

## Oopsie

OK, so like for what it's worth, I totally don't think he ever meant to hurt anybody. Ha! Look at me, thinking again. Used to be something I was good, hard as that is to imagine. (Imagining, btw, I'm actually pretty good at, but only for like cocks and dicks and sucking cock and taking dicks in my ass and getting cum on me and stuff.)

But seriously – *stop giggling, me!* – he didn't mean to. Mr. Garcia's gonna be fine, right? It's like they show on TV, medicine is super hard, but smart doctors people always fix 'em. Dumb-dumbs like me are only good for fucking everything up and fucking everyone, um, down? That doesn't make sense. I do like fucking though. I wish I'd fucked Mr. Garcia before everything went poopy. Poor guy.

What? My fault? No way! You can't expect someone like me to know any better! Or know much of anything, really, except for sucking and fucking and stuff like that. Do you want a blowjob? Oh, sorry. Yeah, you're right, should probably wait until after they finish mopping up all the blood and ick, otherwise my knees would get all blech.

What, not even after? I know these hospital clothes looks gross, but come on – they made me put it on! I wanted to stay naked, but Dr. Matthews said I could only fuck him later. He's such a nice man. I think he even wanted to pay which, which is so unnecessary but totes thoughtful, ya know?

OK, you're right, I'm probably not making much sense. Thinking with my cunt again, am I right? (Seriously, am I?) OK, so let me start at the beginning. Or at least, like, where I remember things beginning, though I guess it's worth saying that I basically don't remember much any more. I mean, hence all... that. Ew.

Poor, poor Mr. Garcia.

I'm sorry, your cock is super tenting out your pants, doctor. You're sure you don't want me to...?

Fine. OK. The story. (Then can I blow you, maybe?)

*Five Days Earlier...*

“Damn, baby, dat ass!” hooted some random asshole as I strode past.

I suppose to make sense of that, and what followed, some manner of introduction is incumbent upon me. My name is Whitney Bishop. I’m thirty-two years old, and have only recently completed an inordinately time-consuming and extraordinarily expensive education. I’m the youngest of four children, the first in my family to even go to college, much less beyond. I’ve worked my ass – “dat ass” as it has recently been called – off to get where I am.

Like any such woman, I’ve come to value my mind over my body. Beyond mere window browsing, men have never interested me for their physicality, nor have I ever had the least bit of interest in men who prize me for mine. Yes, yes, I’m 5’10”, symmetrical facial features, exercise regularly, take care of my hair and skin, and I like to think it shows. We live in a superficial world, after all, and while my body is the least part of what makes me who I am, I recognize that presentation often matters. Besides, the mind is a part of the body, after all, and, having only one of either, I aim to take care of them both.

Successful, fit, conventionally attractive... Needless to say, I get hit on all the time. Walking down the street, at the gym, shopping for groceries... hell, my creepy neighbor Barry is like clockwork, emerging with some excuse to be in his back yard to chat me up over the fence any time I’m in mine. Best thing about winter in New England, really, that it keeps me indoors and away from his leers. Not that I’m not used to it; I have an arsenal at my disposal with which to fend off unwanted advances, ranging from disregard to outright bitchery. Tending towards the latter, if I’m honest. I don’t feel any obligation to be courteous to people who see nothing wrong in forcing their flirtations on me. To hell with them, frankly.

So, that said...

I grinned back at the random asshole before I even realized I was doing it.

That was weird. It probably wasn’t the first weird feeling I’d had that day, but it was the first time I’d *noticed* feeling weird. All morning, I’d been in kind of... a mood. I mean, not to get all graphic, but even young, beautiful, successful, well-educated and happily single gals like myself sometimes feel the occasional carnal urge. Reflecting that I’d spent the past three days of my 10-day winter vacation cooped up in my house, I decided it might be fun to go out in the world, hit the mall, maybe do some people watching. Maybe be watched by some people.

Was that out of character for me? Sure. But we all have whims, don’t we?

I’d even gotten dressed up. Nothing fancy, but usually I shop in something as black and formless and unapproachable as possible. Today, I hit the mall in makeup, lipstick, freshly shaved legs and freshly tweezed eyebrows, three-inch white heels, and a

little black dress that I'd bought for going to clubs years back when I'd still imagined I might ever want to go to clubs. I looked good, and I knew it.

Naturally, it had attracted attention, but I don't think it was until I waggled my eyebrows at the creep who openly cat-called me that I realized I'd really been enjoying it.

What the heck, I figured. May as well ride this feeling out, see where it takes me.

With the perv still leering after me, I started that heel-to-toe walk my mother had taught me, before she'd ever thought I might actually be able to use my brain to make a life for myself. I was more lean than padded these days, but still I could feel the extra jiggle in my toned caboose, the way my skirt was twitching side to side with every step. I took my time about it, strutting down the thoroughfare and drinking in the heads snapping to look after me as I passed.

So yeah, that went on for a couple hours.

I kept a mental log of it. Six cat calls, four wolf whistles, and three men who actually had the stones to actually approach me. One of them was actually pretty hot – I mean, if I'm letting myself be as superficial as he was. I gave him a fake number out of instinct, kicking myself afterward for not giving in. Surely he'd have been good for a one-night stand. I owed it to myself, didn't I? And where the heck do they sell underwear in this mall? Mine is freaking *soaked*. I'd been sort of... leaky, I suppose you could say, all day.

After a trip to the ladies room, during which I spent several minutes insisting to myself that masturbating in an unkempt public restroom is *not* OK, no matter how much I might want to, I simply discarded them in the bin.

(And yes, I played with myself, but only a very little. Ish.)

By that point, I wasn't trusting myself to be around people any more. I hopped in my car and went straight home, clenching the steering wheel to stop myself from teasing the skin of my thighs with my fingernails. Most of the time, anyway. I figured at a red light it wouldn't be so bad, and only once did it turn green while I was still titillating myself. If the burly gentleman in the jeep behind me could have seen what I was doing, no way he would've honked. No, he'd have gone straight home and beat off, thinking about the hot brunette with the thighs and the nails. I'd have been in that guy's spank bank for *years*, I bet.

Yeesh, why did *that* thought suddenly seem so arousing? Get your mind right, Whitney.

Before long, though, the city gave way to the suburbs, and I was cruising (a little too fast) through the streets of my neighborhood. Children had made snow forts out of piles of plowed snow, lobbing clumsy snowballs at one another across slushy streets. My mailwoman waved to me as I passed her. Barry was out shoveling his driveway next door, and hefted it in an awkward greeting. There was something kind of manly about seeing a guy doing outdoor work. Hot, kinda.

Holy shit, did I just think *Barry* was *hot*? Three hundred pound Barry with at least ten years on me, as hairy as the animal whose name he almost shared everywhere except atop his head...? Hot?

No. No, that was only a stray thought. I focused on other things. Practical things. How badly the Davenports needed to repaint their trellis. A consideration of calling the HOA for that shitbox van one of Stanley Goff's Christmas guests had left parked across my street for the past week. That I needed to use my cucumber in a salad or something before it went bad.

That I could use that cucumber somewhere else. Maybe *then* put it in a salad. That'd be so...

I sped into my driveway and flew into the house. The garage door was too slow so I simply parked in the driveway and sprinted up the front walk, nearly tripping in my heels due to my haste. They didn't make it off my feet before I was in my bed, fingers stabbing needfully in and out of my pussy, working my clit like I was apologizing to the poor thing for neglect. Only I never quite... got there. Every time I reached the brink, I held back. I was going to savor this one. The fires kept building and building to what would surely be the Mount Vesuvius of orgasms. I fueled the inferno, stoking it, teasing it, growing, bubbling, surging, preparing to erupt, and...

And *nothing*. Dammit! Maybe I shouldn't be surprised; after all, this wasn't the first time I'd had difficulties getting off. My college boyfriend – and my grad school boyfriend – and my... well, you get the point – had each had a difficult time getting me to climax. I've always had a shy vagina, I guess. But never with myself! What was wrong with me? I was as turned on as I'd ever been in my life, but I probably laid there for half an hour, pumping until my forearm was burning, nethers boiling, as I tried and failed to climax. Any moment now, surely, I told myself a dozen times. All I need is to...

*Ding dong.*

Dammit!

The first two times the doorbell rang, I ignored it. I wasn't expecting anyone, and I was in the middle of something – namely, my legs. By the third, it was majorly killing my buzz, and I was not having it. Whoever the hell this was, I was going to give them a piece of my mind. I stormed to the door – remembering at the last moment to squeeze my breast back into my dress – and threw the door open.

“Good evening!” said a man on the other side. I detected a trace of an English accent on his lips.

But I was already going. “Where do you get off, ringing and ringing my doorbell like that? I don't know who you are, or... wait. Wait, don't I know you?”

“You tell me, miss.”

I squinted at him as I appraised the man before me. He was nothing especially remarkable. A little older than me, well-trimmed beard, clad in slacks and a polo shirt as

if it weren't twenty-some degrees outside. I had definitely never met this man, but somehow, he looked bizarrely familiar. As if I'd *seen* him, but never actually *met* him.

Then it hit me. "You! You're that creep from the restaurant the other day!"

I'd meant it as an accusation, but he only smiled. "I'm flattered a pretty girl like you even remembered me."

I hadn't remembered him, not really, but I remembered the occasion if only because it had been so recently. A few nights ago, I'd been out to dinner with a couple friends from work, and there'd been this guy – literally, *this* guy – just staring at me through the whole meal. Not so overtly I could complain to the maitre d; every time I had made eye contact to convey my disgust and disinterest, he'd looked away. So I endured it and went home. He'd been more brazen than most, but beyond that it hadn't stuck with me in the least – until he knocked on my door.

"You have about five seconds to get off my property before I dial the police and go for my gun," I said, snarling. The nerve of this man! Even if he was rather good-looking, in an understated kind of way, and even if right now I could *really* use a... no! No, Whitney, be good.

Still, I didn't try to shut the door. He really was quite a specimen. I couldn't say why, exactly, but something about him really turned me on.

"Sure. I wouldn't want to be a bother. I only thought if there was anything I could help you with..."

"Help... are you insane?!"

"Perhaps I misread our limited interaction the other day."

"Damn right you did! How did you even know where I live? Did you follow me home? Huh? You some kind of stalker, pal?"

"I tell you what, I'll come back in an hour to see if you'd like any assistance." He ogled me as boldly as any man ever had. Damn, but his confidence was sexy. Even if he was a total creep, that is. But a sexy one.

"Don't count on it, jerk."

Finally I slammed the door on him.

It was three hours later.

The man hadn't returned.

I was losing my mind.

It wasn't that I hadn't come yet. I had. Twice, I think. It's hard to say, because each time all my vag would give me was this pitiful trickle of pleasure that only served to frustrate me further. If an orgasm was a lightning bolt, these were dragging your socks on the carpet and touching a doorknob. Even that might be generous.

I needed something better. My fingers definitely weren't cutting it. (Yes, I tried the cucumber, but it was too much for me.) So here I was, ready to head out and find me a man. When I opened the door, I'd hoped to make it to the bars, but panting, ragged, desperate as I was, I was already thinking I might just have to suck it up and knock on Barry's door.

It was cold outside, I noted as the winter wind ripped across my bare breast. Whoops, forgot to tuck it back in this time. There we go. Whatever. I'd probably land a man faster if I left it out. I saw then that my car was still running; evidently when I'd gotten home I'd forgotten to turn off the engine. Huh. As I stumbled over to maybe get in, maybe shut it off and try my hirsute neighbor, I looked up at the sound of the door on that shitty van rolling open.

Inside the van was that man from the restaurant.

"Took you longer than I expected!" he called to me with a laugh as he hopped out and made his way across the street.

"Is... were you..." I was having a hard time making sense of it. Was that *his* van? I'd assumed it was the Goff's guest's, but... I didn't understand.

"My, but you are a sight, my dear. Having troubles?"

"I... yeah."

"Would you like to invite me in and take care of them?"

I frowned. Had he been camping outside my house the past few days? This was too weird. "No."

But then he said those magic words. "I have a penis."

I'd heard this cliché a hundred times, but I swear, in that moment, I actually got weak in the knees. He rushed over to stabilize me before I could slip in the snow, his hands initially grasping me under my arms but then settling on my hips. He didn't remove them.

"No," I mumbled. Mm, his hands.

"What was that? I'm sorry, I couldn't quite make that out."

"N... n..." I stopped myself. I *did* come out to find a man, didn't I? This guy, creepy thought he may be, was way more attractive to me than Barry, and a minute ago I'd been ready to jump his hairy bones. He was right here, and if he really had been

camping out, stalking me, he was a sure thing. I could always kick his ass out when I was done with him.

Assuming I ever finished.

“OK,” I said at last.

“OK? OK what, dear girl?”

“First off, I’m not a girl; I’m thirty-two years old. Second off, I said *OK*. Come inside.” I started for the door, but as his hands left my hips, I realized he wasn’t following. His feet were planted firmly in the ankle-deep snow. “What? What is it?” I snapped.

“I said you could invite me in, and invite me to take care of you. I can be persuaded, but you can’t order me around.”

“I... what? Don’t you want to have sex with me?”

“Not as much as you want to have sex with me, my little sexpot. And as a creature as stunning as yourself is no doubt aware, whosoever desires the other the least controls the relationship.”

I wasn’t about to tell him, but I’d had that very thought many times, and much as it galled me to be on the other side of the inequality for once, he was right. “Fine. Will you come inside?”

“And...?”

I gritted my teeth, but the fire in my loins was unquenchable. It forced my mouth open again. “And have sex with me.”

“What, no please? Hardly a courteous invitation.”

I took a breath, then tottered over to him in my heels, wincing at the snow on my bare ankles, and took his hand in both of mine. “Will you please come inside and have sex with me?”

He looked down at my hands around his, at my heaving chest, all the while seeming... bored. “I’m not sure. I don’t usually go for one night stands – not unless the girl in question seems truly eager to please.”

Was he insane? I was literally pleading with him to use me for sex, and he was balking at it?! Still, I needed this. It was humiliating enough without having to risk finding another man and repeating it. With a willpower I’d almost forgotten I possessed, I made my tone syrupy sweet and painfully humble. “Sir? Will you *please*, pretty pretty please, come into my house and have sex with me? I’d be *so* grateful. I promise I’ll make it worth your while. Just... *please*?”

His face softened, but didn’t crumble. “Hmm...” The man stroked his bearded chin. “Try again, but this time on your knees.”

I looked down at the three inches of snow coating the ground, then around at the dozens of windows that afforded a view of my front yard. The street in front of my house, where anyone could drive by and see. “What? Here?!”

“Suit yourself – have fun begging for strangers at the truck stop.”

But as he turned to leave, I refused to release his hand. Wincing at the frigid, powdery snow as it stung at my lower legs, I knelt down on the walk and look up at him pleadingly. I didn’t even have to fake it. I really did need it. This whole time, my nethers had not let me forget why I’d left the house in the first place. I’d never been this turned on in my whole life. I’d never even thought it was possible to be this turned on.

“Please. Please come inside. I’ll be so good to you. I’ll get you off as many times as you want, OK? I promise. Just *please*.”

A smug grin crept onto his face. It looked very much like it was at home there. “Would you suck my dick?”

Ugh. I *hated* giving head. The taste, the smell, having your whole face full of some dude’s belly, ignoring your own pleasure while he was up there thinking about baseball to drag things out.

Still, I needed this. “Sure. Yes.”

“Before we consummate?”

I winced at the thought of the wait, but I could go another few minutes. It’d be faster before, anyway, and might help the sex last longer. “Yes. If that’s what you want. Please? Come on, it’s really freaking cold down here.”

He chuckled, patting my head in the most condescending way I think anyone’s ever dared try. “Tell you what. Get started on me, right here, right now, and I’ll consent to your requests.”

“Get started?” I blinked. “You mean...?”

“I mean.” He undid his belt buckle and the fastenings on his pants as I tried to weigh this option. He wanted me to go down on him right here, in my front yard, in full view of anyone passing by, of my neighbors, in the snow? In exchange for the *privilege* of letting me have sex with him?

“No. No, I won’t do it.” I could barely hear my own voice, it was so small, and even though I wanted to feel proud of my resolve, all I could feel was horror that I might have to wait until another man presented himself. I was already sure that, whoever he would be, he couldn’t hold a candle to this glorious specimen of manhood.

But he didn’t walk away. Didn’t scowl. Didn’t even do up his pants. “So, she still has a boundary or two. Well then, let’s just take care of that.”

I had no idea what he meant, but by that point I didn’t care. The stranger helped me to my feet with one hand, the other holding up his pants. He kept them there until the door closed behind us, at which point we – I, really – began tearing off clothes as fast as I could. He didn’t even make me suck him off first – a prospect which, as I howled under a storm of my long-awaited lightning bolts, didn’t actually sound so bad. Kind of exciting, really.



“Look at you, already developing a little proficiency at cock-sucking,” he said, gently swiping a stray wisp of hair from my face. It was rather considerate, really; both of my hands were busy already. One stroking his shaft whenever it slipped out of my mouth on the upstroke, the other gently twisting a pinky inside his ass.

Yesterday, when I’d first opened up my home to this man – whose name I really should learn – this might have grossed me out. I mean, I wasn’t squeamish or anything. I was actually very comfortable with the human body. Still, there was a world of difference between the clinical and the actual, and to be stimulating the inside of my guest’s asshole, as I had been for, what, an hour now? as he let me bob on his cock... well, it was outside my usual comfort zone.

Then again, the night – and today, and again this evening – had been full of such endeavors. “Comfort zone” was a meaningless term now. Oh, we’d started tame, or what I’d considered tame last night. He’d shoved me over the armrest of my couch and fucked my brains out. I giggled a bit at my own erstwhile naïveté. My shock, even fear at being handled so roughly. When I first realized I was using those vulgar words in my own head – “fuck my brains out.” I’d never liked the f-bomb, or profanity in general. It had never seemed to serve much purpose, and rubbed something inside me the wrong way. I’d dumped a guy I’d been in a four-month relationship once for using the word “cunt” in the heat of passion.

But since yesterday, this hot bitch’s greedy sopping cunt couldn’t get fucked deep or hard enough. I’m not being figurative – literally, every time I came, it only made me want it more. My guest had evidently come prepared with a few little blue pills that did wonders to keep his cock useful, and thank god for that. Still, by time I was sucking him back to full mast sometime in the middle of the night, he was beginning to grow fatigued. I wasn’t tired yet, though. I mean, physically yes, I was beyond exhausted. But my hot wet snatch was nowhere near ready to stop. It wasn’t until he was snoring through my frantic blowjob that, still savoring the musk of his dick in my mouth, I finally conceded the need to rest and recoup for today.

And what a day it was! Or at least, it started out amazing. I woke up to the sensation of a cock splitting my pussy in half, and once I realized it wasn’t part of the accompanying dream, I was laughing in triumphant exultation as I could at last begin rutting anew. Unsurprisingly, my guest didn’t seem eager to leave his sexy nymphomaniac’s company.

At first, anyway. Then...

OK, at first, it bugged me. Angered me, actually. Almost enough to make him leave. I was blowing him, again, and out of nowhere, he pulls out and sprays all over my face! Not just my face, but it got in my hair, on my tits, all over my hands... it was a *mess*.

“Leave it,” was all he said.

“What? It’s gross. No way.”

“Leave it, or I leave you.”

“What? But... you can’t boss me around. Not in my own home.”

He didn’t reply. But in spite of myself, in spite of how degrading it felt, how pissed off I was that he’d done it without asking, then doubled down and insisted it stay... I left it. I wanted to keep fucking, and making a fuss wasn’t going to help with that. So I let him have his prize, and when he pulled out of my pussy half an hour later and spurting all over my ass and back, I let it slide. What was a little more cum on me, after all.

By the time we resumed after lunch – I ate on the couch beside him, picking at a salad bowl with a fork in one hand, longingly stroking his shaft with the other – he made me ask him for the facial that followed. Like last night, on my knees, he didn’t settle for an ask. No, the man waited for me to *beg*. And then made me beg until it not merely sounded sincere, but was.

I know, I know, it sounds like just some kinky game I put up with. And it was... the first time. My sincerity was born of an eagerness for him to finish getting off so I could get him working on the next one. But as those splashes hit my face, as it sunk in that I’d become the sort of woman who begs a total stranger for a spritz of cum in the eye... well, it struck me how fucking *hot* it was. The more I thought about it, the more I was grateful that I even had a total stranger to have these epiphanies with. It was so much hotter acting like – no, *being* – a depraved slut with a stranger. This one above all.

The next time he asked, I smiled, pointed, and stroked until he was spent. Then before I knew the words were coming out, I thanked him for it. Then I asked him to try my ass. I’d never done that before. Always found it disgusting, really. But suddenly, the fact that it was *dirty* and *slutty* and *wrong* made it so much *hotter*! When he started smacking my ass like I was some sort of petulant toddler, another of those chains of mini-orgasms quaked through my body, continuing right up until the big one. He ate his dinner with me draped over his lap, pleading for another swat, and then another. It burned like crazy, but I didn’t care. I was pleasing him, and that just felt so fucking good I didn’t care about anything else.

By the time he fell asleep again that night, I was practically where I’d been the previous evening, unable to get off without him to give me permission, tell me what to do, reward me with signs of his satisfaction. What was the point in sex if I wasn’t performing for him? In the span of a single day, sex had become a thing I did to please men rather than satisfy my own needs.

“Do you think I’m too slutty?” I asked him the next morning in the shower. I quickly apologized for the momentary disruption of service and took him back into my mouth.

“Too slutty? It depends on how you define the term ‘slut,’ my pet.”

I took a moment to revel in the taste of his cock before answering. All the cum, all the leavings from my mouth and pussy and ass had washed away; this was purely, entirely him.

“You know, a woman who’s always horny. Who’ll fuck anything that walks.”

“Intriguing. Then, to your question, a question: would you fuck any man who asked, or are you simply attracted to my own person?”

I thought about that as the water rolled off his belly, through my slicked back hair and down the drain. I wanted to fuck, yes. Not even just to fuck, but to be sexual in general. Sucking and licking and groping and being groped and leered at and objectified and worshipping my lover’s cock. There was nothing else I’d ever wanted to do this much, and I couldn’t imagine wanting to do anything more than this ever again. But all that said, was it something particular to this man, or a broader appetite?

I imagined myself with other men. Men I knew from work, men I’d been with in the past, even hunks I’d seen on TV. I’d definitely fuck them if they wanted. If they even hinted. I might actually offer unasked, then let them do whatever they wanted. But compared to this man, this Adonis who’d flipped my world upside down with his perfect dick, his precise understanding of exactly what sort of skanky little cumslut I dreamed of being...

“I mean, mostly you. I’d fuck someone else if you told me to. Or if they asked me to and you were busy. Or if you didn’t mind having another guy or two using whatever holes you’re not in. But mostly you.”

I didn’t hear what he said next, because all of a sudden, for the first time since I’d seen him on my doorstep, I had a flash of clarity. It left as quickly as it came – *mm, coming* – but I held onto it long enough to get the words out as I reluctantly let his cock slip between my lips. “Um, why is that?”

“Why’s what, dear girl?”

I whimpered in delight at the debasing term. How had I ever found that kind of thing offensive? Being a girl, a hot young thing prized above all for her sex, it was so much better than my stupid boring name. “Whitney” was so bad for getting men to fuck me. I wanted to be girl. Pet. Tart. A piece of ass. Slutcakes. Dribblesnatch. Walking talking set of holes to get men off whenever they want as long as they want as often as...

I saw he was looking at me expectantly. Oh, right. “Why is it I’m so attracted to you? I mean, doesn’t that seem like kind of a coincidence, the perfect man stalking me home from a restaurant?”

“It does, does it?” This time I nodded; no sense wasting prime cock-sucking time with words. I knew the hot water would only hold out so much longer. “Well... promise you won’t be mad?”

I nodded again. “I promise.” I didn’t even realize what I was saying, but he’d told me to say something, and I so enjoyed letting him control what my mouth was doing that it felt natural to comply. “You see... I changed you.”

That somehow sent a chill up my spine, and not because of the diminishing hot water. “You... what?”

“Let me explain. You see, when I saw you in that restaurant, I just *knew* I had to fuck you. You were so hot, and I could see all that potential in there...” I didn’t interrupt – he’d told me to let him explain – but he saw my questioning look. “The potential to be *this*. Or something like this. A cock-starved bimbo slut slave. Not very feminist of me, I know, but the hearts wants what it wants, does it not?”

I frowned. Or at least, I would’ve, if my mouth weren’t otherwise occupied. God, I loved blowing him. It took the thrill of kneeling naked at his feet and gave it purpose. Still, that didn’t give him the right to turn me into things! I skipped right past skepticism – the evidence was all too abundant that he was doing exactly as he said – and went right to indignation.

Evidently he could see my displeasure in my eyes, though, because he went on. “That’s what I do, you see. Change people. Not quite Professor X, mind. It takes time, and it only functions in broad strokes. I can’t make a person tap dance – unless they could already – but I can instill urges, nudge cellular realignments, that kind of thing. Proximity is a big help. That’s why I spent those days camped out in front of your house. I overheard you discussing with your friends at the restaurant how much you were looking forward to vegging on the couch for the week, so I thought, why not? At that range, it woefully took me days to build up the needed lust from all the way out on the street. Awfully chilly in the van, by the by.”

“Suh-ee,” I apologized before easing him deeper in my throat.

“Then since you invited me in, we spent most of yesterday building up your desire to submit, especially to me, and your overall sluttiness, also especially toward me. As we still have a couple days until New Year’s, when I imagine you’ll be expected at whatever job you had, I’ll squeeze in some time diminishing your intelligence, upping your servility, improving those pitiful little tits of yours, some extra cushion in your ass, that sort of thing. Bravo on keeping it all so tight, by the by – much easier for me to add it on that take it off. I haven’t decided yet whether to let you keep your shame and get off on the humiliation, or to rob you of it altogether. You strike me as the type better suited to the former, but the latter is usually easier. We’ll see. And of course, the necessary bimbo cheerfulness.”

My mind was racing to take it all in without reducing the quality of my cocksucking. “You’re... you’re going to change my body?” I asked between gulps.

“It works about the same – to the extent that I understand how any of this works, at least. So yes. It’s not your fault, dear. You’re quite nearly perfect, but we all have room for improvement.”

I thrust one hand into my cunt as the thrill of his praise hit me. “Oh, *thank you*, sir!”

“You’re quite welcome, my dear little nitwit. To be sure, you don’t have any plans over the next few days, do you? Rude of me not to ask earlier, I suppose, but you seemed happy enough with your lot.”

I considered. “What’s today?”

He laughed. “The twenty-eighth.”

“Oh. Um, I have surgery on the thirtieth.” I grimaced. It felt awful, thinking about having to leave this man, this cock, for so long, for something as dry and pointless as a necessary life-saving surgery.

He looked surprised. “Oh? What sort of surgery?”

“Cardiomyoplasty.” I could see he didn’t comprehend, and as I gazed cross-eyed, longingly, at his shaft pulsing against the bridge of my nose, I explained. “You take skeletal muscles from the abdomen and graft them onto the patient’s heart. It improves the overall cardiovascular health of the heart. Aids in pumping.”

He put a gentle hand atop my head. “Oh my. That sounds serious.”

“It’s experimental, but we think it has the best prognosis. I can skip it, if you’d rather keep fucking me. Can I skip it? Please?”

There was some measure of affection in his eyes as he looked down at me. “Poor thing. Who would’ve thought a woman of your passion and endurance suffered from a weakened heart?”

“Huh? Oh, no, I–”

But then he pushed my mouth back onto his shaft, and any desire except to be his little mouthfuck toy dissipated. Dissipated. Would I even know that word any more once he was done with me? It didn’t sound like it. That was so *hot*. The more I became the thing he wanted me to be, the more he’d fuck me. I bet a lot of men would rather fuck me with huge tits and a fat ass and blowjob lips and none of that pesky intellect that had only served to intimidate them. “Perish the thought, my pet. You’ll be at your surgery, and then we’ll put your new muscles through their paces. And if it proves too much for you, well... there’s always another hot piece of ass out there, waiting to be bimboized.”

I was barely listening. He was getting close. “Would you jizz in my hair? I wanna use your cum as shampoo. I want to smell like the fucking skank who bathes in your sweet, salty spunk.”

“Well since you asked so nicely...”

So like, yeah. By the time I strolled into the hospital, I was totally a new girl. Sir had changed my body so much that I had to relearn how to walk, and since he turned me into a big dummy dumbo, learning was totes not my thing! Bye bye \$200,000 ejamacation! But you know what? I didn't even care. My titties were bigger and rounder now, and my booty was fucking *huge!* Like, it wobbled so much it practically threw me off balance, for reals! But even with as much time as I'd been spending on my hands and knees, I couldn't crawl my way through life, and Sir was nice enough to let me practice walking in my new body, in a whole new slutty come-fuck-me kind of way.

I'm like pretty sure if I walked like that in a school zone they'd put me in prison. Sorry, the thought of me and schools makes me giggle now. I tried to read my diploma on my office wall this morning while Sir was stuffing my cunt from behind, but it was in those weird squiggly letters. Or maybe another language. I don't know. And I don't care.

It was weird, being out around people. Everyone was staring at me! That was normal – boys had always stared at me, and that was when I was a boring normal stupid hot girl, not a super mega porny hot girl. But it was weird that I couldn't fuck them! Sir said he was going to make me more open to slutting myself out to more dudes, 'cause like, he worried the surgery might ruin me or whatever and he wanted to have an out. I tried to get him to see that wasn't gonna be a problem, only, like, it's hard explaining stuff, especially hard stuff like surgeries.

"Hi, Dr. Matthews!" I exclaimed as I saw Dr. Matthews. He didn't like me, I don't think, but I bet I could still get him to fuck me. He cheated on his last wife with a nurse, I heard. And I'm waaay hotter than any of the nurses here.

"Whitney, hello," he said, trying to restrain himself from ogling. I looked kinda sorta the same, if you hadn't seen me naked, so he was probs wondering how I ditched ten years or so. Sir likes his bimbos young, so that's what I am now! "You look... great. Have a good break?"

"Oh gawsh, for sure! I met this awesome guy, and had *tons* of awesome sex! I barely even left the house the past few days. I'm like sooooo much better now, you don't even know!"

His eyes widened – and then almost popped out of his head as I started stripping right there in front of him. No biggie. He's a doctor, right, so like, he's totally seen the human body before. Plus, it pays to advertise, and I didn't wanna leave the hospital without getting some dick. Maybe if he didn't fuck me, he'd tell someone else to? Or maybe like five someone elses. That'd be hawt.

Oops! I still had some of Sir's jizz leaking out of my cunt! Oh well. I scooped it up with my finger and sucked it clean.

Dr. Matthews stood, staring, as I stripped naked and changed into my little surgery thingy. "Everything ready for me?" I asked.

"Um," he said.

I giggled. “You mad I put my titties away, Dr, Matthews? I can get ‘em back out later, but right now I gotta go to surgery! You can play with ‘em after. Or during, if you want. I don’t care.”

He grinned. “Jesus, Whitney. I guess the rumors are true after all. I’d always thought... well, you look me up after, all right? You may land that promotion after all.”

I giggled, then I kissed him. He seemed surprised, but went ahead and felt up my ass. I’d have let him keep doing it, or anything else he wanted to do to me, but he reminded me it was time to go, so I went.

Sir said I had to do the surgery, and I always obey Sir. Obedience is so fucking hot, it’s like the only big word I’m still allowed to know.

Frankly? I think having a moron like me perform surgery is totes a bad idea. But every time I tried to tell Sir that, he’d just tell me to shut up and tell me again that I had to do it. It seemed so dangerous, ya know? Like, I can barely count by fives any more (five, ten, twenty, twenty-five... something like that), and he’s got me in here trying to remember where to make the cutty thingy on poor Mr. Garcia. I felt sorta bad, because I know he really needed that heart thingy, but I also felt sorta good because I fucked it up so bad so fast that the nurses dragged me outta there still all icky squicky from the blood and stuff. Not that being bloody feels good, but like, it meant I was done early! Sex time again!

Dr. Matthews was super super mad at me, though, and I think I’m not gonna get that promotion after all. Even though I offered to be his personal butt slut whenever I was on duty! (I tried to make a booty/duty joke, but I fucked it up. Rhyming is hard.) Then the cops came and took me away – handcuffs are *so fucking hot!* – and they wanted to know why I butchered Mr. Garcia, and I was all it’s not like I wanted to be hot and dumb you guys, so just let’s all go fuck in my cell and forget about lame stuff like malpractice. Whatever that is. But nooo, they got all mad and serious and said that was bad (and wouldn’t even spank me for being bad!) and asked me all these questions until I just started to cry and told them they should stop being so mean and just ask Sir, because he’s the one who told me to do the surgery!

So they put their big smart man-brains together and left me sitting there handcuffed to some cop’s desk to go find Sir. I was totally leaking cunt juice all over my seat – gawd I wanna fuck men in uniforms! And out of uniforms. Men who just took off their uniforms. Men who are already naked who may or may not have once been wearing uniforms. So yeah, like, basically any man, I guess.

What was I saying? Oh right, handcuffed. And they dragged Sir in, and he gave me this look like he was so mad at me, but like, what did I do wrong? I tried to tell those nummy ummy police boys what he did, that he only meant to mind control and reshape me into his personal dream girl so I’d be a perfect slave for him, but that only made them madder! Boys, right?

I guess that's life as a bimbo slut slave, ya know? No matter who you obey, no matter which cock you take in the mouth and which you take in the ass – or even if you let them switch back and forth – there's no pleasing some people. And what else is there to a big-titted, round-bootied, cock-loving, greedy-cunted, cum-starved, girl-brained, do-anything-for-any-man-any-time-any-place girl like me, if it's not pleasing people?

One little oopsie, and everybody's glaring at me like I killed somebody.

Oh gosh, did I?

I totally didn't mean to, you know. Can I make it up to you? Any hole you like.





