry to have a mostly naked slut sitting in his store she couldn't imagine – then Eric gave him a long look and the man froze in his tracks, then smiled and went back behind the register.

Cindy was mostly finished with her sandwich before she couldn't take it any more. "Eric?" she said plaintively.

"Yeah?" he answered around a mouthful of turkey.

"Everybody's looking at me," she whined.

"Yeah, well, look at you. You're practically naked. Of course they're looking."

"I know! I look super hot, right? But with all those eyes on me, it's just ..." she shifted to a whisper, but a stage whisper she wanted everyone to hear, "...making me *crazy fucking horny!*" Ever since her black-out orgasm earlier, all she could think about was getting another one. That meant convincing Eric to fuck her, and she would do anything in her power to make that happen.

Eric smiled. "Not much I can do about that in the middle of a restaurant, hon."

"But you can make people do stuff, right? Like, you made me into this big hot slutty slut? Like, just make everyone be OK with fucking me, and we can just do it right here on the table!" In her manic need, she swept the food off on the floor and hopped up in its place, spreading her legs wide.

"It's more of a one-on-one thing – doesn't really handle crowd-control well. Besides, I don't wanna have to keep stopping in the middle every time someone walks in." She could tell from the way he looked around at the employees and the way they blanked out, then hurried over to clean up Cindy's mess that it was his doing. (One of the girls working there was pretty cute, and it made Cindy feel special to know Eric could fuck anybody he wanted, but here he was taking the day to play with her instead.)

"Well what about the bathroom? We could fuck in the bathroom, right? Just lock the door!"

Eric chuckled, shaking his head in incredulity at her relentlessness. "All right, all right, you've worn me down. You just trashed half my lunch, though, so I'm gonna get that replaced. You go on in and get ready for me, OK? I'll be there in a few."

Cindy jumped with glee and skipped off down the hallway with the bathrooms. *Hmm, boy's or girl's? Eric would be more comfortable in the boys.* She entered gingerly

and checked herself over in the mirror, tugging her bikini top into the right place, wishing she had her makeup with her to freshen up. She ignored the sound of someone flushing behind her as she posed and flounced in the mirror.

A moment later, she heard a sound of startlement behind her as a man opened up his stall door to find Cindy there in front of him. He was short and skinny, probably even lighter than Cindy was herself, and was in the process of doing up his buckle when the sight of her froze him in place. “Uh, ma’am? This is the men’s room – I think you meant to be next door...”

“Nope! I came in here to fuck!” Cindy giggled.

A little smile snuck onto his face. “What, like a hooker? Didn’t think this was that kind of place.”

She shook her head. “I’m not a hooker!”

The man looked stricken. “Oh! Sorry ma’am, I...”

“I’m a slut. I just like fucking. Girls who make guys pay them for sex are stupid and mean.”

“Oh, so... you just want to have sex?”

“O-M-G like ALL the TIME, you have no idea!”

In no time, he had his pants unfastened and pulling back down. The man couldn’t believe a girl this hot was just hanging out in gas station rest rooms trolling for dick.

“Well fuck yeah, let’s get to it!”

“Oh!” She waved her hands in front of her. “Oh no, I came in here to fuck Eric! Sorry, I didn’t mean to tease you.”

He looked crestfallen. “Well damn girl, you come in here talkin’ like that and dressed like that, hard to believe you weren’t.”

Cindy felt bad for making someone upset – especially a man, especially a man with a big hard dick. Especially a man with a big hard dick who wanted to fuck her.

“Awww, don’t be mad. Here, let me make it better, OK?” She kept him from pulling his pants back up and knelt down in front of him, stroking his cock with soft hands.

“Oh, well... that’s more like it.”

Cindy grinned. She liked making people happy. Instincts, some she didn’t know how she came by them, kicked in. *Make eye contact. Swirl your tongue, then drag it.*

*Then swirl the other way, so he won’t get bored. Moan a little – it does feel good to have a cock in your mouth after all.* In fact, it was the least bored she’d been in like an hour. Ish.

It must have been a while for the poor guy, because he didn’t last long. She didn’t even have time to ask where he’d like to finish before he spurted his load into her mouth.

She noted with disappointment that it didn’t taste nearly as good as Eric’s. She gave a few last long sucks to clean off her mystery cum-donor before zipping him up.

“Thanks, baby, that was, uh... just, wow.”

Cindy giggled. “I’m a pretty good cock-sucker, huh!”

Eric’s voice from the doorway surprised her. “You sure are.”

*Fucking time! The time for fucking!* She squealed delightedly and bounced over to hug and kiss him. The other guy excused himself – *without washing his hands! gross!* – and Cindy wasted no time in getting Eric’s pants off. Moments later, she bent

herself over one of the sinks and tugged the flimsy little string going between her butt cheeks to the side.

“You’re sure you want this, Cindy?”

She reached down to rub her clit – not that she needed to get any more juiced up, but still, she was impatient. Eric’s cock had been out for like a whole minute and he still wasn’t fucking her! She moaned in frustrated, wanton need. “Oh gosh you don’t know how bad I need it. Fuck meeeeeeee!” she whined.

“You’re sure? In a filthy gas station men’s room?” He sounded a bit put off.

“Cindy doesn’t care if it’s filthy; Cindy’s a filthy little slut!” She rocked her hips back and forth, slipping a couple fingers inside herself.

Eric frowned at his surroundings. “Yeah I dunno, hon. It’s... kinda gross. Not the easiest to get excited in a place like this, even with a smokin’ hot piece of ass like you. C’mon, let’s get out of here. We’ll fuck again soon, promise.”

It took several minutes of resisting her pleading, and then another couple to get her to stop desperately humping his leg, before they left the bathroom. *I need another one of those orgasms, damnit!* He reminded her helpfully as they passed through the store that she’d pried her bikini top to the sides and her boobs were hanging out. Not that she cared if people looked at her titties, but she didn’t want to look like she was too dumb to dress herself. That would be embarrassing.

Eric was nice enough to let her keep playing with herself in the car – not that she hadn’t been having fun sucking him off before, but she was too horny not to be touching herself, but all the tiny – i.e. normal – orgasms she was having were mere candles next to the inferno of the one earlier. She giggled when a mother suddenly veered onto the shoulder and slammed on the brakes to stop her son from staring at her. She sorta kinda remembered her life when she had been a stupid boring prude and wouldn’t have enjoyed seeing a sexy piece of ass frigging herself. *I used to be so stupid!* Then Eric yelled at her for spreading her legs so wide she was nudging the gear shift and almost put the car in park.

Finally, they arrived at the beach. Eric let Cindy carry their towels and bag, mostly to keep her hands busy so she didn’t keep playing with herself while they walked down to the water. She made sure to walk one foot in front of the other, her round ass jiggling for the eyes of everyone there. Especially Eric and his magic super-dick.

They walked until they found a spot with a little space around it and spread out some towels. Somehow, she had managed to forget sunscreen; as someone who looked good with a fair complexion, Cindy kept herself pale and knew she’d burn like an ant under a magnifying glass out here.

“Sorry hon, I got nothing. I’m sure you can find someone to loan you some.” She pouted, then skipped off to where a group of four teenage boys, maybe early twenty-somethings, were sitting around gabbing. They were nerdy-looking – two of them were playing handheld video games, even at the beach – and looked fairly stunned to see Cindy’s sexy, mostly-naked body standing before them, a shy smile on her face.

“Hey boys. I was wondering if you had any lotion I could use?” She rocked front to back on her feet. The boys stared at the way it made her tits bounce.



“Oh, uh, yeah, sure,” one of them said, producing a bottle of SPF-40 from under his chair. He reached out to hand it to her, hand shaking like he was afraid he’d pop her like a bubble.

Cindy chirped her thanks, but then one of them, a skeezy-looking boy with some acne issues, ran around to head her off, his video game forgotten. “Wait wait wait!” He glared at the lack of ambition among his peers, then directed an unctuous smile at Cindy. “Sure you don’t need some help getting it on, babe?”

She grinned. One of the best parts of being a hot slut was that boys were eager to do things for her so she would fuck them. Glancing back, she saw Eric was watching with interest, and she had a hunch that he’d not mind. “Sure! Go ahead fellas.” She held her arms out to the sides and stood with her legs apart.

“Um, all of us?” the boy squeaked.

“I don’t care, as long as you don’t miss anyplace. I got so much skin out and I don’t wanna go home with a bright red tushy do I?” She explained patiently.

“No, no, we can’t have that,” he said, regaining some of his confidence, then to his friends, “I got the legs.”

Another one jumped to his feet. “I got her top!” and another, only slightly less enthused, “I got her back!” They immediately began squirting lotion on their hands and on her body parts, nearly fighting over who got the bottle first. Cindy just smiled as she felt three pairs of hands smearing the slimy oil on her body, luxuriating even in this clumsy amateur fondling. She had to remind them to get her calves, her feet, her arms, so attentive they were almost too attentive to her thighs, her stomach, her shoulders, her chest.

Meanwhile, the fourth boy just stood by watching enviously as his friends groped her. Still, they were nerdy teenage boys, and his friends were too shy to cover everything she needed covered – even with her standing by allowing their hands to roam as they would. When she was sure they’d covered as much as they were going to cover, she took a few steps forward toward the shy boy, his friends relinquishing their grasp on her as she put the small distance between them.

“Aww, you got left out, huh.” The boy nodded sullenly. “Well they missed a couple spots... would you be a dear and help out?” Another nod. She smiled, then tugged her top out of the way and let her tits out into full view.

He was still hesitant, so Cindy had to take his hands, put lotion in it, and put them on her. He stared goggle-eyed, then slowly began to massage her breasts; when they were good and covered, she turned around and thrust out her butt, which Skeezy had been too chickenshit to get while he was handling her thighs.

There was a long moment of waiting, her pussy dripping into her already-soaked bottoms, before she felt two tentative hands grasp her ass. They were cold from the lotion, and she moaned at the sensation. Soon he was fondling with abandon, squeezing and rubbing her cheeks with the vigor of the inexperienced.

“Lower,” she panted. He froze, then moved his hands down toward where her ass met her thighs. “No no – I meant *deeper*,” she amended.

She had to ask three more times, including several whimpered please’s, before his hand was finally rubbing her cunt. Cindy groaned happily, humping herself against it,

then giggled at her propensity for setting out to do something simple and having it lead to her giving out blowjobs or getting fingered on the beach.

She was super close to getting off when Eric finally came over and with a glance dismissed the boys. Cindy whined as her pussy was once more frustratingly empty.

The afternoon passed slowly. Cindy asked occasionally if it was time to fuck her yet. She tried not to be pesky, waiting as long as she could between requests. (She'd tried counting to a thousand between asking, but she was so eager she kept counting by 100's. And that was hard! The numbers got big so *fast!*)

Eric seemed to just want to relax – which for him, strangely, didn't involve fucking her – and she soon just did her best to arouse his interest. She did stretches, splashed around in the shallow water, touched herself frequently, stayed a few feet in front of him while they walked down the beach so he could watch her ass. A few times he grabbed her waist and pulled her up against him, a few times kissed her – but that was it. It felt good, but she needed to cum again like she did earlier.

Thinking was no longer her strong suit, but for a prize like getting fucked again, she would try her best. What would push him over the edge and get his cock in her? She thought about how he'd had her go to work and behave like a little whore, the show she'd given everyone on the drive out and at the gas station, letting those boys feel her up...

Realizing he enjoyed showing off his little trophy fuck toy gave her new ideas. As the sun moved towards the horizon, she tried one plan after another. She went to the concessions stand and got them both ice cream, except “oopsie! I forgot my money!” soon turned into her letting the guy running the stand suck on her tits as payment. (His beard tickled, but she didn't complain.) She joined some men playing volleyball and watched them throw the game as they lost themselves ogling her. She gave a lot of consoling hugs after making them miss the ball, and before long it was common practice to give her friendly pats on the ass – as teammates, of course. She saw a girl around her own age sitting by herself reading who kept looking up to check her out while they played; after the game, Cindy walked over and pushed the book out of the way and kissed her full on the lips. They made out for ten minutes before Cindy finally went back to see if Eric wanted to fuck the two of them together. He said he didn't, but she should have her fun if she wanted. But the girl had run off. And either way, it would be pointless. She needed that pleasure that only he could give her.

As the sun set and Eric drove them back home, Cindy was beside herself with desperation. She wasn't even horny any more – well, she was, but it was so much more intense that it should be a whole other word. Ever since that mind-blowing orgasm this morning, getting another one had increasingly become all she could think about, but nothing else would do. She'd had small, regular orgasms, but it was like giving a starving woman a goldfish cracker. It was nice, but she needed something more substantial. And she knew only Eric and his wonderful, glorious cock could give it to her.

She barely realized when they got home; he had to open her car door for her and lead her in by the hand. He took her in and gently set her down in his lap. There weren't any complaints when she shed the skimpy bikini, long since tired of having to wear clothes, and curled up naked against his chest, nuzzling her cheek against him despondently.

Eric finally seemed to take notice. “Now don’t get excited – I’m just asking out of curiosity, OK. But... do you still want to have sex?”

Her heart started racing. He might as well have said “now don’t get worked up, but you just won the lottery” or “good news, the president died and he left you America in his will.” Her pussy clenched and unclenched just at the thought of his cock. “Yes. Yes, I super duper want to have sex.” She nodded, being careful not to move much. He seemed to be enjoying the cuddling.

“How bad do you want it?”

She tried to find the words, but she’d never wanted anything so badly before. *Besides, most of the things my old self wanted were stupid. Getting a college degree never made me cum even once!* “Like, it’s the thing I want more than anything in the world. This morning... that was the best I’ve ever felt in my whole life.”

Eric smiled. “Yeah, I figured. So suppose I wanted to make you earn it. What would you give me for it?”

“For fucking me?” She thought, and couldn’t think of anything else that had ever made her as happy. “I dunno. You want my car? My apartment? It’s not, like, mine, but you could use it for whatever. All my stuff? I could give you my bank thingy and you could have all my money, if you want. It’s not much, but I could make more. Or—”

He held up a hand to silence her. “All right, so everything you have basically. Right, but what if I wanted more? What would you *do* for it?”

“Oh gosh, anything! Like, I saw how you liked watching me today, so like, I could do stuff like that. Let people touch me, or I could suck their cocks or fuck them or whatever you want me to do. I could definitely be a stripper, for sure – remember I told you that creepy guy who gave me his business card once and made an offer?”

He smiled. “I remember.”

“Yeah! And like, I’d do that, or star in porn if you wanted, or both, and I could give you all the money and everything if that’d make you wanna fuck me.” She started kissing his neck, thinking about what she would be willing to do for him. Then instead she thought about what she wouldn’t do for him if he’d just fuck her. And there was nothing. And she told him.

Then, suddenly, Cindy was herself again.

The realization took a moment; she was still incredibly horny, though then she realized she was no longer psychotically obsessed with her friend’s dick. She was still naked and on his lap, and quickly removed herself.

“Feel free to get dressed. Plenty of clothes here that should fit you; when I sent you to go shopping yesterday, I’d thought you’d just pick up a few things... should’ve been more specific.”

She found a pair of short shorts and a tank top that weren’t too bad and put them on. “You don’t have to avert your eyes, you know. Not like you haven’t been seeing me basically naked all day.” She seated herself on the couch, facing him, and folded her arms defiantly across her chest. “So what the hell gives? Why turn me into a nymphomaniac slut obsessed with your cock, parade me around like the queen slut of the world, then *not* have sex with me?” she demanded.

“Well, you didn’t make it easy, that’s for sure.”

“Yeah, making things *easy* is more your thing.”

“Pun. Nice,” he chuckled, but only barely. “Well, to your question... I’m still just showing you your options is all.”

“What? Why in the fuck would you ever think I would *choose* to be turned into some exhibitionist bimbo?!”

“So yesterday, you got to see what it’d be like not to have your own thoughts, just to instinctively make me happy.”

She sighed. “I know, I was there. Believe me, I remember.”

“Yeah. Well, today was about letting you still have thoughts and feelings, but having those feelings gravitate into a direction that would please me.” He raised a hand to forestall another accusation. “Now I know, I know, it’s a limited range. But it’s pretty *honest*, at least, isn’t it? If I’m going to make you a fuck toy, at least you were what pretty much anybody thinks about when they think ‘fuck toy.’”

“Gee thanks, you’re the most honest slaver I’ve ever met.”

“Hey now. Think back to this morning. Is there really *no* benefit?”

She blushed, remembering her screeching, howling, thrashing orgasm, by a thousand miles the greatest pleasure she’d ever felt in her entire life, and didn’t answer. Eric continued. “Right. So yesterday, I made you into a sex toy who only thought about making me happy; today, similar thing, but you only thought about making yourself happy. I just happen to be the thing that makes you happiest. And in return, you get to act out every sexual fantasy you ever had, and have the best time in your life doing it.”

“Act out my... you’ve *got* to be kidding me. I was acting out *your* fantasies, Eric.”

He shook his head. “Cindy, we both know you like attention. Blame me if you want, but you’ve always liked flaunting it. You’ve just been too afraid of what people will say. Remember last Halloween, you did that slutty witch thing? Or how every time you go to a club, you go to one out of town so no one will recognize you and dress – I believe this is a quote – ‘as skanky as the law allows?’”

She frowned. “Well, OK, but...”

“We don’t need to argue it. Pretend you don’t like it if you want, but either way, if you pick this option, that’s what you’ll get.”

Her next question was in a small voice. “Do you have to make me so... vapid? Smart girls can be just as sexy too.”

He shrugged. “It helps me remember you’re not... you. If I thought of you as *you*, I wouldn’t...”

She sensed his weakness exposed and tried to exploit it before the moment passed. “Wouldn’t want to turn a woman you love into some worthless stupid disposable sex object?”

He stiffened a moment, looking down at his lap, remaining quiet long enough that Cindy began to wonder if she might have actually persuaded him. Then he looked up, and that steely determined look was back. “Well, I can’t have what I really wanted, so I opted for a consolation prize.”

Damn. Still, maybe... “Fine. But if you insist on making me a moron, can you at least let me be a little choosier? Maybe it wouldn’t seem so bad if I at least didn’t let anybody who wants to fuck me have a taste. At least if I’m going to be Little Cindy Sucksalot, let me have some standards.”

He considered, then nodded. “I can do that.”

The room was silent for a moment as she composed herself. She only had one more day before it would all be over. She remembered how the alternative personalities thought of her – yesterday as some pointless ne'er-do-well, and today as some unimaginably frigid prude. Just a collection of memories they could use to help them fuck Eric. They had her memories, but associated them with another person, a life that wasn't theirs. And it wasn't. After tomorrow, she'd have to make a choice, and then her life as she'd known it would be over. Of the choices she'd been presented with, she couldn't imagine picking either. If it was just the two, would she rather be an obedient toy, or a whorish dimwit?

Eric let her work through her thoughts patiently, and then she finally spoke her thoughts. "So... two last things."

"Shoot." He gestured for her to proceed.

"First: can you tell me what to expect tomorrow?" She was almost afraid to ask, afraid she'd be up all night dreading it. Would tomorrow be a dominatrix? A robot? A fetish super-heroine? But then she could as easily be up all night dreading what she *didn't* know, too.

He thought a moment before responding. "Well, I don't want to spoil the surprise, but I promise you, tomorrow you're going to be much more yourself."

"More myself?" she probed, but he wouldn't elaborate except to nod in confirmation. "Well, maybe that won't be so bad."

"Maybe. We'll see." His tone was neutral. "You said there were two things."

Cindy nodded. This one was harder.

"I want you to fuck her."

Eric sat up like she'd slapped him. "You want *what*?"

She stood and walked over to him, then squatted down at his feet. "You tortured that poor girl. You made her out-of-her-mind with lust for you, jump through hoops to please you, and then you just... ditched her."

"So you're saying you want me to... you...?"

*For a guy who's taking a woman as his sex slave, he sure has a hard time saying the word "sex."* "No. Not me. I couldn't... not after the past couple days. Not that the sex hasn't been amazing – something you sure made certain of today – but... You were my best friend, Eric. Your friendship meant the world to me. Then you..." She shook it off. No point throwing a tantrum. "But you should do it for her."

"For her?" She's not real, Cindy. She's a personality I molded for you, no more real than the part played by an actress."

"Well she's *part* of me now. I still remember her, her desperation, her simple, incredibly stupid desire for you, and she's still in there. A part of me that remembers the greatest pleasure I've ever known. And we deserve to get it." He hesitated. "Do it, Eric. If you ever cared about me."

Her vision cleared, and she found herself in one of her favorite places – kneeling in front of Eric. "Time to get fucked, hon."

Cindy the slut beamed. From somewhere deep inside, Cindy the woman smiled a little too.

## Intermission

Cindy woke up the next morning face-down on an inflatable mattress in Eric's pool, bare-ass naked and freezing cold. She tried to remember how she'd wound up here, but her memories of the previous night were wrapped in cotton. Probably because they weren't her memories, but rather Cindyslut's. (She'd nicknamed the lust-crazed bimbo personality as such, and the prior day's obedient and dutiful one Cindyslave.)

She remembered it in orgasms, which seemed to be in plentiful supply. Beginning with sucking Eric off, she'd cum when his mouth filled with his spunk. Bent over the kitchen table atop a pile of junk mail, smiling giddily at the picture on the front of an underwear catalogue, wishing she was as hot as that girl so she'd get fucked more often. Straddling Eric in the hottub, shrieking her head off for all the neighborhood to hear. (She'd seen the same man from two days ago watching them from his bedroom window, and just knowing she had an audience made her cum an extra time.) Getting spanked by a hot young police officer (Eric'd remembered her request to be more discerning in her slut-state) who'd responded to a neighbor's noise complaint, then getting on her knees and giving him a titty fuck and promising not to scream so loud later. Falling asleep with a stupid smile plastered on her face as Eric fingered her from behind on the pool floatie.

Shivering violently, she maneuvered her craft towards the shallow end of the pool with her fingertips, then hopped out while getting nothing more than her ankles wet. Still, it made her shiver so badly that she could hardly move for a moment, standing in the open air of the backyard. She made her way into the house where Eric had hung a robe for her inside the door; he was asleep on the couch still, naked as well. As she slipped the robe on gratefully, she took a moment to admire his body. Strangely, it was the first time she'd seen him undressed while she was in her right mind. She'd seen him without his shirt on before, and she'd always known he kept himself in good shape. Her eyes lingered over-long on his now-flaccid penis, thinking how excited she'd been for it only last night. The feeling hadn't gone away entirely. She didn't think it was his doing; certainly being on the receiving end of pleasure that intense must have conditioned her brain to love the very sight of it. Or something.

It was still early; the cold had awakened her rather than just being rested. Still-chilled and sore beyond belief in nearly every muscle in her body, she wanted nothing more than to go to Eric's vacant bed and sleep. Yet today was to be the last day in her trials, and she didn't want to waste a moment of her freedom. She took a hot shower to warm up and slipped back into the robe, contemplating. She thought about what life might be like as Cindyslave or Cindyslut, what would change. Obviously the sex. No more working. Would she have friends? A job? A social life away from Eric's crotch?

She spent a little time penning a list of requests to ask Eric for. To let her family know, and make them OK with it. Maybe let her visit them occasionally. To let her keep her interest in crocheting. Keep up with *Downton Abbey*. She even thought maybe he'd consider leaving town with her; she grudgingly admitted that some of the exhibitionism was fun, but the notion of her old friends and co-workers seeing her was still humiliating. Not that she'd mind soon; soon, no doubt, she'd be excited at the prospect of being ogled and groped and licked and maybe even fucked by every guy she saw. She

thought about asking him not to let her get implants; she'd definitely been thinking last night while staring at that underwear catalog that she'd look hotter for Eric with huge tits.

She'd even begun wondering if it would be so bad. From the outside, of course, it was terrible – her life as she'd known it was over. Then again, her life as she'd known it hadn't been that great. Working herself like crazy just to keep a crappy job that barely made ends meet, a fender bender away from bankruptcy. So little time and energy to go out that she'd hardly seen most of her friends in months, other than Eric, as he was always good to just sit around one of their places and veg. It was slavery, of a sort, and it was and never would have been her choice; but then, she'd also never have to work again, and had had more sex in the past two days than she'd had in the past year. And better sex than she'd had in her entire life.

But it was her freedom. Normally just a word she heard bandied about by jingoistic politicians, but now it was painfully real for her.

Before she knew it, it was after eight o'clock. Two days ago, that was when she'd launched on her mission to bring Eric pleasure; yesterday, when her sex drive had begun spiking off the charts while her brain cells started going dark. She tried to assess herself, but she couldn't find anything different. She didn't feel an urge to put on a slutty outfit, or crawl to Eric and wake him with a good morning blowjob. Since her only clothes her were in the bags of whore-wear downstairs, she found a sweat suit of Eric's, one ludicrously too big for her, and put it on. She looked preposterousness, and not a man or woman alive could possibly find her sexy in it. It didn't bother her at all, but as it was still far too big, so she went back to the robe.

Eric came in a good long time later while she was still lost in her pondering. "Morning, Cindy," he said as he went about finding some clothes. He seemed as comfortable being naked in front of her as she was sure she'd be for him, now.

"It's quarter past twelve – not morning any more, sleepyhead. Thought I'd have to go down and remind you to enslave me before long," she chided. Her tone was snotty, but she still smiled a little.

"You put in overtime last night – I gave you the morning off," he quipped with equal self-consciousness.

She quietly waited for him to finish getting dressed so he'd have to look her in the eyes. "Will this be it? After this, do I make the choice?"

He shook his head, and spoke in a mumble. "No. That'll come tomorrow – you'll have the night to think about it."

"All right. And will it be OK if we talk a little first? I have some things I want to run by you." She put a hand in the robe's pocket, touched the paper she'd been writing on.

"Why not now? Now's fine." He sat down on the bed. "No, I'd... I'd rather wait, if that's all right. We can both make all our decisions at once."

Eric nodded slowly. "Fair enough. We'll talk tomorrow, beforehand, about whatever you want."

Only then did she join him on the bed. It felt oddly natural. "So what's today going to be?"

He smiled then. "To your question, a question. Is there anything you *want* it to be? Some fantasy you'd like to live out, fear you want get past, kink you'd like to try?"

"What, you're saying I get to pick who I want to be today?" she asked suspiciously.

"Sure."

"So say I want to be a dominatrix and spend all day smacking you around with a riding crop and torturing you with nipple clamps?"

"Really, you think this is the time to start getting bratty, right while we're deciding your fate." His tone was jocular, but hers was anything but as she thundered back at him.

"What, you expect me to just happily go along with this? Force me into a few orgasms and I'll just ask you to take away my freedom? You were my best friend, God damnit! I *trusted* you, completely! And *this* is how you treat that trust! Well I won't fucking play ball. You want me to be your wind-up fuck toy, then turn the fucking winder and get on with it. I won't do it for you!"

Cindy tensed, waiting for him to retaliate.



## Day Three

Cindy tensed, waiting for him to retaliate.

Instead, he just rolled over to face her and gently stroked her hair, smiling gently. “I’m sorry for asking that of you, Cindy. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?”

*Forgive you? Go fuck yourself,* Cindy thought. “Of course I can, Eric darling. I could never stay mad at you,” she purred in a syrupy sweet voice. She decided to slap his smug face instead. Her hand reached out – slowly, and rested dotingly on his cheek.

“I know, sweet meat. Say, I skipped breakfast – mind making me a quick bite?” He rolled away, flipping on the television at the opposite end of the room and beginning to flip through channels.

*With or without arsenic and a big dose of my spit, you asshole?* “Sure, love. Anything special? Or I can just make what you like.” She popped up to her feet in a hurry. *Stop! Stop obeying, you stupid cunt!*

Eric didn’t even respond; he just waved a hand dismissively and she tottered off, giggling affectionately. She shed the robe, winking at him over her shoulder, though he didn’t even look over. Nonetheless, she put every bit of seductive sway she could manage into her step – right up until the moment she rounded the corner.

The partial control – able to adjust mannerisms and facial expressions while not really changing her speed, destination or purpose – was even stranger than was her body’s total betrayal. Instead of her alluring wiggle, she was doing fast, angry strides, the kind she wished she could take right up to Eric before using those same long legs to kick him in the head. Her hands no longer splayed out at her side, now clenching furiously. Nonetheless, she made her way to the kitchen and proceeded to grit her teeth as she busily made Eric a club sandwich, pickle on the side, just like he liked. She wanted to growl in frustration, but found she couldn’t; evidently, her body thought that Eric might hear and be displeased.

*So this is today’s game, is it? Hostage in my own body, being his eager little domestic plaything but left to my own thoughts. I guess he meant it when I asked last night. Well, at least I won’t spend all day with Nicki Minaj songs and slutty ensemble ideas running through my head.* She carried the tray back upstairs, pausing to give each of her nipples a long hard tweak so they stood good and erect. “Here’s your lunch, darling,” she simpered as she strutted in and stood next to him. His eyes didn’t even glance at her, riveted by some action movie with lots of big sweaty men firing guns. Cindy stood by patiently, positioned to avoid distracting while posed to look sexy if he glanced over. It was the behavior of a trained harem girl in a romance novel. It was mortifying.

And though she couldn’t yet appreciate the fact, it was only going to get worse.

Eric watched his movie for another ten minutes or so as she stood by staring vacantly into space, an insipid smile on her face. When he did look, he seemed annoyed. “Ugh, a sandwich? That’ll get crumbs everywhere.” He crooked a finger at her. “Here, drape yourself across me – you can be my tablecloth.”

*WHAT?! You mother fucker...!* But she did just that. She delicately leaned across his lap, arms along her sides (to provide extra table room), trying to keep her back as flat

and still as possible, her butt thrust out. Inside, she was blushing beet red and hurling curse words at him. Outwardly... she was a tablecloth. A sexy naked girl tablecloth.

Eric took his time with his meal, and when he was done he rested his hands on her back, clearly content with her where she was. So she held as still as possible. She shouted at her arms – *punch him in the nuts!* – concentrated as hard as she could on making it move, just one quick punch to wipe that smug, disinterested look off his face. But she didn't even twitch. She didn't even quiver.

Soon, his hand roamed down towards her butt, and he gave it a prodding slaps, which her body interpreted as a request to wiggle into bed a little further, make it easier for him to reach. Her butt now lay in the center of his lap, and as he continued watching his movie, he began to idly caress her butt. Every so often she'd make a sound of contentment, or a girlish squeal if he did something sudden like one of the occasional smacks he delivered. *I wonder if other guys wanted to spank me as much as he did, but just didn't have the guts (or mind control powers) to try it.*

Cindy knew well the effect her ass had on men, and soon enough his hand was sliding down between her legs and teasing her cunt. *Holy fuck that feels good. Of course he had to leave in the pleasure response from yesterday.* Now that she'd sensed his attention was on her and not the TV, her body started hamming it up, arching her back and moaning dramatically. Well, maybe it wasn't hamming it up so much as responding to the absurdly good way it felt to have him in her pussy, even just his fingers.

Evidently it wasn't enough to just look like she was desperate for him; she had to sound the part too. "Oh God yes, Eric, fucking finger my slutty pussy. Fuck, that's it, that's it, my cunt is never happy unless you're inside it. Yeah, baby, ooooooh God YES!" And so on she went, every word chosen to make sure his ego was never wanting, his libido never waning. She didn't know which emotion was winning out – anger at him for turning her into this, disgust with herself for having such good instincts on being a good fuck toy, or delight to be feeling so goddamn amazing. Her voice was being a little slut, but it wasn't being dishonest.

It wasn't long before Cindy's praises for his fingers turned into shameless begging for his cock. Well, not that it was Cindy, just her voice. *No matter how bad I want it, the real me still wouldn't beg. No matter how fucking good it would feel...* Still, it was a very loud, persuasive, desperate, plaintive, weak, girly little voice. Every so often she'd look back at Eric – when the sensations weren't so intense that she was squeezing her eyes shut – and find him looking at her smugly. Cindy knew the look was directed inwardly at the real her, but there was nothing she could do to respond. All she could do was ride it out.

Speaking of, Eric soon gave her a rough shove on one butt cheek to spin her facing away from him, and a moment later, she was sliding herself down his shaft and bracing herself for some reverse cowgirl. "Oh how did I get so lucky, Eric?" she cooed.

"Beats me – sharp tongue like yours, you'd think I'd find some way to pay you back," he taunted, grabbing her hips and starting her in motion.

*Fuck you, you rotten bastard,* she thought, though then thought that "fuck you" might not be the kind of thing she ought to say to him under the circumstances. Yesterday the pleasure had been so intense she could barely make herself function, but today she was moving normally. In fact, she wasn't just normal, she was doing what she

could to fuck like a porn star. Throaty moans of delight when he made even the most token effort, back arched, tits and ass thrust out in opposite directions, so overwhelmed with need that her hands were in a non-stop state of playing with her own breasts or diddling her clit.

Eric made it a point to only give her the most token attention, the portrait of a playboy who didn't need to reciprocate to the slut he was nailing. He smacked her ass hard enough that she thought it might leave a welt, and she gasped delightedly. A pinch of her nipples resulted in her giddily exclaiming how "no one had ever made my titties feel so incredible before!" His phone buzzed at one point, and the son of a bitch actually glanced to see who was texting him. Cindy slowed herself so as not to disrupt, and he was good enough not to answer it just then. *How fucking magnanimous of you.*

She had to admit, she put on a hell of a show, and it wasn't all faked. Every time she cried out and came, it was a legitimate mind-blowing toe-curling pussy-rocking orgasm. It didn't make her grateful, but it made her less inclined to psychically murder him. Then he came in her, and she only had a fraction of a second to inwardly roll her eyes at his juvenile need to make himself feel like a stud as his cum spraying her pussy triggered a 7.0 pleasurequake in her cunt. Cindy finally rolled off of him, fingering her clit to several diminishing orgasms, then hungrily throwing her face at his cock to suck him clean, smiling brightly with her eyes as she glared daggers with her heart.

After a few minutes of dutiful sucking, he tapped a few times on her forehead and jerked a thumb to the side. "All right, you had your fun. Now let me watch my movie in peace, OK babe?"

*I had my fun?! How DARE he...?! And she giggled and tried to lay still and not make any more noise as his show resumed.*

The final hour of his movie allowed Cindy some time to reflect. She suspected it had always been his intention to do something like this even before her little outburst earlier, to leave her with her normal mind and personality intact while altering her behavior to a more fuckable version. She wondered if she'd not snapped at him if he'd really have taken her suggestion. Too late now.

Still, there was some comfort in at least getting to have her own thoughts. The past couple days had been more jarring in hindsight because she'd just ceased to exist for most of the day. Still, to have control of her thoughts and not to be able to do even the slightest thing to express them... it was likewise maddening, in a way. Like one of those dreams where you're trapped in an awful situation that, logically, you could and ought to walk away from, but your dream self simply sees it through to its horrible conclusion. Marching on in to school in your underwear.

Except now, if she chose this, she wouldn't actually wake up.

Cindy wanted to die of shame as she made her way through the mall parking lot.

Eric had given her a few post-it notes on errands he wanted her to run and sent her on her way. Before she left, she'd gotten dressed and primped a little – nothing fancy, just a white blouse unbuttoned and tied below her breasts, so sheer her nipples were visible from fifty yards away; a tartan skirt that had probably been intended for a girl in grade school, short enough it barely concealed her ass cheeks and made so it easily flared up to abdicate even that scant coverage every time she turned; stockings that went halfway up her thighs so no one would be able to resist looking at the exposed creamy white skin in between them and her skirt; a pair of Mary Janes; pigtails.

And of course, neither bra nor panties.

Once more, she was setting out into the world, dressed like an air-headed slut with nothing to recommend her beyond her looks and a willingness to be looked at. Only this time, Eric wasn't there at her side to pacify anyone who complained. Here, she was well aware that she could run into someone who knew her and shatter their opinion of her forever. This time, a few complaints by conservative lookers-on could get her humiliatingly escorted out of the mall. Hell, she could be raped.

Cindy smiled fetchingly and retrieved the first post-it. Eric had asked her to do them in order, and hadn't let her read them in advance, so she had no idea where all this would take her. The first one read, "pick up some underwear" and pointed her to the sketchier of the mall's two lingerie boutiques. She lifted her tits into shopping position and set on in, a teensy bit relieved that she'd at least have some panties and a bra on before this was over.

Happily, this first errand was relatively straight-forward. Other than an arched eyebrow from the sales girl, whose nametag identified her as Rhonda, it began smoothly enough. She identified her preference unambiguously, lowering her voice to a sort of girl-girl tone. "I was looking for something *really* sexy – maybe even a little slutty. The sort of thing you slip on just to have it taken off. Got anything like that?"

Rhonda blushed a little at her straight-forwardness, and brought her a few things to try on. A see-through red set with crotchless panties; a mesh teddy with the netting so sparse it may as well not be there; a blue satin nightie that was a bit more chaste but only by comparison, sporting a cut from neck to pelvis showing as much cleavage as she could muster. She eyed herself a long time in each, and ultimately opted to buy all three.

She bent over to pick up the bags, winking back at Rhonda as the woman couldn't help noticing that she'd just bought several pairs of panties, then opted to walk out without any on. Parcel in hand, she stepped out of the store and checked her next to-do post-it. "Get a second opinion."

Inwardly, she winced. Outwardly, she smiled cheerily and began looking around for a capable male to inspect her selections. She murmured to herself, as if to make sure the inner Cindy could perceive her thought process. "Hmm, be nice to multiple opinions instead of just the one..."

Cindy tried to close her eyes and turn off her ears as she walked toward a group of three young men sitting on a couch in a thoroughfare. One a white guy with dreadlocks, another wearing a jamaican beanie, and the third was just openly proclaiming his stoner status with a pot leaf on his t-shirt. To confirm, she could smell it on them up close.

Seeing the scantily clad sexpot approaching, their conversation broke off and they looked up at her with commingled interest and surprise.

“Hey boys!” she chirped, preening. “Look, I don’t want to bother you guys, but I wondered if you might do me a little favor.” Her tone was nervously needy, as if it would be tough to talk any red-blooded male into what she was about to ask for.

“Whatcha need, baby?” asked Dreadlocks solicitously.

“Well... oh my gosh this is embarrassing.” *It sure the hell is.* “I came here to get some presents for my boyfriend, you see, and I wondered if you might tell me if you think he’d like them.”

At once, all three boys slumped, losing interest. A hot bitch like Cindy was interesting right up until the point where she began to sound inaccessible. “Sorry, doll, we’re in the middle of something,” said Beanie.

“Oh, it won’t take long,” she promised fervently. “You see, I just bought a few items of lingerie, and I’d like to get a man’s opinion before I take them back home.”

Their initially intrigued expressions returned in an instant. “Oh, well, I’m sure we can give ya a few minutes then, babe,” Dreadlocks said.

Pot-shirt hesitated. “Hey, what about Angela?”

Dreadlocks glared at him. “She’s *your* fuckin’ girlfriend dude – you wanna wait here for her, be my guest.” Both he and Beanie were on their feet, following Cindy as she skipped down a side hallway to the restrooms. After a long hesitation, Pot-shirt hopped up and hustled behind them. *At least I’m not stripping and doing this in the middle of the mall. I guess.*

She went unhesitatingly into the men’s restroom, blessedly unoccupied at the moment, the boys trailing behind her. “Are you guys sure this is OK?” They tripped over themselves to assure her that it was no big imposition. With that assurance in mind, Cindy giggled girlishly and tugged her tartan skirt so the clasps were in front and without ceremony, unfastened them and dropped it to the floor. In five seconds, she’d gone from half-dressed to half-naked, and what a difference it made.

The top was trickier. She’d noticed earlier that she’d seemed to knot it far too tight; with mounting horror, she began to realize why she’d been made to do it. She tugged, she fiddled, tried to squeeze a finger into the knot, but just wasn’t getting anywhere (not that the boys minded, or even seemed to be aware she existed above the waist). She thrust her lower lip out in a pout that was too fake by a stretch even for this parody of a woman, and stamped her foot in frustration. She worried for a moment that the ensuing jiggle to her ass would make Beanie cum in his pants on the spot, the way he gaped. “Darnit, I just cannot get this stupid thing untied!”

And of course, Beanie and Dreadlocks were only too eager to volunteer, but instead, Cindy beckoned Pot-shirt over. “His fingers are littler – he’ll untie it easier.” He dragged his feet a little, and Dreadlocks actually shoved him to hurry him up. With trembling fingers, he tried to work at the knot, having difficulty given his reluctance to touch her.

She took a small step closer, more or less forcing her breasts into his hands. “Holy SHIT you have an amazing body!” Unbidden, the words came out of his lips in a loud exclamation, as if he had no more control of his voice than she had of hers. He looked embarrassed to have said it, but nonetheless looked sincere.

She was readying it to thank him when someone else spoke up, a new voice from the doorway. “What the FUCK are you doing with that slut?!”

In the doorway to the bathroom stood a young woman who could only be his girlfriend Angela, a voluminous mane of somewhat unkempt brown hair cascading down over a punk rock band shirt and skin-tight dark blue jeans. She was all curves – if she’d dressed to flatter her figure better, she’d be a knock-out. Cindy guiltily wondered if Pot-shirt was trading down by being with her.

As he tried and failed to stammer out an explanation (and his hands belatedly darted away from her jugs), Cindy interjected. “Oh, it’s OK – I just asked the boys to give me some advice on some lingerie I bought, but I can’t get this darned top untied!” *My God I sound like a fucking airhead.*

“Yeah, happens to me all the time,” Angela said sarcastically, then looked her over harder. Cindy just kept smiling; Dreadlocks and Beanie just kept staring at Cindy’s ass. In Angela’s expression, though, there was something... well, something other than anger and disgust, which was all Cindy would be showing if their roles were reversed.

Evidently, Cindy’s body understood what it meant better than she did herself, and she swayed over to Angela. “Say, I don’t suppose *you’d* be willing to help out, would you?”

And there it was, manifesting more clearly – that predatory gleam in her eyes. Angela smiled wolfishly, then shoved her boyfriend aside and grasped the knot. Less nervous and with longer nails, she had the knot undone in moments. Meanwhile, her boyfriend locked the restroom door. “Well?” Angela prompted. “Don’t you have something to show us?”

“She’s showing us plenty already,” Dreadlocks laughed, as Cindy knelt down to retrieve her new purchases. She went first with the nightie, probably because it was easiest to slip on and off. She took some small solace in being once more covered somewhat, then wanted to kick herself for being relieved at being in a mall restroom modeling lingerie for some goddamn stoners. Pot-shirt moved behind his girlfriend, pelvis pressed against her ass, and she grinded herself softly against him as he grabbed her wide hips.

“Well, what do you think?” she asked as she finished dressing, spinning slowly.

“Not bad at all, babe,” Dreadlocks commented. “Your guy’s a lucky man.”

“Not as lucky as me,” Pot-shirt commented lamely, flashing a sycophantic smile towards his own girlfriend; even Angela rolled her eyes.

“Well sure, this girl ain’t got Ang’s wonder-titties, does she,” Beanie joked. “Still, she got the best ass I ever seen.”

*Jesus Christ, these pricks are already talking about me like I’m not standing right here.* “Aww, you’re so sweet. And yeah, I was thinking maybe someday I’d get bigger tits, maybe as big as yours,” she said, admiring them plainly.

“They’re a pain, trust me,” Angela retorted as Cindy began stripping off the nightie, satisfied that it had received male approval for Eric. A moment later, she was naked again.

“I bet they look awesome though,” Cindy said jealously. “Mine are so darn *little* that it’s hard for me to get boys to notice me sometimes.”

The irony was evidently lost on them, as all four openly leered at her as she proceeded to try on the mesh teddy, which met with equal approbation. Angela was openly humping her ass against Pot-shirt's groin now, though her eyes never left Cindy's body. For her part, whatever her voice was gushing on about how much she liked the sight of big tits, Cindy was purely heterosexual. Not that she had any problem with lesbians; she had just never felt a spark of attraction in that way.

Angela, it seemed, felt otherwise.

She didn't make her move, though, until Cindy had the red see-through bra and panties on. This one was worse than being naked – it was just there to take her nudity and form it into something even sexier, and with the lack of crotch-covering, she could be fucked just as easily with it on as off. She verbalized her reason for purchasing it in exactly that way, not even batting an eyelash at describing herself as, essentially, a toy to be dressed, undressed and fucked at will.

“Well thanks you guys, I feel a lot better about this now.” She unclasped the bra and slid it off.

“Aw shit, that's it?” Beanie groaned, and Cindy nodded empathetically, as if to apologize for not giving him a more prolonged show.

Dreadlocks grinned in a way he probably thought was charming. “Say, I don't suppose your boyfriend's the sharing type, is he?”

She shook her head. “Sorry, but he'd be upset if I went around fucking every guy who saw me naked.” *UGH, what a fucking SLUT I sound like. Am. Still, at least Eric's not going to have me get gang-banged.*

Then Angela came at her, flashing a sultry smile. “I'm sure he won't mind this,” she said, and took one of Cindy's nipples in her mouth.

*EW. Oh fuck EW. There's a girl sucking on my fucking nipple! Gross! And there's three pervs watching! Damn it, legs, why won't you run!*

Instead, one of her legs snaked around one of Angela's to keep her close and moaned happily. “Yeah, I guess he'd be OK with me being with another girl,” she reasoned aloud. She let Angela lick and suck on her diamond-hard nipples for a while before she spoke up shyly. “Say, could I see yours?”

Angela looked around at the guys for a moment. Dreadlocks had his cock out and was unabashedly masturbating; Beanie had his hand down his pants for the same cause but with a slight bit more subtlety. Her boyfriend Pot-shirt was just staring enviously. Angela looked at him as she answered Cindy. “I tell you what. He's always pestering me to suck him off, ten times a fucking day. You take care of him for me, and I'll show you anything you want.”

Cindy delightedly agreed; evidently blowing strangers wouldn't bother the Eric her body was envisioning. *And I guess sucking cock is preferable to lezzing out.* She squatted in front of Pot-shirt and undid his pants, his erect cock springing out in her face as his underwear followed. She took it into her mouth zealously and started swirling her tongue around it, bobbing her head in a fast rhythm.

Then she felt Angela's arm wrap around her waist while her other hands planted on the back of her head. The stoner girl pulled up on her waist and pushed down on her head, ending in Cindy continuing the blowjob from a standing position, bent at the mid-section and doing most of the work with her abs. *God damn it, this is not why I do*

*200 crunches every day!* Luckily, her trampy little body was a gifted cock-sucker (*big shock there*) and gauging from his ragged breathing and periodic twitching in her mouth, he was near to cumming in minutes.

Then Angela's tongue thrust into her pussy.

So intent had Cindy been in her blowjob that she hadn't even noticed her legs being spread, or Angela getting on the floor beneath her. Two fingers then lunged into her dripping wet sex and started pumping. She squealed and moaned around Pot-shirt's cock, but her technique was shot. Angela had nothing on Eric when it came to reducing her to a quivering, shrieking, cumming slut, but she knew her way around a cunt and Cindy was at her mercy. Pot-shirt's attention shifted from the divine sensations of her mouth to the sight of his girlfriend eating this bitch out, and seemed to regain a bit of his stamina. Meanwhile, Angela's pinky shot right up Cindy's ass and joined the pumping frenzy, ruining her cock-sucking skills even further.

Angela was a giver though, and let Cindy cum twice before she withdrew. Of course, little did Cindy know that the main reason she did so was because her friends were signaling their readiness to cum, and so shortly after Angela's withdrawal she felt twin bursts of hot ropy cum blast all over her ass. *When had Angela gotten my panties off? At least now I don't have to try to exchange them for a clean pair.* A moment later, Pot-shirt was filling her mouth – clearly Angela was not doing this very often, as she had to rush to swallow before it overflowed and leaked down her chin.

She stood, smiling, panting, boy-cum dripping down the backs of her legs and girl-cum down the middle. Then a pair of feminine hands spun her around and before she could resist she was kissing Angela, sharing the remains of her boyfriend's cum, their tongues intertwining. True to her word, the busty girl had taken her shirt off and she could feel two enormous boobs pressing against her chest. Cindy, now mercifully deprived of her gag reflex as she was deprived of all bodily functions, bent down and took one of the weighty tits into her mouth, licking and sucking and nuzzling on it like it was an experience she'd dreamed of since puberty.

"Eat me, slut," Angela hissed at her between moans, and shoved Cindy roughly down to her knees.

"Mmm, I thought you'd never ask," she breathed as she dove into her first ever pussy. In the past few days fucking and sucking Eric, she'd had ample opportunity to learn what her own pussy juice tasted like; Angela's was different in a way she lacked adjectives to name, and of course, since she'd never wanted to do such a thing, infinitely worse.

The boys cheered her on, though. "Aw yeah, little slut sure likes the taste of you, Ang!"

"Don't forget to breath, babe!" Laughter.

Pot-shirt's hands on her tits, pinching hard on her nipples. "Make her cum like she did you, understand?" Cindy tried to nod without ruining her rhythm. "Good girl."

Once Angela had gotten off – during which two of the three boys (she was unsure which) had managed to get hard again, and once more unload their jizz on Cindy – they didn't even say goodbye as they walked off. Beanie and Dreadlocks both cupped her ass possessively, and Pot-shirt and Angela walked out hand in hand. *What a perfect couple of assholes.*



Cindy spent a few minutes cleaning herself off with paper towels, and was most of the way dressed before someone came in now that the door was open again. She was topless, but just giggled apologetically and finished dressing as if it were just a minor embarrassment. She was dressed, and marveled that the slutty schoolgirl outfit suddenly could feel so concealing. She stepped out of the restroom and checked her purse for her next errand. The third to-do post-it read, “you have ten seconds – be yourself.”

Cindy screamed. It was a primal howl of shame and rage and pent-up frustration that echoed up and down the corridors of the mall.

When her lungs emptied, her face put on a smile and strode on out of the restroom hallway. A mall cop was already running in her direction, and stopped in front of her as it was evident she’d been the only woman down there. “Ma’am,” he said, winded, “are you all right?”

“Oh, I’m fine! I just stubbed my toe really bad,” she lied, then lifted her leg up and wiggled her toes as if he could see the injury through her shoe. Really, he just saw her bare leg exposed and an invitation to stare at it.

“Try to keep it under control there, ma’am. You scared the hell out of me – I thought someone was being raped or killed back there.” He scowled.

*Someone basically was, Paul Blart! Where were your crack detective skills when there was the sound of people fucking in the men’s room?* “Sorry, officer, I promise I won’t do it again.” He nodded to her, then turned and walked away.

The fourth post-it – and there seemed to be only one more after, thank God – was quite a bit longer, instructing her to go to a half dozen stores around the mall doing actual errands. Not that her body didn’t find new ways to humiliate her in the process. She pulled a vibrator out of her purse while shopping for batteries, making sure they were the right size. *How did that even get in there?* She bought some new sheets, explaining to the man at the check-out register that she’d gotten the old ones dirty, then winked suggestively. A copy of the new Tomb Raider video game, allowing her to ask a salesman, “do you think I’d look this good with boobs as big as hers?” (He did.) And so on. Through it all, whenever possible she found excuses to shop from the bottom shelves, bending at the waist and flashing her ass and pussy.

With the final bullet completed, she produced the last post-it note. It read, simply, “Kiera.”

Kiera was a mutual friend, who had for some time been pressuring Cindy to help set her up with Eric. Cindy had put in a good word for her, but Eric had never seemed interested – and of course, she now knew why. Because he’d been in love with her. At the time, though, it had seemed bizarre. Kiera was really pretty, a short Latina with dramatic features, a narrow waist with a butt that looked big on her but was objectively still pretty tight, boobs that were perkier than any teenager’s Cindy had ever seen. She was gorgeous, really.

*Of course, he doesn’t know he already made me hit my lesbian quota for the day. That fucking jerk.* With her body continuing to follow its own agenda without filling her in on the why’s or how’s, she flitted back out to her car and drove to Kiera’s apartment. Cindy wasn’t usually demure, but she certainly would never wear something this slutty; she couldn’t begin to imagine how she would explain it believably to her

friend. *She's going to think I've gone insane. What if I can't convince her to come with me? Will I just abduct her or something?* Filled with more shame than she'd ever known in her life, she walked up to Kiera's door and rang the bell, dreading what steps Eric might make her unwillingly take to complete his sick little errand?

As it turned out, she needn't have worried.

Kiera answered the door almost instantly, as if she'd been standing on the other side of it just waiting for the doorbell to ring. Which, given the other evidence before her, Cindy supposed she had been. Kiera was wearing the same slutty schoolgirl outfit Cindy was. Her bigger breasts were more on display, and her skirt was navy blue where Cindy's was red, but otherwise, they were a matching set.

"Hi, Kiera. Ready to go to serve Eric?"

"Hi, Cindy. I'm always ready to serve Eric." Deep inside, she cried out in horror at the grotesque sexual objects the two girls had become, just for the misfortune of being friends with a mind controller. And Kiera – hell, Eric could have fucked her any time she wanted. She was seldom one to play hard to get, and she'd made her interest clear. Yet apparently this – this vapid, glassy-eyed fuck doll – was more appealing to him than the real woman.

*Is she like me?* she wondered as they headed out to the car. *Is she trapped inside her head, unable to resist? Or is she an eager nympho like Cindy Slut? Or a pleasure-focused puppet like Cindy Slave? Or something else?* But her body didn't ask, and whatever slutty instincts that were operating its gears certainly didn't care.

On the drive to Eric's, Kiera spread her legs and played with herself, moaning little high-pitched girlish moans as she did so. She evidently wasn't wearing panties either, and her pussy was shaved completely bald. Cindy sneaked a hand down between her legs too every time they were caught at a stoplight. People saw, she was sure, but that was no deterrent to either of them.

They soon arrived at Eric's house, and Kiera helped Cindy carry her purchases inside. He was waiting for them in the living room once again. Without needing to be instructed, the girls in tandem straddled one of his legs and proceeded in no uncertain terms to double-team him. Their mouths were everywhere. Their hands were everywhere. It reminded Cindy of a POV version of watching strippers throwing themselves at men with money like she'd seen in movies, just throwing themselves at them with no semblance of self-respect, or reservation, or consideration that they deserved reciprocity.

Cindy was humping Eric's thigh (and greatly exaggerating the pleasure it gave her) while Kiera was smothering him in her tits when he finally had them stand down. "Hang on, girls. It's been a long couple days with Cindy here," he said, and she beamed toothily. *You're damn right it has been.* "Tonight, I think I just want a good show. Kiera, I know you know your way around a woman's body... why don't you show Cindy the ropes?"

*Kiera's bi? Wow, how did I not know that?* She allowed herself a moment of regret for having projected a vibe that would make her friend uncomfortable sharing such a detail, mostly because a moment was all she had before Kiera's tongue was in her mouth. From there, the night passed by in a blur of sweat and cumming and serving,

and Cindy was so disconnected from it all that she'd have been hard-pressed to remember anything but the occasional moment.

She remembered telling Eric about her encounter at the mall – not in the furious, accusatory tone she wanted but instead in a sensual, tantalizing manner, teasing out the details. How big Angela's tits had been. "Even bigger than yours, Kiera," she said, squeezing them appreciatively. How hot it had made her to have an audience, how much hotter it had made her to feel them cumming on her ass. Hotter still to be recreating it for Eric now.

She remembered Eric sitting on the floor, Kiera lying face-up between his legs, and Cindy kneeling with her legs spread as wide as they would go. As Kiera started licking her pussy, she began to kiss Eric. *Funny, my tongue is mimicking the motion of hers. I wonder why...*

She remembered lying down on her stomach on the bed with Kiera face down on top of her, spreading their legs equally wide and begging Eric to fuck them, whining and pleading. They giggled, as if it were a game with no winners or losers. He dragged his cock teasingly across Cindy's pussy, then up across her partner's. They mewed with need, and Cindy knew it was at least partially sincere; all these tongues and fingers in her cunt had made her sorely miss cock. Especially Eric's cock. Nothing ever had felt quite as good – true as much in her mind as in her body. (He didn't fuck either of them that night, to her chagrin.)

She remembered prompting Eric about the underwear he'd had her buy. She modeled it for him, but by the time she was wearing the second outfit, Kiera had tackled her to the couch and was kissing and fondling her like she'd never get another chance. He never did get to see her in the nightie that evening. Cindy supposed she had the rest of her life to show it to him.

She remembered the disgust she felt the first time her tongue slid into Kiera's slit and licked around inside her, imitating the things Angela and Kiera had done to her. Even by the time she first made Kiera cum, she had that adverse reaction under control. By the fourth time Kiera came on her face, it felt perfectly normal. By the last time, she felt like she'd gotten good at it, and was taking some solace in all this that at least she was giving comfort to a fellow victim. In spite of herself, Cindy really was enjoying it. *Does that make me bi? I guess so.*

And she would always remember the next morning, waking up in the bed she'd shared with the two of them as Kiera dressed herself quietly, Eric still snoring softly. Cindy watched silently, filling with envy at the thought of being allowed to simply walk away from all this. Before she left, Kiera leaned down and gave Cindy a long kiss. Not for show this time, but just to kiss her. Then she left.

And Cindy was herself again.

## The Decision

After Kiera's stealth departure, Cindy soon succumbed to the need to sleep. She was more exhausted than she'd been in years, maybe even including the marathon she'd run in college. Her last thought before she passed out was to lament that she was sleeping through her last morning as a free woman.

She woke up alone in bed, and quickly showered, one of those showers that can't get hot enough or get you clean enough. With little else on hand, not even the robe from yesterday, she slipped into the nightie she'd bought for Eric yesterday. She caught sight of herself in the bureau mirror. *How could I ever have thought this was "chaste"? No one would ever dress this way unless they were a living breathing trophy.*

*Which, I suppose, I am. Or will be soon.*

She went downstairs defeatedly. Eric was reclining on the living room couch in just his boxers, shutting off the TV as she entered the room. Without thinking, she charged at him and started hitting him.

"You son of a bitch!" she shrieked and she hammered her fists against him. Part of her was aware of and surprised that he was letting her do this; most of her didn't care. She knew she was too weak and too tired to really hurt him, and really, she didn't want to. She just needed to hit him for a while. And he let her, only occasionally interfering to protect his face, until she had worn herself out and collapsed against him sobbing. He held her there wordlessly for a long while.

"Yesterday, you... I... How *could you?*" She murmured into his chest.

"I'm sorry. It wasn't meant to be cruel. I swear."

She sat back up, wiping tears from her face as she situated herself on the far end of the couch. "How was that anything other than cruel? To have my own thoughts while we..."

"But remember the whole point of these trials, Cindy, to show you what it might be like. Yesterday, I wanted to make sure you understood, if I left your mind intact, it wouldn't be like the other days. If you were yourself inside and we'd just spent the day having mind-blowing sex... It might be like that sometime. Hell, probably a lot of the time – you're gorgeous. But I wanted to make sure you knew what it could be like when I needed more. To be like that when it's not just doing stuff you like, like the first couple days."

"'Stuff I like?!' You think being your obedient little fuck toy is something I *enjoy?!'*"

He arched an eyebrow skeptically. "Really, Cindy. If you'd like, I could make you be honest, then ask you that very question."

She was quiet a moment. "Well maybe the sex was good – OK, OK, it was better than good, it was fucking incredible. But that doesn't mean I want to be your slave!"

"And once more, here we are, the reminders of neither of us getting what we want. It's a point I'm tired of making. It is what it is, Cindy. Today's the day – time to make your choice."

Her indignation and anger petered out, replaced by a weighty dread she'd been avoiding these past few days. "Eric, these past few days have been... interesting. And you're right, sometimes I did have fun. Sometimes. But please, you–"

“Don’t. Don’t plead for mercy. Start it again and I’ll take away your capacity to want it.”

“All right. I... I had a few things to ask you about first.”

“Yeah, I saw your list this morning – it was hanging out of your robe pocket, and I was curious. And all the requests seemed fine – your family, relocating, *Downton Abbey*, all that stuff.”

A lodestone was lifted from her dread, and she even found herself smiling. “Will you watch it with me?”

He reciprocated the smile. “There’re limits to my generosity.”

She made a face. “You’re telling me.”

He gave her a moment to go on, but when she didn’t, he pushed. “Did you have other questions?” He handed her the paper she’d been writing on to jog her memory.

She scanned it for a while. “What will you do with me when you’re done with me?”

“Done with you? What do you mean?”

“I mean, you won’t want to fuck me forever, right? I’ll get old, eventually, or you’ll get bored or something, and then... well, what then?”

“That’s a good point. I don’t usually do... long-term. Well, I tell you what. When that time comes, I’ll make sure you’re taken care of. Money, house, car, patching things up with... Whatever you want.” He squeezed her bare leg reassuringly.

“Thank you,” she said, putting her hand over his. “What about time off, maybe...? Weekends or something?”

“Weekends?” He scoffed. “No. This is full-time. No holidays. Next question.”

She sighed resignedly. “How long do I have to decide?”

“Until the end of this conversation. It’s not good for either of us to drag this out. You’ll feel better once you make up your mind. Well, depending on what you choose, I suppose. So you got the three options.

“One, you can be my pleasure slave. You won’t have to think or feel anything; you’ll just do what will make me happiest. Two, there’s the bimbo slut. Nymphomaniac sex drive, not much else going on upstairs except how to get your next orgasm. And three, there’s the silent prisoner, trapped in your own body as it goes through the motions of the other two above.

“So what’ll it be?” He folded his arms across his chest, watching her inscrutably.

“I... I don’t know.”

“Talk it through, then.”

She sighed. “All right then. The first day, Cindyslave, was OK. I mean, nothing bothered me any, there was no fear or shame or anything like that. Like, I know I’d be nice and content as her, but... I dunno, I guess it feels like if I pick that, my life will just be... over. Like I’ll just fall asleep and not exist any more.”

“Yeah. It’ll be something like that. Oblivion.”

She shuddered at the term, then proceeded. “Cindyslut, the airhead... well, she’s kind of horrible. I knew girls kinda like that when I was in school, girls who just always wanted to be out fucking someone. But... I’ll bet it didn’t feel ten percent as good for them as it did for Cindyslut. She’s definitely the *fun* choice. I’d be happy pretty much all

the time, and I'd feel great. A lot, I expect. I just don't know if I can handle being such a fucking moron. Or having everyone see me like that... and just not caring."

"She's tough to bother, so long as you don't withhold from her," Eric said.

"And then yesterday... I mean, it was good, having my own thoughts. I could at least be pissed off when I should be, happy when I should be, annoyed, bored, hold on to my own opinions. Enjoy the sex, mostly – the girl-girl stuff wasn't my thing, so much, but... well, I guess you made me enjoy it after a while."

Eric shook his head. "I didn't do anything to change how you felt about it. If it matters."

"Hmm. If you say so." But she believed him. "Still... no one would ever know I was me, inside. People would think I was really *like* that."

"Suddenly, you care what people think about you." Eric smirked.

She stuck out her tongue petulantly. "This isn't the same and you know it."

He folded his arms, waiting for her to go on. Her Eric. Her best friend. They'd gone apple picking, just the other day. She'd had fun. Felt safe. She'd trusted him absolutely. Strangely, more than she was afraid for what was coming next, she missed that feeling. What she wouldn't give to get that back.

Suddenly, she looked at Eric and sat bolt upright. "Hey... we were good together, right? As friends?"

He frowned. "I told you, no begging."

She waved a hand. "No no, I'm not – just hear me out, OK?" His eyes narrowed suspiciously, but he let her go on. "You were my best friend – my favorite person. Honestly. These past few days have strained things, in some ways. Maybe improved in others, but... I mean, you fell in love with me when we were friends. Wasn't it good for you? Hanging out together, having fun?"

"It was, but I wanted more. I've wanted to be with you for so long now I can barely remember not having that feeling, not hating myself for holding back all that time. And now I have to go on, hating myself for what I'm doing to you, seeing how you look at me since the other day. I just... there's no way out of this now."

They were both silent for a while, him crying softly, her wishing she could join him, as they'd both done for one another before. As friends. Finally, she could endure no more of it, and embraced him firmly, stroking his back gently.

"I've made my decision, Eric. Here's what I want you to do..."

## One Month Later...

Cindy waved a friendly goodbye to her new co-workers as she bounced merrily out the door. Technically they weren't really co-workers so much as co-volunteers, and she found it to be a wonderful distinction in her quality of life. Her boring old bureaucratic job was well and truly behind her, and she hardly thought of it any more except for one of her old coworkers she hung out with occasionally. Now she volunteered full-time at the animal shelter and worked caring for displaced animals. She felt purposeful, like she made a difference.

Of course, she had Eric to thank for that. He was so generous to offer to take care of her finances. She'd renovated her apartment too, also with his help, but he just kept insisting money was no object and she'd come to trust him on it. Sometimes she felt awkward relying so completely on her friend, but he always insisted he was happy to do it, and she knew he meant it.

Of course, she didn't even spend that much time at her apartment these days; ever since that little snaggle with Eric a while back, they were thick as thieves, hanging out most evenings. She mostly used her apartment as a place to store her things and occasionally shower or sleep these days, and as often as not the latter happened at his place. He never seemed to mind letting her crash with him.

She pulled up to Eric's house, smiling when she saw his car was in the driveway. Yesterday when she got here he'd been over at Kiera's house, and one day last week she'd come over to binge-watch a new show on Netflix but he'd been away the whole night. (She later found out he'd been down at the local high school fucking the cheerleading squad. *What a rascal!*)

She walked on in, quietly a little relieved to find nobody but the two of them was about. Not that she minded being sociable, but sometimes he'd have some hot piece of ass he'd picked up at the grocery store or someplace over, and he was not good at keeping the volume down when he was banging them, which made it hard for her to hear the TV or concentrate on her book.

Eric was preparing dinner when she walked in, readying a lasagna. He wasn't much of a cook truth be told, but he was learning, with her help. "Easy on the ricotta there, big guy," she said as she caught him unloading the whole tub on one layer.

He looked up, smiling. "Didn't hear you come in. Mind giving me a hand, making a salad? I got the stuff in the fridge."

"Sure, no problem," Cindy replied as she stripped out of her pants, folding them over one of the kitchen chairs. Her shirt followed, and then she was naked; she didn't really bother with underwear most days unless she wanted something sexy for variety's sake. She donned her apron, and proceeded to make the salad.

Eric started fondling her ass while she was getting dishes and ingredients out, like he often did. He kindly slipped a couple fingers into her pussy, but she had to swat him away when she got to chopping the cukes lest she slice a finger off. He laughed and got back to his own end of things.

They chit-chatted about their days while they worked. She told him about the two new dogs who'd arrived, a young fluffy mutt and an older boxer mix; he told her about his day, stopping by the salon and getting a haircut, then watching the hot young

receptionist eat out the hairdresser. They both agreed that the lasagna was passable, if not great.

For dessert, Cindy laid herself across the table and smeared pudding across her bare stomach, then let him eat it off. He was sweet, and segued down into her pussy and let her come a couple times. (Cumming on his tongue was never quite as good as cumming on his cock, but still better than any other orgasm she'd had before she'd known Eric.) She chided him for getting her pussy sticky with pudding, but of course, he helped her clean it off.

Afterward, she snuggled up beside him on the couch; she was clothed again, mostly because he liked to watch her undress (or just undress her himself). Some nights – actually, most nights – he had her put on particular outfits, and sometimes they'd lead to roleplay or just some out-and-out fucking. Today, though, he was content with her in just jeans and a t-shirt.

First up was watching *Downton Abbey* – as she'd known, he really got into it once she got him through a few episodes. When that was over, he put on the latest episode of that zombie show he loved and she hated. It was just so gory and disgusting, and she didn't identify with any of the characters. To pass the time while he watched, she slid down on her knees in front of Eric so her back would be to the screen. Smiling apologetically as it started playing, he undid his pants and let out his cock so she could entertain herself by sucking him off while he watched. He was prone to jumping at the scary parts, so to avoid risk of grazing him with her teeth, she'd learn that when she heard undead gurgling and scary music, she should transition to licking slowly up and down the length of him.

And it was amazing. She loved servicing Eric's cock almost as much as she loved Eric's constant friendship. How lucky was she to have a friend who was cool with her living out her constant desire to suck his cock and get fucked in every hole and show off her body like a little slut when they went out? She'd gotten pretty good at giving blowjobs that lasted just as long as TV shows; as had happened every time in the past few weeks, just as the credits began to roll she threw herself into it, licking and sucking and slobbering and moaning until he was ready. She laughed to herself as she pumped his cum out all over her face at the thought that if they kept this up, pretty soon he'd be conditioned so that just the sound of the closing credits would make him hard.

Sometimes she liked to sit around and hang out covered in his spunk, but tonight, she actually had news she couldn't hold in any longer. "I have a surprise for you," she said.

He looked at her curiously. "What's up?"

"I did it. Today. I made the appointment." She grinned toothily.

"No way! Cindy, I told you you didn't have to do that – are you sure?"

She nodded vigorously. "No, I *wanted* to do it. You know, I've just always thought they were too small, and with all the troubles we've been having when I try to titty-fuck you, we'll finally be able to do it right. And so many of those fetishy outfits I've been getting don't have much size variation, and almost all of them are made for girls with way bigger busts, so I don't look as sexy as I'm trying to."

He smiled at her. "I have fun fucking your little titties as it is. If there's troubles, it only makes it take longer, and that's fine by me."



“Well you’ll have more fun this way. Remember that blonde waitress we brought home a couple weeks ago? You couldn’t keep your hands and mouth off of those huge knockers of hers, ya perv. Sue me if I want to be able to flash a little cleavage and turn you into my drooling suck-monkey,” she said with a smirk.

“Man, it’s going to be rough taking time off while you recuperate. You’re the most enthusiastic lay of any girl I know, hand to God.”

She gave him a snide look. “Real classy thing to say, Eric. And besides, I’ll still have the lower half of my body in perfect working order.”

“Yeah, but you’ll have all those bandages and incisions and... ick.” He shuddered.

“Give me a little credit, would you? I know a few tricks to help get you past your hang-ups. Even with these sad little things.” She cupped her breasts and flashed a pouty face.

Her best friend lunged across the sofa and lifted her shirt off. Her nipples were hard, like usual when she was around Eric, and also like usual they hardened into stiff little pencil erasers in his mouth. When he finally finished his tit-feast, he pulled back and squeezed them affectionately. *Soon, they’ll be way too big to fit in a single handful!* she thought giddily.

Then, as they’d done for months, they did their post-dinner video game competition to see who had to do dishes. As last night’s loser, Cindy chose the battlefield, a go-kart racing game she liked. Eric won anyway, so she stripped back down to her apron and got to work. She washed by hand, even though Eric had a dishwasher; she’d made up something about it being an environmental effort to save water, but really, she knew how hot the sight of her bare ass bent over the sink made him, and after his absence last night fucking Kiera, she really wanted him to drill her tonight.

He didn’t take the bait though, but after dishes they went back to gaming, this time playing for clothes. She was down to naught but her socks (having already shed her jeans and t-shirt) but had gone three in a row to get Eric down to his underwear. Laying on the floor propped up on her elbows, she was smirking over her shoulder at him as she caught his cock twitching in its confinement as he stared at her ass, careening his cart over a cliff (again) while he looked away. *He says I’m no good at these games, but he doesn’t get my strategy.*

After her next win he was finally naked, and she cried out triumphantly. “You cheated!” he accused as he came over and rolled her onto her side, hoisting her top leg over his shoulder.

“Sore loser?” she said as he began teasing his cock around the entrance to her cunt.

He laughed. “You’re the one who’s going to be sore, Cindy,” he said as he slid into her warm, wet sex.

Cindy thought sometimes about those other personalities – Cindyslave and Cindyslut especially – and how it had felt. Sometimes she still roleplayed as them, and sometimes would even ask him to activate them for a bit, with a few modifications she’d developed for their mutual enjoyment. Docile Cindyslave would give her master a back rub then an hour-long blowjob (and she insisted on calling him master, enjoying making him a little uncomfortable); Cindyslut would come in wearing something outlandishly whorish and using every trick in her slutty arsenal to coax him into giving her the

dicking she needed so badly. Sometimes she wore the outfit around outside the house, and one day last week had even been arrested as a prostitute; Eric had had to come to the police station and make them release her. First he'd fucked Cindyslut's meager brains out right there in the cell; every cop in the station had heard her cry out in release. Sometimes she'd even bring out BackseatCindy, and inwardly roll her eyes at what a little bimbo slut she was as Eric paraded her around. It was useful for when her body craved orgasms but she still had other things to be thinking through.

And it was fun, changing herself like that, knowing he would change her back to normal after, and they could go on being friends like usual. Like getting to try out a new hairstyle before it was permanent, or spending a day in a new job before accepting the position. She and Eric both had all kinds of ideas for fun things to try out, and it felt like it would be a long time before either of them ran out of ideas. Once she had her big slut tits, it would be even longer.

On that day of decisions, such a short time on the calendar but in her heart felt like a different lifetime, she had asked him for only two things. For her sake, she wanted to get all the pleasure she'd had during her trials, the exhilaration and freedom and mind-numbing ecstasy of it. When sucking cock was that *fun*, when having his cock in her pussy or her ass felt so *perfect*, when being fondled and sucked and licked and groped was so *exciting*, when showing off her sexy physique felt so *right*... why would she want to go back to her lame, degrading, meaningless workaday life when she could have *that*? She'd asked him for that, and he'd granted it.

The second request was for his sake. Cindy had asked him to make her forgive him.

Was it a perverse thing to ask for? Maybe. Yet those three days were the most bliss-filled she'd ever had, and her anger at his betrayal had been the only thing stopping her from wanting more. With that block removed, she'd been able to thank him for it. She'd loved showing off her body, and getting to be the unrestrained sexual beastess she'd been in those trial days.

With a smile on her face she'd thrown him on his back and mounted him, then sucked him hard again and gotten on all fours to beg him to drill her ass until he did. Then she fucked him in the shower, then she took him to their favorite restaurant and sucked him off under the table until their food arrived, when she'd sat on his cock and fucked him while they ate and the other patrons stared in awe and envy at the man getting fucked by this untameable goddess.

As the days passed and Cindy kept coming back for more and kept wanting to spend time with him – in his pants or just in his company, whatever they were in the mood for – he realized that she meant what she said.

And then, he was finally able to forgive himself.

Presently, he was pumping him into her with a fury while she lewdly described how she'd look when he did this after her surgery, how her huge firm fake tits would be flopping up and down on her petite frame. It drove him into a frenzy, and she had been cumming for a good thirty seconds of unfettered banshee-wailing orgasm when he unloaded into her, which never failed to start her cumming all over again. He fell down on top of her, and the two panted as they recovered, laughing in pure happiness at just how good every goddamn thing felt together.

“Thanks, Eric – I really needed that.” He got to his feet and pulled her up after him, hugging her tightly.

“Hey,” he said softly. “What are friends for?”