

Bottomless

Never mind the how of it. It's a question I've been asked a million times. The truth doesn't satisfy the asker any more than a flavorful lie. I like to tell people my barber was a genie, and I told him "I want to take a little off the top" and *POOF*, here I am. Maybe that's how it really happened. My point is, whether it happened that way or not, nobody cares. What they really want to understand isn't the power's origin, but the power itself.

Irritatingly, those questions really do come up a lot, though. I wish my little gift was something I could deploy with subtlety, but no such luck. Not that they usually question it right away. The psychological fuckery underpinning the whole thing is a mystery even to me, but there's always at least a little cushion between when I use it and when they start to realize something is off, if you'll forgive me a pun. Hours, if nobody gets in their face about it. One time, I came by to check on one of my pretties three whole days later, and there she still was, oblivious, greeting me right there in the doorway to her house.

Then her mailman made his daily delivery. When she saw his leering, my girl called him on it. (I do love that moment, when they call them on it. Delicious every goddamn time.) He clarified why his gaze lingered, and like that, she was diving for cover and demanding to know how I'd done this to her. "My barber's a genie," I explained, but the joke didn't land. It's not really meant to, though. Amusing people? Not really in my wheelhouse.

It might sound like I'm ungrateful, but nothing could be further from the truth. I love what I can do. I can't abide those stories you see, fictional or otherwise, where somebody lucks out and lands ultimate dominion over the fairer sex and wastes their years quibbling over the right and wrong of it. Not me. I choose to think about all the people who'd kill for what I've got. I do it for them.

In fact, for the first time, I'm literally doing it for them. One of them, anyway. My first ever paying gig – who'd have thought, eh? Not that money was tight, but my power didn't lend itself to get-rich-quick, not without a lot of risk I wasn't looking to take on. Today, though, I'd been paid handsomely up front just to check it out, and the risks carried a promise rather than hope of payout. "Plenty more where that came from," I'd been told. Even if there wasn't, I'd been given assurances that the mark was worth the trip even with no money riding on it. My employer seemed to be a big fan of grandiose promises and impenetrable secrecy, but the money was in my account. The guy had bought himself at least a little credulity.

Still, as I was readying to get on with the initial meet-and-greet of my quarry, one element of self-awareness stuck with me. I was an opportunist by habit. Babes were easy

to come by. No need to stake out a particular mark, get plotty-schemey about things, when one could simply walk down the street and find worthy prey. Today, though, I was officially letting myself get pointed at a particular mark – and one that somebody thought merited a hell of a down payment.

Had I finally taken too big a bite, drawn an even bigger predator than myself?

I'd been sitting in the parking lot for half an hour now, psyching myself up. It *could* be a trap. It'd be a weird one, granted. Approaching this woman in her gym, of all places? Hardly the ideal staging ground for some kind of covert kidnapping squad to tranq and dissect me, see what made me tick. It probably wasn't anything nefarious. Almost certainly probably.

I was anxious enough that I about jumped out of my skin when someone rapped their knuckles on the glass of the passenger side door. A rent-a-cop, by her uniform. Not unattractive, though not especially impressive. Of course you never knew what you might find once you stripped away the wrapping paper. The way I startled wasn't a good look. Oh, well. I was parked a good ways away from this ritzy, oh-so-exclusive "fitness center." (Quotes because as everybody knows, "fitness center" is their way of justifying the doubling of the usual fees, mostly for the privilege of exercising sans the poors.) At nine in the morning, the parking lot looked pretty sparse. The before-work crowd was at work; the crowd with lesser demands on their time was still happily in bed. Not me, though, nor this butch security guard. We had work to do.

I rolled down the window. "Uh, can I help you?"

"Is everything all right, sir? You've been sitting out here for a while now."

Her tone was anything but concerned. "Oh, I'm doing fine. Just waiting for a friend."

"I see. So you're a member here, sir?"

Leave it to a place like this, the country club of gyms, to ask for papers for sitting in their lot. "Um, no, not exactly, but you see—"

"Because we've had some complaints about a strange gentleman, sitting in his car, watching our patrons enter and exit the building. With binoculars. Do you have binoculars on you, sir?"

That "sir" was beginning to sound suspiciously disingenuous. As for binoculars, thankfully they'd been concealed from her behind my arm. I nudged them off my thigh, into the narrow canyon between my seat and the door. They thudded loudly, and I was pretty sure I heard glass break. Worse, I was pretty sure *she* heard glass break.

"Uh, no?"

"I'm going to have to ask you to come with me so we can sort this all out. See what, if any, involvement we might need from the police."

I sighed, in resignation as far as she was concerned, and exited my car. She looked surprised. I guess most of the creeps, weirdos and corporate spies trailing this

place's clientele took that line as a hint to get the hell out of there. Not me. Aptly guardedly, she gestured toward the building's main entrance, then followed on my heels as I made my way. I gave it about thirty paces before I stopped and turned. Immediately she adopted an aggressive stance, hand reaching for a canister of pepper spray on her belt. Paranoid, as offauncers in service to the rich so often tended to be.

Tempting as it was to let the gal learn a harsh lesson about wind dynamics, I opted to rely on old faithful.

"Take your top off," I said evenly. I considered her uniform, the classic wannabe cop aesthetic. "And when you're done, take your top off again."

Her eyes narrowed. "You wait right there, sir." The authority in her voice was diminished somewhat, however, by the sudden commencement of unbuttoning the shirt of her uniform.

Any other day, I would have stayed to admire my craft. Unlike for her, though, gambling on the end result of a blast of pepper spray on a breezy day held no interest for me. I put a little spring in my step and hustled into the building. She called after me, demanding I stop. By the time I ducked through the revolving doors, she was still only halfway done with the buttons on her outermost shirt.

Not bad, eh?

There was a check-in point inside. Per my employer's assurances, my name was on a list. How he'd gotten it there, I didn't know. Maybe he was a fellow member here, or maybe he was just connected. Regardless, as usual in these bougie places, the staff was quick, efficient, cheerful, and keen on taking up no more of my very valuable time than necessary. I asked directions to the pool, then hustled along before that security guard could swagger in wearing nothing but pants and a bra. Assuming she had the good fortune to be wearing an undershirt. I was betting on it.

Damn, this place was swanky. It was a gym, yes, but everybody I passed was dressed like they were posing for an Under Armour commercial. Clean-shaven, well-groomed, striding along with a confidence that could only be bought rather than earned. I avoided eye contact with my fellow gym goers. They returned the lack of courtesy.

The pool was in an enclosed courtyard with an honest-to-god retractable roof of all things. It was tucked in the very back of the facility, behind the indoor track and the squash courts. It was seeing plenty of use, even so. Some kind of senior water aerobics was taking place in one side of the shallow end, while a dozen or so kids too young to be in school bobbed around on water wings and duck floaties. I wondered who their parents fucked over for a living to afford their memberships. Further in were folks sitting on the side dabbling their toes in the deep end, folks hanging off the ledge by the side, folks swimming in the roped-off lanes, folks waiting in line for the diving board, and of course, the usual middle-aged folks lounging on the deck chairs ringed the pool.

Any of them could be my mark, theoretically. My employer had assured me I'd know her when I saw her, and social media hadn't done shit. Good luck trying to find a "Jennifer Davis" in a city this size with nothing but that to go on. He'd been sure, though. I hoped he was right. People could get tunnel-visiony about their crushes, putting on lenses that rendered a respectable 7 into a radiant 9.

I inspected the crowd as casually as I could, but I guess he was right. I found her almost immediately. Slender brunette, good skin, gooder legs. Her one-piece managed to provide her paltry breasts a little cleavage, but not much. Still, she had a heck of a face on her. So long as she wasn't hiding a missing eye behind those sunglasses, this had to be her. Quite pretty, no doubt about it. If her tits were more mouthful than handful, that wasn't always bad. She was pacing along the edge of the pool, scanning our fellow pool-goers closely as I was.

I made my way over. She looked up as I drew close. "Can I—"

The softness of my voice commanded her silence. "Take your top off," I said.

She blinked, then retried her question. "I'm sorry, can I help you...?"

But she was already lowering the straps of her red spandex swimsuit off of her shoulders, watching for my response as if for all the world she weren't baring her chest to scores of total strangers. I was already going for my phone. By the time she'd peeled her suit down past her breasts (a term I use somewhat generously), I was ready to snap my picture and be on my way. So I did. *Click*, and off I strode as she frowned, asking me what I thought I was doing.

"Oh my god, she's...!" someone called out.

"Look away!" yelled a concerned parent.

"The lifeguard's boobs are out!" cried a young man joyfully.

Wait a sec. Lifeguard...?

I did a double-take. The woman – girl, really – was still studying me, wanting to know why some stranger had walked up to her and snapped an unauthorized photo. She was young, I realized. Too young. Not *too* young, but the thing was, I'd made it a point to ask my employer if our girl was a minor. Some lines, even I don't cross. He'd scoffed, assuring me one didn't achieve what Jennifer Davis had as a mere teen. This lifeguard could pass for twenty-five, maybe, but as far as achievements went, keeping this lot from drowning was the farthest thing from braggable.

As I stood there pondering what to make of this, suddenly, one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen ascended the ladder, exiting the roped-off lanes at the far side. A pair of absolutely mouth-watering titties followed right behind it, water cascading off of the scintillating rainbow pastel bikini she was sporting as she pulled herself up, glancing about in confusion at the chaos suddenly gripping the pool area.

The lifeguard, whose swimsuit had dropped down to her ankles now that the straps holding it on were no longer doing their job, had given up interrogating me. Now

she had a wall of enraged women, mesmerized men, leering youths and gobsmacked seniors. Her whistle barely pierced the shell of people enveloping her.

“Hey. What’s going on over there?” the real Jenny Davis asked as I approached her. I disliked her immediately. Her “hey” was a demand for my attention, and her question dripped with a sense of entitlement to my answer. Maybe I was projecting, considering all I knew of her was young. Namely: hot and rich. But hey, fuck her. I was here to ruin her day, after all. Much easier if I didn’t like her.

“Jenny Davis?” Unnecessary, but no sense letting history repeat.

“Jennifer Davis, yes. And you are...?”

“Whew. Take your top off for me, all right, hot stuff?”

As I raised my camera into position, Jenny Davis reached behind her, fumbling awkwardly to trace the strings holding her bikini to the knot. One quick jerk, a shrug of the shoulders, and the cups fell to the concrete at her feet. Unpadded? Jesus, this chick was fucking stacked, all right. Quite possibly the work of an especially gifted surgeon, but if so, they were worth every one of the millions of pennies that had bought them. Honey of an ankle bracelet, too – evidently she didn’t mind letting the chlorinated water have a go at it.

Her hands went right to her hips as I snapped a shot of a pair of absolutely suckable little nearly black nipples. I could almost lose the things in all that titty acreage. “I’m sorry, ‘hot stuff?’ I don’t know who you think you are, but you put that camera away and delete those pictures or I will have security in here so fast your head will spin!”

There was a yelp of shock as the lifeguard finally realized what she’d done to create such a tizzy. I was tall, thankfully, just tall enough to see her whirling about trying to find where her swimsuit had wandered off to. She could have used some of my height advantage; one of the dude-bro looking fellows was holding it out to his friends as a trophy.

As I was checking to make sure the pictures were of sufficient quality (Jenny Davis craning her neck in an attempt to make sure I was deleting them per her orders) one of the courtyard doors swung open. No surprise, there was Officer Titsy, striding in authoritatively in her black pants and white sports bra. hilariously, she’d even clipped the shoulder-mounted walkie talkie onto the cup of her bra. Pragmatic, if slutty. She spotted me as soon as I spotted her.

“Speak of the devil...” I muttered, beginning my retreat.

“Officer!” called Jenny Davis, her huge fuckable titties swaying enchantingly as she flagged down the security guard. She had to be puzzled as all hell why the woman was close to half naked. A feeling the woman would no doubt return.

“Where do you think you’re going?” snapped the security guard at me as I hustled for the exit. Then, to Jenny Davis, “Is this man bothering you, Ms. Davis?”

“He most certainly is! I don’t know how you allowed such a rough-tongued punk into the fitness center, but I will not be spoken to in such—”

“Take your top off,” I told the security guard. Damn, I’m good. I just knew she’d had on three layers, and I’d given her good odds on catching up with me. As the woman, glaring all the while, stripped off her little sports bra to reveal an acceptably delectable set of tits of her own, I reached out and gave Jenny Davis a couple honks.

“Why, I *never!*” she exclaimed. Then, as she wondered how I could be tugging directly on her hardened nipples, she looked down and gasped, hands flying up to preserve her modesty, looking every which way for where her bikini top had gotten off to.

“I’ll be in touch, Jenny,” I assured her. With that, I bolted.

You may be wondering, if I can voice command women so easily, why do I stick to that solitary command? Why not have them suck my dick, or close their eyes and count to a thousand, or anything else to let me sample their charms or get them out of my way? Why did I keep using that one line?

“Take your top off.”

Mmmm. It’s a great sentence, I have to say. Literally never get tired of saying it. The thing is, though? That’s the whole power. I tell someone to take their top off, and off goes the top, my prey none the wiser.

The phrasing wasn’t crucial, so long as it was unambiguous. “Strip” was too general,” but “strip off your shirt” worked fine. “Show me your tits” worked if they only had the one layer. Or, I suppose, if they considered revealing their bra to satisfy the criteria. Honestly, it’s not the most scientific mind control power. Part of the reason I stuck to the “take your top off” phrasing, aside from the innate attractiveness of the expression, was to make sure the results hit the way I wanted.

I was no Professor X, but nevertheless, I was pretty damn pleased with my power set.

My employer was immensely pleased with my near fuck-up of a foray, for all its flaws. If nothing else, he got to see that picture of Jenny Davis’s titties, and I even threw in the lifeguard to be a mensch. It was enough for him to advance me the next portion of my pay, and give me the detes on next steps. Cards very close to the vest with this guy, it seemed, but so far nothing that made me too nervous. Or at least, Jenny Davis and her stone cold hottietude was enough to motivate me through it.

After the second time she ignored my call that evening, I transitioned to text. To make sure I had her attention, I opened with the pic from yesterday, along with a hyperlink.

Hey, Jenny Davis. It’s the guy from the pool. Stop screening my calls. If you haven’t called me back at this number in ten minutes, that pic goes on that site.

I turned on the TV, and sat back to wait. When ten minutes passed, I uploaded the pic to my site, then went right back to watching.

I was almost done with my show when the phone rang. I let it go to voicemail. She called again, then a third time. Finally, she resorted to text.

You think you can control me with a stolen photo? Think again. YOU TAKE THAT PIC DOWN RIGHT NOW OR I WILL SUE YOU INTO OBLIVION!

To be clear, you do NOT have my consent to post that image, and if this is not rectified IMMEDIATELY I can and will pursue legal remedies. Smart lady, setting up the paper trail for the eventual court case. Was I nervous? A little, maybe. If Jenny Davis tried to take me down, though, she’d need a hell of a lot more than a text message.

Accordingly, I stifled a yawn and muted my phone until the show finished. When I came back, there were two more texts, both variations on that same theme. Rage,

threats, assertions of dominance. Nothing that interested me. I turned on the next episode, to give her one last chance to aim for a carrot instead of the stick. Credits rolled. Two more texts, including:

I have no idea how you Houdini-ed my bikini off, but your scummy little thief tricks are at an end, right now, today. I'll be contacting the police if that image isn't down by 8:00. Chop chop, little thief.

I shook my head. So be it. I scrolled through my contacts until I found “Jenny Davis’ Titties” and pressed to call.

“About time, you miserable little prick. Now you listen here—”

“Are you alone right now?”

The pause was a mere breath. “What? Are you trying to intimidate me? I’m in my office. Because I’m guessing that unlike you, I have a job. If you think you can come at me through a team of armed security guards, by all means.”

“Jenny? Be a dear and take your tops off for me.”

Lord, how she bitched and moaned. It took her over a minute to strip out of her layers. The bikini (bikiniless) pic open in front of me, I tried to picture what was going on. Probably had a smart little pantsuit on – blazer, blouse, and bra minimum. Maybe a vest, too. The plural, “tops,” was an awkward thing, but I wasn’t a poet. It drilled down through the layers like Bruce Willis on a comet.

I’d been pretty stoked back when I’d discovered my power worked over the phone. That had been back in an age when cell phones weren’t the norm, so it hadn’t been easy testing without a willingness to flat-out humiliate someone – something I’d been reluctant to do back then, for some reason. Since the topless conversant didn’t immediately realize their predicament oftentimes, it had taken some creativity. Then I’d quickly become unstoked when I realized that long distance rather defeated the perk of having women get their boobs out for me. (It didn’t function via text, sadly, but if they could hear my voice, that seemed to do the trick.)

As for Jenny Davis, she seemed perfectly comfortable with her shift in attire. People were fearless over the phone, I swear. The whole while, it was *how dare you* this and *you’ll never leave the prison my legal team will toss you in* that. Indubitably she had no idea what she was doing while she ranted. I had a pretty good idea, myself. Good enough I let her have her little moment.

Finally, her voice stabilized, the phone back by her ear. “I have to say, Jen-Jen, I’m disappointed as hell. I bet you’re a smart lady, working in your little office, putting in your little OT. So smart I’d think you’d be wondering how you went from zero to titties out in the span of a single sentence at the pool.”

“Ugh, and you’re vulgar, too. Of course you are. My *breasts* are not for the fetishization of you, or anyone.”

“Sorry, babycakes, but a rack as nice as yours is just plain titties – no tits, cans or busts about it.”

“You’re repulsive. And I see you haven’t taken that image down yet. I’m almost glad. Now that you’ve been ordered in writing to do so and acknowledged your refusal in this phone call, it’s going to be hell for you in court.”

“Oh, you’ve been browsing my site? What can I say? I like to keep trophies of the cream of the crop. I leave the faces out if they’re not too much of a cunt.”

“I see you’ve left my face visible.”

“Like I said. Now, you’re wasting my time and exhausting my patience, so I’m going to hang up. I’ll call you again tomorrow morning. 9 AM. I expect you to answer this time, right away, or there will be further consequences.”

“Pff. For you, perhaps.”

“For your perfect titties, Jenny. Now good night.”

“Don’t you dare–!”

I hung up.

The app on my phone invited me to begin the next episode, but it would have to wait. While I waited for her to descend from her tower into the parking garage, where I was waiting with camera at the ready, I rolled down the window for the tenth time, and for the tenth time, the smell of oil and exhaust fumes quickly made me roll it back up. The garage was attached to her office building; my employer had given explicit instructions where she was most likely to emerge. Nothing to do now but wait.

Jenny Davis must have had real work to do, because it was over an hour I sat there waiting, wondering, bored out of my skull. Three times the prescribed door swung open into the office building, but each time it was some nobody. One of them might have had nice tits, but I’d paid off my car with that poolside pic. No sense jeopardizing things with idle mischief.

At last, she’d had enough. The metal door swung open. My telescopic lens was at the ready, and this time it captured the image of a certain immaculately groomed goddess of an executive, striding at a near run in the suit pants of her pantsuit. The only thing keeping her from sprinting was those towering heels. She wasn’t topless, much as I would have enjoyed the hell out of another look at those suckers. No, she had a comically oversized black jacket with the word “SECURITY” written on it wrapped around her torso.

It was on backwards.

I tried not to laugh too loudly as I took snapshot after snapshot. Fuck, I’d figured somebody would confront her on the way out, whether it was another corporate fat cat staying late like herself, or maybe a custodian, or some rando from another company in the building who caught the elevator at the right moment. Bitch made it all the way to the security guards in the lobby, looked like.

I could see the encounter play out in my mind's eye. Jenny Davis, exiting the elevator looking angry and fatigued from a stressful couple days. Her blazer, blouse and bra were twenty floors away, crumpled up on the floor of her otherwise tidy office, where a confused janitor would discover them later tonight. Meanwhile downstairs, some workaday dude at the security desk looks up, sees those mouthwatering mama jamas flouncing across the lobby.

“What the hell do you think you’re looking at?” she might have snapped at him once ignoring his bug-eyed gape became too difficult.

“Ms. Davis, you’re... you’re...!” He couldn’t come right out and tell her big fat titties were out in the open. This woman was half-naked, yes, but the rest of her exuded confidence, influence. So he did the gentlemanly thing and offered her his jacket.

“What am I supposed to do with that?” I could see her sneer at his chivalry.

“Well... cover yourself,” he mumbled.

A scoff. A gasp. A shriek. A wail. A clippity clop of retreating designer heels.

Whatever she’d paid for her mascara, it wasn’t enough. That crap had run all over her cheeks.

“How did you do it?”

I laughed into the receiver. “Well good morning to you, too, Jenny Davis.”

“I say again: how in the *hell* did you do it?!”

“I’m a magician. I used to do a pretty solid head removal act, but times we live in, inflation through the roof and all that, tits are as high as I can afford to go.”

“You’re not funny. Answer my question.”

“I could do that, I suppose, or I could tell you how to get your picture down off my site. Which would you rather talk about?”

Honest to god, I could almost feel my phone icing over. “Fine. That. Get on with it. Blackmail, I presume? Look, just because you have kompromat doesn’t mean you can control me. You won’t see a nickel from—”

“Let me stop you there. I don’t want your money, Juggy Jenny. No, all I want from you is a simple, civil conversation. If you can keep that acid tongue of yours in check until we hang up, I’ll take the pic down right away. No damage done.”

“No damage?! You’ve had my bare breasts posted online for any pervert or scumbag to see!”

I nodded. “Well, yeah. Don’t worry, though. The site doesn’t get much traffic, and I haven’t advertised your pornographic debut to anybody you know. Yet.”

“Yet?! Why I—”

“Shhhh, you’re going to ruin it, Jenny. Come on, be my good girl and be polite. You know what polite means, don’t you? No more threats, no name-calling, no condescension, no interrupting, and my god no more shouting. Can you do that for me?”

“Good girl?” she repeated, fuming. “Who do you think you are, talking to—”

I hung up.

There was to be no more toplessness, not today. Last night had probably started some rumors, but probably no more than that, and few if any believed them. Who would take the word of some nobody night watchman that one of the company’s top executives had been strutting around half-naked and didn’t even realize it until it was explicitly brought to her attention? If the guy had a brain in his head, he’d delete that footage from the security feed and make like it never happened before Jenny Davis embarked on a vendetta his employment would not survive.

As for me, I updated Jenny’s pic from the pool with a minor alteration, then went back to bed. Seriously, getting up at 9 AM? I wasn’t being paid *that* much.

When I woke up, rested and refreshed, there were two more missed calls and a slew of texts. *I will make it my mission in life to see you brought down!!!!!!* read the last one. I stretched, brushed my teeth, pissed, showered leisurely, and hit the gym. My gym, not some fancy pants thing. There was a new woman working behind the desk by the locker room whose top I might off one of these days, if the opportunity presented itself. No rush. Another shower after, lunch with a friend, home for a nap.

No joke: I dreamed of Jenny Davis and those titties. I almost never did that. They were that amazing.

It put me in a good enough mood that I finally decided to return to that wall of text – even wallier by then – and reply.

You're still not being very polite, you know, I wrote in response to How long do you think can get away with this before I find you and BURY you?

YOU ADDED MY FULL NAME TO THE GODDAMN PICTURE!!!!!!!!!!!! she texted back.

Like I said, subtle edit. *Ayep. So I'll call again in the morning. Fuck it up again, and I'll make sure that link gets forwarded to someone you know. If you still can't chill the f out then we'll attach your contact info, too.*

There was a good long pause, then. Excellent. About time she thought before she opened her mouth. Or... wiggled? Her fingers? Whatever.

What time?

Clear your schedule, then pencil me in for whenever I feel like it oclock.

Another pause. I could see her pacing back and forth in impotent rage. I didn't usually like to toy with people like this, believe it or not, but I have to say, it was kinda hot.

Can I persuade you to take down that picture until then, at least?

It indicated she was still typing, so I waited. And waited. Then finally, *Please?*

Oh, how that "please" must have stung to type. *Was that so hard?* I replied first, because fuck her. *Tell you what. Send me another picture of you, right now, titties out, and the pic comes down at least until we have our talk in the AM.*

I was still cackling when I got her reply. *What assurances can you provide that it won't just wind up on your website with the other one?*

A fair question. *Look at it this way. Don't do it, and your boobs are definitely out there. Do it, and you either get made a fool of for being gullible with a second picture showing the same stuff as the first, so not really any worse, OR you get what you want.*

Don't think this means I'm relinquishing rights to my likeness, she replied.

Is that a yes? ;)

Shut up and let me do this, all right? Ugh.

Well now. That wouldn't do at all. *Hey now, that wasn't very civil. Now I want to see your big bright smile in it. Smile pretty, SuperTits, or no dice.*

Two minutes later, my phone notified me of a new image. There she was. I'd expected her to be in her office, but instead she looked to be in a stall in a woman's bathroom unless I missed my guess. Still, her blouse was wide open, and if she wasn't bared, it would definitely satisfy the Supreme Court's nebulous definition of pornography. The smile never touched her eyes, but there it was nevertheless.

After taking a moment to admire her, and another to more specifically wonder if anybody had ever gotten to fuck those things yet, I took down the picture from the other day. Of course I meant to honor my word. If she couldn't trust me to keep my word, how was I ever going to manipulate her the way my employer wanted?

Jenny Davis must have been mashing the refresh button, because she texted before I could even link her to the redacted site. *Thank you. I look forward to your call.*

Nite nite, Jenny. I forwarded the new photo to my employer, and went about my evening.

“Good morning,” Jenny Davis said curtly. It was two in the afternoon.

“Hmm, that sounds suspiciously like sarcasm. Is that really how you want to start things off?”

A sigh. “Good afternoon, then.”

I hesitated, then let an appreciative whistle through my lips. “Wow, no yelling, no threats, no insults. Well done.”

“I’m afraid I have little else to say to you, so perhaps our time would be best spent by you explaining what you’d like to see happen next. Then I can decide whether to comply, or... go a different direction.”

“Right, sure. So it’s pretty simple, Jenny. I want to take you out to dinner, and then a movie back at my place.”

No lie – the woman was so taken aback by the request she literally *yipped*. “I’m sorry, what did you say? You’re blackmailing me into going on a date with you?”

“Call it what you want. But I’d like to see more of you. Pun intended.”

“I think you know full well that’s not going to happen. I realize you have a – a couple – compromising photos. If you think I’m so squeamish that I’ll let you use them to further manipulate me, you’ve got another think coming.”

“So that’s a no.”

“It assuredly is, Mister...?”

“OK, so let me try another angle. Right now, you have a burner phone number for me and a website hosted in Eastern Europe, so good luck going after them. If you want to bring me down, meeting me face to face would skip a whole lot of steps in tracking me down.”

“The police won’t need a whole lot of steps to track you down. You’ve already given me plenty.”

“Tsk tsk, Jenny Davis. That’s starting to sound impolite. Besides, if you go to the police, maybe they’ll arrest me on the basis of what you think you have. But you’ll never find out how I did it, and rest assured those pics will get out there for the world to see. Titties like yours can’t ever be scrubbed from the internet. When your great-grandchildren google your name someday, that will still be the number one result. So stow that ego of yours and come out with me. Then I’ll explain everything.”

Not much of an explanation. *I have the ability to command women to take off clothes above the beltline.* That was about it.

“Goodbye,” Jenny said. And that was that.

God, the more she struggled, the more fun this all was.

It took three awkward days before the two of us spoke again. Awkward because the bitch went to the cops, the first such entanglement I'd had in years, since well before I'd moved to the city. Handcuffs, sheltering my head as they stuffed me in the back of the squad car, spending the night in lockup with the meth heads and wife beaters. The whole shebang.

The next day, Detective Goff and I reached an agreement. I was soon released with apologies before sundown.

"Oh my god, did you really waste your one phone call on me? You really have issues. I've had stalkers in the past, but you really take the cake, you know that?"

I laughed. "Good to hear from you, too, Jenny. Nah, I'm out. Waiting in a hella slow drive-thru line at Wendy's at the moment, but I figured why not fill the idle minute."

"You already made bail? I was assured you would be—" Jenny Davis stopped herself short, but not short enough. She'd obviously burned a favor or two, or maybe did some name-dropping, to get some special attention on the case. Goff had been tight-lipped about it, but that he had to tighten them in the first place spoke volumes. Whatever pressure she'd brought to bear on the senior detective, it couldn't compete with the thrill of getting to see the entire female lockup shuffling around bared to the waist, every one of them wondering why they were the only one not doing so. Not a pretty sight with the sketchy gals in custody that day, honestly, but the detective was entitled to his fantasies as much as the next guy.

"Yep. Not my finest hour, but turns out the detective looking into your little complaint didn't want to retire without a fond memory of the tasty little redheaded rookie chick and her fresh modifications to the uniform." Also that. Then he took me to a bar near the precinct where I did the bartender for him. Then we'd had a few drinks together, bonded a bit, and headed to another bar near the college to scope out a few coeds. The man loved redheads, all right. And who could blame him? Redder is better, I always say. Except when I'm scoping the tits on a blonde. Or a brunette. Mmm, brunettes. Or any of the myriad raven-haired ladies of our fair city. Even a bald chick once, actually. Tits as round as her head, and twice as big.

"I... don't know what that even means."

"Bail is for chumps, Jen-Jen. It means until tits go out of style or the patriarchy crumbles, I won't be spending any more time in a jail cell any time soon. Your pocket detective and I really hit it off. Oh, and he said to tell you, 'man, I'd give my pension to motorboat the cans on that condescending bitch.' Or, well, he said it, at least; maybe I wasn't supposed to pass that along."

"This is... I don't believe you. I'm going down to the station to have a word with that imbecile. If what you're saying is true, his superior and officer and I are going to have quite the little chat. Don't think this is over. Not by a long shot!"

“Sure. Though hey, before you go...” I took a deep breath, checking my notepad to make sure I covered my bases. “Next time you talk to Detective Goff, take your tops off. Next time you demand to speak to someone’s superior, take your tops off. Next time you get put in a cell, take your tops off. Next time you pay a bail bondsman, take your tops off. Oh, and let’s not forget, next time you meet with a PI, mercenary, hitman or anyone else you hire to deal with me, take your tops off.”

Oh yeah, did I mention I could set contingencies on this shit? Because *BOOM*. The only thing was...

“Are you out of your mind? I’m not going to do any of that! Seriously, seek professional help. I’ll pay for your therapy out of pocket, if that’s what it takes. Mine does excellent work, very hands on.”

“Eh. Ya heard me.”

“This isn’t over!” Jenny wailed.

“Titties,” I replied. Such titties.

My employer didn't love the delay, but the results I'd been getting were enough to satisfy his desire for progress. It was two days before I heard from her again, though I bet it felt a whole lot longer to her. I wondered, had Jenny Davis ever seen the inside of a jail cell before?

I asked her that very thing when she called.

"No," she said simply. It wasn't the usual heated *NO* I'd become accustomed to this past week. This was the *no* of a woman who was losing her fight.

"Oh. How was it? My stay wasn't too bad. Smelled like a dumpster full of farts in there, but the guys weren't too bad."

"What do you want from me?" I thought I heard a snuffle. Good for her. Self-pity was the only kind of pity she was going to be getting any time soon.

"I already told you. A simple dinner and a movie. Or hey, suit yourself. See how many men in the city we can have you flash those titties of ours to. Or maybe we'll up the ante, see what other strings I can tie to you, little puppet. See if we can't make you dance."

She hummed to herself, mulling it over, probably wondering if I was being literal. It was a distinctly unhappy hum. After all, who would assume that baring your tits is the only thing I could command somebody to do? Once you accept that, what *doesn't* make sense? "And if I agreed to this, that's the end of it? You'll leave me alone, delete those horrible pictures? Stop making me... do things?"

"Go on a date with me, and you have my word, anything else between us after that is entirely up to you. No second date unless you ask me for one."

"Ha!" The woman actually said *ha*. Cunt. "Fine, then. I'll text you my availability. Look it over, and let me know when and where." And that right there is why you honor your word, even if you're a lowlife.

"I'll let you know when and where. You make sure you're available."

Another step, another payday. My employer was satisfied with the strategy. Satisfied and then some. I wondered what the bastard had against poor Jenny Davis, what it was about her that had pissed him off so badly. Laying low the professional competition? Punishing the hottie who'd spurned him in high school? Seeking justice for some secret malfeasance? Or maybe the appeal was the same as for me, a simple fan of perfect titties. The more I spoke with him, though, the more I got the sense that he didn't hate her, nor did he love her. He had an objective, and I was increasingly suspicious that the titties were incidental to it.

As for me and Jenny, our dinner was at a swanky restaurant. Not like I was paying, after all. I'd been around enough to appreciate the difference between a \$20 steak and a \$100 steak, and I was happy to let her offer up this small bribe. Jenny Davis was waiting for me when I arrived. Probably had been for half an hour. I'd let myself get distracted by a gas station clerk. Unfortunately, the sort of tits that look better in clothes than out. It happens.

My date looked incredible. She ought to; I'd told her it was a condition of our arrangement. Nothing flashy, just a sexy red dress that fit her body like a glove. It was backless, but in the front went up to her neck. It was a subtle jibe – adhering to the letter of the law with a sexy dress while making sure I didn't get the slightest glimpse of cleavage. We'd get to that later.

"About time," she grumbled. Her wine glass was already empty, I noted. I wondered how many had preceded it.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, baby. Nice dress, by the way."

"I know," she said simply. "Come on, sit down so we can get on with this whole awful charade."

I made her stew with banal small talk until we'd ordered. It obviously pissed her off, pissing away what little patience she'd gathered to herself. It was meant to. With my steak en route, I was content enough to indulge her with a little truth. Not that answering her curiosity mattered to me in the least, but there would be no living with her until I did.

"How did you do it?" she demanded, though in a soft voice.

"Do what?"

"You know what. Make me... Do... *that*."

"You'll have to be more specific, Jenny girl."

Her eyes narrowed to daggers. Through gritted teeth, she rephrased her question. "How did you make me take my clothes off? At the pool, I thought maybe it had been an accident, or that the string had come loose while I was swimming. Or maybe that you'd sneaked up behind me and tugged on it without my noticing. But the more I thought about it, especially with that lifeguard, and that woman from security, I knew it couldn't be coincidence. Still, I thought it was some kind of sleight of hand. A trick."

“That’d be a hell of a trick,” I said around a mouthful of bread.

“Agreed. But what happened at the police station – and after – that was no trick. Are you...” She shook her head disbelievingly. “What are you?”

“Look, Jency, I’m nothing more than a man who loves great titties. Let’s not dwell on the how I get at them, yeah? Unless you want another demonstration?”

“NO!” she squeaked, halfway out of her chair as if to bolt from the restaurant. As heads turned to survey the source of the disruption, I was still wallowing in the way those plump pillowy pussy substitutes were bouncing around inside her dress.

“Relax, relax. I’m not gonna do you here at the table. Probably!” I grinned, to show I was joking. Jenny Davis did not, was not. “Seems like preserving your dignity’s pretty important to you, huh? More so than most folks, I mean.”

“It’s less about dignity, and more about...” She shook her head, stopping herself from sharing whatever it had been. “Though there is some dignity factor involved, clearly. Reputation is a resource, and mine has always been... dicey. You don’t climb as high as me, as fast as me, without a lot of your lessers partaking in dark assumptions about how you did so.” At my oblivious expression, she elaborated. “People like to say I, shall we say, ‘charmed’ upper management.”

“But you’re not charming,” I pointed out around an even bigger mouthful of bread. “You’re actually kind of mean. Not a judgment – I’m kind of mean myself.”

“I’m saying They like to pretend I slept my way to the top. Good lord, are you always this obtuse?”

“No. But I’m almost always this mean.”

My own attempt at being charming fell flat. “I’ll say. I suppose, in that spirit, before we go any further on this so-called date, it behooves me to clarify that under no conditions will I ever sleep with you.”

“That’s what everybody says.”

She snorted derisively. “If everybody is telling you they’d die before providing you carnal insight, perhaps that ought to tell you something about your technique. Or your personality.”

“Damn, I love your titties.”

She groaned in frustration, once more turning a few heads. “You are positively infuriating! Do you know that?”

“You’re starting to sound like one of those Lifetime movies, Jenny.”

“The ones where some innocent woman is targeted by an obsessive psychopath who tries to ruin her life? Hmm, I wonder why that is.”

“You know what? I was going to wait until we get back to my place, but I think I want to see them now.”

Every last trace of indignation and ire evaporated from her pristine features, replaced in an instant by stark terror. Good. Like I’d hoped. I didn’t intend to terrorize

her (bully and humiliate, sure, but I'm not a monster) but it was helpful to confirm she was susceptible to it.

"Don't you dare. I'll scream. I'll scream rape. I'll scream that you're—"

"Not at the table, dumbass. Stuff some fucking ice down your dress and cool your yabos the hell off. No, I was thinking we could go to the bathroom, take care of it there."

"Absolutely not! I can't be seen meandering into the women's room with some random man! I'm sure you don't frequent this establishment, but I learned of it on a recommendation from one of the other VP's of my company. People I know, and people who know people I know, dine here. Often."

"I was thinking the men's room, actually, but if you'd rather do it out in the alley, I guess we could. Kinda dirty, but it's a dirty deed."

She shook her head, then looked down to make sure she wasn't already stripping. Then not-so-surreptitiously felt herself up to make sure her eyes weren't deceiving her. "No. *No.*"

"You're even sexier when you pout, Jenny. But hey, maybe it's time we move on past parlor tricks and I get really creative about what I have you do next time around. Strip tease on the table, maybe? Or just crawl underneath and try not to get caught blowing me. Man, hard to decide." I tapped my lip pensively. It helped cover my shitty poker face, or so I hoped.

"Wait wait wait!" she whispered fiercely. "OK. Fine. No need to throw a tantrum. I... I suppose it's nothing you haven't already seen. How about I make for the lady's room, and then I'll text you when it's clear. There's usually an attendant, but I can bribe her to take a break for a bit."

"That all sounds very, very safe and smart," I assented. "But now that I've had a moment, I think I'm going with alley. Tell you what. I'll meet you halfway. You go wait in the alley, and I'll be out in a minute. Sound good?"

She blinked. "You want me to go wait in an alley? Alone?"

"Jenny, take off your..." I paused.

After a second, the malaise imposed by my ability wore off when I didn't complete the sentence, and her eyes flew open. "I'm going, I'm going!" she exclaimed. After a fetchingly demure display of dabbing her lips with her napkin, she rose and hurried out of the restaurant. I watched her go. Half the men in the place did. Her titties weren't her only asset.

It occurred to me as I was signing the bill (illegibly, naturally) that she was probably pretty upset that she forgot her purse in her haste. Then she could have at least griped at me via text while I let her fester. I (meaning her) tipped five hundred percent – a manager came out to make sure it wasn't an error – and then made for the women's room to relieve myself. There were three women and that attendant in there, and one of them actually had a pretty impressive rack. Nothing on Jenny Davis's exquisitesities, but

nice enough I was sad my gift only forestalled their attempts to bully me out rather than suppress it entirely. One of the sub-par samples followed me out of the bathroom, still chastising; she was intercepted by my waiter, confused, but clearly aware of where his bread was buttered. Good lad.

I didn't see Jenny at first when I peered into the alleyway. She saw me though, leaping up from her crouching position in the shadow cast by the restaurant's dumpster.

"Where the fuck have you been?!" she exclaimed, all thoughts of politeness long since washed away in the whatever-that-was her high heels were trudging through. She snatched her purse out of my hands a bit too insistently, peering inside as if to check if I'd stolen something.

"Food showed up. What was I supposed to do, let it get cold? I tried to text you, but you forgot your phone. Honestly, I can't believe you didn't come back to check it out."

Her jaw trembled in rage, but I kept at it before she could shovel that hole of hers any deeper. (Not that her attitude really mattered. The job was the job, and I liked money. And Jenny Davis's titties.) "OK, so, you ready? I saved room for dessert! Can't wait to see what those babies taste like."

"Excuse me? No, I agreed to let you *see* them, not touch them! Certainly not with your scummy *mouth!*"

I sighed. Without saying a word, I reached into my pocket and pulled out a notecard. The forethought that had gone into this simple manifesto was simultaneously overwhelming and underwhelming, grave yet juvenile. Cracked me up, honestly. I handed it to her, and gave her a moment to read.

Jenny Davis had herself a nice even tan. Not dark enough anyone would think she wasn't white, but dark enough to make sure every inch of her exuded sex appeal, for all she pretended to resist it.

As she read, by steps, she went stark white.

"What is this? Did... did you...? Am I going to...?"

"Do what, Jenny? You can say it. If you're going to *do* it, you ought to at least be able to say it."

She looked back to the card, and read a portion aloud. "The next time you see your parents, take your top off. The next time you get into a vehicle you're not driving, take your top off. The next time you're waiting at a crosswalk near at least ten other people, take your top off. The next time you..." A shudder clamped her jaw shut for a moment. "Th-the net time you're in an airplane while it's taking off, take your top off."

Jenny Davis looked up, dread in her eyes. "Is this going to happen? Like... like the police station?"

I shrugged. "It doesn't have to."

Then it was time for her big reveal. Casually, so casually that I almost didn't notice her doing, she reached into her purse. I let out a sigh. "Take your tops off."

The pistol in her hand clattered to the pavement as her hands automatically moved to comply. Not that she realized it. Bitch probably meant to shoot me without so much as a warning. As if she was the first woman who'd ever tried to shoot me. Please. Even if I hadn't seen it in there while paying the check, I wouldn't have fallen for such an obvious move.

With no choice but to delay, she narrated as if she weren't doing what she was doing. "I'm ordinarily not a violent person, you have to understand," Jenny Davis said. She managed her hair carefully with one hand while stretching the band behind her neck up and over her head with the other. Her bra was an impressive bit of engineering to go with a backless dress, and she looked decidedly more comfortable without it. Not that she'd ever give me the pleasure of admitting it. From the look of that puddle she unconsciously dropped it in, I doubted she'd ever wear it again. "But no one should be able to do the things you're doing. I don't know what I did wrong in some past life to draw your vile attention to me, but for the good of the world, I... Um..."

"Fuck, but you have amazing titties, Jenny baby," I said, removing the clip from the pistol and tossing them into separate dumpsters. Even in the shitty lighting of the alley, those things looked incredible.

"You... But I... How..."

Her dress was too tight around the hips to slip all the way off, even without it being held in place over her impressive chesticles. It was impressive awareness time, I had to admit, but the presence of her gun in my hand, plus my well-earned compliment, clued her in. She rushed to put things back into place, but another off-handed "take your top off" had her pulling the top half of her dress back off before she'd finished putting it back on.

"You brought a gun to a superpower fight, Jenna the Slutt. Not your smartest move."

"Well what was I supposed to do? Let you blackmail me, make me your whore?" she snapped, hands on hips, titties bobbling this way and that.

"You were supposed to do what you were told. And now..." I shook my head like a parent summoning patience for their willful toddler. "Now, you have to pick one."

"Pick one what?"

I pointed to the card, resting in a patch of slime near the wall of the building opposite the restaurant. "Pick one."

Jenny Davis blinked. I think. I dunno, I was staring too hard at her titties to monitor facial expressions. Now that I'd disarmed her, I could lose myself in Nippletown. "What? No. You can't make me do that."

“You know, I am really not looking to debate you on this. I’m not one of your subordinates. Pick one, or—” I rolled my eyes. “You know what? Never mind. Jenny, the next time you’re in an elevator other than the ones in your office building, take your top off.”

She gasped. Why they could react when it was a distant prospect rather than immediate was a mystery, but the anticipation let them in on it. The proof, she already had. Would it be in her apartment building? A meeting at another office? Would that I’d be there.

“Stop! Please, you don’t have to—” But then she was moving at me. I tensed for a moment, but this woman was a buck thirty tops. She could overpower me like a pomeranian could overpower a wolf. When I relented, I soon learned she didn’t mean to try.

I must have played with those titties for an hour, it felt like. No matter how I slurped, fondled, licked, squeezed, honked, sucked, hefted, jiggled, slapped, pinched, nuzzled, caressed, or outright chewed on those things, Jenny Davis didn’t stop me. When I came up for air and bothered to look up, the expression of disgust and loathing (at least some of it self-loathing) was intense. Not that it did anything to quell my appetite.

“Are you finally done?” she asked when I at long last took a few steps back (and didn’t rethink it and dive back in, like the last three times).

“Yeah, sure. Go ahead and cover up, Jenny.”

She wasted no time availing herself of the offer. She obeyed that order a good deal faster than the one she had no choice about, in fact. “So are we done? You had your fun?”

I expected that. Obviously she thought a bit of tit-play paid off any conceivable debt. Still, I managed to look surprised. “Who’s being obtuse now? We still have the back half of our date waiting back at my place. Plus, you still haven’t picked your punishment off the card.”

Jenny gasped a tit-flattering gasp. “But... I let you...”

“Looks like you’re finally learning a lesson about doing what you’re told the first time around. So what’s it going to be?” Full of chivalric courtesy, I even bent to pick up the card for her myself.

Lord, how she balked. Scowled. Sulked. Pouted. Trembled. All of those at once, at one point in her re-perusal of her options. Finally, she handed it back to me and tapped the card near the bottom.

“And you’re sure? Once I turn it on, I can’t turn it off.”

“You could always *not*...” She sighed, seeing the look in my eye. “No. I’m sure.”

“All righty then. Here it comes.” I held out the card and read in a crisp tone.

“Jenny Davis. The next time you open the door to receive takeout, take your tops off.”

She shivered, as if the power were physically entering her. “Tops. Plural?”

“What, thought you could cheat your way out of it with layers?”

“I’d hoped.”

“That’ll teach you to hope, babe. C’mon. Let’s go watch a movie.”

We made the ride back to my place in stoic silence. When she parked her Mercedes in my driveway, I laughed when she shivered at the chill. Only then did she realize that of course her state of dress hadn't survived the drive. Cheeks burning, she tugged her dress back up and followed me inside.

"You really didn't need to bother, you know," I said, closing the door behind her. "Take off—"

"No no no!" she stammered hastily, forcefully enough it actually gave me pause. "No. I'll do it, OK? Just don't *make me* do it. I get it. I'll be good – just stop compelling me. Please."

"Suit yourself." I shrugged, then watched expectantly. With a profound sulk, Jenny Davis shucked her dress down past her tits, all the way down to the point where I could see the top of her panties. Fire engine red, like the dress and the bra. Nice.

"I have to ask... Why always with the taking off my top? You really like them that much?"

"I sure do." And I did. If I could make Jenny Davis do anything I wanted, the first thing I would do would be to part her with any- and everything obscuring my view of her titties.

"I suppose I should be glad you aren't demanding more." She looked around my unkempt living room with distaste. It was not a home one had tidied to impress company. It was one left idling out of apathy for one's lessers.

"C'mon. Take a seat. I got most of the usual streaming services – remotes on the coffee table. Pick something out. I don't care what. I'll be spending some QT with those cuties."

I could never tire of watching that topless woman walk. Those titties of hers were poetry in motion. Once she was seated, I hit the bathroom and then made for the kitchen and picked up a couple beers and popped the caps. She accepted hers with clear disdain, setting in on a coaster where it would remain for the rest of the evening. I surprised her with another snapshot before I sat down.

Jenny Davis made no secret of the fact that while I'd been ditching that dinner she'd skipped out on, she had looked up the movie with the shortest run-time she could find, having not been forbidden to do otherwise. I didn't even catch the title screen. By the time she was done hiding her relief that I'd permitted her stunt, I was already curled up beside her with her nipple in my mouth. Jenny said nothing. When I started drinking my beer off her boobs, she snarked something about how her dress cost more than my sofa, dabbing at the spillage on her lap with some tissues from my end table.

"The credits are playing. Can I go now?" she asked when the credits began playing.

"We should talk first."

"About what? You said tonight was it. You gave me your word."

“I did, didn’t I? But tonight’s not over.”

“I’m *not* sleeping with you.” Her eyes looked down at her beer-stained lap.

“Please don’t make me. But if you are going to make me, just say you’re going to. Don’t *make me* make me. I’ll do it myself. If I have no other choice.”

“Fuck, don’t go looking for pity, Jennica McTittyboobs. It’s a bad look on you. No, I have a few things I need to say to you.”

“Please don’t–”

“Interrupt me, and you’ll be picking another punishment from the card.”

Her jaw *clacked* shut.

“All right, let’s see. First off, need to keep you from making trouble. So.” I went through a list I’d worked up on a few prior ladies who had arrested my attention in the past. It wasn’t brief, but I didn’t need a script this time. I’d rehearsed, lengthy though it was. Next time you pick up a weapon with the intent to use it on me; next time you buy a weapon; next time you attend a self-defense or martial arts class; next time you try to pay somebody to harm, kill, or in any way inconvenience me; next time you come to my house uninvited. And so on – the gist is pretty clear. Any means I’d been able to brainstorm for her to come at me, she’d be shedding her clothes until she risked humiliation at best, arrest for public indecency at worst.

When I was finished, she nodded earnestly, plainly afraid of what more I might demand if she showed me any of the sexy Jenny Davis sass. “I understand. I won’t cause trouble for you. Honestly, all I want is to get away and never look back.”

“Yeah, about that.” I licked my lips in preparation, and I swear I could taste her anxiety. “You don’t have to see me again if you don’t choose to. I meant that.” (Had I even said that? Seems like the kind of bullshit false hope I would offer my favorite new toy.) “That doesn’t mean I won’t still be in touch, though.”

“What? Why? What did I do to deserve–”

She didn’t resist my finger to her lips, commanding her silence. “Let’s just get on with it, shall we? The next time you let a phone call from me reach the second ring, take your top off. The next–”

Jenny Davis whined pathetically, “What?! What if I’m in a meeting? I could be ruined! What if I’m asleep?”

“Make up some excuse for your coworkers. And who the hell even cares if you take your PJs off? Get a grip. Now, as I was saying...” I continued, ordering her to remove another layer with each ring, stopping at six.

“I get it, answer your calls. What else.”

Ah, the sweet sound of resignation. “The next time it reaches noon on a Friday without your having invited me to suck on your titties in the past week, take your tops off.” I could see she needed a moment to comprehend that word salad, so I provided it. It would have been easier if I could just say “next time blah blah blah, wait until you’re

in the middle of your office and then take your top off.” But I could only command the tops. Not the waiting.

When she looked like she got it, I added still more similarly contrived demands. The next time it’s 10 AM on a workday in which she hasn’t yet texted me a nude picture of her (and smiling! though kissy face is also acceptable); 10 AM on a workday in which she has asked me for mercy; in which she prioritized something over one of my requests for her; in which she didn’t make an effort to sound enthusiastic about doing something I asked. (Starting now, I pointed out, with a suggestion that she try to keep her mouth shut until she was sure she could handle it. It’d be a shame if she burned my command right here and now and I had to re-add it, plus another life-ruiner from the notecard.)

Then, before Jenny Davis could fuck herself over with that yapper of hers, I added my personal favorite: “The next time you cry alone in your office, my sweet, sweet girl with those sweet, sweet titties? Take your tops off.”

Her mouth opened and closed several times. Each time, she stopped herself before she risked that perilous lack of enthusiasm. Finally, in a voice that croaked from the strain of the effervescence she forced into it, she asked, “So, you’re trying to make me into some kind of sex slave, huh?” Her lips trembled with the effort required to keep a smile.

“Hey now – did I ask you to have sex with me?”

“Wow, I guess not!” Jenny Davis’s smile was dazzling. Her eyes were dead to the core.

“Maybe I should, though. Jenny, come with me into my bedroom and–”

“You don’t have to make it an order!” she interjected, but thrust her bare titties into my hands to show some contrition. Hard to say if her protest fucked up my enthusiasm command or not, since she was already topless. I wasn’t going to complain about those plump, squeezable handfuls, though.

“I don’t?”

“No! I mean... what if... what if I... just... did it? Like, on my own? Would that be OK?”

I arched an eyebrow. I hadn’t actually anticipated this little quirk. What was her angle? “What’s your angle, Jennily Puff? What do you care if you do it because I make you,” which I couldn’t, but she seemed ready to hop when I said so, “or if you just do it because you’re dreading what I might do to you if you don’t?”

“Dreading? Hahaha ha ha!” It might be the most forced laugh I’d ever heard. “No, I just... I, um...” I slapped her titties back and forth to amuse myself while she tried to find a way to convey her message in an upbeat way. “It’s just... I have, um, some control issues. My therapist is always telling me I need to let go, delegate, let my guard down. He says I take myself too seriously – as if unserious people ever accomplish anything in

this world. Ha ha! Right? Ha. But for some reason, every time I try, I have these crippling panic attacks! Wild, right? Haha!”

Jesus. That was almost depressing enough to stop me from twisting her nipples. “So you’re saying you’ll do it, but only as long as you do it on your terms?” It was exactly what she was saying. Which was fucking amazing, and more than fine by me, but watching her yield and yield all night long had made me greedy.

“Of course not! I’m only asking, you know, as a favor? Since we’re getting to be so, um, close. I’ll make sure you don’t regret it. Just... please? Please, don’t control me? I really, really enjoy what you’re doing with my breasts, by the way!”

Presently they were being squished around like stress balls. Somehow, I doubted her sincerity. Somehow, the lie of it improved upon perfection. “They’re titties. Not breasts.”

“My t-titties,” she corrected, sounding like she’d never heard the word before. “Mm, yeah, so... manly. Playing with my...” She failed to stop a quivering breath. “With my big titties.”

I couldn’t help but give the poor thing a pitying laugh. “OK, OK, you’ve sold me. Tell you what. You’re being a real trooper right now, so I’ll even let you off with a blowjob. How’s that sound?”

Her smile slipped only for a moment. “Sounds... awesome. I, um, could use the practice!”

I nodded. Waited. Drummed my fingers on the shelf of Jenny Davis’s titties. She finally realized it was really happening, and that she needed to do something. Reluctantly, she—

No. *Slowly*, so as not to disrupt my titty-play, she undid my pants and with a little help got them down around my ankles. My cock was more than ready, obviously. It had been since before I walked into the restaurant, and while she may not have been interested in it, I knew damn well she’d noticed. She studied it, as if wondering if there was some way to give me a blowjob without having to put her mouth on my cock. I could have savored that expression all night, but like I said, greedy.

“All right, before it goes soft again... Jenny Davis, I command you to get on your knees and—”

“Wait-wait-wait!” she stammered. I’d spoken slowly so she’d have time to interrupt just so. Belatedly, she rammed that beautiful, lying smile back into place. “Sorry, I was just... a little taken aback. That’s all. Because of how big you are, I mean. It’s... intimidating. Seeing such a... a big cock. But I’ll do it. I just needed a moment.”

“You’ve had at least three now. Do I need to get the note card, or are you going to—”

She launched herself to her knees so hard I actually winced at the thud. Her mouth hesitated right on the precipice, but one look at my eyes and she inhaled me in a go.

I'll be honest: the blowjob was actually pretty bad. It was easy to be enthusiastic when it only meant a dopey grin and a high-pitched, breathy voice. When it meant taking a dick in the face, the effort grew difficult. She didn't know to use her hands, and when I pointed it out, she had no idea they entered into it. The egomaniac actually thought I meant I wanted her to fondle herself, though once she started, I let it play out.

Little Jenny Davis, virgin cocksucker, sucked on my balls so hard it felt like she meant to suck them right off. And not in a good way. Teeth entered the equation more than once; only a very overblown apology kept me from issuing some more specific orders and letting her find out how much bullshit her paranoia was.

Right as I was close to coming, that dizzy slurpy execubitch lost her balance and fell backwards on her nicely padded butt, legs spread wide. In that skimpy dress, I could see right up it to the wet spot in her panties. That sight was the only thing that salvaged what otherwise would have been a woefully lackluster orgasm on account of the disengagement of her lips at the crucial moment.

"I want to come on your titties," I grunted between pants.

"Ugh," she might have said, though she tried to play it off like a grunt from a miserable attempt at what was indubitably her first deep-throat. "That's... so awesome!" she corrected after a moment.

No surprise, Jenny Davis fucked that one up, too. It went right in her mouth, but she didn't know what to do with it all there either. I had quite a load saved up for her, creating a scene straight out of porn with her slack-jawed stare letting it all dribble out, shock at the sheer volume writ large all over her face. Right down her chin, long, ropy strands splatting onto the vast acreage of titland. Slowly, she processed her failure, then hastily bent down to more or less spit the rest out to complete the mural. With her hand shaking in disgust, she even rubbed it in like skanky lotion.

"Sorry," she murmured with blatant insincerity. Still, she apologized. I filed away the sound for posterity even as I whipped out my phone to snap a picture of her. One hand came up reflexively, but I'd been magicking girls out of their tops for long enough to anticipate it and jerk low. It was a great shot. Weird shadows from her arm, glistening jizz all over her mouth, chin and boobage, an expression of perfectly balanced rage, shame, and sheer frustration at her own impotence.

"Looks like you had a good time," I observed once I'd tapped a few keys to forward the shot on to my employer.

"What do you mean?" Jenny Davis was inspecting herself with raw disgust. Strange how the two of us could react so differently to the same sight.

“Oh come on. Show me your panties. There’s a big ol’ wet spot down there, bet you anything.”

“What?! No there isn’t! How in the name of god and holy Jesus would *that* turn me on?!”

If I ever got stuck in a minefield, I hoped like hell I had Jenny Davis with me to lead the way. I’d never met someone so talented at setting off every trap she was presented with. “All right, let’s consult the card for your punishment.”

“No! Oh please, no! I was just caught off guard! Please!” She clasped her hands in front of her. This woman had never begged for something a day in her life. Until now.

The enthusiasm routine slowly came back to her. “Here, here you go.” She rose to her feet, hiking up her dress until it was a stretchy red belt around her waist. “Gosh, looks like you were right! Who knew? Probably just a natural result of intimate activity – I, um, usually don’t enjoy... that. But yeah, no hiding it! Ha! Ha ha! I guess you’re right – like usual!”

“Careful laying it on that thick. You don’t want to sound sarcastic.”

“Right. Sorry. I, um, had a good time. But not too good? But yeah, really good...?” She winced at her own ineptitude at ingratiation.

I nodded. Jenny Davis was too terrified to stop me when I reached out and stuck my finger between her legs. Wet, warm and willing, as every woman should be. “Indeed, indeed. Do you want to fuck? I could let you blow me some more until I’m ready, if you’re horny.”

She froze, teeth nearly chattering from the frost. “I, um... am all right? If that’s all right? If you want to, you know, fuck. Me. However you want it, just... ask. Instead of telling. Please.”

The tension melted out of her when I gave a nod of approval. It all returned, however, when I fished the notecard out from between the couch cushions. “Now, let’s see...”

“But I showed you my underwear! Look, it’s right here! I’m w-wet, OK? Here, I’ll take it off! Here.” She tugged those panties down in a single jerk, kicking them off. They flew over my shoulder and behind my couch. Like her bra festering in that dirty alley, she would never see them again. Damn, the woman was baby smooth down there. Had to be to show off that bikini bod at the gym, I supposed. I’d always been more of a tit man, for obvious reasons, but she had a hell of a snatch on her.

“They’re panties.”

“Ha! Right, of course. My *panties* are off now. Isn’t that nice? My, um, slutty panties? Please, just please!”

“Man, how lucky are you that you don’t have work in the morning, huh?”

She arched an eyebrow. “Um, yeah...?”

“You know, because here you are, wasting my time by asking for mercy you know you won’t receive. Remember?” She gasped, then clapped a hand over her mouth. “And you’re dribbling cum on my carpet. Clean yourself off – then see to the carpet while I make up my mind. Be quick about it, and thorough, and maybe I’ll show some leniency. Some.”

I meant to show some leniency anyway. Shit, I’d probably already driven her halfway to suicide with this crap, I bet, especially if she’d already been in therapy to begin with. Still, it was fun watching her dash off to the kitchen to sponge herself off. To my undying shock, she didn’t bring the sponge back with her. Instead, she got down on her hands and knees and fucking *licked* my jizz out of the carpet fibers. So much for playing it cool.

It was the sluttiest fucking thing I’d ever seen. And I hadn’t even suggested that she do it. Kinda disgusting, actually, but I hadn’t planned on kissing her regardless.

“All right, nicely played, J-Day. I’ll let you off easy, this once.”

“Oh, *thank you!*” she gushed. To her credit, she understood that “let you off easy” didn’t mean no punishment. She knelt, fake smile gleaming, awaiting my judgment.

“Here goes. Next time a man other than me propositions you...”

Jenny Davis beamed at me in gratitude. And why wouldn’t she? She could still safely visit her folks for Thanksgiving.

“I have to say, this is all excellent work. Absolutely top notch,” my employer said as he flipped through the past couple weeks’ worth of photos and videos. I’d handed off a duffel bag with some trophies, in case that was his jam. One of her bras, the one he now had a picture of her cutting off her body in her office, posed in front of an unobstructed window. A pair of panties she claimed she’d come in, though I had my doubts. A Most Likely To Succeed trophy I’d snagged from her hobby room. It had needed to be glued back together after we knocked it off a shelf while I was vigorously plowing her from behind.

(I know, I know. From behind? With those titties? Trust me, though, you can get a *much* better grip on them that way.)

“More like topless notch, eh? Sorry, I’m a sucker for puns. But I’m glad it passes muster.”

I gave him a moment to swipe through the photo album. There was a separate version on the website, none of them quite showing her face; ever enthused to express her free will, she’d picked that over busting her titties free the next time a guy asked for her contact info.

“Well, then. I’ve transferred payment to your account. It appears you’ve accomplished what I asked you to, so I’ve included what I hope is a generous bonus for more than satisfactory completion of the job.”

I’d gotten the notifications while I’d been sitting here. “Generous” was an understatement. Bye bye, mortgage. “I appreciate it. It’s honestly been a pleasure. Woman like that, you might have been able to talk me into going pro bono.”

The man waved off the suggestion. “I wouldn’t dream of it. Talent like yours ought to be rewarded.”

He rose, extending a hand. I followed suit, and we shook on a job well done. I turned from the table, but in spite of every convention of shady enterprises, I paused. I had to ask.

“I have to ask,” I said. “And I won’t take offense if you’re not looking to share. But—”

“You want to know why I went to these lengths?”

I nodded. “Yeah. My money is on colleague, tired of the smug bitch strutting around the office, but I’d be willing to hedge my bet on ex-lover. Longer odds there – she doesn’t strike me as the type for May-December – but you never know.”

The backhanded compliment brought a smile to his face. “I suppose there’s no harm in sharing at this point. A violation of ethics, perhaps, but what have you and I done together that isn’t? Besides, if you ever become afflicted with a conscience, perhaps I can give you a little piece of mind about what you wrought in Ms. Davis.”

“I wouldn’t hold my breath on my coming to Jesus, but sure.”

I sat back down as he began to explain. “I’m her therapist,” he said somberly.

I blinked. “Huh. She mentioned something about you once, I think. Not specifically, just that she had a shrink. So... I’m supposed to think what we did was all right because you’re there to talk her off the ledge?”

He chuckled disarmingly. “Far from it. No, if there is any solace to be had, what we did was at Ms. Davis’s behest. For years now, we’ve been trying to treat her anxiety. It’s a tricky case, brought on by her own inability to relate to others. It’s not unheard of in individuals like herself. High-achieving, well-educated, beautiful, affluent.”

“If all that merited what we did to her, I hate to see what you prescribe for the poors and the uggos.”

“No no, those aren’t the symptoms. But it made her unable to be happy. To trust, to let herself be vulnerable, to rely on anyone but herself. I’ve tried and tried to break through to her, but, well, my advice is processed through that same filter. How can she let herself take advice from the likes of me?”

“So she has trust issues, and you want to remedy them by turning her into a whore?”

“She has control issues, and I wanted to remedy them by taking away her control. You should have seen her in our most recent session. Babbling nonstop about epiphanies of how pointless, tedious, et cetera so many of the affairs which had previously absorbed her time and energy were.”

“From what little I saw of her world, it sure looked pointlessly tedious to me.”

“Even after she activated one of your triggers, she kept at it,” the doctor said with a creepier smile. That was a smile I could get on board with, much more than this savior complex. “I suppose I owe you yet another thanks for that little display. I’m sure it needn’t be said that my motives weren’t purely altruistic. Those mementos of yours are most welcome.”

“My pleasure. But still, you paid a king’s ransom for all this crap. You can see tits on the internet. Why go to these lengths? Shrinks do all right, I know, and I imagine the kind a hotshot like Jenny Davis hires better than most. Still, that had to set you back.”

A laughter, almost mocking. “You think that was my money? I have Ms. Davis’s payment information filed away at my office. It was her treatment, after all. Only fair she paid for it. I’ve invoiced her; for the time being, I think she has more pressing matters on her mind than trifling financial matters.”

That deserved a laugh in return. “Damn, doc, I have to hand it to you, that’s almost poetic. Who knew I was the hero of this little story?”

“You don’t all wear capes, I believe the expression goes.”

We shook hands again, firmly this time, men showing mutual respect. “Well, good luck with her. And if she ever needs another round of my kind of therapy, you know how to reach me. Assuming you can’t find somebody better, that is.”

“Better? Pshaw. I did a thorough background check before I ever reached out to you. Rest assured, you’re the top man.”