

# Indentured Bimbotude

Tomorrow.

At least, Ashleigh was pretty it was tomorrow. It had felt like that for weeks now, and since losing her capacity to do math or remember numbers, it wasn't like she could actually memorize the date or anything. She didn't even know what the day was, even with it printed on her wall calendar right in front of her eyes. Intellectually, she knew the squiggles at the top were letters, and the other squiggles on the boxes were numbers, but her interference matrix was doing its work as always, keeping her unable to make any sense out of them. She couldn't count them, couldn't make sense of their layout, and aside from the picture of a daffodil and bumblebee at the top, not one single thing about it made sense.

Still, temporarily illiterate or no, they couldn't stop her from making a simple strike through the only remaining box on this, the calendar's final page. No more boxes to check, no more pages to flip. This was the last day of her contract with Mr. Witt.

The ads had promised that her contractual servitude would fly by, which was one of countless half-truths they had promoted. Tomorrow, she could walk out of Mr. Witt's estate a free woman, head down to the Vivitech corporate hospital, and terminate that abysmal interference matrix. Then, she could finally get on with her life. *Her* life. The life they had guaranteed her when she signed her contract, the life which she had designed for herself back when her brain had still possessed the capacity for holding her thoughts together long enough to formulate a plan.

But first, she had to get through one more day. She'd showered the night before – an important adjustment to her habit in her old life of waking herself up with a nice long soak. Back then – a year ago tomorrow, however long a year was – it had only made sense. She'd been a flabby, snaggle-toothed cat hoarder who never had anybody wanting to come by and help her dirty the bed. Now, she usually retired for the night drenched in hard-won sweat and spit and spunk. Night showers reduced the frequency of needing to wash her sheets, as well as the occasions in which Mr. Witt woke up unexpectedly early and had to wait for her to be presentable. Sometimes, the man simply liked to watch her while she slept, even play with and rearrange her things. For the fortune he'd invested in her, she supposed he was entitled to see his prize cock spaniel looking pristine.

Like most days, Mr. Witt had dictated for her what to wear, the TV screen mounted on the wall of her quarters flashing pictures along with print instructions. Ashleigh presumed they were instructions, anyway. Not like she had any way of knowing. They were equally likely to be some sort of degrading insult; despite having absolute power over her, Mr. Witt never seemed to tire of humiliating her, or trying to. It didn't make sense in the least. It demeaned her the way kicking a pebble down the

road demeaned the pebble. If there were some objective standard of what qualified as demeaning, it no longer registered. Ashleigh would comply with Mr. Witt's order to hand him the remote with the same level of haste and enthusiasm as if he ordered her to flash her tits at her fellow passengers on the subway. A command was a command.

Today – her last day! – it was more of the same. A top that wasn't a top, and a skirt that wasn't a skirt. Neither really covered anything. The underside of her tits hung out, nipples only barely concealed so long as she didn't inhale too deeply; her pussy was fully visible save for the gauzy, nearly translucent, pink g-string he'd assigned her. If she could be embarrassed any more, this would surely do it. It was sluttier than walking around naked. Everybody got naked, but only living breathing human toy like herself got dressed up in outfits like this.

Still, there was a functional element to it, a signal of what the day portended. On days he was taking her out somewhere, she'd have to at least wear clothes that wouldn't result in her being barred entry or arrested for exposure. He could design the form his indentured servant would take during her servitude, but even Mr. Witt's money couldn't buy a society that accepted what he'd remade her into. She could get arrested for wearing this simply riding in his car as he drove down the street – all it would take was a slight movement of her arms, a stretch, and she'd be functionally topless. Her sponsor was loathe to be parted from his favorite toy, the only major except being when he was sleeping. That had been one of the very few mutually satisfactory preferences he'd expressed to Ashleigh. She got to enjoy a little privacy and time to herself, away from her otherwise constant preoccupation with his pleasure; he got to sleep uninterrupted by her programmed need to amuse and delight him at every opportunity.

Last week – or had it been last month? She tried to think what months were called, but the form of dyslexia imposed by the interference matrix obscured those such that her best guess was something called Junetober. Anyway, a while back, Mr. Witt had commanded her to suck him off until he came, then fallen asleep while she worked. (Who could blame him, after the four times he'd fucked her previously that evening.) Still, the joke had been on him. He'd woken up to her coughing up phlegm and a little bile on his cock when, after her jaw had cramped up too hard to let her move it any more, she'd resorted to simply deep-throating him at extreme length, pausing only to stave off suffocation. An hour or two of that, and... well, she'd given him the obligatory apology, if not one from the heart. She wasn't capable of sincerely harboring remorse for anything that happened to the man. Unless she had to speak it aloud, in which case she would do her best to seem devastated.

As Ashleigh applied her makeup – thick and whorish as always – she pondered whether he was aware of her contempt for the umpteenth time. (Was “umpteen” a number? Probably not, if she could think the syllables.) That was another thing the Vivitech people had misled her about. She'd been told her period of servitude would

pass by like a literal dream, no more concerning than the time she'd fallen asleep and arm-wrestled Maya Angelou to see who would rule the first cat colony on Mars. During the dream, the mind would simply accept and adapt, and after, the two-way nature of the interference matrix would make all the tawdry details fade until she remembered it only in words, no longer in images and feelings. Like any other dream.

So far, it had not been dream-like. Not at all. It felt very, very real. Tomorrow, though, she'd find out if the second half was true. She hoped so.

Not that she'd say the "dream" was a full-on nightmare. However Vivitech had done it, the procedure did keep her from distressing over things. Which was good, because otherwise, she was pretty sure being whored out to his business associates would be pretty upsetting. All the times he fucked her without asking, the countless spankings and tit-slappings and nipple twistings and simply having him shove something up her ass... Ashleigh was pretty certain the old her would never have tolerated such things, much less thanked him for it and begged him to let her come from the thrill of being worthy of his desire to abuse her. For now, such abuse was responded to with outbursts of pleasure and energetic exhortations to do more, harder, to make the greatest use of every last asset she could provide him, in whatever twisted definition Mr. Witt employed for what use constituted "greatest."

For now.

One more day.

She made her way down the hall, walking heel-to-toe to make sure her body swayed and jiggled in the most pleasing possible way. Never mind that nobody was looking. Mr. Witt had told her to behave as if he always was, and so she did, simple as that. She could still hear him snoring inside his bedroom, so she simply stopped a few feet outside the door and adopted a submissive pose. She'd mastered several; today, it was tits forward, ass back, chin down and eyes up. Eager, but restrained, aware that only his eagerness mattered, that any pleasure she might receive would wait on his whim to dole it out. Not that he ever cared about her pleasure – or when he did, as a power trip, he wasn't very knowledgeable about how to provide it. Not that she let him know that, of course.

There she waited. She'd wait all day if that was how long he took. Or at least, however many hours until she was free to go.

And whatever happened, she mustn't remind him that it was their last day together as sponsor and servant. She'd learned very early on that Mr. Witt hated being reminded of the limits on his time with her. Ashleigh wouldn't exactly be the perfect dick ornament if she went around expressing her eagerness to be done with it.

While she stood there at the slut's version of attention, Ashleigh used the free time – "free" time, as if any of a slave's time could be considered "free" – to daydream about what her new life would look like. Finally, after a year that had felt more like a

lifetime, she would reap the benefits of her period of indentured servitude. It was a steep price, to be sure. Vivitech matched applicants without funds for their services with clients who had the money to fund the transformational surgeries and augmentations, wealthy individuals whose tastes ran to the sort of companionship that didn't exist in nature.

Not that Mr. Witt's tastes were unnatural. Hell, the new Ashleigh was the most predictable result of such a procedure. A huge ass, huger tits, a face so gorgeous it couldn't exist without the skill of accomplished plastic surgeons and trademarked technology. Waves of thick lustrous hair on her head and not a single follicle anywhere else; a voice that couldn't *not* sound breathy and girly, that could melt steel like it was butter and harden cocks like they were steel; a mouth that naturally hung slightly open, as vapid as the widened eyes installed above it, perfect white teeth that seemed to be smiling even when she wanted to cry. To say nothing of her new personality, a vacuous, empty-headed slut who never said no, never questioned any command she was given except to clarify how to obey it more satisfactorily, who couldn't read or reason or manage anything more clever than the occasional innovation in sexual servitude. Ashleigh was pretty sure the best "idea" she had put into action in all this time had been convincing Mr. Witt that it would be worth a hundred dollar bribe to the acne-riddled Ferris wheel operator to fuck her hanging out into space over the side of their gondola, shrieking and wailing and pleading for more. Even then, the police had been called by one of the other passengers, and she'd had to suck off the officer and his partner to keep them from being arrested.

Ashleigh wondered sometimes how close she'd come to falling over the side and getting killed, and whether Vivitech's legal team would force Mr. Witt to pay restitution to her family as stipulated in her contract. Not that Ashleigh could remember who her family was, or how to contact them herself. Or how to use a phone. She had a vague recollection of what they looked like. She was pretty sure her parents were both white, and there had been a brother, or a dog, or something.

When her servitude finished, she'd be able to see them whenever she wanted. Vivitech would help transition Ashleigh back into the body she'd designed for herself at the onset. She'd still be beautiful, but not this whorish, doe-eyed floozy. She'd be taller, skinnier, with small breasts that wouldn't even need a bra, a tight runner's body that would turn heads without looking like an adolescent fantasy. She'd be healthy and sexy and classy.

The interference matrix would still play its part, too. Instead of blocking out all the impulses and abilities that her sponsor would dislike, it would help her assert the control she had lacked. Exercising would no longer be a miserable slog. It would improve her memory, her vocabulary, her confidence, even her agility and reflexes. For the first time in her life, maintaining a healthy diet would seem enjoyable. She'd quit

smoking for Mr. Witt – that was one block she'd keep in place. In fact, the ease with which she'd let go of that addiction foreshadowed those other changes being a breeze. That, plus the trademarked secrets of Vivitech's procedures, would keep her body looking young and feeling in perfect health for decades to come. She'd still look like a grad student when she was old enough to be a grandmother. Giving up a single year was a small price to pay to turn the rest of her life around.

She'd heard him getting ready, so it wasn't a surprise when the door opened and her sponsor stepped out of his room. Instantly, her body switched on like a machine, right down to the fresh lubrication currently gushing into her g-string. It was an absurd level of arousal, apparent from the dark spot apparent in her underwear to the two hard points jutting out from her top to the way her lips parted for a little gasp as her lust for him overwhelmed her. As it always did.

"Good morning, Sir," she murmured, her tone a blend of deference and awe. That preposterous voice of hers was going to have to go, too. It an octave above any voice any woman had ever possessed. Ashleigh had never hated her old voice, but maybe it could be a little smoother. She'd review options with the Vivitech people when she went in for her appointment. Only hours away now!

(Days were made of hours; she was very nearly certain of that.)

"Morning, Assleigh," he replied cheerfully brushing her top out of the way so he could give her nipples a pair of Hello twists. He chuckled to himself at the nickname, as he always did. She had no clue why it amused him so, but did it ever. He could literally call her anything he wanted and she would answer without objection. She'd object just as vociferously as a pit bull objected to being called Muffy.

She hoped she would forget having *Assleigh* tattooed on her lower back in huge cursive script. Not that she could read it, but she'd been there when he'd explained to the dubious tattoo artist who'd done the work. Besides, she heard people reading it around her pretty regularly. It was rare for her to leave the house wearing clothes that covered it, after all. When people noticed – and of course they noticed – the reaction was a coin toss. Heads they'd mumble something about what a giant slut she must be, or tails, snicker at the dimwit who'd misspelled her own name in a tattoo. Edge was both.

"How may your adoring cum chugger pleasure you today, Sir?" she asked. Not that there was a need to ask, as if he wouldn't simply tell her. The moment she'd woken up after her Vivitech treatment, he'd been there, his demands at the ready. Body still in agonizing pain from her treatments, she'd nevertheless taken him in every hole, as well as with her hands and between her tits, before leaving the recovery room.

Why a man would even want a handjob when he'd custom tailored the perfect woman to service his every whim, she couldn't guess, but not like he was asking.

Indeed, he was already leering at her boobs in a way that told her what his command would be before his voice confirmed it. “I think it’s been too long since those mouth-watering titties of yours have had a proper fucking. Don’t you?”

What would it be like, Ashleigh wondered as a deliciously agonizing tingle spread through her chest, to no longer be on autopilot? For so many months now – buncha? was that a number? – she had been growing accustomed to him expressing a desire, and her body immediately responding to it. As she began lewdly groping herself, wriggling in need as she agreed with “how bad my huge slut-girl titties need your perfect rock hard super-dick to help me remember why god put me on this earth,” her words weren’t chosen as a strategy, nor even given against her will as theatrics.

No. Her sponsor had said he wanted a tit-fuck, so she was going to tit-fuck him as best she could. She’d had ample opportunity to learn what the man liked. Begging, self-abasement, flattery, seeing his plaything quivering with need to get her tits fucked... These were the tools she used to do her job, and she’d keep doing it until the contract was fulfilled. Nothing more to it for her than a master carpenter pounding in a few nails, and no more thought required than for a plumber to move a wrench.

Ashleigh shrieked in unfeigned bliss, her boobs a pair of hypersensitive clits on her chest, as he generously succumbed to her pleading. That was another part of the procedure she looked forward to undoing. A woman couldn’t function when she was this susceptible to stimuli. Otherwise one day some pig would pat her butt on the subway, and she’d swoon into his arms and ask him to keep going. (Perhaps, she considered at times, she might keep some small, small part of that, though.)

Mr. Witt, however, needed no such encouragement, and before long came all over her face and tits. He’d gotten himself a little boost from Vivitech, too, but unlike her, he’d been able to afford it all on his own. The man could not only get hard on command, but produced enough cum to choke a horse when he did. (As someone who routinely gagged on his semen, Ashleigh could verify this firsthand.)

After, as she provided him a lengthy sponge bath, her long, full legs wrapped around his body, unable to stop herself from gently humping him while she scrubbed, Mr. Witt surprised her by announcing he was going out for the day. Golfing, he said, rambling on about who he’d be playing with as if she’d find it interesting. (Which, of course, she did, because he wanted her to. But it was objectively tedious.)

Still, this was strange. Granted, neither Past nor Future Ashleigh would never wear any of Assleigh’s whorish, depraved clothing in public, but she had gotten used to it in her life as Mr. Witt’s indentured cock sheathe. Still, she remembered well enough what normal women wore, even attractive women. Even slutty women. The only place she could get away with wearing this little was a titty bar or a nude beach. Definitely not on a golf course.

“But Sir,” she whined, gently rubbing the soapy arches of her feet around his cock, “don’t you want to stay home and fuck your little creamy-cunted titty tot? Don’t I look cute for you? I love what you picked out for me, but the stupid mean-head men at the country club won’t let your pussy pet in when she dresses like the big dumb slutbag that she is.”

“Yes, I know. I forgot all about the game when I was picking your outfit last night. It’s just as well, though. We’re going to be talking business – not the sort of thing a little twit like you would much enjoy, or enhance.”

Ashleigh agreed. Her sponsor owned an international shipping line, a whole fleet of ships, and while it had rewarded him handsomely (as she was living proof), it was also dreadfully boring. One of her jobs in her old life had been at a movie theater, working concessions and sweeping up after shows. The pay had been lousy, but at least it had been entertaining.

Still, part of her job was to be his worshipful high priestess, and acolytes didn’t shirk their duty to praise and glorify their deity’s name simply because it was pointless to any outcome. “But what about the time I danced for all those men for you, then sucked their cocks and swallowed all the cum they gave me, just like you told me to? Couldn’t I do that? Oh please, please let me use my hot fuckable twat and my perfect fat juggy-boos and my sweet wet dick-sucking lips and my–”

“These aren’t those kinds of guys,” he said, casually interrupting her. She fell silent at once, of course. “Some guys you seal deals with over whores and cocaine; some want to talk numbers and strats over eighteen holes. These are the second type.”

Sensing it coming with her Vivitech-enhanced cum forecasting abilities, her feet angled his cock out of the tub as he sprayed glob after glob in a glistening arc through the air. Ashleigh would wipe it up after she towed him off. (Any other room in the house she’d lick any stray dribbles off the floor, but even a pig like Mr. Witt didn’t want to be kissed by the sort of woman who lapped up gunk off the bathroom tiles.)

She pleaded with him to let her be useful right up until the moment his car disappeared around the bend. The pleading was futile, she knew, but the desperation to serve was obligatory.

With her sponsor gone, she had the house all to herself. She’d cleaned it thoroughly only the day before – and the day before that, and the one before that, and so on – but there wasn’t much else to do but do it again. Her only other means of filling time around the house was exercising, but she only did that according to Mr. Witt’s pre-programmed schedule so she didn’t over-do it and burn any fat off the wrong parts.

So clean she did, or at least the cleaning she was allowed to do. Some chores were deemed unsexy, like taking out the garbage or scrubbing toilets, so she grudgingly left those to the cleaning lady. Part of her pined for a few new chores to break up the tedium, but Mr. Witt never bothered to ask her opinion on the subject. If only he would let her

tidy up the garage, just for something new to do and a new space to inhabit, but he was very protective of his fancy cars. She was forbidden to so much as enter it, like she might spontaneously grab the keys and try to take off. She hadn't even known how to drive before all this, having never had the money for a car.

Every bit of minutiae needed attending to, no matter that she had done it only the day before. Ashleigh was forbidden to use her judgment on pretty much anything. It was frustrating that she couldn't even use these private moments to let her hair down, so to speak. How luxuriating it would be once she recovered from her impending procedure from Vivitech to curl up on her own sofa and watch TV, or read a good book. It felt like a bajillion years since she'd last read anything.

(For a moment, Ashleigh felt a thrill at remembering a number until she concluded that no, the very fact that she could think it meant it wasn't one. Oh, well. Soon!)

That, perhaps, had been the strangest part of all this. The sexual depravities had been an adjustment, sure, but she'd been a flesh and blood woman long before she'd been branded Assleigh. She understood male urges, even if the excessiveness of her old self's flesh had meant they'd seldom included her. If her own tastes in pornography went in a different direction from Mr. Witt's, there was still nothing shocking about a guy wanting a hot stupid girl to fuck and forget at his whim.

No, the unusual part was the part her sponsor never saw. She reflected sometimes that he may well not know that the old Ashleigh's mind was intact inside this voluptuous, orgasm-prone shell of femininity. Nothing in her behavior, nor in her reactions to his behavior, not so much as a sullen gleam in her eye when his back was turned could betray Ashleigh's presence in Assleigh's head. Quite possibly, the man hadn't bothered looking too closely in his gift horse's mouth and simply thought Vivitech had handed him exactly what she seemed to be.

Ashleigh made sure to arch her back to really show off her plump, smackable ass as she dusted the bookshelves in Mr. Witt's study. There was no audience, but the act cost her nothing, and there was no reason not to be prepared for her sponsor to sneak up and surprise her. Though she might seem like someone who had nothing weightier on her mind than making sure she showed off her tattoo's namesake to its greatest effect, her mind was constantly wandering from topic to topic, its intelligence undulled by the knives of Vivitech's neurosurgeons and biotech.

Some of those thoughts were pragmatic: how to arrange transport to the facility when the time came to bid Mr. Witt farewell; whether or not there was any sense in trying to stay in touch with him after; how long his golf game might go on so she could time today's meals to avoid letting him see any bloat on her tummy.

Some were mere fancy: what the titles of these books were, if there was some theme to the collection; what kind of man Future Ashleigh might woo and marry in the



amazing new life that awaited her; what Mr. Witt would have her wear to Vivitech as his farewell assault on her imagined dignity.

If he let her wear anything. All her clothes were technically his property, and she'd be shocked if the first thing he did after she left was to arrange for a new contract with some other desperate girl.

It was lively in Ashleigh's head. Indeed, when Mr. Witt left her alone with her thoughts, she was more productive than she'd ever been in her old life. The only exception was the usual mental blocks from the interference matrix. Words and numbers, a few memories and skills, and above all, thoughts of rebellion. Those first things were nuisances, but she could get around them. When they went out, she could tell what most places were from the symbology and context clues. The rest of the time, words were little more to her present life than confusing blips at the bottom of the screen, as Mr. Witt preferred to watch TV with the subtitles on, or smudges on envelopes when she trotted out to retrieve the mail and show off Mr. Witt's prize possession to his neighbors.

As for the rebellion thing, she was deeply grateful. The shallow resentment she permitted herself was a balm in hard times, but having to stave off desires to actually... disob... diso...

She couldn't even manage the word, and was relieved. It would be maddening, the discontent her old self would feel at all this. As for the present, Assleigh was perfectly content as she touched up her nail polish and practiced her pole dancing in the slutnasium – Mr. Witt's word for the sex-themed workout studio he'd created for her. Was it pointless to be riding the built-in dildo on her weightlifting bench to squeeze in a little more practice at multitasking while orgasming? Objectively, sure it was. But until she woke up tomorrow and confirmed there were no more days left on the calendar to cross off, she was under contract, and she was going to earn her keep.

It was after dark before her sponsor stumbled back through the door, far too inebriated to have had any business driving himself home. Ashleigh didn't concern herself with that, though. No, she all but threw herself into his arms, one hand greedily thrusting into his pants while the other held him against her lips until she had to let him go to prevent the man from suffocating. He was home, so she was back to being a needy, horny, silly, subservient, dotting collection of soft wet places for her sponsor to shove his dick.

Which, of course, he did. Oh, sure, he took a breather after ass-fucking her over the rim of the jacuzzi to talk at her about his golf game, and paused again later for her to crawl into his lap and hand-feed him his dinner. Mindful of her impending freedom, and thus her poor sponsor's looming separation from his favorite toy, she tried to be extra affectionate, surpassingly energetic, and positively nauseatingly obsequious. This time the next day, he would be crying into an empty bottle of scotch, and she'd be already

well on her way into her amazing new life. She might not feel like she owed it to him, but she sure behaved like she did. As was only appropriate, considering what he was about to do for her.

Tomorrow, she thought as he laid her across his lap and used her lower back as a salsa dish for his chips while he watched a movie, she could call her parents and ask them to send pictures of her cat Nippers, whom they'd been watching for her during her long absence. (Apparently she was allowed to remember her cat, if not the parents caring for her.) Tomorrow, any man who might think to use her pussy to warm up his fingers as a remedy for poor circulation, would learn she was more than just a pussy-mitten. Tomorrow? Ashleigh was already grinning, slack-jawed, as Mr. Witt flooded her insatiable snatch with so much cum that she marveled even the genius technicians at Vivitech could keep her from getting pregnant, but Tomorrow was cause to redouble that grin.

Bowlegged, drenched in the customary sweat and spit and spunk, and simply exhausted, Mr. Witt guided his dizzied bimbo toy back to her bedroom with a helpful thumb up her ass for support. She giggled, drew him in for a scorchingly sexy kiss, and blew more at him as he prodded her into her shower to clean up. Ashleigh giggled to herself as she scrubbed and shampooed and lotioned herself. After all, it was funny. Tomorrow, Vivitech would give her new hair and new skin. She was doing all this for the satisfaction of her cab driver when he would inevitably ogle her in the rearview mirror as he drove her to an amazing new life.

Tomorrow.

Mr. Witt smiled at his Assleigh, sleeping innocently in her bed. She slept nude, as she always did; he'd given her room its own temperature controls so the poor slut didn't get cold, and so when he felt like popping by to admire her in the night, nothing obscured his view. Hanging behind him was her little calendar, his one concession to her admittedly legitimate claim to freedom. Every last box was stricken through in black.

The girl was easily the best purchase he'd ever made. After decades of hoarding draconic sums of wealth which had no power to bring him any lasting joy, he'd finally found it in the preposterous curves and unflinchingly servile demeanor of his indentured bimbo. He'd gotten flak from some of his friends, but not a one of them had been able to maintain their judgmental smirk once Assleigh plunged their cocks into that divine mouth of hers and they gave her the tonsil-bath she'd begged them for.

He could only imagine what it must be like to have a mostly functioning brain inside the body of this living sex toy. He couldn't help but poke fun at her for it sometimes, but she was always a good sport, when she even seemed to get the joke. The girl on the inside would. If she was even a "girl," that was; for all he knew, she'd been a ninety-year-old grandmother before applying to Vivitech. He didn't know, and he didn't care.

It had been a good run. If anybody deserved the life the old Ashleigh had bargained for, it was she. Not one single day had she failed to give him everything he demanded of her and more. When he found himself growing bored of her, she was ceaselessly inventive in finding ways to renew his interest. Before Ashleigh, he'd tried getting his thrills from all sorts of idiotic diversions – sky-diving, base-jumping, travel. But when he'd bored of those, they had done nothing to suck him back in. Assleigh? There was more than one way that her mouth was like a vacuum cleaner.

Confident that she was too tired to be awakened by it, he bent down and planted a grateful kiss on her forehead. The girl slept like the dead; always had. He took a moment to peer around her overflowing closet to pick out an outfit for tomorrow, this time just a choker and matching bracelets for her wrists and ankles. He uploaded pictures of them to the app he'd commissioned for her morning marching orders, and chuckled quietly to himself as he typed up instructions, *Or jeans and a sweater, if you prefer.*

On his way out, he stopped and quietly removed the calendar from the nail it hung on and replaced it with a new one. Each day up through the thirtieth was crossed off.

Mr. Witt wondered what the intern who'd had to do all the marking had made of his task. No matter. The lad had done his job, even currying favor with the boss by personally delivering the whole truckload out to his house and dumping it in the garage. There had to be thousands of the things. Six years in, and he still wasn't close to running out. He never meant to.

He blew another kiss at the sleeping bimbo and whispered, "See you tomorrow."