

I Have No Mouth

Chapter 6

She fought with everything she had as she undressed.

It didn't change anything.

Dan grinned from ear to ear as he took in the sight of her naked body. Eyes alight with glee and victory.

Evelyn wished she could look away, close her eyes. Anything so that she wouldn't have to gaze at that happy face. But not even her eyelids obeyed her. She was trapped, staring at the man who'd robbed her freedom from her. The man who was about to violate her.

Asshole! She mentally spat at him. *Creep!*

"Now *that's* what I'm talking about!" Dan said, slapping his hands together. "Fuckin' beautiful! And all mine. Give me a lil' twirl, Cute-Tits."

At his command, Evelyn's body spun on the spot.

"No, no," Dan shook his head, still grinning. "Not like that. Do it all sexy like. Seductive! Show your goodies off!"

Her body moved again, slower this time.

She'd never given any thought to 'seductive twirling' before. And she certainly had no intention of thinking about it now. Yet, despite the total lack of practice or conscious thought, Evelyn's body did its best. Rotating slowly on the spot, pushing out her backside when she faced away from Dan while running her hands over her body. Caressing herself, hefting her breasts as she completed the twirl and leaning forward so he'd have a perfect view of them.

"Much better!" Dan laughed happily. "At this rate, you'll be a grade-A fuckdoll in no time! Get on the bed, start touching yourself for me."

Again, her body complied without hesitation.

The 'bed' was nothing more than a naked mattress with no sheets or covers, no pillows to prop herself up on. But Evelyn's body didn't seem to care. It hopped up onto the mattress in an exaggerated motion that caused her breasts and hair to bounce, then laid itself back and spread its legs.

Touch knees, she tried to command herself, urging her body to obey. But it ignored her.

Dan hadn't specified *where* to touch herself. So she should've been able to touch *anywhere* on her body. But, as it was, her hands moved right between her legs to the shamefully wet mound, began rubbing that most forbidden of places.

No! Touch my boobs!

Maybe *that* was the issue. She knew Dan wanted her to touch herself sexually, so maybe she could force her hands to her chest instead of...

But no. That didn't work either.

Her fingertips moved over drenched folds, sending hot jolts coursing through her body.

Why can't I use loopholes?! Why isn't it working?

She tried to think, tried to focus on that question instead of the hot tingles and sharp electrical sensations. She tried desperately – and in vain – to think about *anything* to distract herself from the gleeful eyes staring at her, the gaze her body was meeting and embracing fully.

"Look how wet you are already!" Dan said, barking out a cruel laugh. "Do I turn you on that much, slut?"

"Yes!" Her traitorous body gasped.

"Can't stop thinking about me, can you?"

Her body shook its head, let out a tiny whimper.

"Who do you belong to, Evie?" Dan asked, eyes glinting.

"You!" Evelyn's body moaned. "I belong to you!"

Shame filled her – hotter than any furnace. A self-loathing and desire to surrender wrapping around her like a pitiful cocoon, making her wish she could curl up and disappear. Fade away to nothingness, so she wouldn't have to witness this.

But she was trapped. Unable to even give up and vanish.

Dan pulled his phone out, pointed it at Evelyn.

"Say that again," he commanded. "Who do you belong to?"

"You," her body purred, prying her lips apart and showing the camera all. "I belong to you, Dan."

"Damn right you do," Dan smirked. "Gonna show this to Luke one day. Show him how his *precious* Evie lost her virginity. Say 'hello' to your boyfriend, baby."

"Hi Luke," Evelyn's body said, smiling at the camera.

"Ready to get fucked like the dumb slut you've always been?"

"Yes please," her body answered happily.

A few seconds later, the weight on the bed shifted as Dan joined Evelyn on it.

Evelyn didn't try battling the foggy haze in her mind. If anything, she was thankful for it. Thankful that she didn't – couldn't – think right then. As the pleasure and pressure became everything, her whole world, she welcomed the oblivion.

Part of her was horrified at that.

Another part was grateful for the escape, the mind-numbing.

Which only made that first part all the more horrified.

She was having sex...

No. This wasn't 'sex'. Not the love-making she'd been guilty of fantasising about weeks and months before. A handsome stranger taking her to bed and then sharing a night of mutual pleasure and enjoyment.

What was happening to her now was something else.

Something twisted.

Dan rutted atop her, thrusting his hips, his dick pounding parts inside her that'd never been explored before. He was grunting and grinning, eyes flicking between Evelyn's face and her bouncing breasts.

"That's it," he panted, his hot breath on her face and neck sending revolting tingles through her. "Take it, slut."

Another callous comment. One of so many.

"Stupid cow," he wheezed above her. "Fuckin' whore."

On and on it went. Evelyn only half paying attention.

The haze, it robbed her of so much. Took away her ability to care, muted her revulsion and loathing.

There was just the pleasure. The heat.

Not for the first time, an orgasm rocked her. Energy crackling through, stealing away every thought and emotion she had. Leaving only mindless satisfaction in its wake.

"You're mine," Dan groaned, face-pinching. "Mine!"

And he was right. Evelyn *was* his.

Her body was, at least. The walking, talking, obedient version of her that'd been spawned from hypnosis. *That* Evelyn did belong to Dan.

The *real* Evelyn – the voice imprisoned in her own body – was powerless. Useless.

She couldn't face that. Not right then.

So she lost herself in the disgusting pleasure. The heat and desire. The *need* to climax again and again.

Until, at last, it was over.

Beads of hot sweat dripped from Dan's brow onto Evelyn's face. His face contorted

as he reached his own orgasm.

Evelyn was too far gone, barely registered the sensation of Dan's cock twitching and convulsing inside her.

He collapsed atop her, grinning happily as he sank his face between her breasts, grabbed one with each hand, started kissing and licking – the sensations like insects crawling over her skin; an unpleasant tickling that made Evelyn want to run away and cover herself up.

Every moment that passed was a moment where her post-orgasmic oblivion shrank further away and the reality of what'd just happened to her dawned ever closer and heavier.

Dan had fucked her.

She'd fucked Dan.

On her parents' bed.

Bile stirred in her stomach, but didn't climb.

Her lips, despite her disgust and horror, split into a wide smile. Her hands moving to stroke Dan's hair as he motorboated her, roughly nibbled and licked and bit her breasts.

She sat on a park bench, looking up at a beautiful sky.

Nighttime, but bright enough to make out grey clouds on a deep navy backdrop. A full moon setting the clouds around it aglow, the clouds near it silvery and stunning.

Evelyn gazed up at the serene, beautiful sight.

And the walls came crumbling down.

A hacking sob cut through the silence, Evelyn hunching over and holding herself tight. Her eyes clamped shut, tears flowing freely onto the gravel at her feet.

She shook and trembled, gasped between heavy sobs.

Powerless.

She brought her knees up to her chin, held herself tight, rocking on the spot as the tears refused to stop.

Useless.

The whole world felt like it was falling away around her, leaving her alone in some dark, empty, lonely place.

Weak.

Why? *Why* was this happening to her?

What'd she done to deserve any of it?

An image of her parents came to mind, and that only brought on heavier sobs and deeper agonies.

Nothing. She'd done nothing. They'd done nothing.

Sometimes bad things just happened.

And – always – they happened to her and the people she loved.

Her parents. Herself. Violet.

Violet.

"I-" She wheezed, voice cracking. "I can't- I-"

I can't protect her.

The truth of those words cut right to the core of her.

I can't even save myself.

Piece by piece, she was losing herself.

Her voice had been stolen first. Then her actions. Her affection. Her body. Even her mind was fraying apart.

There was *nothing* she could do about it.

Loopholes, she tried to remind herself. *If I find loopholes, I might be able to...*

The thought died, broke apart and drifted away.

'Loopholes' weren't how she was going to get out of this.

There *was* no way out of it.

It was like an imposter had taken control of her. A fake Evelyn that had its own mind. That wasn't only obedient to Dan, but actively wanted to please him. Evelyn's own body had betrayed her, pushed her into the background. Surrendered itself to that monster.

She was nothing but a wilting passenger in her own body.

Evelyn held herself, cried until no more tears came. Until the shaking and shuddering was more from the cold than from anything internal.

Feeling numb, she got off the park bench, began the walk home.

Violet, of course, was waiting for her the moment she stepped through the front door. A worried expression on her face that only multiplied as she took in Evelyn's bloodshot and puffy eyes. The look of utter defeat and anguish.

Inside of a moment, her big sister's arms were wrapped tight around her. Hugging her, warmth spilling into the cracks of Evelyn's heart, and holding her close.

Neither spoke for long seconds.

She's waiting for me to talk. Tell her what's been going on.

But Evelyn couldn't.

She *wanted* to. Painful as it'd be to speak the words, she *needed* to tell her big sister. The one person in the world Evelyn knew she could trust with everything.

Her body wouldn't allow her to even open her mouth.

"I'm here," Violet's voice sounded in her ear. "I won't push. But I'm here, if you need me."

Evelyn's eyes began to water again.

"You're not alone," Violet continued softly. "I'm here..."

"Vi," Evelyn spoke into her sister's shoulder. "I..."

"It's okay..." Vi cooed when Evelyn didn't continue. "I'm here."

"I'm sorry," Evelyn whispered, her heart breaking, tears flowing. "I'm so, so sorry. I... I'm not okay. I need help."

Evelyn watched – was forced to watch – as her world shattered.

Violet's voice repeated over and over again in her head, the uncertainty in her tone overshadowed by her desire to help Evelyn.

"And you're sure this is what you need?"

It hadn't taken nearly as much convincing as Evelyn had thought. And far, far less than she'd hoped.

You should've said 'no'. Why didn't you say 'no'?

"Five," Dan's voice said, loud and clear.

Why didn't Violet challenge it? Fight it?

"Four," Dan said happily.

It'd taken barely any convincing at all!

"Three."

All Evelyn had really needed to do was tell her sister that she couldn't talk about what was wrong. That *this* was the only way she'd be able to say the words aloud.

"Two."

A lie. Even now, Evelyn couldn't speak the truth.

"One."

But, putting too much trust in Evelyn, wanting to help her sister despite the strange request, Violet had accepted. Allowed Evelyn to hypnotise her.

Dan snapped his fingers. "And you're awake!"

Just as Dan had commanded after taking her first time, Evelyn had hypnotised her sister for him.

And, just as he'd commanded, Violet snapped out of her trance.

Evelyn stood to one side, watched the scene unfold.

Violet's post-hypnotic confusion. Then her surprise and annoyance at seeing Dan standing above her, looking down her top with a smug grin on his face. Violet shot to her feet, glanced angrily at Evelyn for a moment before turning her full rage on Dan.

"What is this?!" She demanded. "What're *you* doing here?"

"Hey Bitch-Tits," Dan smirked. "Been a while."

Violet straightened her back, looked down her nose at him.

"Out," she said, pointing at the door. "Now."

"Or what?" Dan smiled indulgently.

"Whatever this *game* is," Violet said, shooting a look at Evelyn. "I'm not interested. Get out, before I-"

"Take your top off," Dan said. "Then jump on the spot 'til I tell you to stop."

"What?!" Violet snapped, not noticing her own hands moving. "How dare you-"

Her words were cut off by her own t-shirt brushing past her face. As soon as it hit the floor, she started jumping on the spot, eyes widening in surprise.

"Holy shit!" Dan barked out a laugh. "Look at those *tits*!"

Even though the comment hadn't been directed at her, Evelyn's eyes moved to her sister's bust. Watched as the massive breasts bounced inside a bra that looked overly tight on them.

"Ev!" Violet snapped, fear entering her eyes now. "Stop this! Tell your dirtbag friend-"

"Slut," Dan barked. "Tell Bitch-Tits who you belong to."

"Dan," Evelyn's body responded immediately, locking eyes with Violet. "I belong to Dan."

I'm so sorry.

Violet's eyes widened, recognising something in Evelyn's gaze.

"What," she snarled, head snapping back to Dan. "Have you done to my sister?!"

"Same thing I'm gonna do to you," Dan grinned. "Stop jumping and take off the bra. From now on, you'll never wear a bra again."

As soon as her feet were firmly on the ground, Violet lunged for Dan. Unfortunately for her, her hands were behind her back fumbling with her bra's latch when she collided with him.

They both dropped to the ground in a heap.

"Fuckin'," Dan growled, rolling away from Violet as she tried to bite him, her hand still preoccupied behind her back. "The fuck was *that*?!"

Vi tried to give chase, jaw chomping and eyes wild with rage.

"Never try to attack or harm me again!" Dan snapped.

And, just like that, Violet went limp on the floor, her bra latch finally undone. Her arms moved robotically, pulling the straps down her arms, removing the bra completely from her body.

"Jesus fuck, dude," Dan grumbled, climbing to his feet and wiping himself off. "Crazy bitch."

So close, Evelyn sighed internally.

If Violet had been able to incapacitate Dan, make it so he couldn't command her to stop...

But no. That hope had died as quickly as it'd appeared.

"Get up!" Dan snapped, his smile gone. "Stand up straight and don't move."

Oddly, Evelyn didn't react to that command. She didn't stand any straighter. Didn't feel frozen in place.

Why then, had her body obeyed the non-command earlier?

The answer came to her, crushed her hope even further.

Her body wasn't just doing what it was told. It was doing whatever it thought Dan would *like* it to do. It was going out of its way to please him.

Like it really *did* have a mind of its own, separate from Evelyn.

The thought send cold icicles of dread down her spine.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" Dan asked, glaring at Vi.

"No," she answered, glaring right back.

"Have you ever had a boyfriend?"

"Yes."

"Have you," Dan began, a vicious smile appearing on his face, "ever had sex before?"

Violet's face reddened and she looked away.

"Yes," she was forced to answer.

"When was the last time?" Dan asked with a smirk.

"A few," Violet said through gritted teeth, "days before," she trembled, tried to resist answering. Failed. "The accident."

Evelyn's chest throbbed, ached.

"What accident?" Dan asked, confused.

"*The* accident," Violet snapped. "Our parents. The crash."

"Huh," Dan said, looking up at the ceiling. His eyes narrowed in thought for a moment, before widening with glee. He looked at Violet, glanced up and down her body. "That was six years ago, right? No shot you're telling me you haven't been fucked in six years! There's no way!"

Violet blushed even brighter, didn't say anything.

Dan burst out laughing, cackling happily.

Evelyn looked to her sister, and Vi looked at her.

Their eyes met. And, in that moment, an unspoken understanding passed between them.

Evelyn's guilt and sorrow. Violet's forgiveness and resolve.

I'm sorry. Evelyn thought at her sister, hoping Vi would see the words in that shared exchange.

The look she got back was a mirror of her own.

Violet apologising – though she had nothing to apologise to Evelyn for. This – everything that was happening – was Evelyn's fault. All of it.

If she'd just been less naïve, less stupid, she might've seen Dan for who he truly was.

I'm so, so sorry.

Violet gave the tiniest shake of her head, eyes firm. Holding a promise there that she'd make everything okay.

"I'll protect you." Violet's eyes seemed to say. *"I'll fix this."*

Evelyn wanted to hope. Wanted to believe.

But, in that moment, Dan stepped between them and took Violet's hand. Led her away from Evelyn.

"Come on then, Bitch. Let's fix that," he was saying, leading her out of the room. "You have no idea how long I've been waiting for this..."

All Evelyn could do was listen as two pairs of footsteps made their way upstairs to the master bedroom.