

Living the Dream
Part Three

Day 224

That weekend was one of the longest of my life. When you realize the only escape from having your brain good and washed is to go into the brainwashing facility and get on with acting as brainwashed as you can, a three-day weekend is the worst thing for it. Stupid Memorial Day. (I mean, not *actually* stupid. Like, for our men and women in uniform, I have SO much respect for... ugh, never mind.)

The annual picnic at my mom and dad's was brutal. There was the three hour round trip, for one. By the time I arrived the weather was more April than May, but oh no, Dad was going to grill out, come hell or high water. As his baby girl it was my duty to play chef's assistant, which meant standing around in the breezy 48-degree weather in my booty shorts and tank top and trying not to feel too self-conscious about how obvious my nipples were. My brother-in-law sure sure got a kick out of it.

Why did I dress like a slut for a holiday visit to my parents' house? To be fair, before my post-workout shower that morning, I'd lain out a pair of skinny jeans and a sweater. I'd been half an hour away before I caught myself admiring my big fat titties in the rear view mirror. I'm so proud of my big tits. I'm such a hot big-titted slut. Anyway, I figured, fucked up as I was, I wasn't any more likely to dress myself more conservatively the second time out than I had been the first time. So I counted myself lucky I'd bothered with a sports bra under the tank top and sucked it up.

Pretending I was still their little girl had been the hardest part, though. Not in practice, that is, but emotionally. The roleplaying was easy. After all, it was important nobody outside FAA knew what was happening there. I had to protect my boss. What happens at FAA is nobody's business. But sitting there talking to my family, acting like I was happy at my job and like my life was going great when I knew that by that time tomorrow I'd be thrusting myself into the lion's maw... that was rough. I bore my mother's first name and my father's last, but wearing that name felt like a lie. I am DJ Gaspar's slut. I am DJ Gaspar's whore. I am DJ Gaspar's fuck toy. I am whatever DJ Gaspar wants me to be. It almost made me wish Mr. Gaspar was there. He'd make everything feel OK.

No. He'd make everything feel *incredible*.

It was that thought that was foremost in my mind as I made my way into the office the next day. I'd arrived early, on the road before 7AM. My employee ID card didn't even let me into the building at that hour, so I'd had to wait in the parking lot until it did. The lights were already on up on the second floor when I pulled into the lot.

Come to think of it, I couldn't remember ever seeing the windows dark upstairs. What did they do up there?

Hopefully I'd soon find out. Before I went fucking crazy. Upstairs, I knew, was my only hope. My office was clearly ground zero for their brainwashing program, turning me into Mr. Gaspar's docile and submissive pet. I'd already tried and failed to report them to the authorities, but what happens at FAA is nobody's business. Besides, even I couldn't figure out how they were doing it. If I could convince the police to investigate, no way they were going to bust open walls looking for brainwashing tech because some girl came to them with this insane story. So getting help was out. And I couldn't quit. I'd tried that, too. My job is the most important thing in my life.

So the only place left I could think to go, the only place I might be safe from their brainwashing long enough to recover, was the second floor. If I could get myself promoted, I could get upstairs. I didn't know what awaited me there, but I had to hope that they didn't keep brainwashing us up there. Maybe I could get up there while my head was clear enough that I could still resist. Sometimes, I even entertained fantasies that I could find a way to save my poor, fucked-up coworkers while I was at it. But I had to get out of the lion's den first, while there was still part of me that wanted to resist. I can't resist DJ Gaspar.

Err, I meant I *can* resist DJ Gaspar. That's what I meant. I can. I can, I can, I can.

All morning long, I busted my butt on my current project, a spread for a local grocery store chain. Every time I thought I had it right, I looked for something that wasn't perfect and made it so. The oranges in the fruit stand could stand to be more orange, and the bananas were too green. Half off on detergent was an amazing deal – the font needed to be two points bigger on that sucker. The \$1 coupon on Ben & Jerry's I moved to the second page. Proper diet and exercise are very important to me. It was important to stay fit and hot.

It was during my lunch break, though – the second half, after the usual unspoken competition for which one of us could eat the fewest calories, when I went back to my office and masturbated – that I started to question my approach. All weekend I'd been psyching myself up to bust my metaphorical balls to impress Mr. Gaspar and Mr. Hooper. I needed to earn their approval so I could move up to the second floor where senior employees transferred, the ones who'd put in their time and proven themselves to management. You got the promotion, and got out of this vortex of subliminals. That was what I needed, while there was still any of the real me left.

Only as I sat there a few hours in, legs splayed and feet propped up on either side of my keyboard, skirt hiked up around my waist, fingers buried to the knuckle in my twat in front of those ads displayed on my monitor, I had a realization. First, that I really wished DJ Gaspar could see me right then. I bet I looked hot as hell, and I was already

in a good position to be fucked. DJ Gaspar can fuck me any time he wants. I want to be fucked by DJ Gaspar.

But the second was that it wasn't about the work. Every time I caught myself thinking, or sometimes even mumbling aloud, the words being drilled into my skull, it was always about sex, or subservience, or keeping it all under wraps. I couldn't remember ever finding myself feeling compelled to do the work part of it. I mean, it was a job, so I had the same compulsion everyone had, but nothing more. If I'm being honest, less. Nobody from management ever came by to criticize my productivity. When I'd had a direct supervisor, Lynn had never done more than offer pointers. Sure, I worked hard, but that was because my job paid well and had great benefits – aside from being turned into DJ Gaspar's whore. (DJ Gaspar can pimp me out to anyone, any time.) But I hadn't been hired here because of my work ethic. The girls being moved upstairs weren't being promoted for their performance records.

My value was my pretty face and my jiggy titties and my sculpted ass and my creamy pussy. I am a pretty face and jiggy titties and a sculpted ass and a creamy pussy. I wasn't going to be promoted for good work. I was going to be promoted when they thought my brainwashing was completed and I was ready for... whatever happened upstairs. I supposed it wasn't hard to guess.

Did anyone remain here for long? That afternoon, I did what research I could to confirm my theory. Using my station as chair of the social committee, I made the rounds. As far as my coworkers knew, my visit was occasioned by the accidental deletion of the document that contained birthdays, allergies and dietary restrictions, and so on. The opportunity for gossip was simply a bonus. From what I could gather, none of my coworkers could recall someone remaining on the first floor for more than a year and a half or so. The longest any of us had been down here was Anna from HR, who was about to celebrate eighteen months.

There was a wet spot in the back of her mini skirt when she stood up, and a dark stain in the accompanying spot on her chair. When I asked her if she thought she might be promoted soon, Anna gave her left breast a lengthy caress. "I hope so," she said with a dreamy sigh. When she noticed, she giggled. "Sorry. I'm just really excited to advance, you know?"

"Believe me, I know." I tried to laugh it off.

"My job is the most important thing in my life," the two of us said in unison. If it bothered her to hear her words echoed on my lips, she didn't give any sign of it.

Day 230

The following Friday's party for Anna's promotion went off without a hitch. We made a potluck out of it, everyone bringing a dish from home. We all knew plenty of them were leftovers from Memorial Day gatherings, but that was sort of the idea. Besides, that food had been made for family members who didn't need to worry about how important it was to be fit and hot. Almost all of it wound up in the dumpster. This time, as I ferried leftovers out to the trash, I didn't have any further encounters with DJ Gaspar or his newly promoted fuck toy.

I tried not to be jealous of Anna. I want to be DJ Gaspar's fuck toy.

I mean, I don't, but... he wants me to want to be his fuck toy. Which is really hot. I get turned on by thinking about being DJ Gaspar's slut. Weird to think that if I hadn't learned that my boss wasn't merely Mr. Gaspar, but *DJ* Gaspar specifically, all these thoughts bouncing around inside my skull would have stayed in the back of my head like they seemed to with everybody else. I'd do my job and scrub my brain and wind up as happy and doomed as the others.

Anyway, while I hadn't bumped into him after the party, he did stop by my office the following Monday.

"Morning, sunshine! So how's my favorite senior graphic designer today?"

My back had been to the door. I'd been so focused on touching my clitty that I hadn't heard him open it, either. Recognizing the voice only meant that my orgasm hit me suddenly, and intensely.

After a moment to compose myself (and hope I wasn't sweating too hard), I replied. "Mr. Gaspar! Just one second..." I leaned forward, pretending to study something intently on my screen. What I was really doing was trying to think of somewhere I could wipe the cum off my fingers without him noticing it, but in the end, I had no recourse but to fold the dry one over the wet one before pivoting to face him. "Sorry, just catching up on email."

He glanced over my shoulder. "Somebody emailed you a link to a lingerie page?"

Cringe. I minimized the tab in an instant. "Oh. No, I was, um, looking through some stock photos to see if we could find a good face for one of my projects. That's all." Actually I'd been online shopping for a bra that would look good if I came in with no blouse under my jacket.

"If you're looking for pretty faces, maybe start in the mirror?" He laughed.

I trembled with a sudden aftershock of an orgasm. *DJ Gaspar thinks I'm pretty!!!* But he seemed to take my hesitation as offense. "I was only teasing, Brianne. Apologies. That was inappropriate."

My gut reaction was to rush to assure him that it had been fine. That he could objectify me any way he wanted. That his compliment marked the first time I'd ever

come without anyone even touching me. That I'd order and model all that lingerie for him if he'd let me. And, thank god, that he was a monster for putting these thoughts in my head. But I held those reactions in check. Barely.

"No apology necessary, Mr. Gaspar. I won't tell if you won't." Was the wink going too far? My rehearsals over the past week hadn't started off with him catching me cunt-spelunking. It was throwing off my game.

"Great. I just wanted to check in, see how things are going. But it looks like I'm only getting in the way."

"What? No, no, not at all. Honestly, between you and me, it's nice to have a man in my office for a change. A little too much estrogen around here sometimes."

"Yeah, I suppose we do have that. One of these days we'll find a halfway qualified man and hire him."

"Oh my, another man around? I'm distracted enough as it is!"

My tone was jocular, but he took the bait. "Distracted?"

"What? Oh! I didn't mean to say I'm 'distracted,' like I can't do my job or something. This job is the most important thing in my life!" Good. Just like rehearsal. Like so, so, so many rehearsals. More than I knew. "I only meant... you know..."

He sat down on my diddling couch, so called because sometimes I couldn't spread my legs wide enough in my chair. "I'm not sure I do, Brianne."

"Oh, just... gosh. OK. Not to get all personal on you, but I guess it's been a long time between boyfriends is all."

He nodded. "Ah, I see. Now that you mention it, I guess I don't see that photo on your desk any more."

The picture of Keith and I had gone in the trash weeks before I'd broken up with him. I hadn't thought of the guy since. DJ Gaspar is the only man I want or need. In fact, it was only at that moment I realized I'd probably dumped Keith because of the brainwashing. Damn. That loser pussy asshole hadn't even been able to notice his girlfriend was being turned into a mind-fucked living sex toy.

Oh shit! Maybe he wasn't a loser pussy asshole? Oh well. Too late now.

"Yeah, been a bit of a dry spell, I guess. I don't know. Maybe I'm just saving myself for the right man." *That's it. Suck in the lower lip. Touch your breast, but just barely. Sigh. Like you need it.*

Did I ever. I need DJ Gaspar. I need to please DJ Gaspar. I need to be DJ Gaspar's slut.

"What about you?" I asked, shaking myself out of my feigned reverie. Mostly feigned. With him in front of me, all those voices had gone from whispers to screams. "Seeing anybody? If, you know, that's not too personal."

"Who, me?" Mr. Gaspar brushed the question aside. "Bachelor for life."

I leaned in. "Really? I don't know why, but that's surprising to me."

“Yeah? I suppose, maybe. Hooper’s been married for twenty-five years and it’s not doing him any favors. I guess for a long time I thought that was what I wanted. The regular old process. Dating, marriage, kids, all that. But one day... you know, I realized it wasn’t for me.”

Yeah, no shit you did. “Oh? Was she that awful?”

“Was she...?” He caught my meaning and belted out a laugh. “No, nothing like that. Quite the opposite, in fact. She was... well. But after that, I finally let myself try having a little fun, taking it easy, doing what makes me happy instead of what I’d always been told was supposed to make me happy, and... voila.”

“So... you just... date around?”

“I just... have fun.” He gave me a shrug, smiled. God, he was sexy. DJ Gaspar is the sexiest man alive. DJ Gaspar makes me so wet. DJ Gaspar is physically perfect.

“It sounds... fun.” I flashed a look I’d been practicing in the mirror at home since last week. In my own humble opinion, it was the look of a girl who wanted to be smiling flirtatiously but who was trying not to look like she was flirting. I’d tried it out on a few guys at the gym, and it seemed like it had egged them on appropriately.

But instead, he only smiled and returned to his feet. “Well. I won’t take up any more of your time, Brianne. Keep up the good work. Look forward to seeing what lingerie we don’t get to see.”

And then he was gone. The door hadn’t even closed fully behind him before I was on the diddling couch and diving into my pussy to the fucking elbow. I could only hope my pillow muffled my screams.

Day 272

Six weeks. A month and a half of using every single opportunity when Mr. Gaspar was in earshot to my best advantage, to make sure he knew how ripe and ready for plucking I was.

“Is my blouse too see-through?” I’d asked him on our way into the building together one rainy morning.

“My sister keeps trying to set me up with this friend of hers, this really hot DJ,” I confided in him a week later when he stopped by for another spontaneous check-in. “It’s not my usual thing, but I dunno, part of me is weirdly tempted.”

“God, I’m so horny,” I’d complained to Yvette, our intern, one of the only women here even younger than me. Wendy, whose office we were standing directly outside, hastily closed the door on her meeting with Mr. Gaspar with an exasperated look in my direction.

I didn’t really know how to hint much harder than that. Worse, what I’d said to Yvette was true. Every day, it got a little worse. The compulsion to pleasure DJ Gaspar seemed compounded by my inability to do so. The other girls were getting the same brainwashing I was, surely, but the programming seemed to lie dormant in us until we found out who we’d been made, or rather re-made, to serve. Knowing what I needed but not being able to fall to my knees and do it was driving me up the wall. Any more, I was losing half my day to masturbating and trying not to masturbate.

But that wasn’t even the worst of it. No, the worst was knowing that I *didn’t* want to be a fuck toy. I *didn’t* need to be DJ Gaspar’s slut. But the vice clamped around my brain sure made that hard to remember sometimes, especially on those days where he paid the first floor a visit. Then, I was a starving woman watching a food truck roll by, but without a nickel for its wares.

Knock, knock.

I had mere seconds to react. There was no time to hide the hands-free dildo I’d been riding on my desk chair; in a rush, I clenched it as tight as my pussy would let me and squeezed my thighs together, hoping the plastic ball sack at the end of it wouldn’t show at the bottom of my mini skirt. My ass was in direct contact with the plastic of my chair, a sensation to which I was well-acclimated, but not in front of my boss.

I was barely swiveling to face the door when it swung open to reveal Mr. Gaspar. DJ Gaspar. I came, of course, but I’d gotten pretty good about being subtle about it after my neighbor in the apartment below mine repeatedly complained to our super. I hoped I’d gotten good, at least.

“Heya, Brianne. Got a sec?”

“Sure, Mr. Gaspar. What’s up?”

He slipped inside and closed the door behind him. “Look, Brianne. I want to start off my saying this isn’t a formal thing, so don’t panic, OK?”

Like most people in most jobs, those words set off a panic reaction. My job is the most important thing in my life! It was harder to hide than the orgasm. “OK...”

“Good. I wanted to touch base with you about some concerns some of the girls in the office have raised about your behavior.”

“My behavior?” I frowned.

“Yes. I understand there was an incident the other day in the restroom?”

I knew exactly what he was referring to, and nodded contritely. I’d been touching up my makeup and whatnot earlier that morning after an especially sweaty bout of masturbation, and suddenly in walked Kristine, the new girl who’d come on the week before. She caught me in the midst of drying off my panties in the hand dryer and about-faced immediately. It was only after she left that it dawned on me that normal women don’t dry their soggy panties off in the open.

“Now I’m not judging, truly. I like to run a relaxed environment and let my employees express themselves freely. As long as you all put in your hours and the job gets done, I’m perfectly happy to stand back and leave you to it. But you do remember what it was like when you were new here, don’t you?”

I nodded. I wasn’t sure I did – I wasn’t sure of much of anything – but I was too mortified over this confrontation to say as much. “Yeah, I think so.”

“Right. So when it comes to the new girls, let’s go easy on them, all right? Maybe keep a teensy tiny portion of that wonderful Brianne vibe we all love so much in your office, or at home. OK?”

“Yes, sir. I’m really sorry about that.”

He waved a hand dismissively. “Don’t be. Kristine’s still pretty green. Just between you and me, I’ve never been one to insist on *more* underwear on a pretty young woman like yourself. Just don’t tell the other gals I said, so, eh?”

I giggled, and in an instant, I had forsworn ever wearing underwear ever again. “Our little secret, sir.”

Mr. Gaspar looked like he was about to leave, but stopped as his hand touched the knob. “Say, how long have you been here, Brianne?”

“About nine months now, I think?” I knew it beyond a shadow of a doubt, but I didn’t want to seem over-analytical. I like to act a little stupid. Dumb girls are cute. I want to be whatever DJ Gaspar wants me to be.

“Hmm. You know, we just may need to move up your review. See whether you have second-floor potential.”

“Really?!” All of my practiced equanimity evaporated. Was I finally getting somewhere? Oh thank god!

“Really.” He flashed a paternal smile, and I almost came again. “Oh, and by the way – your toy is showing a bit there.”

The door closed behind him before I recovered from the mortification. But that sucker didn’t escape my thighs until I was ready to go home for the day. All that afternoon, I kept repeating to myself, *you’ve done it*. Upstairs. Upstairs girls had been well and truly brainwashed. I couldn’t make myself quit, and I couldn’t undo what had been done. A promotion was the only way. I didn’t expect things would be *less* depraved there; only that there wouldn’t be any more reason to keep marinating my brain cells in the endless subliminal stew that was the first floor.

Was I too far gone already? I hoped not. Part of me still wanted to escape. Resented what was being done to me. Wanted to go back to normal – if I could remember what normal was.

But I was afraid to quantify how big that part was.

Day 277

“Good morning, Ms. Cochrane. Please, have a seat.”

I complied. Employees do as they’re told. “Thank you, Mr. Hooper.”

“It’s been a while, hasn’t it? Let’s see... nine months? That fast, eh. Impressive.”

Impressive was in regards to how quickly I’d been deemed fully mind-scrubbed, but I genuflected as though it had been meant for me. I get horny when I’m complimented. “I hope so.”

“All right. So me you know, but I believe you’ve not yet met Suzi and Jessi.” The women he referenced were seated on either side of him. The former, Suzi, was older, significantly older, and while she was pretty, I was so used to being surrounded by the cream of the proverbial crop that finding a woman in the office who was past her prime was almost menacing. As for the younger woman, Jessi... she belonged here. Probably not quite thirty, chic light brown hair in a cute but professional bob, trim body with big, probably fake tits straining at the buttons of her blouse – she was FAA all the way. Would I need to get fake tits? I love having big fuckable titties, but I’m only a C cup. (Wait, *do* I have big fuckable titties?) Jessi reminded me of someone, though. Or had I met her somewhere? I wasn’t sure.

Introductions made and hands shaken, we commenced with the review. I don’t know what I’d expected of this meeting. I’d been told it would be conducted by Mr. Hooper and some people from HR, but nothing more. My expectation, frankly, had been that he’d finally play his hand and fuck me the way I’d been groomed for. Only sitting across from him, face to face for the first time since I’d been hired, there was no stirring in my pussy for Mr. Hooper. I would do as he asked, of course. I want to be a good employee. My job is the most important thing in my life. But unlike Mr. Gaspar, whose first name I’d only learned by accident, Jack Hooper’s name was and ever had been clearly defined in his email signature, on his business card, and I’m pretty sure from our first introduction. He did nothing for my pussy.

If I were being groomed to be a company fuck toy, why would I only be selected for Mr. Gaspar? Did he and Mr. Hooper divide up the office? Were some of my coworkers being groomed for his stable instead of Mr. Gaspar’s? It didn’t make sense to me. But a lot about this didn’t make sense. The madness was pretty deep by now.

The HR office was as cold and as impersonal as it had been the last time I’d been here. Nine months to the day since I’d filled out my employment paperwork and been trained in the basics of my ostensible job. At the time, I’d been mind-blown to have been given this opportunity. A full-time job, with salary, insurance, even a retirement plan. Now, I was pretty sure I’d keep showing up to work and try every bit as hard if they told me I was working for the thrill of pleasing Mr. Gaspar.

Suzi closed my portfolio with a snap. “So we’ve taken a look at your work, Brianne. But I’d like to hear your thoughts. What do you think has been your greatest accomplishment since joining us at FAA?”

I’ve lost twelve pounds, all of it fat. My ass looks better than it ever has. I’ve never looked more fuckable. “The McNalley account,” I stated firmly. “When it first landed on my desk, I was honestly overwhelmed by what he was asking. But I learned two important things on that project. First, and I guess technically this is a bunch of separate things, but I really got to know the software, inside and out. Took me a lot of late nights, but I nailed it. And second, I learned that sometimes I need to tell a client – diplomatically – that I know better than they do, and to trust my judgment.”

Suzi nodded, but didn’t look especially impressed by what I’d thought in rehearsal would be a fairly impressive answer. Neither Jessi nor Mr. Hooper seemed any more moved than Suzi. Darn.

“Where do you feel there’s room for you to improve?” asked Jessi. The question sounded rote, and she seemed to realize it. “Not to say you haven’t shown significant growth. Only asking where you think you could stand to improve further.

Learn to suck cock better. More eye contact. Get bigger tits. Show them off more. Nine months and I haven’t made DJ Gaspar come one single time. My self-worth and my value to DJ Gaspar are the same thing. “Time management,” I answered, and I explained how I hoped to be able to better compartmentalize work and personal life, to keep from all the late hours and getting out of the gym faster and into work earlier. I didn’t mean a word of it. Being fit and sexy is extremely important. I want to be the sexiest version of myself. My job is to be a fuck toy for DJ Gaspar.

Mr. Hooper grunted an acknowledgment of my answer, which this time was a bit more fair, if not exactly encouraging. It was a cliché answer, but all the remotely truthful responses were out of bounds. Masturbate less, daydream less about my boss, quit spending multiple hours a day trying to locate the source of the brainwashing, dress sluttier, touch myself, offer myself to my boss, stop trying to save myself and just give in, beg for him to fuck me, thank him for enslaving me.

“Ms. Cochran?”

I blinked. “I’m sorry, I guess I’m a little nervous. Could you repeat the question?”

He looked to the woman on either side of him and flashed each a decidedly paternalistic smirk at my expense. “Quite all right. I asked what the company could do to enhance your job satisfaction. Your thoughts?”

Let me fuck DJ Gaspar. Let me blow DJ Gaspar. Let me use my tits and ass to entertain DJ Gaspar. Promote me to full-time whoredom. Let me serve. Let me obey. “Gosh, well let me say up front, FAA is an incredible company to work for. The lax dress code, self-appointed hours, all that. But if I were looking to provide any useful feedback, I think it would be increased transparency? I don’t have much insight into how my work

is utilized by other departments or the folks upstairs, and I always think I could provide a better product if I knew what was useful or a hindrance to other staffers.”

And so on it went. They each asked several more questions, about my goals, my relations with coworkers, with management, with corporate policies and culture. Every time, I ignored all those kneejerk thoughts of submission and subservience and told them a gilded lie, as cloaked in business speak as I could manage from my research and rehearsals. And every time, they seemed entirely unimpressed. Question by question, my hopes sank. I was failing. They were going to send me back to my office and let me simmer in the bubbling stew of their mind control until I was ready to eat. There would be no escape to the second floor. I’d wind up like Anna and the rest, nothing more than pleasing flesh with just enough brain mass left over to obey their commands. All this talk of goals and achievements and synergy was bullshit. I may as well just go back to my office, hike up my skirt and finger my needy wet fuckable cunt until Mr. Gaspar’s stooges decided I was fully and completely ready to become his full-time sex slave. Just diddle and diddle, play with myself until there was nothing left but a plaything.

Plaything. That was new. I was pretty sure that wasn’t even part of the program. My subconscious was starting to ad lib. Great. One more thing to jill myself off to forget. Nothing relaxed me like a good come. I could close my eyes, spread my thighs, and be a cunt. Nothing but a cunt, for the rest of my life. A wet, drippy cunt, her folds dribbling out onto her seat, her clit constantly engorged and pleading for attention. Stabbing two fingers, three fingers, *four* fingers, *ungh*, trying to imagine which one would feel the most like DJ Gaspar’s perfect dick. Cum my dwindling brains out until—

A woman’s bemused giggle commanded my attention. “Are you sure this is the time or place for that, Ms. Cochran?”

With a gasp of contrition followed by a convulsion of sheer mortification, my fingers flew out of my cunt so hastily that a ribbon of fluid whipped off of it and splatted across Suzi’s blouse. “Oh my god! I’m so... I was just... I didn’t...! I’m so sorry!”

Suzi glanced down at herself, wrinkled her nose, and excused herself without a word, but Jessi was laughing even before the door closed. “It’s all right, Brianne. I understand. I used to have the same problem. Sometimes the body knows what it needs better than the brain, right?”

“Um, right?” Did it?

“You know, for the longest time, I had this *feeling*, like I was meant for something other than what I was doing. For years, I was miserable, faking my way through school and trying to start a career while I ignored my real calling. But I didn’t know what it was — just this nagging voice that told me I was supposed to be someone else. I just knew there was more I wanted out of life. But it wasn’t until Mr. Gaspar introduced himself to my family and I that I understood what that something was.”

“Your, ah, family?” Why was I still wet? Oh god, I was *leaking* all over the chair!
Don't touch it again, slut!

“Oh, I'm sorry. I guess Daddy is pretty tight-lipped about personal matters around the office.” She elbowed Mr. Hooper, who'd been so quiet that only then did I realize a man had seen me doing that unspeakable, whorish thing. “My full name is Jessi Hooper. Suzi Hooper is my mother. My sister Tabby works up on the second floor with us, too. You'll meet her soon.”

“Meet...?” Why was I just parroting what they said? I was supposed to be impressing them! Only now I'd revealed myself as a dumb fucking slut who can't stop touching herself because she's too turned on by the thought of becoming a sex machine to stop herself.

“Sure. Once we finalize the paperwork and run it by Mr. Gaspar. We're very impressed with what we've seen from you, Brianne. You're being promoted. Upstairs.” Jessi rose and extended a hand to me. But with my matching hand coated in pussy, and the realization of her statement beginning to sink in, I instead ran around the table and threw my arms around her.

“Oh thank god!”

It wasn't for some hours that I wondered if that meeting had gone exactly as they planned.