

I Have No Mouth

Chapter 4

Her body sank to its knees, fingers darting for Dan's crotch.

No! Stop!

Fingertips gracefully undid the uppermost buttons, just the first three. Then, without missing a beat, they gripped onto Dan's jeans and gently tugged them down to his knees.

Evelyn's eyes locked onto the boxers – and the big bulge underneath.

Before she could even register what she was seeing, her hands shot forward again. Pulling at the grey boxers and sliding fingertips under the waistband.

She felt rough hair. Dan's *pubic hair*.

Then down came the boxers and out bounced a hard cock.

Evelyn's hands dropped to her sides, eyes widening at the *thing* pointing right at her face.

She'd never seen a real, actual dick in person before. She'd seen them online, in videos and pictures and such. But never like *this*. In her face. An angry purple, bulbous head at the end of a veiny shaft. Fleshy and dark – somehow more tan than the rest of Dan's body.

Her mind raced and emotions raged. And Evelyn ignored it all.

She wasn't moving. Her body wasn't making any effort to 'suck' on it, like Dan had told her to.

Hope swelled in her tight chest.

Why aren't I sucking it?

She latched onto the question like a lifeline. Like it was the key to the universe. The most important question in the world.

Why wasn't her body doing what Dan had told her to?

If she focused on the question, maybe - *maybe* - she'd be able to ignore the phallus pointed at her face.

Maybe there'd be a way out.

"Hah," Dan said happily, voice cutting through Evelyn's thoughts. "Yeah, get a good look Cute-Tits. Bigger than your *boyfriend's*. Much bigger. Like what you see?"

"No," Evelyn said automatically, staring at the hard dick.

She'd always found penises ugly, whenever she'd encountered a picture of one. Dan's was no different.

Think, she told herself. *Why aren't you-*

It hit her like lightning bolt.

'Get down on your knees and pull my cock out.'

Kneeling and exposing Dan had been a command.

'I want you to suck me dry.'

Giving him head *wasn't*. It was him voicing a desire.

How can I use that? She tried to think, ignore the situation she was in. *Lack of specificity? Loopholes in wording? I don't know...*

"Well?" Dan grumbled, sounding a little offended. Had he taken her 'no' personally? "What're you waiting for?"

She tried to ignore him. Mentally remove herself from the situation and send herself somewhere far, far away. Lose herself in her thoughts until... until *it* was over.

But warm, excited tingles slowly spread inside her like a virus. Starting in her chest, expanding outward through her torso and limbs. Every moment, growing more intense. Demanding Evelyn's attention like a nagging whine.

"Cunt," Dan snapped. "I asked you a question."

The words only fuelled the embers. Heated the arousal that Evelyn's body was subject to. It was an unwelcomed, uncomfortable warmth that made it impossible for

Evelyn to think clearly. Her mind fumbled, unable to hold onto thoughts.

A pair of hands reached down, scooped up a fistful of Evelyn's hair, dragged it up above her head.

Evelyn cried out in pain.

"Evelyn." Dan growled each word slowly, clearly. "Suck. My. Cock."

A command.

Evelyn's upper body lurched forward, mouth opening wide.

She shut her eyes tight.

And tasted something salty.

A big, meaty *something* entered her mouth.

She tried to bite down, but her jaw refused. She wanted to gag, vomit, but her body denied her.

Her mouth moved around Dan's cock, lips engulfing it as she pushed herself down its length. A shudder shot through her when the tip of the cock touched the top of her mouth, pressed against it. Her tongue moved, sliding along the underside as her body tentatively began to suck.

She'd never done anything like this before. Had barely ever *thought* about doing it. She was no expert.

But her body tried all the same, as enthusiastic as her mind was disgusted. Lapping on Dan's cock like a lollipop, sucking and blowing, reacting to his gasps and sighs and groans of pleasure and learning how to satisfy him.

Oh God, Evelyn gagged internally. *Please, please make this stop. I can't- I can't-*

"That's it baby," Dan said, still clutching her hair. "Suck me off. Put that pretty mouth to good use for once."

He started gyrating his hips, thrusting slowly.

"You have no idea how long I've waited for this."

Monster!

Her body thrummed, the tingles growing to a heat that pulsed and radiated and rocked her body. A fog filled her mind. Distantly, Evelyn knew what it was. What was happening to her body. Her revulsion, deep and true as it was, couldn't compare to the ever-growing heat. Her body's need.

The cock in her mouth barely had a taste to it. The same salty flavour of sweat, with the hint of something else.

It's not so bad, Evelyn tried to comfort herself. *It's just skin. Skin and sweat. Gross, but not-*

It was no use.

She couldn't ignore or diminish it. Make light of it.

There was a cock in her mouth.

Dan's cock.

And she was *sucking* it.

If she could've sobbed, she would have. Try as she might, she couldn't fight back. She was trapped.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as Dan began to thrust his hips faster. In her mind-fogged state, it took her far too long to realise why.

No! She begged silently. *Anything but that! Please!*

Above her, Dan groaned. He pushed his dick forward one last time, shoving it as deep down Evelyn's throat as it'd go.

For a single moment, time seemed to freeze.

The head of Dan's cock lodged in her throat.

Then his shaft pulsed. Once. Twice.

Warm fluid shot down Evelyn's throat, triggering her gag reflex. She choked, coughed, jerked back. But Dan kept a firm grip on her hair, held her in place as he came.

It filled her throat, the back of her mouth.

The taste of it blossomed into Evelyn's senses, a thousand times worse than the salty flavour before. A thick, foul texture exploded into her mouth as she pushed back, made all the worse when she reflexively tried to breathe in. The taste became a scent that filled her nostrils.

She choked, spluttered, suffocated on Dan's cock.

"Fuck yes," he groaned, sighing happily. "Take it, slut."

Stars burst in her vision. Light exploding as the bitter, salty taste consumed her mind, as her lungs screamed for air, her body radiated with electrical heat.

She heard the sound of her own muffled moan in her ears, distant and depraved.

Dan's grip on Evelyn's hair disappeared.

She rocked backwards; dropped onto her side, coughing and gasping for air and spluttering, drool and cum spilling out the corner of her mouth. Her body rocked and trembled and convulsed.

All she could see were the stars exploding behind her irises.

"Holy shit," a voice laughed from miles away. "Did you just fucking cum? From sucking my cock? I always knew you were a slut deep down, but this...? No fucking way!"

Dan's laughter slowly brought her back to her senses. Sounding nearer and clearer every second until he was right there. Standing above her. Cackling at her as she panted heavily, eyes unfocused.

Carpet. She was curled up on her bedroom floor...

Her chest ached. Her throat felt raw. Her cheek, and the floor beneath it, felt wet and sticky.

And her body felt like it was *glowing*.

Weightless.

"Who knew innocent lil' Evie was such a cum-guzzler?" Dan said, towering over her. "Getting off from drinking my cum... Man, I'm gonna have so much fun with you. I can't fucking wait."

Getting off...?

No. No, I couldn't have. There's no way. I'd never...

The oven-like, glowing heat between her legs. The drenched wetness there. The sluggish relaxed sensation of post-orgasmic bliss.

No! She refused to believe it. Refused to accept it. *I didn't. I'm not- I would never- Not with Him.*

Yet the evidence was undeniable.

The predawn light cast long shadows over the graveyard.

The air was crisp and clear, with just the faintest of breezes to add motion to the stillness all around. Gravestones in rows and rows, the odd tree here and there, the sound of an owl hooting not too far away.

It was a peaceful place. And yet...

Evelyn walked through the maze of graves, careful to be respectful of the dead. Not stepping on any patch of ground that might be 'occupied'.

She'd been here so many times. Often came here when she had things to think about, feelings to sort out.

It fit her command to not do anything she usually wouldn't.

Her chest ached with every step.

What am I going to do?

What could she do?

When she reached the pair of graves she'd come here to see, Evelyn hesitated. A thought coming to her that broke her heart.

In the past, whenever she'd come here, she'd hoped that her parents could hear

her. See her. That they were up on some cloud, looking down at her and everything she did. A hope that, somehow, despite being gone, they were still proud of her. Still loved her.

Now she hoped for the opposite. That they *couldn't* see her.

After what'd happened last night...

Evelyn shivered.

She dropped down, knelt between the pair of graves, covered her face with both hands. And, for a long while, she wept.

Let out all the pain and fear and dread.

Dan's betrayal. Luke's involvement.

Her whole life.

"I'm sorry," Evelyn choked out between sobs, not exactly sure what she was apologising for.

She stayed there for a long time. Allowing the shame and self-pity and pain overwhelm her. Until, finally, a dull numbness took over. Her eyes, cried dry, turned up to the sky. The sun slowly beginning to crest the horizon.

He wants Violet.

Dan. He'd always had a crush on Evelyn's big sister.

If hypnosis had worked on her – and it very much had – he'd try to do the same to Vi. He'd *already* mentioned he was going to. And Evelyn could *not* allow that to happen.

Luckily Vi wasn't as naïve as her. She'd never trust Dan to hypnotise her. Not in a million years.

He'll make me do it.

And she'd have no choice but to comply.

It played out in her mind, the things she'd say to convince Vi to be hypnotised. And, while her sister would refuse her at first, she *would* let Evelyn hypnotise her.

There are loopholes. If I can find the right ones...

The immediate concern was getting herself away from Dan. Minimising the time she'd have to spend near him. Because what... what he'd done last night was just the beginning of what he'd do to her, if she didn't stop it before then.

Luke.

Dan wouldn't make a move on her when Luke was around. And, now that she was Luke's 'girlfriend', she had plenty of reason to spend time near him.

Thanks to Dan's hypnotic instructions, she was forbidden from doing anything sexual with Luke too.

For the time being, she could use Luke as a shield.

Until she figured a way out of this mess.

When Evelyn rose to her feet, it was with a newfound purpose. A resolve that thrummed inside her.

No matter what happened, she'd protect Violet.

She stared down at her phone, hesitated.

Violet, Evelyn reminded herself. I have to protect Violet.

Steeling herself, she hit 'send'.

Luke's reply came less than a minute later. An enthusiastic 'yes' to her request. Just as she'd been expecting – and dreading. With everything that'd happened, she didn't want to *look* at the asshole, much less hang out with him.

But, for as scummy as Luke was – hypnotising her to be his girlfriend. Dan was worse. Much, much worse.

If spending time near Luke protected her from Dan, it was a sacrifice she'd have to make. Until she came up with a plan to free herself from this hell.

As soon as Luke's reply came, she tried to turn off her phone.

Her finger refused the attempt.

Not something I'd usually do, she mused, beginning the walk from the graveyard to Luke's house. *I'm supposed to keep my phone on at all times, in case of emergencies.*

But, maybe...

She focused, let a single thought fill her mind.

When she tried again, her finger wavered over the power button.

I have to be a good, attentive girlfriend for Luke, she silently told her body. *So I should give him my full, undivided attention. Turning my phone off so it's just the two of us makes sense. It's what a good girlfriend would do.*

The closer she got to Luke's house, the more her thoughts seemed to penetrate her body's resistance.

As she walked the final few steps to his front door, her finger finally relented. Pressed down on the power button and held it there until the phone shut down, turned off completely.

Yes!

A victory.

Small, for certain. But also *huge*.

Dan wouldn't be able to text her, make her do anything else.

And – more importantly – she'd learned something vital about her hypnotic programming. Something she'd *definitely* be able to use. The instruction to keep her from doing anything out of the ordinary could be overridden if what she was doing fulfilled a different instruction.

She wouldn't have turned her phone off normally – under any circumstances. But, by leveraging her instructions to be Luke's girlfriend and to 'act as if' she was in a real relationship with him, she'd been able to circumvent that restriction.

I've never been in a relationship before. I don't know how I'm supposed to act, or what I'd have normally done in this kind of situation.

Which gave her freedom to *invent* behaviours for herself.

A fact that opened so many doors and possibilities, gave Evelyn hope for a way out of this mess. All she needed was some time to think, come up with a plan.

Her body moved by itself, raised a hand to ring Luke's doorbell.

Even as her mind raced with the possibilities, the beginnings of an idea, Evelyn's cheeks pulled her mouth into a wide smile. Her face heated with a shy blush, her heart thumping and thrumming with giddy excitement.

When the door opened to reveal Luke, standing there with an equally shy, awkward smile, Evelyn silently cursed him.

Asshole, her mind growled, even as her lips moved to give him a timid, happy greeting. *Enjoy this while it lasts.*

He ushered her inside, and her body went willingly.

Evelyn pushed thoughts of the scrawny dirtbag from her mind, focused instead on that fledgeling idea.

She'd protect Vi. Get free of this prison.

No matter what, she'd survive this.

And, when she got free, she'd make Dan pay for everything he'd done.