

## I Have No Mouth

### Chapter 5

Stacking shelves. Who'd have thought it'd feel so liberating?

It was her first day on the job, that was true. But to feel this free, this *safe* at work? It wasn't what she'd have expected just a few days ago.

But then, a lot had happened in those few days.

The job interview felt like a lifetime ago. Like it'd happened to someone else entirely.

And now here she was. Restocking empty shelves and happy to be doing so. Happy for every moment she could avoid Dan and his perversion. And happy with the freedom of movement she had here, her ability to speak her mind – within reason – and to express herself.

Being that this was outside the reaches of what she'd 'usually' do, her hypnotic programming was having trouble restraining her. She could move around the store with absolute freedom, spend her break however she wished. She even had the power to turn her phone off.

Plenty of free time to think and plan.

And plan she did.

*I don't know a whole lot about hypnosis, but there's no way it lasts forever. People don't come back from hypnotist shows acting like a chicken for the rest of their lives.*

Her 'programming' would wear off eventually. All she had to do was keep away from Dan long enough to let it happen.

Right now, that meant stacking shelves, being Luke's 'girlfriend', and keeping her phone off as much as possible. Give herself no free time for Dan to snake his way into.

When her shift came to an end, Evelyn headed straight for Luke's place.

Unfortunately, the walk home required her to turn her phone on.

She tried to resist, fight her body's unwanted movements, but it was pointless. Her hand reached into her pocket, pulled out her phone, turned it on, skimmed her new messages.

A whole lot of texts from Luke, one from Vi asking Evelyn to pick up some milk on her way home.

And nothing from Dan.

Cold dread crept down her spine.

Why wasn't he messaging her? What was he planning?

In days past, she might've convinced herself that Dan was remorseful. That he felt too guilty over his actions to speak to her. But she knew better now. Knew the *real* Dan. There wasn't any guilt there, no reluctance to continue.

*So why hasn't he messaged me?*

Uneasiness filled her as she walked, her plans and ideas giving way to the certainty that something was wrong.

By the time she arrived at Luke's place, she was half-expecting she'd find Dan standing there at the door. Waiting to torment and violate her again. But no, the doorway was empty and there was no sign of the monster.

Evelyn steeled herself as she walked to the door.

*A lesser of two evils.*

The more time she spent in Luke's company, the more she grew to detest him. His cowardice, his unwillingness to accept a world without her, was what'd caused all this. Instead of just asking her out and being rejected, he'd resorted to manipulation and *brainwashing* to win her over.

That wasn't love. He didn't *really* care about her.

She rang the doorbell, waited.

When it opened to reveal Luke standing there, her puppet strings took over. A smile

formed on her face and a happy greeting spilled from her mouth.

Luke led her inside, and her body followed meekly.

All the way upstairs, into his bedroom.

Where Dan sat waiting.

"Right," Luke said, glancing pointedly at Dan. "I'm gonna head to the shop and buy some snacks."

Dan rolled his eyes, a tiny smirk on his face.

"I'll be back in five or so—"

"Let's say fifteen," Dan said. "Just to be sure."

Luke nodded his head, blushed.

Rushed out of the room.

Leaving Dan and Evelyn alone.

As Luke's footsteps disappeared through the house, the front door opening and slamming shut, Dan began to chuckle.

"He wants me to hypnotise you again," Dan said, shaking his head and smiling wide. "Wants to 'speed things up'. And I can't really blame him. Dude's been wanting to squeeze these titties forever."

He scooted closer to her, both of them sitting on the edge of Luke's bed. When he reached around her, grabbed both her breasts, Evelyn's body betrayed her once again. Heat flushed through her, turning her cheeks red and filling her with electrical tingles. Even worse, her back arched to give Dan better access to her bust.

"Fucking loser," Dan barked out a laugh. "Knowing you, you'd have thrown pity sex at him eventually. You'd feel oh-so bad about breaking his heart and cave. Not anymore. You're all mine now, Cute-Tits."

Her nipples hardened. A high-pitched breath escaped her lips.

"When he gets back, I'll tell him I couldn't push you too far. Something about subconscious resistance, blah blah. But you will give him a nice, big kiss as soon as he steps into the room, got it?"

"Sure," Evelyn's body responded breathily.

"Lots of tongue 'n' shit," Dan grinned. "Real intimate. He'll be so into it, he won't even notice the taste of cum."

*No. Not again. Please don't-*

"Suck my cock," Dan commanded. "And be quick about it. Don't want Loverboy to walk in on you throating sausage, do you?"

Her body slid off the bed without hesitation, skirted over to kneel between Dan's legs.

*This is betraying Luke*, she thought desperately, trying to will her body to stop. If she could latch onto a different set of instructions, use her programming to her advantage, maybe she could stop what was about to happen. *I have to be a good girlfriend for Luke.*

It didn't work.

Her hands tugged Dan's pants down, pulled his hard cock out. A second later, her head was bobbing up and down on it.

*Don't think about it*, she told herself. *Don't think about it.*

Eyes closed, she might've been able to do it. Pretend it wasn't happening. But she couldn't ignore the taste. The texture. Salty, foul-tasting skin. Lips brushing stray hairs as she lowered herself, the smooth tip of Dan's cock jabbing the back of her throat.

And the *sounds*.

Wet slurping and choking and gagging. And, to Evelyn's disgust, whimpers and moans.

Worse was the heat. The glowing warmth filling her insides.

Evelyn *wished* she could pretend it was shame.

A passenger in her own body, she could only wait and suffer through the humiliation. Until, at last, Dan's orgasm came.

And not a moment too soon.

Footsteps echoed through the house behind her. Luke just a few seconds away from entering the room.

Her body shot to its feet, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand and planting the most innocent smile possible onto her face. Blushing brightly, she gulped down the filth in her mouth and stared at the door in anticipation.

As soon as it was open, her body launched itself forward.

Before Luke knew what was happening, Evelyn was forcing her tongue into his mouth, arms wrapped around his head.

Behind her, Dan chuckled.

She stepped aside dutifully.

Dan strode past her, a smug grin on his face.

"Is the bitch home?" He asked.

*Violet.*

"No," Evelyn answered, closing the front door. "She's at work."

"Bitch works way too much," Dan tutted, still grinning. "I'll have to fix that. Can't have one of my sluts wearing herself out at some minimum wage job. I'll need you here, taking care of me..."

*I'll protect her. Whatever it takes, whatever I have to do, I'll protect Violet from this monster.*

"Not *here* here, obviously. As soon as I conquer Bitch-Tits, I'll have her put this house up for sale. There's no mortgage or anything, right?"

"No," Evelyn answered, heart aching. "Our parents..."

Her throat tightened, voice cutting off.

Dan didn't seem to notice.

"Perfect," he said. "Selling this place outta net me a couple hundred grand. That'll be enough for me to rent a place and live off for years. With you and Vi as my personal bedwarmers and cock-sleeves. Hah! Can't wait!"

He strode on, and Evelyn followed.

But not to her own bedroom. Dan led her to her sister's room instead. Violet's bedroom.

"I've been thinking about it a lot," Dan said, walking to Violet's neat bed. "Where and when I'm going to pop your cherry, I mean. I considered doing it here, as a big 'fuck you' to your bitch sister. But I decided against it. Don't want to have to deal with any *mess*, you know?"

Her heart hammered in her chest. Dread gripped her.

"And your bedroom would be too vanilla and boring. I'll be fucking you plenty there later. But for your first time? Nah. It's gotta be *special*. Something you'll never forget..."

Her stomach churned.

"There's *Luke's* place, and that'll be fun later. But losing your v-card in that clown's house? Nu-uh. Too bland. My house? Again, too boring. I spent so long thinking about it, Ev. Really wracked my brain over it. And then it hit me!"

Dan stepped away from the bed, walked around Violet's room with glee-filled eyes. He stopped by a desk with neatly stacked books; relics from Violet's school days, over half a decade ago now. There were notes and letters there too, bills and the like.

"You ever think she regrets taking care of you?" Dan asked.

"No," Evelyn answered automatically. "I... I don't know."

"She will," Dan smiled. "After I make you hypnotise her for me. She'll hate you for it. Unless I tell her not to!"

He moved on, ignoring the anguish in Evelyn's eyes, walked over to Violet's dresser drawers. Without a hint of remorse, he opened her underwear drawer and began sifting through it.

"How many times has Violet brought home a guy?" Dan asked, lifting a red thong.

"Never," Evelyn was forced to answer. "That I know of."

"There's no shot she's a virgin," Dan said, dropping the thong back in the drawer and picking up a plain white bra instead. "Not with undies like this. Not with how hott she is. Hell, one of her 'jobs' is probably just a cover for her to spend time riding cock somewhere."

Internally, Evelyn winced.

The urge to berate Dan was strong. Overwhelming. But, even when she tried, no words came. No indignant scolding.

It fit with the 'act as she usually would' rule. She *would* ordinarily scold Dan for a comment like that about Vi. More than scold him, she'd probably have politely asked him to leave.

So why wasn't she able to now?

*Is one of the other instructions interfering?*

She wracked her brain, couldn't think of anything.

"Not here," Dan mumbled. "Where else could she be hiding it? Under the bed, maybe? If I was some uptight bitch, where would I hide my-"

He spun, eyes glinting.

As he strode to the room's ensuite bathroom, Evelyn's body followed. Whatever Dan was searching for, her body seemed compelled to observe it. Worse than that, the heat filling her from the inside continued to grow every time he spoke, every time she looked at him. A boiling volcano of arousal that made thinking difficult, made her body flush and tremble with a disgusting, unwanted need.

Dan headed straight for the sink cabinet, opened it with gleeful excitement that quickly morphed into annoyance.

Inside, from what Evelyn could see, were skin creams and soaps and shampoos, toothpaste alongside a neat and clean toothbrush, all the skincare and haircare products that Evelyn knew by heart after so long doing the house's groceries.

But not whatever Dan was looking for, apparently.

"Fuck!" Dan swore. "Where is it?!"

"Where's what?" Evelyn found herself asking, breathy voice sounding far too eager to help.

"Quiet!" Dan snapped. "I'm thinking..."

Evelyn's mouth shut tight.

"She's gotta keep it in here somewhere. Cunt like her? She'll want to clean it after every use, keep it somewhere out of sight where no-one will look... Think... Think..."

He glanced around the room, eyes scanning everything.

His gaze halted on the small bathroom's towel hamper, sitting inconspicuously next to a shower that didn't work.

"Bingo."

He stepped over to it, flipped it open and rummaged inside.

When he shot up straight, Dan was brandishing a clear-white object in his hand. He held it up like a trophy, grinning from ear to ear. Eyes glinting victoriously.

It was a dildo.

Violet's dildo.

Until that very moment, Evelyn hadn't known her sister owned a sex toy. She hadn't ever thought about or considered the possibility. It was such an invasion of Violet's privacy, Evelyn had to look away. Avert her eyes from the white object.

"Not as big as I thought," Dan mused aloud, happy and carefree as ever. "Was sure

Vi would be a size queen. Shit, if *this* is what she's used to, she's gonna have a rough time adjusting to *me*. Not that I'm complaining..."

He started moving again, walking out of the tiny bathroom and patting his hip as if he were calling a pet.

"Come on Slut," he said joyfully. "Follow me."

Evelyn had no choice in the matter. Her body trailed after Dan as he left Violet's room, turned down the hallway and headed to a different door.

The sight of it – the realisation – was like a knife to her heart.

It was the master bedroom.

Her *parents'* bedroom.

The one door in the house that always remained shut. Where neither Evelyn or Violet ever set foot.

Dan opened the bedroom door without hesitation, strode inside like he owned the place. And, slowing only slightly, Evelyn's body followed. To her horror, she even closed the door behind herself. All but locking herself in the spacious bedroom with *him*.

"This!" Dan said proudly, tossing Violet's dildo onto a bare mattress. It bounced, rolled to a stop at the headboard of the king-sized bed. "This is the perfect place for me to pop your cherry!"

*NO!*

Evelyn tried to scream. Screech. Shout at the top of her lungs. The only sound that escaped her lips was a feeble, high-pitched whine.

She tried to lunge at Dan, attack him. Claw out his eyes and slap him and make him leave and never come back. But her body's only response was a shudder, a hot tingle running along her spine.

"I'm gonna be the man of the house – at least until I sell it. And I'm gonna make you a woman. Where better than here?"

"I..." The word came out as a whimpering moan. "I don't..."

"Look at you!" Dan barked out a laugh. "I've never seen a slut so horny! You're like a fucking animal in heat. So much for the sweet, innocent Evie!"

With every word, the scalding heat rose.

"Answer honestly," Dan said, loud and clear. "Have you ever fantasised about me fucking you?"

"Yes," her body responded automatically.

Shame blossomed inside her, multiplying over and over again with every one of Dan's ensuing barks of laughter.

*It happened once!* She tried to defend herself. *And it wasn't a 'fantasy', it was just me thinking about it one time! I did the same with Luke and Sylus and even Nina! It's not because-*

But it was pointless.

The shame and self-loathing doubled upon itself.

"Fucking knew it!" Dan cackled. "Should'a just come out and told me. I'd have given you my cock years ago. Instead, you had to be a prude."

"I'm sorry," her body said.

*Why am I apologising?!*

"Don't worry, Cute-Tits," Dan said, flashing a smile that sent a lance of cold dread through her. "You'll be making it up to me soon enough. Right now, in fact."

She tried looking around, searching for a way out or an advantage or *anything*. Some way of escaping what Dan was about to do. But her body denied her. Refused to budge. Not even her eyeballs obeyed her; they just kept staring at Dan.

Sparks exploded inside her, little firecrackers between Evelyn's legs that had her knees trembling and her panties drenched.

*Stop. Please. It's not too late.*

One final, silent plea before the inevitable came.

“Ev,” Dan said, smiling wickedly. “Strip naked and get on the bed. It’s time to pop that cherry, baby.”