

I Have No Mouth

Chapter 3

Every instinct told her to turn away and run.

She *wanted* to.

But Evelyn's body ignored her. Continued walking towards Dan, a welcoming smile pulling at her cheeks.

His eyes twinkled as she approached. Cold tingles shot down Evelyn's spine as Dan's gaze lowered from Evelyn's face to her chest.

Her body tensed. Just for a moment – a single heartbeat – but it did happen. A physical response to her *friend's* wandering eyes. As soon as her heart thumped, the tension bled away. Evelyn's body continued forward, barely missing a step.

"Hey," Dan grinned. "Been waiting for you."

"Hi Dan," Evelyn's body said, raising an eyebrow. "What's up?"

Why'd I tense up just then?

"Oh nothing," Dan's grin widened. "Do you mind if I come in? Got something I want to talk to you about."

"Sure," her body beamed. "As long as you behave. Vi's home and-"

"Nah, she's not. I watched her head out a few minutes ago."

Evelyn nodded her head, mind racing.

Violet had left already? She didn't work this morning, did she?

An instant later, a gut-twisting thought occurred.

She was alone with Dan.

Her feet took her to the door. She unlocked it, opened it, stepped aside and waved Dan in with a smile on her face.

As he strutted past her, Evelyn opened her mouth to speak.

"What- *do you want?* "-can I help you with?"

"Just wanna ask you a few questions is all," Dan said, not looking back at her. He headed straight upstairs, walking towards Evelyn's bedroom.

A tightness seized her chest, squeezing her and making it difficult to breathe.

He wouldn't...

Even as dread flooded through her and her skin prickled, Evelyn's body moved to follow. Walking closed behind Dan like everything was normal.

He let himself into her bedroom, strode over to her bed and sat down on the edge.

"Your sister doesn't have a boyfriend or anything, right?"

"No," Evelyn answered stiffly. "She doesn't."

She put her hand on her hip, stared at Dan.

Body and mind united in annoyance, Evelyn waited for Dan to ask his questions. She took the moment to really take him in. See him in a way she never had before. All the lewd jokes and his playful, carefree demeanour; harmless before, but blood-chilling now.

"Maybe she does," Dan said, watching her closely, "and she just doesn't invite him over. For all we know, she could be out getting rawdogged right now."

Evelyn's entire body tensed, recoiled. "Don't talk about Violet like that!"

She was half-surprised that she'd been able to speak the words. With the hypnotic instructions hanging over her, her voice didn't feel like her own anymore. But, of course, she wasn't *actually* going against any of the programming she'd been given. Scolding Dan when he was being too rude – especially about Violet – was a common occurrence. Definitely not something that'd break the rule about acting differently or unusually.

She crossed her arms, glared at Dan.

"Fine," he said after a short pause, his smile widening. "Fine. My bad. Guess I'm just a lil' jealous is all. First Sylus and Nina, now you and Luke. I'm the only one who's still single."

Evelyn didn't respond to that. What she wanted to say – that maybe, just *maybe*, hypnotising girls against their will shouldn't be his go-to strategy for getting a date – was impossible.

"But no matter," Dan said, flashing a smile that curled Evelyn's stomach. "I don't think I'm gonna have to wait long to get my dick wet. I won't be waiting as long as Luke, that's for sure."

Out of Dan's pocket came a lighter.

Evelyn's eyes were drawn to it, no matter how hard she tried to look away. The instant Dan sparked it, showed her the lighter's flame, her entire body gave out. Standing rigid for a moment before toppling forward.

Dan rushed forward and caught her.

His right hand, Evelyn couldn't help but notice, found itself on one of her breasts.

"Do you remember the five sets of instructions I've given you?"

"Yes," Evelyn's body replied in a monotone.

Her eyes stared up at her ceiling blankly.

After taking a few seconds to fondle her, he'd put her down on her bed. She couldn't see where he was. But, from the sound of his voice, he was probably sitting at the foot of her bed. She could feel his weight on the mattress, for sure.

I can't believe I ever trusted him.

He'd always been a goofball. The weird one in the group. But, until today, she'd never imagined he'd do something like *this*.

I need to find a way out of this.

Hypnosis wasn't all-powerful. It *couldn't* be. There'd be ways out; loopholes or tricks or *something*.

All she needed to do was figure out how. Somehow.

"The fifth set of rules," Dan said. "The ones about you being Luke's girlfriend. There's something I'm adding to it."

What was it he'd said last time?

'Until I say so.'

"Despite being Luke's *temporary* girlfriend, you'll have no interest in him sexually. Nothing he does will arouse you or make you horny, and you'll refuse to do anything even remotely involving his dick. Understood?"

"Yes," Evelyn's body answered.

A tiny glimmer of hope blossomed in her chest. Those rules were actually *good*. The first parts were whatever – she really didn't see Luke that way as it was – but that last part? Not getting anywhere near Luke's genitals was a-okay with her.

"And," Dan said happily, "for the sixth and final set of instructions..."

Oh no.

"You will obey my every command outside of these hypnotic trances. If I command you to do something, you'll try your hardest to see it done. And... Whenever you look at me or hear my voice or even think about me, you'll start getting horny and excited. You'll have the hots for me. I'm the only man you'll ever want; from now until the day you die."

Evelyn wanted to vomit. She wanted to scream.

All she could do was lay there, staring at the ceiling.

"You won't mind if I touch you," Dan continued. "In fact, you'll crave it. My hands and cock will be like a drug to you. Addictive and amazing."

He muttered something Evelyn couldn't make out, then the weight on the bed shifted.

"Can't yet," she heard Dan whisper to himself as he stood. "Gotta test... Tonight. Yeah, tonight'll do just fine..."

His face appeared right above of Evelyn.

A grinning face with twinkling eyes.

Revolting.

"I'm gonna wake you up in a minute," Dan told her, his face inches from hers. "But, before I do, I'm going to ask you one very important question. Answer them immediately and with total honesty. Got it?"

"Yes," her body responded.

"Do you," he said slowly, his disgusting grin splitting his face, "think you'd be able to convince or trick your sister into being hypnotised?"

"What's wrong?" Vi asked.

Evelyn blinked at her.

They were in the hallway, Evelyn about to leave on her 'date' with Luke and Violet on her way to one of her jobs. Just as she'd been about to walk past her big sister, she'd been stopped. Violet had stepped in front of her, lips pursed, and asked that.

What's wrong? Evelyn mused mirthlessly. *Everything.*

But her body wouldn't allow her to say it.

"Nothing!" She felt herself smile. "Just a little nervous, is all. You worry too much!"

Violet's eyes narrowed.

"What?" Evelyn asked, smile faltering.

"You're lying," her big sister stated.

"What? No! I really am going on a date with Luke. I promise! Why would I even lie about that?"

Violet crossed her arms over her voluptuous chest.

Help me. Evelyn pleaded. *Save me.*

For several silent moments, Evelyn allowed herself to hope that her sister could see the truth. See the despair in her eyes.

"I'm fine," Evelyn heard her own voice say. "Really."

I'm not! Please, please help me.

"Just remember," Violet said with a sigh. "You're under no obligation to do anything you don't want to. Set boundaries and, if he tries to cross them, shut him down. You don't owe him *anything*. You got that?"

"Y-yes," Evelyn felt her face heat.

Violet's eyes were still narrowed, her face showing the same doubt and suspicion. But she didn't move to stop Evelyn again. She stepped aside, let Evelyn walk past, keeping her gaze locked on her younger sister's back.

All Evelyn could do was walk away.

Out of the house, down the path to the street.

Where Luke was waiting.

So far, the date hadn't been as horrifying as Evelyn had feared.

Luke bought a pair of movie tickets for them, had gotten drinks and popcorn and led the way to their seats.

A little chatting before the opening credits. Then... nothing.

They sat in silence, watching the movie. Save for a few shy attempts at holding her hand, Luke didn't make any advances towards her. And those attempts were easily thwarted – whenever she saw his hand creeping towards hers, she pulled away and snatched up a kernel of popcorn.

He didn't try to kiss her. Didn't put his hand on her leg.

For the time being, she was safe.

And took advantage of that fact.

She moved her arms freely – for the most part. When she wanted to reach for some popcorn, or to take a sip from her drink, there was no resistance. She had total control

over her body. But, when she tried to stand up and slap Luke, her body refused.

It was the first date Evelyn had ever been on. There was no 'normal' or 'usual' behaviour for her, because she'd never been in the situation before. So she had some limited freedom.

But slapping Luke? That would've gone against other 'rules'.

She tested as many boundaries as she could think of.

When she wanted to swing her feet a little, stretch them out, she was free to do so. But, when she tried to kick the seat in front of her, she couldn't.

Kicking seats – annoying people for no reason – wasn't something she'd normally do in any situation.

She got so caught up in her thoughts, trying to come up with a plan to free herself of Dan and Luke's control, that she didn't notice when the movie finished.

People all around her stood.

Evelyn blinked, took in the sight of movie credits rolling.

Beside her Luke rose to his feet.

Right. Date. I wonder if I can end it early. Or is that not something a 'good girlfriend' would do?

No. The answer to that question was no, apparently.

The date continued. First to a little diner where they got milkshakes and fries, chatted about the movie. Then on to an evening stroll where, thankfully, Luke was mostly silent.

By the time they got home, the sky was dark and the air was chilly.

"I should walk you to your door," Luke said awkwardly as Evelyn stopped outside his house.

She looked at him, then at her own home – just one door down. When her gaze returned to Luke, she had an eyebrow raised. "I think I'll be okay."

"But..." He blushed. "I'm a gentleman and..."

"Go," Evelyn waved at his house's door and smiled. "We'll-" *hang out* "-have another date again soon."

At that, Luke beamed.

He didn't turn and walk to his door, though. Instead, Luke took a step closer to her. His face red, he muttered something unintelligible under his breath.

"Huh?"

"I... I said," his blush brightened. "We should kiss."

Acid bubbled in Evelyn's stomach. For once, she wished she *would* vomit. Anything to stop what came next.

"Yeah," Evelyn smiled. Heat filled her cheeks. Embarrassment and shame. "I suppose we should..."

Luke took another step towards her.

They were just inches apart now.

When he leaned forward, Evelyn tried with all her strength to pull away. Reject him.

But her body betrayed her. Leaned into it.

Their lips met in a chaste peck. Barely a kiss at all.

So gross!

When Luke leaned back, he looked like the happiest man in the world. A huge smile on his face as he stood up straight. Proud.

Vile.

"The first of many," he promised with a wink.

Please, just go home. Leave me alone.

After a few moments, he did just that. Strode over to his house's front door and let himself inside.

Evelyn's arm waved goodbye as he closed the door, eyes fixed on her. The smile on

her face was painful; her cheeks aching with the effort of matching Luke's enthusiasm.
As soon as Luke was gone, Evelyn walked the final few strides home.
Exhaustion made her feet heavy.
Shoulders slumped, she headed straight to her bedroom.
Only to find Dan waiting on her bed.

"How was the date?"

A tingling sensation shot through Evelyn. The embers of an electrical warmth radiating slowly from deep inside.

No. No! I'm not- I don't-

Her face flushed.

"It was..." Evelyn gulped. "Fine."

"Did you hold hands?" Dan barked out a laugh. "Or was limp-dick too much of a pussy for that?"

"We..."

Every word he spoke was a tiny jolt of energy. Muddying Evelyn's thoughts, scorching her skin. It was desire, but unlike any she'd felt before. Usually, arousal felt normal and nice, warm and tingly and exciting. Now, though, she felt *wrong*. Like an invisible dial in her mind was being turned, and she was powerless to stop it.

"He..."

Even looking at him was causing the heat to build. Still only embers. But even embers were too much. Too wrong.

This isn't me!

"He kissed me," Evelyn breathed.

Dan's eyes widened. He shot to his feet, mirth gone.

"No shot," he said, shaking his head slowly. "He kissed you on the first date? Fuck. I didn't know he had it in him."

Evelyn looked down at her feet. If only she could block out the sound of his voice too.

"Well?" Dan hummed. "How was it? Your first kiss..."

"Disgusting," Evelyn said.

Then she gasped.

The rules. They hadn't prevented her from saying it.

Dan burst out laughing.

"Yeah," he chuckled. "I can imagine."

Please just leave already.

She was tired. Drained. All she wanted to do was climb into bed, curl up, and fall asleep.

Maybe I'll wake up and all this will have been a bad dream.

"Evelyn," Dan said, loud and clear. "Evie. Take your clothes off. All of 'em. I want to see you naked."

WHAT?!

Her hands began moving instantly.

No!

The sweater came off effortlessly.

Stop!

She kicked her shoes off, started tugging down her pants.

Please.

Off came the socks.

Don't do this.

She stood there for a moment, clad in nothing but bra and panties. Exerting every ounce of willpower she had. Trying to fight it. Resist.

Her hands reached behind her back, unclasped the bra.

No...

The straps slid down her arms. The cups followed.

"Hah!" Dan cheered. "I *knew* you were hiding something special! Look at those tits!"

Evelyn shut her eyes tight.

Shame and something worse set her face on fire.

"You're cute when you blush," Dan grinned. "Big ol' perky titties! Not as huge as Vi's, for sure. But plenty big enough for me!"

She flinched when Dan stepped close, reached out and pressed a finger into one of her breasts.

"Can't wait to compare them properly..."

Evelyn screamed internally.

The only sound to escape her lips was a whimper.

Her breast, the spot Dan was poking, it felt *molten*.

"Evie," her former friend said, voice smug, "Cute-Tits. Get down on your knees and pull my cock out. I want you to suck me dry, slut."

To Evelyn's horror, her body obeyed.