

I Have No Mouth

Chapter 7

It was quiet for a while. Deathly quiet.

Evelyn could almost pretend nothing was happening. That she was just standing there, in an empty house, perfectly alone.

Then, at the edge of her hearing, so soft that she couldn't be sure it wasn't her mind playing tricks on her, a *thumping* sound. Rhythmic and steady. A noise that sent terrible trembles down Evelyn's spine.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

Wood knocking against a wall, the sound reverberating through the house. A bedframe.

Evelyn blanched, felt bile rising in her throat.

That sound... it wasn't new. Not to Evelyn.

She'd heard it when Dan had commanded her onto her parents' bed. When he'd been atop her, grinning down at her.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

He was... To Vi...

Evelyn shut her eyes tight, tried not to think about it, not to *hear* it. But instead of the comforting darkness of her eyelids, Evelyn was met with unbidden images of Dan atop Violet. Grinning down at her, same as he'd done with Evelyn.

She rocked on the spot, eyes shooting wide.

Violet.

It was the thought that spurred her into motion. Her body, for once, obeyed Evelyn's will. Took the first step towards the stairs, then the second, third.

She felt like she was wading through water, body fighting every motion. Her feet heavy, muscles tense.

Up the stairs she went, one step at a time.

The sounds from the master bedroom grew louder the closer she got. From barely audible thumping to a loud and clear *slam, slam, slam*. Creaking bedsprings and groaning wood. Panting and heavy breathing. The slapping sound of skin smacking skin.

By contrast, Evelyn's footsteps were soundless.

Her breathing was steady, slow, silent.

She stopped at the door, hand hovering over the handle.

Beyond it, she could tell who was inside. From the pitch and tone of their breathing, their moans and groans. A gruff, heartless male. And the gentle, strained whimpers of a beautiful woman.

Evelyn's fingers wrapped around the door handle, turned it.

She stepped into the room, unseen by either occupant.

Dan's bare back was to her, his head lowered. And Violet was concealed beneath him, the only part of her body visible being her naked legs – spread to either side, knees high.

She sounded pained. Restrained. Like she was gritting her teeth against the moans, refusing to give Dan the satisfaction of knowing her body was feeling it.

Evelyn didn't need to see her sister to know the glare she was shooting Dan's way. Defiant and disgusted.

When she tried to take another step forward, reach for a lamp to use as a weapon, Evelyn's body denied her. She struggled, threw every ounce of willpower and hatred she had inside her at that invisible wall. Fought her 'rules' with everything she had and more. But her body remained motionless. Head locked forward, eyes on the scene before her.

Dan's hips bouncing up and down, flashes of cock and pussy visible with each thrust.

Violet.

It was terrible. Obscene. Horrifying.

And yet Dan's 'rules' were all-powerful. And, right then, one rule in particular made itself known.

The one that caused arousal whenever Evelyn looked at him.

His back, it seemed, counted just as much as his face.

All Evelyn could do was retreat inside herself as newfound warmth and moisture brought mild discomfort to that forbidden place between her legs. Heat flaring inside her chest, spreading slowly throughout her body – tingles of excitement following in its wake.

Her body shuddered and shook as it watched Dan.

Dan.

Evelyn pushed as far away from reality as she could. Unable to look away from the scene, unable to avoid her body's reaction to it. Better to not exist than to be in this prison, confronted with this torture.

But, much as she wished it could be so, she couldn't vanish.

Only watch.

As Dan slammed his cock into Violet over and over again.

The bed rocking from the force of his thrusts. Old bedsprings complaining at the violent motions. Woman panting and moaning past gritted teeth.

"Take it, whore," Dan grunted, picking up pace.

Those words – his foul voice – jolted pure pleasure through Evelyn's body. Her body bit its lip to keep from gasping.

"Tell me to cum inside you," Dan commanded, thrusting wildly. "Tell me you want it!"

"Cum inside me," Violet snarled, voice breaking as an erotic moan burst past her lips. "I want it."

The asshole barked out a laugh as he came.

Minutes later, after pushing himself off – and out of – Violet, Dan turned, jumped and flinched in surprise.

"Christ!" He cursed, eyes wide. "The fuck are you..." He shook his head, glared at Evelyn. "Jump-scared the shit outta me. Fuckin' creeper. Go! Get outta here! Go make me something to eat or something."

Evelyn's body spun on its heels, strode to the bedroom door without hesitation. As she was opening it, Dan spoke again.

"While you're at it," Dan said, a grin forming on his lips. "Take your clothes off and play with yourself. Once I'm done teaching Vi here her place, I think I'll have a turn or two with you too. See which of you is the better fuck."

The mattress seemed at once gargantuan and far too small.

Vi lay unmoving on one side, while Evelyn was curled into a ball on the other. Her back to her sister, eyes gazing at a little splotch on the wall. A frayed bit of wallpaper, or a crack, or an in blotch. Something. A distraction.

Distantly, she heard footsteps making their way downstairs. A few moments later, the front door opening and slamming shut.

Dan. Off home. No doubt with a smile on his smug, punchable face.

Even now, Evelyn could feel his mess oozing out of her.

She repressed a shudder of revulsion.

Violet. She was just a few feet away. If Evelyn rolled over, reached her arm out, she'd be able to touch her.

She'll never forgive me.

Oddly, the thought didn't bring a spike of pain. Instead, Evelyn felt something concerningly close to comfort. Vi *should* blame her. *Hate* her. If Evelyn hadn't been so naïve, if she'd been stronger – smarter – this would never have happened.

It was all her fault.

She *deserved* hatred. Loathing.

By all rights, Violet should spit in her face. Disown her. Detest her for the rest of their lives.

That'd be better than... than...

The crack inside her chest widened. Gaped.

And out of it poured *agony*.

She curled further in on herself, retreated from the guilt and pain. If Violet hated her, there'd be nothing left. She could just... stop.

Stop caring. Stop feeling. Stop *being*.

Dan would have his doll. And Evelyn would be...

Gone.

The appeal of that tore the crack inside her further.

When the weight on the other side of the bed shifted, Evelyn inhaled sharply. Tensed up. Dared not move.

Hate me, she pleaded silently. *It's my fault. All of it.*

There were a few moments of near-silence. Save for some odd, quiet noises, Violet said nothing. Probably, she couldn't. Opening her mouth, trying to utter something, only to find herself unable. As much a slave as Evelyn.

My fault. The crack turned into a chasm. A physical pain so intense, Evelyn was certain she'd split apart. *Hate me. Please. I-*

A soft, gentle hand touched her shoulder.

Evelyn flinched, hunched into herself.

Violet wasn't squeezing or hitting her, wasn't unleashing a torrent of spite and rage at Evelyn.

Just touching her. Kind and comforting.

When the bedsprings began to creak, Evelyn hoped it was Violet getting up and off the bed. Maybe – unlike Evelyn – she had the strength to leave, run away, escape all this.

But no.

Violet didn't leave.

She grew closer. The weight on the bed shifting closer to Evelyn until she could feel her sister right behind her.

The hand on her shoulder wrapped around Evelyn's chest. Hot breath brushed the back of her head as a warm body curled itself around her. Violet hugging her from behind, holding her snug and firm. A shield against the spite and self-loathing.

"I'm here," Violet cooed, voice filled with a love Evelyn didn't deserve. "It's okay... I'm here. You're not alone anymore."

And, just a tiny bit, the chasm inside her began to fill.

A way out.

If not for herself – at some point, she'd lost the hope of that ever happening – then for Violet.

Evelyn's stupidity had brought all this about, but she'd be damned if she was going to let Vi suffer because of it. No matter the cost, she'd free her sister. Wouldn't let Dan break her.

But how?!

She'd gone over it again and again, so many times that her brain throbbed from the endless repetition of it.

The rules. Loopholes. Weaknesses and wording she could exploit. It all came back to the same questions. The same uncertainty. The same unsettling facts.

Her body – her *mind* – seemed to have turned on her.

It wasn't just following Dan's rules and commands to the letter. More like, it was

doing what it thought he *wanted*. It wasn't just obeying like a lifeless puppet; it was proactive in pleasing him.

And, if that was the case – if her mind was actively doing what it thought Dan wanted it to – the whole search for loopholes in her 'rules' would be meaningless. Her mind would just interpret the rules in a way that favoured Dan, regardless of logic or opportunity.

Evelyn's mind had betrayed her, as much as her body had.

But not Vi.

First chance she'd had, she'd tried attacking Dan. Had almost succeeded. If there were any loopholes or gaps in *her* rules, *she'd* jump on them without hesitation.

So, what were *Violet's* rules? Her hypnotic programming?

Evelyn didn't know. Not exactly.

The same as – or similar to – Evelyn's. Worded slightly different. She hadn't been paying close enough attention to know what Dan had said verbatim. She'd been too busy hating herself and feeling terrible for Violet.

If Vi's rules were slightly different, if she was *stronger* than Evelyn, maybe she *could* free herself...

That thought gave Evelyn purpose.

Even if she were trapped like this forever, she'd at least save her sister from the same fate.

If anyone deserved a free, happy life, it was Vi.

"Huh?" Evelyn's body tilted its head to one side, smiled disarmingly. "Hypnosis? You know that's not real, right?"

Vi's eyes narrowed. Her lips pursed.

"What do you want for dinner today, by the way?" Evelyn's body continued, trying to change the subject. Following its programming to a tee. "I was thinking some stir fry. We've got-"

"He made it so you can't talk about it," Violet said, gazing into Evelyn's eyes. Whatever she saw there confirmed her suspicion. "Bastard!"

It was one of the differences in their rules, it seemed.

Evelyn couldn't talk about hypnosis to anyone, couldn't communicate about it outside of speech, wasn't allowed to let anyone know. It kept her from even mentioning it to Dan and Luke, who were already *plenty* aware of it.

Violet's command had been slightly different. She couldn't communicate about it to anyone who 'didn't already know'.

"If you can't talk... Maybe you can nod or shake your head? How about this; is that rat the only one who knows?"

Evelyn tried to shake her head. No. Luke knew too. But her body refused her, didn't answer Violet's question but to roll its eyes and cross its arms.

"Is anyone else in on it?" Violet pressed.

"What're you even talking about?" Evelyn's body huffed, feigning annoyance. Then suspicion. "Are you *high*? Your pupils are dilated!"

Classic deflection. Avoiding having to defend oneself by going on the offensive.

This was so messy. If she could just *talk* to Violet, they might be able to come up a plan. At the very least, they'd be on the same page! As it was, Evelyn's traitorous mind and body were making things infinitely more difficult.

If I don't save her, Vi will end up just as powerless.

Whatever Violet saw in her eyes made her let out a sigh. She stepped closer, wrapped her arms around Evelyn and pulled her into a tight hug.

"I'm sorry," Vi whispered, voice pained.

What did *she* have to be sorry about, though? It was Evelyn's fault. All of it. *She* was

the one who should be apologising, begging for forgiveness. And she would've been, if her body had allowed it.

"I should've seen this," Vi continued, clutching Evelyn. "The way you've been acting – I *knew* something was wrong. I should've pushed, should've figured it out. Fuck, I should've never left you alone with that creepy shit. I'm so, so sorry Ev."

"Uh," Evelyn's body said, sounding uncomfortable. "Okay? Look, why don't you sit down and I'll get you some water or something."

Vi only hugged her tighter. Refused the nonsense coming from Evelyn's mouth.

"I'll get you out of this," Vi promised. "No matter what, I'll get you away from that monster."

As soon as Violet opened the door, Dan barged his way inside. Shoved Violet aside with a callous cackle.

"Daddy's home!" The asshole called, grinning broadly.

Violet glared daggers at him, fists clenched.

Evelyn stood meekly to one side, pink creeping onto her cheeks.

That disgusting command of his; forcing her body to arousal whenever she looked at him, heard his voice, was touched by him. It was a betrayal greater than any other her body had inflicted upon her.

Judging from the mirroring blush on Vi's face, Dan had given her a similar command.

Bastard.

"Well, Bitch-Tits?" Dan said, turning to face Vi. "Aren't you going to welcome me home?"

"No," Vi snapped. "Fuck you."

"Oh, we'll get to that, don't worry," Dan chuckled. "But first, let's try that again. Whore. Welcome me home."

"Welcome home," Vi snarled, lacing the words with pure venom.

"Welcome me home *properly*," Dan commanded. "With a kiss."

Glaring, Violet stepped towards him. Every muscle tense as she tried to resist her body, veins bulging in her neck as she leaned forward. Her lips touched Dan's for a millisecond before she shot back, leaning away from him in disgust.

"You call *that* a kiss?" Dan asked. A wicked smile spread across his face. "Nah. Kiss me like you *mean* it. Like I'm the love of your life, your one and only. French me like you never want to stop."

Wide-eyed, horrified, Violet stepped towards Dan again.

Her fingers slid through his hair to the back of his head, her head tilting as her lips parted. When they met this time, the kiss was an intimate, lingering thing. Violet stepping in close, making out with Dan like a long-lost lover. A kiss he met in kind. His hands sliding down to her hips as ass, squeezing eagerly as he forced his tongue down Vi's throat.

Much as she wanted to, Evelyn couldn't look away.

And, much as she hated it, her body responded. Staring at Dan, warmth washed through her – growing hotter and more insistent by the second.

An eternity passed before the two broke apart breathlessly.

Vi stepped away, face pale but for a faint tinge of green. She looked on the verge of vomiting.

Dan, though, was on cloud nine. Grinning happily.

"Call your job," he told Violet. A serpent eyeing its prey. "Tell them you're taking the day off. Tell them-"

"I already did," Violet interrupted. "Earlier."

"Huh," Dan frowned. His eyes narrowed at her. "Next time, wait for me to *tell* you to first. Tomorrow, I wanna be there when you make the call. You're gonna tell your boss

exactly what you'll be doing instead of working..."

"Fine," Violet snapped. "Whatever."

"So feisty!" Dan cackled. "This is going to be too fun!"

Evelyn and Violet stood side by side. Naked. Hands at their sides and faces forward. Staring at a wall as Dan circled them like a vulture, eyes roaming their bodies hungrily.

"So hard to judge!" Dan said, shaking his head in mock-frustration. The gleeful smile on his face left no question as to how he actually felt. "Vi has the hotter body – I mean, just look at those jugs! But Evie has that pretty, fuckable face. I just can't decide!"

It was humiliating and demeaning, yet still far from the worst Dan had done to them. Comparing their looks was juvenile and petty, but she'd take it over *other* things.

Which he's going to do anyway.

Dread swelled inside her. But there was nothing she could do about it, save accept it was inevitable and prepare herself mentally for it.

"What do you think, Evie?" Dan asked, drawing her attention. "Be honest. Who do you think is better looking, you or your sister?"

"Vi," her body answered immediately.

"Lame," Dan groaned. "Boring! What about you, Bitch-Tits? Who's hotter, you or Perky here?"

"She is," Violet answered, a hint of pride in her voice.

"Seriously? Fucking *boring*! You're supposed to say 'I am' so I can make you point out all the flaws the other has. You cunts are no fun."

Violet is perfect. She doesn't have any-

"Nothing to point out," Vi said, straightening her back and looking down her nose at Dan.

"Uh-huh," Dan muttered. "We'll see about that."

He walked up in front of Evelyn, glanced at Vi, smirked.

"Evie," he said, eyes twinkling. "Call your sister a whore."

"Vi, you're a whore."

The words exited Evelyn's mouth without resistance. She didn't even bother trying to stop it. Nothing she'd try would work anyway, why waste the effort?

"Tell her you hate her," Dan commanded.

"I hate you," Evie's body said, chest aching.

"Tell her..." He paused, thought for a moment. When his eyes lit up, Evelyn's stomach churned. Cold tendrils of dread and fear wrapped around her heart. "Tell her," he smiled, leaned in, whispered the rest of the sentence into her ear.

No! Evelyn screamed internally as her mouth opened, began saying the words. **MONSTER!**

"I wish," Evelyn's voice sounded, clear in the silence, "it'd been you instead of Mom and Dad."

Every cell in Evelyn's body screamed at her to lunge forward, attack Dan; slap, scratch, screech, *stab*. End the piece of shit forever. Her body tensed, twitched, fingers curling into claws. For the briefest of moments, she felt like she could do it. Like the invisible chains around her were no more.

But her body didn't move. Didn't act.

The moment passed.

"Still think sweet, precious Evie is flawless?" Dan shot at Violet, the picture of smugness.

"Yes," Violet answered. "She is."

Dan's smile dropped. Annoyance flashed in his eyes.

He scowled at Vi, stepped back.

"Wrong answer," he said softly, voice devoid of emotion.

Evelyn looked down at the floor, torn between pride and love for her sister, and fear at what Vi's defiance would bring. Every command the asshole gave them was another lock added to the chains around them. Solidifying and reenforcing his control over them.

"Since you seem to think she's so amazing," Dan said, eyes glued to Violet. "Why don't you prove it? Kiss her. French your *perfect* sister just like you did with me."

Beside her, wide-eyed, Violet turned on the spot.

Evelyn's body moved unbidden too. Faced her big sister.

Violet stepped in close, an apology in her eyes. But there was nothing to apologise for. Nothing to forgive.

When their lips met, Evelyn's body matched Vi's 'enthusiasm'. Tongues dancing and wrestling, hands finding their way to soft and firm places, heat shared where their bodies made contact. Her body – guessing at what Dan wanted – did its best to please, to match and one-up her sister.

It was terrible. And, at the same time, it wasn't.

Obscene, yet somehow loving and innocent too.

Clumsy and awkward at first, then... not.

When their lips and tongues broke apart, a string of saliva dropped down onto Evelyn's chest.

She was panting, heart pounding.

Right in front of her, Violet was looking at her. An intensity in her big sister's eyes that filled Evelyn with hope.

Insane, beautiful, comforting hope.

I'll save you, Evelyn swore.

And saw the same oath reflected back at her.

Violet's hand moved forward, took one of Evelyn's and held it. Squeezed it. The gesture spoke something that words couldn't have. An understanding shared between the pair of them.

Evelyn gave the tiniest of nods. Somehow, her body allowed it.

Violet smiled at her.

"Hah!" Dan barked. "No way! You're both lesbos!"

They both flinched.

"No wonder you're both single. No interest in dicks! Poor Luke will be devastated when he finds out!"

Violet squeezed her hand reassuringly. Evelyn squeezed back.

"Alright, enough of this dyke shit. Which of you two sluts am I gonna use first?"

The hand holding hers let go. Violet turned away from Evelyn and took a step towards Dan. No hesitation, no resignation. Just determination. Back straight, head held high.

"Me," Violet said.

"A volunteer!" Dan clapped his hands. "Did I give you a taste for cock, Bitch-Tits? Bet you've been dripping thinking about me all morning, haven't you?"

"Sure," Vi said through gritted teeth after a short silence.

"Breaking you is going to be fun," Dan smiled.

His gaze turned to Evelyn as he silently considered something.

"I'm hotter," Violet said, stepping between them. "That's what you want to hear, isn't it? I'm hotter, and better. I'm the one you've always wanted. These big tits," she hefted her breasts, bounced them for him. "This body. You've wanted me forever. So what're you waiting for? *Have* me."

With Vi in front of her, Evelyn couldn't see Dan's face. But, from the glee in his voice when he spoke next, she could picture his ugly smirk.

"Slut," Dan said, and Evelyn could easily imagine him licking his lips. "Turn around and bend over. Spread your legs."

Violet obeyed, turned to face Evelyn.

Her eyes were firm with resolve.

As she lowered her head, bent forward, Evelyn reached for her. Took one of Violet's hands and held it in both of hers.

I'm here.

A shadow passed over her as Dan stepped up behind Vi.

"Always knew you were a whore," Dan said, cock in hand. "Must run in the family."

You're not alone, Evelyn promised. I'll save you.