

Dane's Date

by kiwibat

Part One

Tess couldn't believe this was happening. She couldn't believe her husband had been so fucking stupid. Losing five thousand dollars in poker was bad enough, but then borrowing another five and losing that too? It wasn't just idiotic—it was pathetic.

She stormed through the luxurious, modern lobby of Holliday Enterprises, ignoring the receptionist's attempt to stop her. Heavy glass doors loomed ahead, reflecting her scowling face back at her. Without slowing down, she pushed them open.

Dane Holliday looked up from his desk with an amused grin. At thirty-five years old, he was heir to the Holliday fortune. A spoiled playboy just waiting for his father to hand over the reins to the empire. Everyone knew it was only a matter of time. His father still held the official title, but retirement was near, and soon, Dane would inherit the billion-dollar company, whether he deserved it or not.

Dane leaned back in his chair. "Tessy, what a lovely surprise. To what do I owe the pleasure? Looking for your husband?"

She slammed an envelope onto his desk. "It's Tess. And you know exactly why I'm here."

Dane opened it, thumbing through the stack of bills inside. "This is only twelve hundred."

"Take it or leave it."

His grin widened. "Sorry, sweetheart, but your husband owes me five grand."

She clenched her fist. *He's enjoying this.*

"This is ridiculous. You knew exactly what you were doing when you invited him to that stupid poker game. You set him up."

Dane shrugged. "Not my fault your husband doesn't know when to walk away."

Tess took a deep breath. This wasn't going anywhere. Not with someone like Dane.

"Fine. I'll get your money. I was just hoping that maybe you weren't as much of an asshole as everyone says, but I guess they were right."

She turned to leave.

"Wait."

His voice was calm. Almost amused.

She hesitated. “What?”

“I’m not heartless. I understand that’s a lot of money for someone like you. I’m not trying to ruin your life. How about we make a deal?”

Tess narrowed her eyes. “...What?”

“The corporate charity gala is tomorrow, and my date cancelled last minute. I need a beautiful woman at my side. Stand by me, laugh at my jokes, smile for the cameras.”

She eyed him with suspicion. “That’s it? I just have to go with you, and you’ll wipe the debt clean? Seems a little hard to believe.”

Dane’s eyes swept over her body, shamelessly admiring her curves. “Being seen with you is worth every penny.”

She tried to hide her disgust. “And you promise no funny business?”

“I swear.”

She didn’t like this. It felt like a trap...but what choice did she have? Dane was a man who delighted in control and if she didn’t agree, he’d bleed her husband for every penny.

She reached out and shook his hand.

“Deal.”

* * *

When Tess got home, her husband John was sitting on the couch watching TV like nothing was wrong. Like he hadn’t just gambled away their entire savings and left her to clean up the mess.

“We need to talk.”

John sighed. “I know, I messed up, alright? You don’t need to rub it in. I feel bad enough as it is.”

Tess scoffed. “Oh, *you* feel bad? I spent the afternoon begging your boss’s son to cut you a break while you sat here doing fuck-all.”

John’s eyes widened. “...Why would you do that? I...I told you I’d figure it out...”

“When? Are you gonna pull five grand out of your ass before Monday?”

Silence.

Tess took a deep breath. “So...I made a deal.”

John’s head snapped up. “What?”

“I’m going with Dane to the charity gala tomorrow night.”

John shot off the couch. “The hell you are!”

She raised an eyebrow. “Excuse me?”

“You’re not going. I *forbid* it.”

Tess laughed bitterly. “Oh, you forbid it? Will you also forbid us from going bankrupt because of your stupid decisions?”

John’s face turned red. “...You know what people are gonna think if they see you with him...”

“Oh, *now* you care what people think? Where was that concern when you were losing all of our fucking money?”

“I’ll—I’ll talk to him. Work out some kind of payment plan. He can take it out of my paycheck.”

Tess shook her head. “It’s not about the money, John. He wants to humiliate you. He wants to see me—” She stopped herself, looking away.

“Exactly. You know what he wants. You know what kind of guy he is.”

She sighed. “Yeah, I know.”

John grabbed her hands. “Then don’t do this, babe. Please...”

She pulled away. “I really don’t want to,” she said softly. “But thanks to you, I don’t have a choice.”

“We’ll find another way. I promise.”

Tess loved her husband. She wouldn’t be doing this if she didn’t. But promises weren’t going to pay off their debt to Dane Holliday.

She sighed.

“It’s already done.”

* * *

The next morning, Tess discovered a large bouquet of red roses on the front porch.

They looked...expensive. Perfectly arranged. Each individual rose was flawless, not a single blemish. She didn't need to check the card to know who they were from, but she did anyway.

For my very lovely date.

—Dane

John appeared behind her. "Jesus. He's already sending you gifts?"

"They're *just* flowers."

"Right. That's how it starts."

Tess rolled her eyes and grabbed the bouquet. She didn't want the neighbors to see. She set them down on the kitchen counter and spotted a small white envelope tucked inside.

She opened it.

Arrive at noon.

All expenses paid.

Make sure you look stunning for me tonight.

At the bottom was an address.

Tess knew the place. An ultra-exclusive salon downtown. It was the kind of place where celebrities went, where a haircut cost more than their rent.

She tossed the note onto the counter. "This wasn't part of the deal."

John scoffed. "You thought he was going to be the perfect gentlemen? He wants you dolled up like one of his sidepieces."

Tess rubbed her temples. All this stress was giving her a migraine.

"I didn't ask for this."

"You didn't say no, either."

She snapped. "You want me to say no? Fine. Let's call him right now and tell him the deals off. I'm sure he'd love to hear that you're ready to pay him back."

That shut him up.

Tess grabbed her coat. She needed to get out of the house.

“...Where are you going?” John asked.

“To the salon.”

* * *

The moment Tess stepped inside, she was greeted like a VIP.

“Welcome, Miss Hawkins,” the receptionist said. “We’ve been expecting you.”

The woman smiled and gestured toward a black leather chair. “Mr. Holliday has taken care of everything. We’ll be making sure you look perfect for tonight.”

Tess wasn’t sure what she’d expected. A stuck-up attitude? Some kind of indication that they knew she didn’t belong in a place like this. Instead, they treated her like she’d been coming here for years. Like it was completely normal for her to be in a luxury salon, sipping fine wine while a high-end stylist examined her hair.

The stylist was beaming with excitement. “We’ll add a little volume, some curls...men just *love* that style.”

Tess hesitated. This wasn’t part of the deal. She was just supposed to show up, play her part, and then leave.

“You’d look absolutely incredible with just a touch of blonde highlights. It’d really bring out your features.”

Tess almost laughed. *Of course* Dane would want her to have blonde highlights. She knew exactly what this was—just another one of his games. Making her look more like the kind of woman he surrounded himself with. The kind of woman her husband could never afford.

The kind of woman her husband could never have.

This wasn’t just about making her look good. It was about making John look pathetic. When Dane paraded her around that gala, everyone would see her the way he wanted them to...as his latest conquest.

This was a trap. Every step of it, carefully planned. She should say no. She *should* remind him that this was just a business transaction, not some makeover fantasy.

Instead, an unexpected thought popped into her mind.

What if I say yes?

Not because Dane wanted her to, but because John didn't.

He'd be furious. He already hated that she was doing this. Hated that Dane was dressing her up like his prize. Hated that the moment she walked into that gala, every man in the room would be staring at his wife on Dane's arm.

Every time he saw her over the next month, with her blonde highlights and fake nails, he'd be reminded of his fuck-up. Maybe then he'd actually learn his lesson.

Tess looked up at the stylist and forced a smile. "Sure, let's do it."

The stylist grinned. "You're gonna love it."

She ignored the pit of dread in her stomach and leaned back in her chair.

The next few hours went by in a haze. The nail tech painted her nails a deep, glossy red. It was a color she never would've picked for herself. Then the makeup artist took over, skillfully blending and contouring her face. When it was all done, Tess hardly recognized herself. As she stared at her reflection in the mirror, she was surprised to realize...she kinda liked it.

She liked the blonde highlights and the voluminous curls. She liked the glossy red nails and the perfectly styled makeup. She looked like she had on her wedding day.

Except...*even better*.

For the first time in a long time, she felt... *stunning*.

* * *

Tess arrived at Dane's penthouse feeling on edge.

An amused smile filled his face when he answered the door. He stepped closer, tilting her chin up with his finger.

"Look at you. Incredible."

Tess slapped his finger away. She folded her arms, standing her ground.

"Let's just get this over with."

He stepped aside, letting her in. "Relax, sweetheart. We have all night."

The penthouse was incredible.

Floor to ceiling windows with a view of the skyline that belonged on a postcard. The furniture looked more like pieces of art than something to sit on. The whole place was modern, luxurious, and designed to impress.

Just like him.

Dane walked over to the closet and pulled out a large garment bag. He tossed it onto the couch like it was nothing.

“Here.”

“What’s this?” she asked suspiciously.

“Your dress.”

Tess frowned. “I already brought one.”

Dane looked amused. “I’m sure it’s...fine. But if you’re going to be seen with me, you’ll need wear the very best.”

She slowly unzipped the bag and her stomach sank.

The dress inside was tiny. Dark red, silky, and ridiculously tight. Thin spaghetti straps barely held up the plunging neckline, with a high slit running all the way up to the hip. A dress like this was meant to be worn by some stick-thin model, not a real woman with curves.

She had hips. An ass. Breasts that wouldn’t just sit neatly in place. In a dress like this, every inch of her would be on full display.

“I can’t wear this...”

Dane leaned against the closet, arms crossed. “Just try it on.”

“I don’t need to. I already know it’s way too—”

“Your choice,” he interrupted. “But if you’re not going to honor our deal, I’ll expect a five thousand dollar check on my desk first thing Monday morning.”

Tess clenched her fists. *Smug bastard*. She wanted to throw the damn thing in his face. Storm out, go home, and tell John to figure this shit out himself. She should leave. She *wanted* to leave.

But Dane just smiled like he knew she wouldn’t.

“Tell you what, just try it on. If it doesn’t fit, you can wear whatever you brought.”

Tess stared down at the dress.

It *was* beautiful. Way too small, but gorgeous. Probably cost more than her car. And when would she ever get the chance to try something on something like this ever again?

She hesitated.

“Fine...I’ll try it on. Only to prove it won’t fit.”

Dane’s smile deepened. “Of course.”

She sighed. This was such a mistake.

“...Where’s the bathroom?”

* * *

Tess stepped into the bathroom and locked the door behind her.

The bathroom was massive. White marble, golden lighting, and a full-length mirror with black edges.

This was ridiculous. She’d already let Dane pay for her hair and makeup like she was one of his girls, but this? This was too much. She was here to clear her husband’s debt, not play dress-up for Dane Holliday’s amusement. She’d wait a few minutes, walk back out, and tell him it didn’t fit.

Then she saw it: a small glass bottle of perfume. It was the same one from the salon. The liquid inside was a deep amber color. She stared at it. Her mind felt fuzzy as she tried to recall the scent.

Hadn’t it smelled...*good*?

She picked up the bottle and pressed the nozzle, spraying a fine mist into the air.

The scent hit her instantly. Warm, sensual, intoxicating. Vanilla and spice, mixed with something dark and luxurious. Her shoulders relaxed. Her breath slowed. A pleasant shiver ran down her spine.

That was...nice.

A strange, light-headed feeling washed over her. She felt...good. Too good. Warm, content. Relaxed. She blinked.

What was I doing?

She was supposed to...do...something.

Supposed to...

Right. The dress.

She was supposed to...

...put on the dress.

Yes, that was it. She was supposed to put on the dress. Her sweater hit the floor. Her jeans followed.

Here she was, nearly naked in Dane's bathroom. The whole situation was so absurd, she couldn't help but laugh.

She unzipped the bag, carefully pulling the dress out. It really was beautiful. For some reason, putting it on felt a lot easier now. Slowly, she stepped into the dress. To her surprise, it slid over her body like it belonged there. Like it was made for her.

Tess turned toward the mirror and froze.

The dark red dress clung to her like a second skin, molding to her curves, hugging her hips, accentuating her ass, making her legs look impossibly long. The neckline plunged dangerously low, lifting her breasts to the edge of decency. The large slit up her thigh gaped open like an invitation.

She hated this.

She looked exactly like the women who filled these events, the ones draped over the arms of wealthy men, whose only purpose was to be sexy arm candy.

She looked expensive, yet somehow cheap. Classy, but still a little trashy.

She looked like the type of woman who barely had a thought in her pretty little head other than how to please her wealthy date. The type of woman who spent more time picking out lingerie than reading a book.

Like one of his girls.

Blonde. Vapid. Slutty. The kind of girl who had no shame about sucking off her date in the limo. The kind of girl who knew exactly how to wrap herself around a man and make him forget everything but her body.

She bit her lip, her breath quickening. This wasn't her.

Something was wrong.

She wasn't some dumb, big-titted bimbo, parading around in designer dresses, giggling at men's jokes, and whispering *yes, sir...thank you, sir*.

Not some brain-dead trophy with glossy red nails and big, perky tits, wiggling her fat ass in men's laps, licking her lips and moaning on cue, like a well-trained little slut.

Her stomach twisted with disgust. She wanted to rip the dress off and throw it on the floor. Then she took a deep breath, and the perfume hit her even harder.

Rich, warm, and decadent. Sinking into her senses. Making her feel dizzy and confused. Her thoughts blurred.

...What was I saying?

Then she noticed the shoes.

A pair of tall, black, strappy stilettos, placed neatly beside the counter. She always hated heels. They were so impractical, and they hurt her feet. She always rolled her eyes anytime she saw some young girl wearing shoes like these.

They were ridiculously tall. The kind of heels that made women strut instead of walk. The kind that forced their backs to arch, their hips to sway, their chests to lift. They were the kind of heels worn by shallow, slutty women who only cared about looking hot.

Her first instinct was to leave them. The shoes she brought were fine. She wasn't doing this. She wasn't going to play Dane's stupid games. But then she took a deep breath, and her gaze drifted back to the mirror. Something felt off.

Her bare feet looked wrong against the cold marble floor. The dress was beautiful, but it felt incomplete. The full effect wasn't there.

It needed...something.

She knew she *shouldn't*. But she found herself reaching for them anyway. She just needed to see what they'd look like. Just to prove to herself how ridiculous they were.

Tess bent down, running her fingers along the delicate straps. She shouldn't be doing this. She should leave.

But then she slipped them on, one foot and then the other. She felt unstable, like she was on stilts. The moment she stood up, she nearly fell over.

She *hated* them.

She hated the way her posture instantly changed. The way her calves flexed as she tried not to wobble. The way her legs looked so much longer. She hated how it made her hips look wider. It even made her tits look bigger.

And fuck. Her ass looked huge.

Thick, round, grabbable.

She hated the way the dress seemed to fit even better now, as if it'd been waiting for her to slip into the heels. Waiting to drape itself over a body like hers.

She hated how she looked...like she belonged in this dress.

Hated how she looked like...*such a dumb slut.*

Tess began breathing even faster. Heat grew between her thighs. This wasn't her...

It wasn't...

She reached for the marble counter, gripping it hard, trying to steady herself.

Her thoughts raced. She wasn't going to let Dane dress her up like one of his usual sluts. The kind of woman he imagined when he picked out this outfit. Would he stroke himself to the thought of her?

Tess gasped. *Where the fuck did that come from?*

The thought had struck her like a bolt of lightning, leaving her stunned. Her pussy tingled with arousal. A rush of shame burned through her, so strong it stole her breath.

Her lips were plump and glossy.

Perfect for sucking.

Her thighs pressed together. Her nails dug into her palms.

What the hell is wrong with me...

She wasn't turned on. She wasn't...

So fucking horny.

She was pissed off. Angry at Dane, angry at this whole situation, angry at the perfume still swirling through her senses, making her head feel light, making her feel...*so fucking horny...*

Angry at the way he looked at her, like he was undressing her in his mind. The way his smirk sent a shiver down her spine.

The way she could already imagine him sitting back in his chair, undoing his belt, stroking his big, hard cock while thinking of her in this dress, in these heels, made up just for him. His newest, dumbest bimbo—

No. No, no, NO!

Oh god....

Her body betrayed her. The heat spread, tightening between her thighs. Her breath came in ragged. Her skin was buzzing with sensitivity. She'd never been so turned on before.

Something was wrong. She needed to get out of here.

She needed take this stupid, slutty dress off. Take everything off right now and go tell Dane she's going home.

She pictured herself taking off the dress to go yell at Dane, not realizing she was completely naked. She giggled at the thought.

That would be so...silly

So...*hot*.

So fucking horny.

No, not hot! Not horny! She needed to *stop*. Needed to get out of here now. Something strange was happening.

She needed to leave...*right away*.

Instead, she reached for the perfume. She didn't even think about it, she just picked up the bottle and sprayed, again and again.

Everything...slowed.

The warm, sensual scent hit her instantly. It wasn't just a smell, it was a sensation. A flood of pure pleasure spreading through her body. Her shoulders loosened. Her mind relaxed.

It smelled...incredible. She sprayed it again. Then twice more. Her eyelids fluttered. Her whole body was tingling.

She turned slightly, watching the way the slit in the dress parted along her thigh. Her skin felt warm...too warm. This dress felt too good against her body.

She shouldn't...

She pressed the nozzle again.

The edges of her vision started to blur. A strange, floating sensation washed over her. She took a slow, deep breath, and suddenly...

The heels didn't look so ridiculous. The dress didn't feel wrong. The makeup, the hair, the nails; it all came together in a seductive way. She didn't just look beautiful.

She looked...fuckable.

The words she'd been thinking—cheap, trashy, slutty—they didn't sound so bad anymore.

She turned, inspecting the way the material framed her body from every angle. Her big, full tits, barely held in place by the tiny straps. Her fat, juicy ass, straining against the red silk. Her wide, fuckable hips.

She looked...

So fucking hot.

Her fingers slid down to her needy pussy. Her mind felt so slow.

So hot.

So slutty.

So...stupid.

So fucking horny.

No...wrong. This was all...*wrong*. She looked *wrong*?

Didn't she?

She ran her hand down the dress, smoothing the fabric against her hips. Her glossy, red nails perfectly matched the dress. Her beautiful, blonde-highlighted hair perfectly framed her face.

Her head felt dizzy. Her thoughts felt strange. She looked like...someone meant to be admired. Someone meant to be seen.

Someone to be fucked.

She looked...elegant.

Sexy. Hot. Fuckable.

The dress looked absolutely stunning.

Like it was meant to be worn.

Like *she* was meant to wear it.

No, no, no. She shook her head.

I can't do this. I'm not going to do this. I'm leaving right now.

But she didn't notice her hand picking up the perfume bottle until it was too late. It sprayed directly into her face. A thick, overwhelming cloud. Too strong. It flooded her lungs. Flooded her mind. Her entire body.

Her breathing slowed. Her fingers relaxed.

Her thoughts...

Her thoughts...

Her thoughts melted. Her panic vanished. Her shame disappeared.

What was I thinking?

Something about...

Something...

Tess ran her hands down her dress. The perfume smelled so good. The dress felt so perfect. She couldn't remember why she'd been so upset. She couldn't remember what she'd been thinking at all.

But that was okay, she didn't need to.

All she knew was it was time to go show Dane.

Tess stepped into the living room, heels clicking against the floor. Her entire focus was on walking, making sure she didn't fall over with each cautious step.

Dane was waiting with a drink in his hand. When he looked up, his eyes changed. He didn't smile right away. Didn't make some smug comment like she expected.

He just...looked at her. For a long moment. His eyes slowly swept over her, then he smiled.

“Now that,” he said, stepping closer, “is a woman who belongs on my arm.”

He reached out and adjusted the strap, his fingers grazing against her bare shoulders. And—

Oh...

The warmth. The same warmth from the perfume. It slid through her, down her arms, spreading throughout. Her knees nearly buckled.

Tess jerked her body away from him. “Don’t...touch me.”

He let his hand drop. “Relax, sweetheart. Just fixing your dress.”

“No funny business,” she said firmly.

Dane smiled. “No funny business.”

* * *

The limousine’s interior was dark and shiny, reflecting the city lights off its tinted windows.

Tess tightly gripped her handbag, nails pressing into the leather, trying to ignore the way the dress felt on her skin. The perfume still lingered in her nose, swirling through her senses. She glanced at the window and for a moment, she didn’t recognize herself.

The woman in the reflection looked so...elegant. Her hair was perfect. Her makeup was flawless. Her eyes drifted down to the very low neckline. It was lower than anything she’d ever worn.

She looked...beautiful. Like someone who belonged in a car like this.

Like someone meant to be on Dane’s arm.

“Something wrong, sweetheart?”

Dane’s deep voice startled her, jolting her back to reality. It had an amused tone, like somehow he knew exactly what she was thinking.

“I’m fine,” she snapped back.

“You sure? You seem a bit out of it.”

She crossed her arm and glared at him. “I was just looking at all this makeup your stylist put on me. It’s way too much.”

Dane smirked. “That’s all?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I think you look perfect.”

Tess rolled her eyes, trying to ignore the warm tingle she felt from his compliment.

She hated it.

She hated him.

She refused to look at her reflection again.

A few minutes later, the limousine pulled to a stop in front of the grand hall where the event was being held. Tess stared out the tinted window. Her stomach tightened with anxiety. There were photographers.

Of course there were.

Bright camera flashes lit up the entrance, reflecting off the polished marble steps. A crowd of elegantly dressed guests filled the plaza.

She felt a weight. Warm and firm. A rush of pleasure shot through her. Then she realized where it was coming from—Dane’s hand resting on her thigh.

“Don’t,” she said, forcefully pushing his hand away. She had no interest in any of his little games tonight. “Keep your hands off me.”

He smirked. “Relax, sweetheart.”

The limo door opened. Dane stepped out at first. The flashing intensified the moment he emerged. Then he turned back, offering his hand.

Tess hesitated, looking over at the cameras. She reminded herself why she was doing this. She needed to at least put on an appearance for him. She placed her hand in his. His grip was firm and steady. He helped her out of the limo, guiding her onto the sidewalk in her towering heels.

The flashing intensified.

She raised a hand to shield her eyes. All these bright lights were making it hard to see.

Everyone was looking at her. Heat flooded her body. She forced herself to stand tall, shoulders back. She just needed to get through the night. It would all be over soon enough.

Dane placed his hand on the small of her back. “Time to move.”

Tess immediately tensed. She stepped forward, shaking him off. “What did I say about touching?”

“Relax. I was just trying to get your attention. Let’s head inside.”

The great ballroom was overwhelming. Elegant chandeliers hung overhead, casting a golden glow across the large room. Smooth jazz played, blending with the clinking of expensive glasses and the hum of conversation.

Tess felt completely out of place.

This was all so humiliating. She wasn’t the kind of woman who went to galas with flashing cameras and billionaires sipping champagne. And yet...

Dane’s hand rested securely on her lower back, steering her through the crowd.

A waiter passed by with a tray of champagne. Dane grabbed a glass and handed it to her.

“Cheers,” he said with a smile. “To my lovely date.”

Tess clinked her glass against his and threw back the entire drink. She needed all the courage she could get.

Dane barely reacted, simply grabbing another glass from a passing server and swapping out her empty one.

“Careful, sweetheart. It’s gonna be a long night.”

She hated the tone of his voice. Like she was a little girl who needed to be told what to do.

“I’m fine,” she snapped, downing second glass just to spite him.

A tall woman in an elegant blue gown walked up. She kissed his cheeks to greet him. “Ah, Dane. Lovely to see you again.” She looked over at Tess. “And who’s this?”

She opened her mouth to explain, but Dane spoke first.

“This is Tessy. She’s my date tonight.” He said it like it was the most natural thing in the world.”

“It’s just Tess, actually,” she corrected.

The woman lifted an eyebrow and then smiled. “Ah, of course. Nice to meet you.”

And just like that, no further questions. No mention of her husband. No acknowledgement of why she was really here. Just acceptance.

The two of them continued through the room, greeting executives, politicians, donors.

Whenever Dane was ready to move, he'd place his hand on the small of her back. She'd told him three times to knock it off. He just smirked and said something like, "Force of habit." By the fifth time, she rolled her eyes and gave up.

With every new guest they met, there was always the same unspoken question: Who is this woman on Dane's arm?

Then his answer: "This is Tessy, my date." After a while, she didn't even bother to correct him.

And as they continued, Dane's introduction followed the exact same pattern, again and again.

This is Tessy, my date.

This is my date, Tessy.

This is Tessy. She's my date tonight.

And every time she chose not to correct him, the words settled deeper.

She was on his arm.

She was his guest.

She was Dane's date.

Part Two

Tess was exhausted. It was only an hour into the event, and she already wanted to go home.

Her feet were throbbing in these ridiculous high heels. She was tired of wearing this stupid dress. It was ridiculous short and tight. Every single movement required careful calculation. One wrong move and her tits and ass would be on display for everyone.

She was tired of being treated like a trophy, tired of the endless parade of guests with their polite smiles and judgmental looks.

This was so humiliating. Tess sank into an empty chair.

Fuck these shoes.

She reached down, yanking off her heels. She winced as the cool floor soothed her swollen feet.

That's better.

No more heels. No more dressing up for Dane. Why should she give a shit what he thinks. She leaned back in her chair, trying to ignore everything around her. The room felt too warm, too loud, too bright. The warm glow of the chandeliers gave it a hazy, dreamlike feeling.

All around her, people were staring. The women's expressions ranged from amused to judgmental, while the men...well...she knew exactly what the men were thinking.

She's with Dane Holliday.

She's on his arm, dressed like this, looking like that.

She's not here with her husband.

Dane's dates are all the same.

She needed a break, some time to breath, but it'd barely been a minute before she once again heard his deep, annoying voice.

“Tired?”

Tess sighed. “Can't I just be alone for one damn minute?”

“You can rest later. There's someone I have to meet, and I need you by my side.”

She sighed. “This is so humiliating. Everyone thinks I'm some shallow gold digger.”

Dane just smiled. “Are you?”

Tess shot him a look with daggers in her eyes.

He chuckled. “Relax. No one thinks you’re a gold digger. If you were, you’d have charged more than five grand.”

She blinked as a strange wave of confusion passed through her.

Her mind felt strangely blank. Something about Dane’s presence made it harder to think. The warm scent of her perfume still clung to her skin.

She *could* have asked for more, couldn’t she? She should’ve. She should have played hardball, gotten ten, maybe even *twenty* thousand. That’s what a smart woman would have done.

So why hadn’t she? Why had she agreed so easily?

A respectable woman would’ve never agreed to this at all. Wouldn’t have walked into this ballroom on the arm of a man like Dane. She wouldn’t have let him dress her up, show her off, all to humiliate her husband.

Why’d I ever go along with this? What’s wrong with me? This isn’t like me...

“Relax,” Dane said, gently lowering his hand onto her thigh.

The first couple times he’d done it, she’d pushed him off. The third time, she’d snapped at him. The fourth, fifth, and six, she politely asked him to stop.

But this time she didn’t react.

Not because she wanted it, or because she liked it, but the moment he touched her, a strange warmth spread through her body. A calming reassurance, like a weight had just been lifted.

It felt...safe.

For the first time that night, all the endless worries and constant stress just...went away.

She knew she should push him off. Tell him to keep his hands off her, but the moment she thought about it, a calm washed over her, like stepping into a warm bath.

Dane’s thumb traced tiny circles on her thigh. A harmless touch, nothing inappropriate. Nothing she needed to fight.

Right?

Tess took a deep breath, staring at the bubbles in her champagne glass. She wasn’t *letting* him touch her. She just...wasn’t going to stop him...just this once.

Dane's voice cut through the haze. "Come on. Time to go."

With a sigh, she reached for her bag, ready to toss the heels inside, then she hesitated. Something felt...off, like something was missing. Her toes curled against the floor. The dress, the hair, the makeup. It all felt... incomplete without the heels.

Dane's dates always wore high heels.

No. That wasn't *her*. She wasn't going to put them back on just to look good for *him*.

She wasn't going to...

But before she could stop herself, she'd already slipped them back on. The moment she stood, her posture changed. Back straight, shoulders back, chest forward. A strange satisfaction washed over her. She looked *right*.

She barely had time to process it before she felt his warm hand on the small of her back. Before she could think, she was already moving. She'd wanted to rest a little longer, but his touch felt so...natural. Like it was supposed to happen. Like she was supposed to follow.

Her heels clicked against the floor as she let him guide her forward.

* * *

Tess tightly gripped her champagne glass, burning with frustration.

It wasn't just the endless introductions, the judgmental looks, or Dane parading her around like his trophy. It was the condescending way people spoke to her.

People kept treating her like one of Dane's bimbos, like they didn't expect her to understand anything beyond expensive shoes and spa days. All because of the way he'd dressed her up. The hair. The makeup. The tight, skimpy dress. The ridiculous heels. All to humiliate her. To humiliate John.

He'd done a damn good job making her look the part.

People really believed it.

They looked at her and saw a shallow, dumb blonde. A woman who giggled at jokes she didn't understand and stared blankly when the conversation got too complicated. But that wasn't her. She wasn't some vapid airhead. She wasn't one of Dane's brainless bimbos.

She just needed to prove that.

Tess saw her chance. Dane was chatting with a group of executives about the stock market. She stepped closer, determined to prove she wasn't just his arm candy.

“Actually,” she interjected, “I read this really interesting article about market shifts the other day. It said...”

Her mind went blank mid-sentence. The men turned, expectant. Heat rushed to her face as she suddenly realized...she had no idea how to finish that sentence. The executives exchanged amused looks.

“Oh?” one of them said. “What article?”

Her brain scrambled for something. Anything. “It was, um... online?”

Dane smirked. “Online. Of course, I think I read that one too.”

Tess wanted to disappear.

“Haha, yeah,” she said weakly, trying to play it off. “It was super... interesting?”

Why did she just say that? She sounded like a vapid airhead, trying to pretend like she knew what she was talking about.

That’s when she felt it. The touch. The warm press of fingers at the nape of her neck. Not forceful or demanding, just there. A silent acknowledgment.

Her body reacted before her mind could catch up. Her shoulders relaxed. Her lips curled into a smile. And the moment his fingers stroked a slow circle, her brain just...stopped.

She jerked away, stepping out of reach.

What the hell was that?

For a split second, it felt... good. Too good.

Tess tried to shake it off. She was just tired, that was all. Until it happened again, the same gentle press of his fingers. The same slow circles. Like a reward. Like he was telling her she did something right. She jerked away again, taking a step back, but the warmth remained. She refused to acknowledge it. Refused to think about it.

But then it happened again, and again. That same gentle touch. Like he was conditioning her to react to his touch.

Her heart sank. Suddenly, she could see the pattern.

Every time she had a ditzzy moment. Every time she stumbled or flustered. Every time she acted a bit more like the kind of girl Dane’s dates were supposed to...he touched the back of her neck. It wasn’t an accident. It wasn’t a coincidence. He was rewarding her behavior. Reinforcing it.

She hated everything about this. Hated how her brain froze every time Dane's fingers touched the back of her neck. Hated how the touches were becoming more frequent. Hated how he did it every time she had a ditzzy moment. Until eventually, he wasn't just rewarding her for having ditzzy moments...

He was causing them.

They'd been speaking with a businessman and his wife when Dane touched her neck. Tess was confused. She hadn't even done anything dumb yet. But then suddenly, everything just... stopped. Her thoughts became slow and sluggish, like her mind had been dipped in honey. She was supposed to say something, but all that came out was:

"Umm... uh..."

Dane pulled his fingers away and the fog cleared. Her face burned with embarrassment as she realized what'd just happened.

A few minutes later, he did it again. Dane had just told a joke. Nothing particularly funny, just an offhand comment. She wasn't even paying attention, but then his fingers found that same spot on the back of her neck, and just like before, her mind slowed as the warm, fuzzy feeling spread through her body. And before she even realized what'd happened, she giggled.

Like a ditzzy girl with nothing in her head. The men looked at her. Heat rushed up her neck, her face, her ears.

Why did I laugh? It wasn't even funny.

Another investor joined the conversation. An older, well-dressed man. He turned to her with a kind smile.

"So, Tessy, what do you do?"

As she opened her mouth to speak, she once again felt Dane's fingers on her neck, and just like that her thoughts vanished. Totally gone.

She was supposed to say something...wasn't she? What was it again? Her job? She couldn't remember.

"Uh... um... I, like..."

The investor waited. Dane said nothing. Her brain grasped for anything.

"I, um... do... lots of stuff."

...Did she really just say that out loud?

Dane's arm slid around her waist, pulling her closer. "Tessy handles important business matters for me. She's a terrific assistant."

The investor nodded and the conversation moved on. Dane's fingers slipped away.

Tess was dying inside. She sounded like a complete bimbo. And the worst part was...

It felt good.

* * *

Tess was not okay.

Her brain was completely malfunctioning. Her heart was pounding and her skin felt like it was on fire. She knew it wasn't just a coincidence. She knew Dane was doing something to her.

But why did it feel so good?

No, she wasn't going to fall for this. She wasn't some weak, empty-headed girl who melted under a man's touch. She was strong. She was smart. She was—

Dane's fingers found the back of her neck again.

Tess gasped. The reaction was instant. A shiver ran down her spine, her shoulders loosening, her body melting before she could stop it. Her mind screamed at her to pull away. To push his hand off her.

But her body froze.

No. Don't let him do this to you.

Then his thumb moved. That same slow, gentle stroke, tracing a circle on the nape of her neck. Her whole body shuddered. The pleasure was so intense it stole her breath. Her thoughts became slow and fuzzy, and a rush of warm pleasure hit her, spreading down to her thighs.

No. No...she wasn't...she wasn't aroused. Right?

She was too warm, too relaxed. She couldn't let this happen. Her body wasn't supposed to react like this, but she couldn't stop it. His hand didn't leave her neck this time. It stayed right there, his warm fingers stroking and teasing.

Slow circular motions, again and again. Every slow caress of his fingers sent another wave of heat through her body, and the longer he rubbed that same spot, the slower her thoughts became. Slower and dumber, like every stroke of his fingers was erasing something from her brain.

Dane leaned in, "Feels good, doesn't it?"

A dumb smile filled Tess's face. She should pull his hand off and yelled at him. Told him to go to hell. But instead, she let out a breathy "Mmmhmm."

She was horrified by the sound of her voice. Her whole body was burning with shame. She'd accidentally just moaned like a horny, little slut.

Dane chuckled. "Of course it does."

His fingers kept moving and Tess couldn't think straight.

Dane's thumb traced another slow, teasing circle. She bit her lip hard, trying to suppress the pleasure that was flooding her mind. She could stop this. She could fight this, but the longer he touched her, the harder it became to think about anything except how good it felt. A fog rolled over her thoughts, drowning out the panic, drowning out the fight, drowning out everything but that slow pleasure.

Dane's voice slid through her ears like a warm blanket. "It's nice, isn't it?"

Another circle and her whole body tingled.

"It's nice not having to think so hard."

A breathy, mindless little "Mmm..." slipped out before she could stop it. She froze.

Dane chuckled. "That's my girl."

He was rewiring her. She knew it. She felt it. She needed to fight against it. But she was too warm, too slow, too happy. And Dane was taking his time, letting her body sink into it.

"You don't need to think so much about the things you say."

Another slow stroke of his fingers.

"You don't need to think hard at all."

Her brain felt like syrup.

"Just let me do the thinking for you."

The words wrapped around her. They were heavy, thick, and most importantly, true. What was she even thinking about anyway? What was so important? Nothing. Nothing at all.

"Mmm...okay."

And then he let go of her neck. Tess stumbled and all her thoughts snapped back into place like a rubber band stretched too tight.

Oh my god. What the hell was that?

She jerked away, breath ragged, face burning, body shaking. Dane just smiled, that same smug smile, like he'd just won something.

Tess's head was spinning. Her skin still tingled where he had touched her. Her thoughts were slow and heavy. She tried to snap out of it and gather herself.

Somewhere beneath the fog she was furious. At him. At herself. At whatever the hell he was doing to her. She needed to say something. Something angry. Something to prove she was still herself. She squared her shoulders, took a deep breath, and snapped.

“Dane, you...y-you total, like, um...JERK!”

That wasn't...that wasn't what she meant to say. Her voice had come out all wrong. High, breathy, and whiny. Like she was pouting instead of yelling.

Dane tilted his head, amused. “What's that, sweetheart?”

The condescension in his voice made her face burn with rage. She clenched her fists. No, she wasn't falling for this. She wasn't one of his stupid bimbos. She squared her shoulders, took a deeper breath, and tried again.

“I said, y-you can't just, like, um... just touch me like that and... and...do stuff to my brain, 'kay?! I'm, like...I mean, I'm not...”

That was even worse. Every word dripped with ditzy hesitation. She sounded exactly like the kind of girls Dane always surrounded himself with. He just looked at her with his smug smile, clearly enjoying every second of this.

Tess bit her lip hard. She had to fix this. She had to prove she was still herself. She cleared her throat and forced her voice lower.

“Dane, I am not—”

And then his hand brushed the back of her neck. Just for a second, but that was long enough. Her body shivered and her brain hiccupped, and when she tried to finish her sentence...

“—like, some dumb little bimbo or whatever!”

Oh my god...

She froze.

Dane grinned. “You sure about that, sweetheart?”

Her face was burning. Her heart was pounding. Her brain was still foggy, but underneath it all she was furious. She wasn't like this, she wasn't a bimbo, she wasn't stupid. She just needed to slow down and clear her head. Needed to say something smart...something to prove she was still herself.

"I am, like, SO not a bimbo, Dane!"

That was so much worse. She didn't just sound ditzy, she sounded defensive. Like a dumb girl trying to pretend to be smart.

"Oh?"

Dane was just toying with her now, watching her prove his point. She could fix this, she just needed to think harder.

"I mean, uh, like, obviously, I can totally think good and stuff. Like, I literally just—"

She forced herself to stop. She sounded so fucking stupid. Dane was grinning so hard. He was loving every second of this. She needed to just shut up and stop making things worse. But her brain wasn't working right, and her words kept tumbling out.

"I mean, I totally got, like, a really good score on my SATs and stuff. And, like, um, I read books! Like, really smart books! Like...um..."

Oh god, make it stop. She covered her mouth with her hand. Closed her eyes and breathed in deeply, desperately fighting for control. And when she opened her eyes, Dane was still watching her with a big grin. And before she could do anything else, his fingers slid against the back of her neck once again.

Slowly and gently rubbing circles on her neck, over and over, each stroke making her brain melt more and more. Her knees felt weak, and her breathing slowed. The heat from his touch spread throughout her body, and when she tried to form another thought...nothing came.

Her mind was just...blank. Empty. Everything was quiet, then Dane's deep voice slid into her ears.

"See, sweetheart," he murmured. His thumb continued rubbing the base of her neck. His fingers pressed a little deeper. "You don't have to think so hard. You sound so much prettier when you don't."

"Mmm..."

Her eyes widened. She just moaned. She actually moaned. She ripped herself away, stepped back, panting and shaking. Her hands clenched into fists. She wanted to scream. To punch him in his stupid face. To tell him off like she did before, but she couldn't. She knew her voice would just betray her again.

So instead, she turned and stormed off, heels clicking against the floor. Her own voice looped in her mind, that ditzy little whine.

“I am, like, SO not a bimbo, Dane!”

Dane had dressed her up to look just like one of his dumb, little bimbos.

And now she sounded like one too.

Part Three

Tess stormed off, her towering heels loudly tapping against the floor. The way she moved was completely wrong. Her hips swayed in an exaggerated rhythm, back arched, chest thrust out.

She caught her reflection in the window by the stairwell.

I look like... *a fucking bimbo.*

She tried to walk normally, but her body wouldn't listen. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop moving like someone who *wanted to be looked at*. Her heels wobbled with each step. Why had she put them back on? She hated heels. They were stupid and impractical, designed to turn women into sex objects. Now here she was.

What the hell is happening to me?

She was still fuming when she felt a hand grab her wrist.

“Tessy, wait—”

She ripped her arm away and spun around.

“Don't call me that!”

Dane took a step back and raised his hands, like he was trying not to scare a wild animal.

“Whoa. What's wrong?”

He said it like nothing had happened. Like he hadn't just spent the entire night toying with her, touching her, breaking her down, pulling her deeper into...whatever the hell this was.

Tess crossed her arms. Her skin was still warm from where he'd touched her. She shook it off. She wasn't going to let him get her all worked up like this.

“I'm not playing your little games anymore. I'm going home.”

His smirk disappeared. “Games? What games?”

Why does he always sound so calm and in control?

Tess scoffed. Her voice was shaking but she didn't care.

“You know exactly what I'm talking about! You're...you're messing with my mind somehow.”

Dane looked genuinely puzzled. “What?”

“You’re doing something to me. Every time you touch me, my head gets all...fuzzy. You’re making me act like...”

“Like what?”

She didn’t answer. She couldn’t.

Dane sighed. “How much have you had to drink tonight?”

“What? That’s not—”

“Five glasses? Six? More?”

Tess stiffened. That wasn’t *that* much. Was it?

Dane slowly stepped closer.

“You’re exhausted, you’re stressed, and now you’re telling me I’m controlling your mind by touching you? Come on, sweetheart. That sounds a little crazy, don’t you think?”

Tess frowned. It *did* sound crazy. The moment she’d said the words out loud, she felt ridiculous, like some kind of paranoid conspiracy theorist. Like she was this fragile, hysterical woman who couldn’t handle a little champagne and male attention.

No... she knew what she felt. That wasn’t just all in her head.

...Was it?

Dane looked straight into her eyes. No smugness, no teasing. Just genuine concern.

“Tessy. I’m flattered, really, but you’re giving me way too much credit. Look, if I really did have some kind of magic touch that made women lose their minds, you really think I’d be using it on you?”

Tess started to reply but hesitated. She was tired, and the champagne had been hitting her harder than expected. She’d spent the whole night stressed, anxious, out of her element. Maybe he was right.

Maybe she *was* overreacting...

Maybe this was just all in her head. She’d spent the whole night surrounded by all these ditzzy bimbos. Maybe it was starting to rub off on her. Like that time she did a semester abroad in Paris and came home with a slight French accent.

She sighed. “Maybe you’re right. I just... It all felt so real... I don’t know.”

Dane smiled. “Honestly, I actually really enjoyed the whole bimbo act. The wide-eyed stares, the cute little giggles, the way you kept tripping over your words...I have to say, Tessy, it looked good on you.”

Tess rolled her eyes. “I wasn’t acting. And stop calling me Tessy.”

“So, I was thinking. Since you’re already so good at it, why not keep it up?”

Tess scoffed. “Fuck off.”

“I’m serious. Just for the rest of the night. It’s so much easier to make a deal when you have a beautiful bimbo on your arm. Something about it just puts people at ease.”

She stared at him. *Unbelievable.*

“I’m not a bimbo...”

“I never said you were. Just play one for tonight. Lean into it. Have some fun.”

Tess shook her head. “No. Absolutely not.”

Dane sighed, like she was the one being difficult. “I’ll make it worth your while. How does...twenty thousand sound?”

...Twenty thousand!?

The number rang in her ears like a bell. She felt dizzy. That damn perfume was still stuck to her skin. The scent was overwhelming.

“Twenty thousand...dollars?”

Dane nodded. “There are only a few hours left. Just keep doing what you did before. That was perfect.”

Twenty grand... That’s *a lot* of money. More than she and John have ever had at once. Most of their fights were about bills, debts, stupid purchases. That kind of cash could really help their relationship.

Her mind raced. It was only two more hours. Plus, she’d already been accidentally doing it for free. What was the harm in doing it on purpose... just a little longer? All she had to do was play dumb and look pretty. How hard could that really be?

Tess took a deep breath. “So, you want me to pretend to be a bimbo for the rest of the night...and you’ll pay me twenty grand?”

Dane smiled. “Exactly.”

This was insane. This was humiliating. This was... twenty thousand dollars. People were already treating her like a bimbo. Might as well get paid for it.

“...Fine. I’ll do it.”

* * *

Dane’s hand rested on the small of her back, guiding her through the crowd. Tess had stopped bothering to try and shake him off. It was easier to just go with it. Just a couple more hours.

It was just a role. *For the money.*

Her head was still spinning as he slowed to a stop in front of an elegantly dressed couple. An older man in a tailored tux, and his wife beside him in an emerald-green gown, huge diamonds hanging from her ears.

“Ah, Dane. Good to see you.” He briefly looked over at Tess.

Dane gave his usual easygoing smile. “Arthur, good to see you too. And Margaret, you look as stunning as ever.”

Margaret smiled politely. She looked over in Tess’s direction as well, but it was a different kind of look.

This is it. Play the part...

Tess forced a smile. It felt wrong on her face, too wide and too bright.

Dane’s hand didn’t leave her back as he turned slightly toward her. “This is Tessy. She’s my date tonight.”

Tess stiffened, but she held back the instinct to correct him. Not Tessy. Just Tess. But that wasn’t what a bimbo would say. A bimbo would just keep smiling. So, she did.

The couple were both staring at her, waiting for her to say something.

Shit. What was she supposed to *do*?

How do you act like a bimbo? It was harder than it looked. She didn’t want to overdo it and look ridiculous, but she needed to say something.

“Hi!” she chirped, “It’s, like, soooo nice to meet you.”

Ugh, that was way overdoing it.

She cleared her throat and tried again. “I mean, um, it’s really, uh, like...nice? To meet you?”

Tess cringed. Still too much. It felt like really bad acting. Like a daytime soap opera. But Dane just laughed and slid his hand higher up her back.

Say something. Compliment her dress. Ask about their hotel. Say literally anything.

“Oh wow, your earrings are like...sooo pretty!”

Margaret smiled politely. “Thank you, dear.”

Dane looked at her expectantly, like she was supposed to be doing something else. But what? What was she supposed to do next? Think.

Think like a bimbo.

She pressed herself into Dane, clinging to him. Then she gave Arthur her best wide-eyed, interested look. She twirled a strand of hair around her finger.

“So, you’re, like, super rich, right?”

Arthur chuckled. Margaret looked annoyed. Dane squeezed her waist. Tess wasn’t sure if it was encouragement or a warning.

“I suppose you could say that.”

Tess tried to giggle but realized she didn’t know how. What came out wasn’t quite a laugh, and it certainly wasn’t cute or flirty.

How the hell do you even giggle?

Thankfully the conversation moved on, back to business. Tess fought the urge to let out a relieved sigh. Dane had been right. Arthur seemed more relaxed now. Who knew whether it was because of her or not. But she did what he asked. She played her part.

Dane’s fingers brushed the back of her neck, moving in a slow, deliberate circle. Her thoughts went quiet for just a moment, warmth flooding into her mind like ink into clear water, clouding everything it touched. And somewhere beneath it, panic surged.

It’s that feeling from before...he’s doing it again. This isn’t right. I have to—

Margaret’s bracelet suddenly caught her eye. It was so pretty and shiny. Maybe she would buy one just like it with the money got from tonight.

Tess blinked, suddenly aware that she’d lost her train of thought. She’d just been thinking about something, hadn’t she? Something important?

An alarm rang out in the back of her mind, a warning that something important was slipping away, but that concern felt abstract now, blurred by the warm, pleasant haze wrapping around her thoughts. The shame she'd just felt from her awful attempt at bimbo banter suddenly felt less embarrassing.

Before she knew it, Dane was already leading her to the next guest. They slowed as they approached a tall, broad-shouldered man with a Rolex. Next to him was a younger woman, early twenties at most, in a tight glittering silver dress that clung to her abundant curves.

Tess could instantly tell what she was.

A trophy.

Just like Dane wanted her to be.

Dane turned to her. "Tessy, this is Richard Maxwell. He's a very important investor."

Okay. Think. Play the part. Be the bimbo.

The last conversation had been awkward, but she'd somehow gotten through it. A compliment, a giggle, a little hair twirling. It wasn't that hard, was it? Just keep it fun and flirty. She could do this.

She gave them her biggest smile, eyes wide, lashes fluttering.

"Hiii," she said, putting on her best bimbo impression. It still felt like bad acting, but it was getting better.

Richard's eyes dipped down to her cleavage. Tess felt uncomfortable from his stare but tried not to show it. *Bimbos don't get flustered.*

Dane's fingers brushed the back of her neck.

The same panic from before shot through her. Why does he keep—

Her eyes snapped to the other woman's neckline.

Ohhhh. So pretty! The way it caught the light and sparkled with every movement.

A tiny part of her mind noticed the unnatural shift, the way one thought had been replaced by another, but that awareness was fading more and more with each touch.

Richard chuckled. "Dane, you've got excellent taste as always."

Tess was surprised by the sudden sound of giggling. Did that just come from her?

Richard's date looked over at her with a big vapid smile. "Ohmigosh, who did your hair? It looks amazing."

Okay, just copy her. Do what she does. Simple enough.

"Uh, it was like this super fancy salon downtown. They totally, like, transformed me."

The girl giggled. "I totally gotta check it out. It's so hard to find people who really know how to style hair the way we like it."

Tess nodded. "Totally."

That wasn't so hard. Just a couple more hours and I can finally go home.

She didn't even notice Dane brushing the back of her neck as she continued the conversation.

* * *

Tess continued smiling and looking pretty. Every smile felt a little more natural, like her face was starting to get used to its new default state.

Three more guests. Three more rounds of "Ohmigosh, that's so cool!"

Things were getting easier each time. A giggle here, a hair twirl there, and she was already onto the next. Her body was learning the patterns, picking up the mannerisms without a second thought.

Tess still cringed inwardly, but the voice that used to yell at her to stop humiliating herself like this was now just a whisper.

She could do this. She just had to stop overthinking. Although... it really was getting harder to think. Not like she couldn't, it just took more effort now.

Her brain wasn't gone, just taking a back seat while something simpler took over. That wasn't weird. It probably just meant she was finally starting to relax. Her body felt amazing, warm, floaty, kind of tingly. So, what if her thoughts were a little fuzzy? She was fine. Totally fine.

"Tessy, this is Charles Kenmore. He handles a lot of our international business."

Okay play the part. Be the bimbo.

Be the bimbo.

She put on a big smile. "Ooooooh, I love your suit! It's so...." she struggled to search for the right word, "...fancy!"

That sounded so dumb. I really sh—

Dane rubbed her neck, and she giggled automatically.

That wasn't so bad, right?

She noticed his date's necklace. Oh my god! It was gorgeous. For a moment, she *totally* got lost in how sparkly it was.

Wait...wasn't she just thinking about something?

After that, Dane led her towards a short, balding man. His round belly was barely contained by his tight tuxedo. He looked like he'd been drinking all night. His eyes were glued straight to her chest. Not even trying to be subtle.

"Tessy, this is Leonard Gilmour. He owns several of the resorts we work with."

His eyes never left her cleavage.

Tess cringed. God this guy was gross. Her first instinct was to turn away or tell him to fuck off, but then she caught herself. A bimbo wouldn't do that.

A bimbo wouldn't be disgusted. A bimbo would love the attention. That was the whole point, wasn't it? She forced herself to smile.

"Well, aren't you just a little treat," he said, finally looking up at her face. "You sure know how to pick 'em Dane."

Tess bit her tongue. She hated this.

... But a bimbo wouldn't. A bimbo would giggle. A bimbo would like the attention.

So, she giggled. She was getting good at that. It was almost starting to sound real.

Dane's fingers brushed the back of her neck.

Wait, stop I don't want to—

Whoa...

...Her tits look *incredible*. So... big and... jiggly. No wonder Leonard couldn't stop staring.

Wait...hadn't she been thinking about something? Something about being... uncomfortable? It was getting so hard to remember.

Whatever.

Tess arched her back a little more, giving Leonard get an even better view. It felt natural, almost instinctive, like her body was designed for display. What'd once required conscious effort now seemed to happen automatically, like her muscle memory was rewriting itself in real time.

Damn she looked hot.

* * *

Dane guided her forward and Tess followed without thinking. His hand felt warm against her back.

The last conversation had gone...well?

Wait, no, that's not right. It'd been gross. Leonard's eyes were all over her, and she wanted to leave.

But a bimbo wouldn't be disgusted. A bimbo would love the attention. And once she reminded herself of that, something clicked into place.

The next guest was a thin man with slicked back hair and a sharp face. His eyes slowly swept over her, like he was studying her body. She should be used to this by now, but something about him made her pause.

Then Dane's fingers brushed the back of her neck.

Victor's suit was really nice. Like, really nice. Looked expensive. Probably was. She wondered if Dane had a suit like that.

Oh, right. Back to the rich guy. Okay, think. Bimbos love rich guys. Be excited. Be impressed.

"Oooh, you have a private jet? That is, like, soooo cool," she purred.

That sounded a lot more real. She was getting pretty good at this. Probably easy cause it actually so cool that he had a private jet. That's, like, so cool. Tess was totally impressed.

And when his eyes lingered on her chest, she reminded herself to enjoy it.

"You ever been on a private jet before, darling?"

"Mmmm, nooo, but I bet it'd be so much fun!"

That really did sound like a lot of fun. Dane probably has a private jet. He's super rich. Maybe Dane would take her for a ride.

Wait, no. Why would she wanna go on a private jet with him? He's a jerk. Just cos he's rich doesn't mean he's not a huge dick.

Tess giggled as the thought of Dane's huge dick popped into her mind.

Whoopsie.

* * *

Tess had stopped trying to sound smart.

Smart was hard. Pretty was easier. Being pretty got her compliments and smiles. Pretty girls got admired, and Tessy was starting to enjoy being admired.

She was getting really good at this. She didn't have to think about walking in heels. Didn't have to remind herself to giggle. It was all starting to come naturally.

That should've terrified her. Hours ago, it would've. But now the thought brought a strange satisfaction. The joy of perfecting a new skill. Even if that skill was slowly replacing parts of herself she'd used to think were important.

With each giggle, each hair twirl, each exaggerated sway of her hips, the line between acting and being grew blurrier. Her body didn't seem to realize she was acting.

And when the next guest, a broad-shouldered man was staring at her body... she felt it.

She actually *felt* him looking. Like a warm hand squeezing her breasts. She suddenly felt too hot. Her skin was buzzing with sensitivity. She took a deep breath and squeezed her thighs as another wave of arousal washed over her.

And this time when Dane rubbed the back of her neck, something surprising happened. She didn't have to pretend to enjoy it... she actually did.

The realization filled her with horror even as her body responded with pleasure. Something was wrong. She'd just been acting this whole time, but now...it felt real.

Then Dane's thumb brushed against her neck.

Part Four

Tessy wasn't just performing anymore. She was becoming.

Her body moved on its own. One hand on her hip. Her chest proudly pushed forward. Her lips stretched into the same vapid smile she'd seen on all the other girls. The other dates. The other bimbos.

That was the word she kept avoiding, even in her own thoughts.

Bimbo.

She used to judge girls who looked like that. Dumb, ditzy, arm candy. Everything she never wanted to be.

Now, she was acting just like one of them.

The realization had horrified her, but not for long. Not when Dane's fingers drifted over the nape of her neck again, and the warmth spread instantly.

She'd always hated the way bimbos talked. High-pitched. Drawn out. Dumb. But now she sounded just like them. At first, she'd been doing it on purpose. Now it just came out that way.

She couldn't even remember the last time she used her real voice.

Tessy giggled. Not because anything was funny. Just because it felt good.

She'd lost track of how many men Dane had introduced her to. Investors. Board members. Donors. Rich, powerful men, always staring straight at her chest.

Their names didn't matter. Their voices all blurred together. Their eyes were all the same.

And her body responded the same way every time. Shoulders back. Chest out. Big smile. A reflex now, like muscle memory.

She kept telling herself it was just a role. A performance. Something she was doing for money. Twenty grand. Just a few more hours.

Another man. Another champagne glass. Another pair of hungry eyes. More giggling. More flirting. More staring at her tits.

She liked it.

...Wait. No. Tess wouldn't have liked that. Tessy liked that. Or maybe Tess did too. It was getting harder to tell where the performance ended and she began.

“Ohmigosh, that’s like soo impressive!”

She had no clue what he just said.

But she must’ve done something right, because she felt Dane’s fingers at the back her neck again. That warm, dizzying approval.

And only good girls got touched.

Tessy made her way through the crowd. Men in suits. Phones in hands. Serious faces. Busy minds. All of them too important to look at her, until they weren’t.

“You look lovely tonight, miss…”

“Tessy,” she said. “I’m like, totally Dane’s date.”

The words felt natural now.

She didn’t think about it.

She didn’t try to stop it.

It was just how Tessy talked.

And being Tessy was so much easier.

Tess had been complicated, always planning, always pushing. Tess was the woman who’d stormed into Dane’s office like she was in control. Tess was the wife who gave lectures. The one who held herself with pride.

Tessy didn’t have to do any of that.

Tessy pressed her tits against Dane’s arm and giggled when he made a joke. She pouted when he wasn’t paying attention. She smiled when he touched her.

She didn’t have to think about what to say.

She didn’t have to think at all.

Just had to look pretty.

Let them stare.

Tessy didn’t care if they laughed at her. As long as they were looking.

Her nipples were hard. She could feel them pressing against her dress.

Her tits were practically spilling out. She didn't fix it.

She adjusted the neckline. A playful tug.

Just enough to make her boobs jiggle.

The man tried not to react. He failed.

She saw the obvious bulge forming in his pants.

He was hard.

Because of her.

Because of her tits.

That made something flutter in her chest.

Something warm, and giddy, almost proud.

She told herself it didn't matter, that it was all just an act.

Still a performance. Still for the money.

Just twenty grand. Just a little longer.

But deep down she felt it.

I made him hard. My body did that.

Tess would've been disgusted.

Tessy was turned on.

That's when Dane appeared. He slid behind her, hand settling possessively on the back on her neck. She moaned.

"You look distracted," he murmured.

"Ohmigosh, there you are," Tessy said excitedly. "So, like, there was this guy, and he was literally just staring at my tits, and I totally made his dick hard."

The words came out before she even realized what she was saying.

Dane raised an eyebrow. "You sound proud."

She blinked. "...What? No, I didn't mean..."

"But you liked it."

She opened her mouth to argue, but nothing came out.

His fingers moved. Slow, deliberate circles at the back of her neck. Heat flooded her mind. Her thighs squeezed together.

"That's what you want, isn't it? For them to stroke their cocks while thinking about your sexy little body."

The thought didn't horrify her. Somehow, it made perfect sense.

Of course she did.

Why else was she dressed like this? Smiling like this? Letting her tits spill out? Wearing heels that made her ass pop.

That's why I'm here. That's why I'm doing this.

...Isn't it?

Dane smiled. "Let's play a game."

Tessy tilted her head. "A game?"

"Pick a guy. Walk over. Pretend you're fixing your shoe or something dumb a bimbo like you would do. Let them see what's under that dress."

The suggestion wrapped around her brain.

She was still tingling from his touch.

Still floating in that fuzzy, golden heat.

And the idea...was strangely hot.

Like, really, really hot.

Tessy stared at him, stunned. "That's, like...crazy."

Dane just smiled. "Is it?"

Tessy looked around the ballroom. Almost every man here had looked at her like she was just an object, imagining her bent over with her ass in their hands.

A few hours ago, that would've made her want to disappear.

Now it turned her on.

She took a breath and stepped forward. A group of men stood chatting near a table, drinks in hand, laughing. Their suits looked expensive. Their eyes looked hungry.

She walked toward them slowly. Then stopped a few feet away and bent down. One leg pushed forward. One hand on her ankle. The slit in her dress widened. Her upper thigh flashed. The curve of her ass pressed tightly, demanding to be seen.

She could feel their eyes all over her. Feel the heat rising.

They were staring. All of them.

Holy fuck...

Her heart pounded.

Her pussy throbbed.

She walked back to Dane, cheeks flushed, eyes glassy.

He looked amused. "Well?"

"I dunno, it was kinda str—"

He touched her neck and the words twisted in her mouth.

"...so fucking hot."

That wasn't what she meant to say, but now that she had, it seemed true.

Dane grinned. "That's what you're for. To be seen and looked at."

"...To be stroked to..." she whispered.

"Exactly," Dane said, as he continued rubbing. "You love being the dumb little slut they all stare at. The one who bends over and makes them hard. That's what bimbos are for."

Tessy whimpered. "I'm not a bimbo..."

Dane smiled. "Not yet."

He let go of her neck and the warmth vanished. Tess blinked slowly as her mind struggled to catch up.

“...What’d you just say?”

Dane shrugged. “I said let’s go. There’re more people to meet.”

“...Oh, okay.”

She didn’t notice that she couldn’t stop smiling.

She didn’t notice that she’d stopped pretending.

* * *

Tessy stood smiling with her arm draped over Dane as he spoke with some young hotshot executive. He was handsome, confident, and clearly wealthy. But she wasn’t really listening to what they were saying. Her focus was on his eyes.

He kept looking down, right at her tits. Not even trying to be subtle about it.

She adjusted her dress, making her cleavage look even deeper, and his eyes dropped again. She could feel it. Her nipples tingled and her thighs squeezed together.

God, he’s totally picturing it...

Tessy tried to ignore it, but her mind drifted elsewhere. She kept thinking about his cock, hard in his pants, twitching while he stared at her tits. Maybe he’d go home and stroke it later, thinking about her.

She should say something flirty. Just a fun little compliment.

“Your cock would look soooo good between my tits...”

Tessy’s eyes widened. Everyone went silent. She wasn’t sure where that came from. It just slipped out.

The young exec seemed amused.

Tessy’s cheeks flushed with heat, not just from the shame, but from the growing heat between her thighs. Her brain scrambled to try and fix things.

“I mean—uh, tie! Your tie...looks, uh, super...um...nice?”

Dane’s fingers brushed against her neck.

“Mmm... silly me...”

And just like that, the men went back to their conversation, ignoring the dumb bimbo's silly comment as if it was just a normal part of the night.

A few minutes later, Dane's hand slid around her waist again.

"This way, sweetheart," he murmured, guiding her through the ballroom.

Tessy followed. She didn't ask where they were going. She never asked anymore. Not unless he told her to.

Dane led her toward the staircase. There was a backdrop set up near the base. There was a large banner with the event logo and company sponsors printed across it. A few photographers stood nearby. When they noticed Dane, the flashes started clicking.

Tessy blinked against the bright light.

Dane gestured toward the carpet. "Let's take a photo."

Tessy smiled. Easy. She'd taken hundreds of photos tonight. But the moment she stepped in front of the backdrop and felt the flashes of the cameras go off, something happened to her body. Her hand dropped to her hip and her spine arched. Her leg slid out through the slit in her dress. One arm pushed her tits together and her lips formed a sexy pout.

The cameras went wild, a series of rapid flashes. People nearby turned to look. Everyone in the nearby crowd was staring right at her. That's when she realized.

Tessy realized all at once. She wasn't posing like someone's wife. Not even like someone's date.

She was posing like a slut.

Not classy. Not elegant.

Slutty. Teasing. Owned.

A dizzy jolt of awareness hit her, but she didn't stop or bother to correct herself. She stayed exactly where she was.

Another flash, and another. She giggled as her ass popped up instinctively and her pout transformed into a playful, fuckable smirk.

"Perfect," Dane said behind her, squeezing her ass.

She shivered.

She hadn't meant to stand like this. She really hadn't. But standing any other way now felt...wrong. Because somehow, this pose felt right.

Like this was who she'd always been.

* * *

The men in the corner were loud.

Suits unbuttoned, ties loosened, whiskey glasses half full. They laughed too hard and talked over each other.

Tessy could already tell what kind of men they were. She'd dealt with men like them her whole life. The kind of men who had no problem harassing a woman with crude comments right in front of her husband.

Dane walked her straight toward them.

"Gentlemen, meet Tessy. She's been the star of the night," Dane said, introducing her.

Tessy smiled wide. Shoulders back. Chest out.

One of the men whistled. Another laughed.

"Jesus," said the drunkest one. His eyes were locked onto her cleavage. "She's got like... cartoon boobs."

Laughter. More eyes. No respect.

Tessy's smile started fading but then snapped right back into place like it was stuck there.

"Do they bounce up and down when she laughs?"

More laughter. Something felt wrong. This wasn't flirting. This was mocking.

Their jokes weren't fun and playful. They were rude and demeaning.

Dane's arm slipped around her waist. "What's wrong, sweetheart?"

She stepped away from Dane and swatted his arm away. The men all laughed.

"Uh oh, you're in trouble now!"

"Damn, she's feisty," said the drunk one. "I like it,"

Dane kept smiling. "Come on now. We're just having a little fun."

"This isn't fun for me," Tessy said defiantly. "I didn't come here to—"

Fingers on the back of her neck.

Heat.

Fog.

Silence.

The words dissolved before they reached her mouth.

She giggled.

The men howled with laughter.

“She even laughs like a cartoon character,” one of them said.

“Where the hell do you even find these girls?”

She didn’t know what was so funny, but they were all looking at her. Laughing. Smiling.

...And that felt good.

She was still laughing when a voice in her head whispered:

They’re laughing at you. Not with you.

But their stares felt warm. Like she was valuable. That felt nice.

That warmth chased the voice away.

Tess would’ve hated this. She would’ve slapped them and called them disgusting pigs. Would’ve torn into Dane for even bringing her here.

But Tessy just batted her lashes and smiled.

“What is she, like, some professional bimbo model?”

Tessy giggled. It floated up without effort. Just part of her now.

They think you’re dumb, said the voice from before. *They think you’re just a walking pair of tits.*

They’re right, another voice whispered. *And you love it.*

Tessy adjusted her neckline. Let them bounce.

“Best damn entertainment of the night.”

Tessy couldn't stop smiling. She loved being called entertainment. Like she was making people happy. It felt good.

Dane's fingers were still on the back of her neck. She leaned into his touch.

"Good girl," he whispered.

She moaned under her breath. It just slipped out. One of the men noticed and laughed.

"She's well trained."

More laughter. Tessy laughed too. Then Dane leaned in closer.

"Why don't you go give him a lap dance."

Tessy froze. "Wha—what?"

"Just a little one," he said, as if it were no big deal. "He's earned it."

That man...the obnoxious drunk one...he'd been the worst of them all. Crude and entitled. She'd hated him the moment he opened his mouth. Even now he was staring at her like she wasn't real. Just tits and ass and giggles.

"No. That's... too far. I'm not doing that."

She stood frozen, her mind spinning.

That's not me. That's not...

Fingers brushed her neck. That was all it took.

She hadn't even realized she'd taken a step. Then another, and another. Her hips swayed as she strutted towards him. She wasn't sure when she started smiling.

The men noticed right away. "No way. She's not really—"

"She is," Dane said.

Her body moved on its own while her mind was still trying to pull her back, desperately trying to shout don't do this, but the sound was muffled. Drowned in perfume, champagne, and the warm haze of Dane's touch.

Tessy walked toward the drunk one, the one she hated. Each step was careful and seductive. On her face was a big vapid smile, but inside she was starting to panic.

This is wrong.

This is humiliating.

Don't do it.

Don't you dare.

But her body didn't care. She couldn't stop herself, as she continued forward, her tits jiggling with every step.

By the time she'd reached him, her body had taken full control. She turned around, pressing her ass just inches away from his lap.

She bent forward, hands on her knees, tits nearly spilling out of her dress. She arched her back, letting her hips grind against his thigh, just once. A tiny tease.

The men were all roaring with laughter.

Stop. Get up. This isn't you.

But she didn't stop. She giggled instead.

The drunk man's mouth hung open, stunned. His hand tightened around his glass of whiskey. His eyes were glued to her hips. The other men, laughed, slapped his back, and exchanged crude jokes with each other.

Her body moved like it already knew what to do.

Then she felt his big, rough hands grab her ass like he owned it. Big rough palms grabbing two meaty handfuls and squeezing.

Tessy gasped.

Something snapped. Panic and disgust flooded her chest. Her smile disappeared and the warmth faded. She shot up from his lap so fast, he nearly spilled his drink.

“What the fuck do you think you're doing!”

Her voice was sharp and angry. She turned on him, fire in her eyes, ready to slap him, to scream, but then she looked over and saw Dane. He was standing across the room. Calmly smiling and watching her.

And as her gaze locked onto his, her hand started to move without thinking. Her fingers rose to her neck. Gentle circles, slow and familiar. Just like he always did.

The heat returned instantly.

Her spine loosened.

Her nipples tightened.

Her mind...melted.

Tessy giggled. It bubbled up from somewhere inside her. She suddenly felt so dizzy and dumb. Happy and horny.

She didn't remember what she'd been so upset about.

...What was I just doing?

Something felt wrong just a second ago. What was it?

She turned back around and noticed the drunk man still staring at her ass like it was the most amazing thing he'd ever seen.

She giggled as she twirled back towards the drunk man. "Ohmigosh... you're soooo naughty."

The men all laughed, but Tessy wasn't listening anymore.

She wasn't performing now. This time she meant it.

She slid into his lap like it was the most natural thing in the world. Her big ass bounced, then settled onto him. She rolled her hips slowly, testing his reaction.

The man groaned.

That sound made her lightheaded.

Made her feel pretty.

Made her feel...powerful.

Tessy giggled louder.

She bent forward, giving him full view down her neckline, tits bulging out of her dress.

This was fun.

She was making him feel good.

That's what her body was for.

He gripped her ass again, stronger this time. No hesitation. His fingers dug in deep.

She moaned. This time not in protest, but in pleasure.

She pushed her hips back into him, teasing him with slow, deliberate circles.

Ohhh...wow...

She felt his cock throb beneath her. She could feel him getting hard. The thick, growing pressure beneath her, pushing against her ass through his pants. The realization made her dizzy and warm.

I did that...

He's so hard...

Because of me.

A small voice in the back of her mind tried to remind her.

You hated him...

You hated the way he looked at you.

You wanted to slap him.

He made your skin crawl.

But her body didn't care. She just giggled and whispered, "Mmm... do ya like that, Mister?"

The way he groaned in response lit her up. She started grinding deeper, slower, letting her ass move in perfect rhythm. More focused now, like her body knew exactly what to do, what he needed.

She whimpered as she pressed her ass into his lap in slow teasing circles, feeling his cock throb under her as she bounced up and down in his lap.

God, that feels...so fucking GOOD!

His grip tightened and he squeezed again, rougher this time, eagerly fondling her ass. His fingers digging into her plump cheeks.

Her dress rode higher. Her tits jiggled. Her moans got breathier.

Yes...play with my ass! That's what it's for!

This is what bimbos do, she thought, as a dreamy smile spread across her face.

They make men feel good. They make cocks hard. They make guys wanna cum.

She arched her back, presenting herself to him like a gift. Her tits jiggled wildly as her ass bounced up and down in his lap.

God, I'm so hot.

No wonder he can't stop touching me.

And why would he? Her ass was big and round and bouncy. Made for grabbing. Made for playing with.

Tessy moaned as his hands slid up her body shamelessly. His fingers brushed against the underside of her tits, cupping them from behind and squeezing.

God...he's so...rude...

So...rough.

So...fucking hot.

She bit her lip. There was something so hot about the way he was greedily pawing at her like she was some toy he'd just unwrapped. Like she was nothing more than a big pair of tits.

Another groan. He was hard as a rock. His hands were fully under her dress, kneading her big, perfect ass like it was the most natural thing in the world.

It felt right. She wanted more.

He deserves it. He likes me. I like being liked. I like being touched. I like making him want me.

Her thoughts were slow and warm and happy. No more doubt or worry. Just the rhythm of her grinding hips, the arousal in her body, and the absolute pleasure of knowing she was the reason this terrible man was rock hard and having the time of his life.

She looked over her shoulder with glassy eyes.

“Mmmm... your hands feel sooo good back there.”

The drunk man didn't answer. He just groaned again.

Tessy giggled.

Bimbos don't need conversation. Just a tight dress, a big ass, and a hard cock to grind on.

She twisted her body, leaning back and grinding her ass into his lap. She could feel him throbbing now... really feel it. Warm and hard and rubbing against her pussy lips.

He's so hard...

Because of me.

The thought made her embarrassingly horny. She felt needed. Worshipped. Owned.

Her hand moved before she even realized it, sliding over his belt.

Against his waistband.

No...what am I doing...

I shouldn't be doing this, it's wrong.

It's so fucking wrong...

She bit her lip, hesitating for a moment, then slid her hand into his pants and wrapped around his thick, warm, cock. It was twitching in her grip.

This feels...so fucking good.

She gave him a slow, teasing pump.

Bimbos make men feel good. That's their job.

Her warm fingers continued stroking slowly. Her pussy throbbed with approval.

Good boys get touched when they treat bimbos right...

His grip on her tits tightened, massaging them, thumbs brushing over her hard nipples. She whimpered. He groaned. She stroked him again, a little faster.

“You're, like, sooooo hard, mister...”

The room blurred around her. Nothing else mattered at this moment. Nothing but this cock. She wanted to make him feel good. Wanted to serve him. Wanted to be the reason he came.

He pushed one strap of her dress off her shoulder, and her breast slipped free. She didn't stop him.

She leaned back, giving him full access, moaning as he explored every inch of her sensitive body while she continued stroking him.

That's what I'm for.

To make him feel amazing.

To be a good bimbo.

She giggled, grinding harder in his lap. It felt so... perfect.

Then she caught something out of the corner of her eye: a reflection. She looked up. Tucked between two columns of the ballroom's marble archway, was a decorative wall mirror. And in it, she couldn't believe what she saw.

In the reflection was the sluttiest bimbo she'd ever seen, grinding in some fat, bald, drunk guy's lap, shamelessly jerking him off with her tits out. She had the dumbest, happiest smile.

Who the hell is that? Not even Tessy would ever do something as slutty as that. She looked around the room but couldn't seem to find her.

That's not me...

That can't be me...

Her mind was spinning as she tried to figure out what was happening. Then she felt her other hand rising, the one that wasn't stroking someone's cock. Her fingertips found the back of her own neck.

Then there were circles. Slow, gentle circles.

Her body melted and the warmth returned. The fuzziness. The dizziness. The pleasure. The arousal. It slid down her spine, poured into her thighs, and wrapped around her thoughts.

A big, vapid smile washed over her face as she looked up at the mirror again. She didn't recognize that bimbo... but she liked her. She liked how good she looked. Liked how she moved. Like how good she made him feel.

Tessy's hips began to rock again. Her hand stroked him faster. She giggled.

“You're soooo naughty, mister...”

Her breast bounced as he squeezed it. Her ass rolled against his lap like it was meant to be there. Her eyes drifted, half-closed, lost in pleasure and heat and praise and purpose and arousal.

The mirror was still there, but it didn't scare her anymore. It made her smile.

God, she's so fucking hot.

Tessy didn't know who she was, but she wanted to be just like her.

And somewhere behind her glossy smile, there was a part of her that wanted to scream. But all that came out was another giggle.

Her hand kept stroking. She loved the way he twitched under her touch. She used her other hand to press his palm tighter against her breast, encouraging him. She felt like a prize.

Just a few minutes ago, this man disgusted her. He was a loud, brutish, pervy drunk asshole. But now, she just wanted to make him cum.

“Am I making you feel good?”

The man just groaned. Tessy giggled, feeling proud. One hand still fondled her breast, the other clutched the edge of his chair.

That’s it, she thought absentmindedly. Cum for me.

Cum because I’m hot. Cum because I’m a bimbo and I made you feel good.

Her grip tightened as she stroked even quicker, focusing with all her concentration on her hand sliding up and down his cock.

Then she felt it. Warmth spilling into her hand. He came and Tessy gasped, then giggled, proudly and excitedly.

She did it.

She made him cum.

Right there in his seat. In front of everyone.

Because of her tits.

Because of her ass.

Because of her touch.

Tessy released his cock and tucked it back into his pants. She leaned into him one last time with a smug little smirk and whispered into his ear. “You’re welcome, Mister.”

That really shut him up. He wasn’t laughing at her anymore. She’d used her big tits and fat ass to teach him a little respect.

His eyes were glazed and his mouth hung open. He looked like she’d literally just blown his mind.

And she loved that.

Tessy stood up slowly and turned around, with a big brainless smile on her face. She strutted across the room in her heels, swaying her hips excitedly, like she’d just won the lottery.

Dane was waiting for her near the wall, drink in hand, smiling as she approached. She walked right up to him, and stared at him, with her wide, adoring eyes.

“Did I do good, Mister Dane?”

Dane set his drink down and cupped the back of her neck. His fingers traced the same familiar path, sending a flood of warmth through her limbs.

“Good girl.”

She moaned.

Her knees nearly buckled.

Oh god yes... say that again...

“Thank you, sir...” she whispered.

She leaned into his touch, smiling dreamily. Her body pressed against him like it belonged there. Her face was glowing with pride.

Because good bimbos... get touched.

Good bimbos... get praised.

Good bimbos... smile.

Good bimbos... giggle

Good bimbos... make men cum.

And Tessy was such a good bimbo.

Part Five

Tessy giggled with excitement as she walked beside Mister Dane toward the waiting limo.

The last hour of the gala had gone by in a blur. She'd smiled, laugh, and clung to his arm while he wrapped things up with the last of his important guests.

So many powerful people. So much attention. All waiting for him.

Tessy always knew Mister Dane was a super big deal, but seeing it up close made her wet.

She ran both hands down the front of her dress and fixed her tits, which once again slipped out. The whole look screamed bimbo and that made her tingle.

Because it worked.

No one realized she wasn't just another airheaded slut desperate for attention. Some horny bimbo who couldn't stop thinking about cock. Just another giggling plaything, tits out, brain off.

She wasn't like that.

Well... maybe right now she was. But she was just pretending.

She'd studied them. The giggles. The poses. The walk. The way they clung to rich men like obedient little ornaments. The annoying pout. The pathetic moan. Even that dumb, breathy voice that came out every time they opened their mouth.

She mimicked every detail. And it worked. People loved it. Every time he called her a good girl, her body reacted before her mind could catch up.

It was so fucking hot.

She thrust her chest forward as they passed the paparazzi. Another bimbo trick. Always give them something to stare at.

Always make them look at your big, sexy tits.

The driver opened the limo door. Dane's hand landed on her ass, a quick proud squeeze as he guided her inside. He looked pleased.

It felt good to make Mister Dane proud.

So fucking good.

“You looked stunning tonight,” he said.

“Mmm, thank you Mister Dane.”

God, I sounded like a porn star just then. He must be loving this.

She caught her reflection in the tinted glass. She looked ridiculous. “Well... I guess now that it’s over I can finally drop the act...”

Dane laughed like she’d just told a joke.

Ohmygod. He actually thinks this is real...

He really thinks he’s washing my brain or whatever. Turning me into one of his bimbo groupies. What a delusional prick.

The absurdity made her giggle.

He thinks he can control my mind or whatever. Please. How’s he gonna control it...if I’m not even using it.

She couldn’t wait to see the look on his face when he realized she’d tricked him. That this “dumb little bimbo” had outsmarted him.

She smiled and put on her best dumb girl voice.

Make it breathy. Make it pouty. Make him think I belong in his collection

She’d gotten *good* at this. Better than most the real ones.

“It’s sooo weird how, like, everyone at that party treated me like I was just some dumb slut with big boobs. One guy even asked if I was an escort. Can you believe that?”

She rested her hand on his thigh, playfully teasing him with her nails.

“You were sooo good tonight, Mister Dane. Like, I was totally turned on just watching you talk to all those powerful men.”

She meant it to sound sarcastic. It came out too real.

He turned and whispered, “Good girl.”

She didn’t mean to moan, but she did.

Besides...it made the act more convincing. That’s all. Made it more believable that she was some horny slut who couldn’t stop her hand from inching toward the warmth of his cock.

What if I just... brushed my hand against it...

Just a part of the role. Just a horny little giggle and a squeeze. That's all.

She pretended not to notice the smug smile on his face.

He thinks I just can't resist touching his cock...

...just can't resist touching his cock...

Her fingers pressed against the outline through his pants. Felt his cock instantly swell, hot and heavy.

“Ohmygod... are you, like, actually getting hard right now?”

No answer.

She slipped her hand under his waistband and wrapped her fingers around him to check.

“Oh.My.God. You're actually sooo hard for Tessy.”

Mmm... feels really good... god, it's so big...

Her hand stayed there. Enjoying the way it felt, the weight and the warmth.

“Wooooow, you must've really liked my performance...”

Just keep up the act. Make sure he thinks I'm so deep in the role.

Because that's all this is. A role. A perfect little performance.

She threw her legs over him and settled into his lap. Her hips rolled without thinking. She looked up at him and smiled.

“Mmmm, Tessy loves making you hard, Mister Dane...”

Her own voice startled her. She pulled her hand away.

“Omigosh, what am I doing....”

It was fine. She was just getting a little too into the role...that's all.

Just Tessy being Tessy. Just for the act.

But god, it felt good.

* * *

Tessy kept talking. About the gala, the champagne, the way everyone stared at her tits. About the guy who slapped her ass when Dane wasn't looking. Everyone thought she was just another dumb bimbo.

Her heel dangled from one toe. Her dress had ridden halfway up her thighs. Her breasts spilled out of her dress.

Dane didn't say much. He just listened to her ramble with his usual amused grin.

Every time she paused, he let the silence stretch until she scrambled to fill it with whatever nonsense spilled out of her mouth.

Keep going. Don't stop. Keep him watching you. Keep the act alive.

Because if she stopped... she might have to think about what was really happening to her.

Tessy twirled her hair. "Mmmhmm..."

Did that come from me? That's not what I sound like...

Except it kind of was. That voice used to be fake. Now it was natural.

I'm not one of his little bimbos.

But it's kinda hot pretending to be one...

I'm smarter than this.

But being dumb felt really fucking good.

It's just pretend...

Just really...really...convincing pretend...

She bounced one leg, then the other. Adjusted her top.

Dane said nothing. The silence made her head spin.

Say something. Anything. Keep it going.

"I really love this dress you picked out for me, Mister Dane. Cause it's, like, super short and tight and stuff, and it makes my boobs look sooo big, right?"

She smiled. Nodded at nothing.

Giggled. Too high. Too fast.

Don't stop. Don't let him see the cracks. Just keep it going.

“Ohmigod, like, I'm acting so silly tonight.” She slapped her thigh and giggled again.

It's just a character. That's all.

“Tessy's, like, super horny too, but that's probably cause you keep looking at me all... y'know, like... Mister Dane-y.”

She laughed at her own joke. Really loud.

He chuckled. “You're doing wonderfully, Tessy.”

Another giggle. Louder. Her chest felt tight. Hands slick. Thighs clenched.

He smiled and went quiet again. Why wasn't he saying anything?

Don't stop talking. If I stop, he'll see it. He'll realize that I don't even remember why I'm doing this anymore...

She grabbed the champagne with shaky hands and drained it.

“Is it hot in here or am I just super horny?”

He nodded. She melted.

Keep going. Talk. Gush. Moan. Don't stop.

“You really like my dumb voice, don't you Mister Dane? At first I was like, ohmigod I sound so stupid but like, honestly, I'm kinda startin' to get used to it.”

Smile. Silence.

Her own mind started to slip away.

She needed to stay focused. She had the perfect ending planned. The grand finale. Drop the mask at the last second and watch him choke on his smug little grin. She'd climb off his lap, smooth her dress, and switch back to her real voice.

Nice try, Mister Dane. You really thought you could bimbofy me? That's adorable.

She closed her eyes and rehearsed the line in her head, over and over again.

“Nice try, Mister Dane...” Too soft. She cleared her throat and again. “You really think you could turn me into your Tessy?” The voice slurred halfway through. Her hips wiggled. That wasn’t part of the script.

You love being Tessy, silly. Just tell him.

No...

Focus. Again.

The image blurred. Instead of her cool self she saw a pout. A hair twirl. Glossy lips licking. The line that came out was, “Mister Dane, do you want your dumb little Tessy to suck your cock?”

She pushed the thought away. The limo came to a stop.

In the back of her mind a phrase played over and over again.

Tessy just wants to make you feel good...

* * *

Tessy was still buzzing when they reached Mister Dane’s penthouse. Her head swam. Thinking was hard. She felt dizzy.

Dane stepped out first and offered his hand. She placed hers in his and let him pull her close. He smelled so good.

The place had seemed so tacky and ugly earlier. Now it looked fancy and stylish. Classy and elegant. Like him.

“There’s something waiting for you in the bathroom,” he said. “A surprise just for Tessy.”

She laughed. “Let me guess. Something pink and slutty?”

He smiled.

Her heels clicked across marble floor as she walked. Her hips swung side to side in an overly exaggerated manner, boobs bouncing with each step.

Why am I walking like this? This is exactly how those dumb bimbos at the gala walk...

She looked ridiculous. But she couldn’t stop. It came naturally to her now, like breathing.

It must be the heels.

Dane watched with a smug grin.

Wow. He thinks I'm doing this for him.

She kicked her heels off and continued barefoot into the bathroom.

But it didn't stop.

Even barefoot her ass still swang like it was on display. Big round and impossible to ignore. Her chest stayed thrust forward, nipples hard, boobs bouncing with every step. Her wrists dangled loose and girly at her sides, limp and helpless.

Focus. Just walk normal. One step...

But she couldn't. Her body just wouldn't listen.

No matter how hard she tried, her hips kept swaying, her ass kept wiggling, her chest led the way. Every step felt like a performance. Like her body had learned how good it felt to be stared at and now it didn't want to stop.

It must be this dumb dress.

She stepped inside and closed the bathroom door. Instantly the perfume hit her. Made her dizzy and tingly. The perfume was stronger in here. Or maybe she just noticed it more now that she was alone.

She reached for the zipper of the tight red dress, but it clung desperately to her curves, refusing to let go. She struggled, twisted, and giggled as her tits and ass jiggled and bounced wildly. The zipper inched and inched, until finally the dress surrendered.

She let out a giddy laugh. Way too pleased with herself, like she'd just won some silly contest.

Way too lightheaded...

That's when the perfume really hit. It poured over her, heat flooding her pussy, her knees wobbling. A helpless moan.

Now she was just in her thong and makeup.

The thong looked even tinier now, barely a scrap clinging to her pussy lips, the string vanishing between her cheeks. She tugged at it, adjusted, then slid it back the way it was. It felt better tighter. More obscene.

Her body buzzed with the scent, her skin tingling where the perfume touched. Every movement felt exaggerated, clumsy, a little silly, a little sexy.

And it made her feel so good.

So fucking horny.

She turned to the mirror.

Big bouncy tits. Flushed cheeks. Puffy lips slick with gloss. Hard nipples. Thin waist and wide hips. Thong stretched tight across her fat ass.

No wonder everyone at the gala thought she was a dumb little bimbo. Just look at her.

She cupped her breasts and played with them. Just to see. Just to laugh at herself. Just to prove she didn't feel anything.

Why does that feel so good?

It was only an act. Part of the performance.

She tilted her head. Let her hair fall to the side. Pushed her boobs together. Smiled. Pouted. Laughed.

She arched her back and watched her tits jiggle. Bounced again. Harder.

“This is soooo dumb...So hot...”

She bent over, hands on her knees, and looked at herself from behind. Her ass jiggled. She wiggled it more. Then slapped it.

“Ohmygod. Look at this fat ass. I look ridiculous. Like a total slut. Like a big jiggly bimbo.”

She looked like she was posing for a porn shoot. But Tessy liked being looked at. Even if she was the only one watching.

She mouthed the words to herself. “Good girl.”

A tingle ran through her body. Her nipples stiffened. The words felt... heavier this time. Like they belonged there.

Again, louder, slower, stupider. “Goood giiiiirl.”

Every syllable made her knees weaker. She tried standing normal. Feet apart. Fists clenched. Chin lifted like she still had some dignity.

For a second, she almost looked normal. Almost like herself. But then her body moved. A slow arch of her back. A sway of her hips. Her ass lifting on instinct. Tits pushed forward like they needed to be seen.

Ohmygod...I look so stupid...

She looked like a joke. Like one of those girls. The kind that fill your Instagram. The kind that everyone mocks. A dumb slut. A walking pair of tits.

She looked like a bimbo. A dumb, horny, oversexed bimbo.

But she couldn't look away.

A breathy giggle slipped out. She cringed at the sound.

Oh god...I sound like them too...

Her nipples were already tingling. Thighs pressed together, desperate for friction, which made her ass stick out even more.

She turned slightly, just to see her ass bounce. Just to feel it. So dumb. So hot. So slutty. Every humiliating thing Dane ever said was playing in her head now, over and over again, like a song on repeat.

"Look at you," she whispered, using his mocking tone. "Such a good little bimbo..."

Her fingers slid down between her thighs. She watched herself give in, eyes wide, mouth open, tits bouncing. "Can't help yourself, can you?"

She couldn't.

Her body had been trained to move like this. Learned exactly the way he liked it. And now it was performing, just for him.

It was incredibly humiliating. But it felt so good.

Her hands cupped her tits and pressed them together like an offering. Her hands floated to her hips. One knee bent. Chest forward. Head tilted.

The bimbo stance.

Tessy whimpered. "No...I don't want this."

But the mirror didn't care. It showed her what she'd become: a mindless, horny bimbo playing with her big tits.

"Fuck, look at these tits." She jiggled them up and down. "I do look like a total bimbo. Bet you'd love to see me strutting around like this, huh? Dumb little Tessy showing off her big jiggly ass for all your rich friends."

She gave it another smack. Ripples everywhere.

“You see that? You really turned me into something, Mister Dane. You did this to me...”

She pinched a nipple and moaned. Her body trembled.

“Bet you love seeing how dumb I look? Bet it’s so fucking hot.”

Her fingers slid in and out of her wet slit. She looked exactly like every dumb girl she used to roll her eyes at. And it was making her so fucking horny.

“This is your fault. This dumb little bimbo body...and this wet desperate pussy...”

She couldn’t stop.

“Tessy’s just tits, ass, and a brain full of Mister Dane. So fucking stupid. So fucking horny.”

A new line popped into her head.

Ohmygod, Mister Dane, I’m sooo horny just thinking about you.

The orgasm hit hard. Knees shaking. Ass bouncing.

A chill ran up her spine.

I can end this anytime. That’s the joke. This is my performance. He’s the one falling for it.

Just one more act. Then she’d drop the mask. Any second now.

Then she saw it. The bag on the counter. The one Dane had left for her. She reached for it with trembling hands. Slowly peeled back the pink tissue paper.

Inside was the sluttiest lingerie she’d ever seen. Pink lace, gold clasps, and fabric so thin it looked like paper. Slutty, delicate, humiliating lingerie.

She bit her lip. “Seriously? This is what he thinks I’d wear?”

He thinks he’s won... but I’m only letting him believe it. I could drop this dumb act whenever I want. I’m in control.

But her fingers were already lifting the bra and holding it against her chest. It looked so tiny. So obscene.

Her pussy was wet at the thought of him seeing her in it.

I could just try it on. Just to show him how ridiculous it is. Just for...the joke. Just one more part of the performance.

She imagined marching into his bedroom with her tits bouncing, then sneering, Game over, asshole.

So satisfying. So perfect.

So fucking horny...

“This is sooooo dumb...” to here

But she was already sliding into the panties. Already reaching for the matching bra. Already imagining how he’d look at her. She fastened the bra. Adjusted the straps. Watched her breasts overflow like they couldn’t wait to be touched.

She blinked. Tried to remember what she was supposed to be doing. What the plan was.

On the floor beside the bag was a pair of tall pink wedges. She slipped them on. Her body already knew how they’d make her walk.

Drop the act. Flip the script. Remind him who she really was.

Right. Yes. That was still the plan.

She opened her mouth to practice the line again. “Nice try, Mister Dane...”

But what came out was, “Like, omigod, Mister Dane’s gonna lose his mind when he sees this...”

She clapped her hand over her mouth. Eyes wide. The perfume was even stronger now. It warmed her skin from the inside out. Made her pussy ache. Made her lips out.

Tessy just wants to make him feel good.

Her eyes were glassier now. Her brain was fuzzy. Thoughts were scattered. She giggled.

He really thinks I’m still his little bimbo. This is gonna be soooo good. He’s gonna love this.

She giggled again.

I’m totally gonna blow his mind.

Time for the final performance.

* * *

Dane sat on the couch, facing a tall mirror that stretched across the wall. Low lights. Champagne poured. Blue city lights glowing behind him.

She floated in, wearing tall pink wedges and barely there lingerie. It clung to her tits, barely covering her nipples, and left her ass completely exposed. Her hips still did that stupid, slutty sway with every step, like she was walking down a runway.

The tiny lingerie was nothing more than ribbons, teasing her curvy body. Flimsy strings and sheer fabric that hid nothing. One wrong move and it would all fall off.

Probably the point.

Then a whisper in her thoughts. Tessy just wants to make you feel good...

She giggled. Pretended it was just a joke and ignored it.

“Oh, Mister Dane,” she purred. “You’re soooo obsessed with me, aren’t you?”

He didn’t say a word. Didn’t have to. Just the way he looked at her made her feel dizzy and warm.

He patted his lap. “Come here.”

She hesitated. Her mind screamed no. But her legs moved anyway, like they wanted to obey.

Step by step, she crossed the room. She felt stupid. Exposed. Like a hot, fuckable piece of ass.

She lowered herself onto his lap.

“Good girl.”

That was all it took. Heat surged through her. She laughed to try and cover the moan. Her fingers moved without thinking, already at his belt.

Still just a game. Just playing along. Let him think he won. Then I’ll flip it back.

She unzipped him with a little gasp, eyes wide with excitement at the sight of his cock. He was so...big and...thick...and perfect.

“You probably think I’m, like, totally yours now, huh?”

She wrapped her fingers around his cock like it was a dare. Like she was trying to prove it didn’t mean anything. She gave it a teasing stroke. Then another.

“This is, like, sooo dumb,” she giggled. “Seriously, what kind of girl even does stuff like this?”

“A bimbo,” he said, simple and final.

The word sank right into her brain and stayed there. She gasped. Something clicked in her head. Like the flip of a switch. Her hand froze. Her eyes fluttered. Her pussy tingled. She giggled again, but different this time. The sound changing into something...ditzzy.

“Ohmigod, that’s, like...actually kinda hot...”

Her hand continued stroking.

The word bimbo echoed in her mind. Not in his voice. This time it was her own.

A bimbo...

She playfully shoved his chest in pretend defiance. “You’re, like, such a dick, Mister Dane,” she laughed, stroking him faster. “Like you think I’m just some silly little blonde bimbo whose only job is to get you off..”

Still stroking. Trying not to let him see how turned on this was making her.

Keep acting. Keep stroking. Show him you’re still in control.

She slowed her stroke Teasing. A loud empty giggle. The sound echoed off the mirror and filled the room.

A bimbo would.

A bimbo would...

Bimbo would...

Tessy would...

“Yeah, I’m a bimbo,” she said sarcastically. She rolled her eyes and scoffed. “A total bimbo.”

But it stuck.

“A bimbo...” she repeated, slower.

“...A bimbo...” she muttered, confused.

“...A bimbo...” she whispered, like a juicy secret she couldn’t wait to tell.

“...I’m a...bimbo,” she said quietly. Honest, ashamed, and so incredibly horny.

Then again, with a dazed realization. “...I’m a bimbo...”

Her eyes glazed over. Mouth wide open. Her hand stroked him with mindless need.

“I’m a bimbo,” she moaned, the words blurring into a happy sigh.

“You like that, don’t you? Watching your dumb, little bimbo jerk you off. Like a good bimbo should...”

“...Like a good bimbo should...” she repeated, staring at his cock.

She leaned and wrapped her lips around the tip.

Lightning shot through her, thighs trembling. She whimpered, dizzy and confused.

She jumped back and laughed. Wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and giggled. “You wish. I’m just kidding, obviously. Did you think I was really gonna suck your big, thick juicy cock? As if...”

The taste lingered. The word lingered. Bimbo. The idea made her tingle.

A bimbo would...so maybe...she should too... just a little longer...

She looked over at the mirror but all she saw was a dumb, slutty bimbo staring back at her. Big, perfect tits. Glossy pink lips. Wide, mindless eyes begging to please. A bimbo, happily stroking Mister Dane’s cock and loving it.

Tell him. Tell him it’s all pretend. Tell him he lost...

But her hand moved first, up her thighs to squeeze her tits. Shame washed over her, followed by arousal.

“I look... so dumb. So... slutty...I can’t...think straight...”

She gasped when his hand landed on her ass. He gave it a firm squeeze.

“This is the kind of ass men remember. Thick. Juicy. A real bimbo ass.” He smacked it.

Tessy jolted. Her whole body rocked forward. “Ohmygod!”

He spanked her again. Harder. Then again. And again.

“That’s what you get for pretending.”

Her pussy clenched. Her thoughts short-circuited.

“Mmmmm...I’m a bimbo...”

Another spank. And another. Her moans grew higher.

Bimbo. Dumb. Horny. Good girl. Bimbo. Stroke. Moan. Bimbo. Obey. Horny. Suck. Dumb. Slutty. Bimbo. Obey.

His hand slid down to her wet pussy. Found heat and pressed. The mirror caught the way her pupils dilated.

She bit her lip. "I'm not...this isn't me..."

But she was already grinding against him.

"I'm just pretending..."

His fingers stroked. Her breath caught. She whimpered as her pussy squeezed tightly around his fingers.

"Just...acting..."

Tessy took a deep breath. She stared into the mirror, trying to remind herself who she was.

"I'm not a..." she whispered, voice trembling. "I'm not some dumb little... you know..."

She turned to Dane. "I'm smart, okay? I'm not a...like, I can talk good and stuff..."

Her words tangled around her tongue. She took a deep, sharp breath as panic filled her chest.

"Mister Dane, I don't wanna..."

Her voice cracked into a high, ditzzy pitch. She clamped her mouth shut in horror. She'd tried to sound smart, but all that came out was a pathetic whimper. Like some bratty little bimbo begging her husband's super rich boss not to turn her into his personal slut.

Dane didn't say a word. He didn't have to. He just watched. Then his fingers found the back of her neck.

She moaned as her brain slowed to a crawl from the warm, dizzy fog of his touch.

"You were saying, sweetheart?" His voice was calming. Soothing.

Tessy tried again. "I... I'm not... I don't...I feel...funny..."

Her thoughts slipped. Words tumbled. "Like, I don't wanna be like, dumb...or whatever...but, ummmm...well...you're just, like... sooo fucking hot, Mister Dane..."

She didn't just say that. Did she?

Dane just smiled and rubbed her neck.

His fingers didn't force her.

They invited her.

And she couldn't stop saying yes.

Because it felt so good.

Because he was so fucking hot.

Because she'd already forgotten what she was trying to say.

She stared down at the floor, trying not to look into his eyes. Every time she did, she felt weaker. Dumber. Hornier. More obedient. Like another part of her mind belonged to him. But she needed to say something. Had to prove to herself she was still in control.

For a moment, Tess's old pride fought its way up her throat. Choking on the urge to defend herself. She stood up tall. Chin up. Shoulders squared. Fire in her eyes. A reminder of the woman she used to be.

"You're just a manipulative, smug, controlling asshole and—"

Her voice cracked. Her lips quivered.

"...and...so fucking hot it makes me feel stupid..."

He pressed harder. Even stronger fog. Tidal waves of warmth and arousal. Her lips opened in a dazed gasp. Her brain buzzed. Her thighs clenched. Her body had already made the decision her mind was still resisting.

"My boobs look huge in this! No...stop...I need to think...about...how...fucking horny I am..."

She tried to say something else. Something real.

"I used to care about...um...like, things...like more than just...sucking your yummy cock...or showing off my big tits...making rich guys hard...or making you feel good or whatever...or...mmm making you cum...ohmygod that's gonna feel soooo good...when you finally fuck me...fuck your good little bimbo..."

She saw her eyes in the reflection as he squeezed her ass. They looked bigger, rounder, surprised. Her knees buckled, and she fell onto his chest. Pressing her head into him. He felt so warm and safe.

He smelled so good.

“I’m not...I’m not your little bimbo...I’m not...I’m not...” she repeated, eyes fluttering.
“...not...not...”

Then the whisper returned, clearer this time. Tessy just wants to make you feel good...

Her mouth moved with it.

Dane gave her ass another possessive squeeze. She whimpered, grinding against his hand.

“I don’t...I don’t—”

His thumb continued stroking. “You don’t what, sweetheart?”

“...don’t wanna be a bimbo,” she whispered.

Another circle. “You’re almost there.”

She wanted to scream. She wanted to run. Instead, she just buried herself into his chest.

Her head rested there, dazed and dizzy, as the last strands of resistance melted like cotton candy on a hot tongue. She closed her eyes and tried to remember who she was.

“Why don’t you play with your tits for me,” he said, smooth as ever.

Then his hand found the back of her neck. That same sacred spot.

“No, please...”

But it was too late. Her hands were already moving. Like they didn’t need her permission. Slow, dazed fingers rose to her chest and grabbed hold. Squeezing. Massaging. Playing.

“I...hate it...” she whimpered, eyes fluttering, as her hands jiggled her heavy tits. She stared at her reflection, mesmerized. Watching herself obey.

He silently stepped back, and let her keep playing with herself. Alone in her shame. Tits in her hands. Dazed expression. Lost in arousal.

And when the air hit the spot where he’d touched her, she shivered. Not from cold. From how empty it felt without him.

He reached to the side table and lifted a thin gold ring and wrapped it around her throat. It put pressure on the exact spot of her neck that he’d touched all night. All those touches lit up at once, a dotted line connecting through her skin.

The spot that made her melt.

The spot that told her to obey.

The spot that kept trying to convince her that she was Mister Dane's new bimbo.

That's where he touches when I do good.

That's where he touches when I obey.

That's where he touches when I'm Mister Dane's slutty little bimbo...

"Hold still," he said.

He tightened the gold neck ring, the same exact pressure as his fingers. But it wasn't pain. It was focus. It told her who she was. What she was for. Who she belonged to.

Heat rushed down her spine so hard her knees almost gave out. The collar told her where her she belonged, right here, under his hand. She didn't even have to think anymore. Every swallow sent another reminder against the pressure point. Every breath was an affirmation: I belong here. I obey. I please.

He tapped the ring once. "Good girl. Now say it, Tessy."

She moaned, deep and helpless. She tried to resist. Another slow circle. And another. Her thoughts collapsed.

"I'm Tessy..." she moaned, eyes rolling back. "I'm...I'm Tessy."

"Good girl."

"...Please...tell Tessy she's still smart, Mister Dane. Tell Tessy's she's still strong..."

He didn't answer. Just cupped her ass tighter, pulling her towards his chest and whispering: "Cum for me, Tessy. Cum like the good little bimbo you are."

Her whole body locked. Her pussy clenched. Her mouth fell open in a silent helpless moan as the orgasm exploded through her.

When she came down, she was kneeling, dazed, mouth open in a dreamy smile.

She felt...better. Like she was in control again.

Dane unbuckled fully. His cock sprang free, thick and hard with a bead of pre-cum at the tip.

She looked down and laughed.

“I can’t believe you actually thought this was working. Like, what, one night with you and suddenly I’m some kind of brainless bimbo? Please.”

He placed his hand on her neck and gently guided her down. She followed without thinking, knees finding the carpet in front of the mirror.

He laid his cock across the top of her breasts and dragged the tip through the deep valley framed by pink silk. Shock fired through her so sharp her mouth fell open.

“It’s pathetic. You’re pathetic. I’m only doing this to mock you. Does this get you off? Watching me pretend to be some dumb, giggly—ohfuckohfuckohfuck...”

She squeezed her thighs, trying to steady herself. “Wow, look at me, Mister Dane, I’m just sooo dumb for your cock, right?” Mocking. “Bet you wish I’d start moaning about how much I love this... how my tits are only good for— fuck yes— making you cum...”

His hands guided. Eyes locked on hers in the mirror. “Keep talking, Tessy.”

She tried to laugh. Every slide made her shudder. “Yeah, you’d love that. If I started begging. Acting like all I want is for you to cover me in your cum. Like it’s my job or something, like I was— oh god, right there—”

“Maybe you should say it. Just for fun.”

“Fine. You wanna hear it? Tessy’s just a big-titted bimbo, just— Ohmyfuckingsgod— I... oh fuck me thatfeelssogood...”

Sarcasm bled into arousal.

“Mmmm...Oh fuck...Cover me with your cum, Mister Dane. Like it means you won. Teach me that’s all I’m good for. I wanna make you cum so fucking bad...I need it...”

“Again.”

“Tessy’s your little dumb bimbo... Oh fuck. Tessy’s such a dumb fucking bimbo. Need your cock so bad. Cover me in your cum, Mister Dane. All over my big dumb bimbo tits.”

He chuckled as he slid out of her cleavage. “Earn it.”

“...How?”

He tapped the neck ring. Her eyes instantly locked onto his cock. She swallowed and nodded.

Tessy leaned in and kissed the tip first, light, teasing, still joking.

She opened and wrapped her lips around him. Warm weight. Musky. Salty. She moaned around him and took him deeper.

His voice dropped. “That’s it, sweetheart. Just like that.”

He eased her lower. She hit the ridge, gagged, eyes watering. She breathed through her nose, reset, slid again. Every suck. Every swirl of her tongue. Every obedient moan.

Good girls suck. Good bimbos obey. Dane’s bimbos do it best.

She could see them in the mirror. Her collar. Her glassy eyes. Spit shining on his shaft.

Her tits looked obscene.

Her brain frothed like shaken champagne. Bursting. Bubbling. Useless. Thoughts turning into pink mist.

She needed to make him cum.

Needed to.

Not just because she loved it. But because that’s how she knew she’d did a good job. That was how she would know she really was his bimbo.

She panted against his cock. “Please, Mister Dane... Tessy’s ready. Tessy needs it. Tessy’s big dumb tits need your cum.”

He gripped the back of her head. “Deeper.”

She took him. Gagged. Recovered. Took him again. Faster. Her hands mashed her boobs together for the mirror while she bobbed.

He thickened. Pulsed against her tongue.

“Look at yourself.”

She looked. Dumb. Slutty. Owned. Then she remembered.

One final thought flashed in her mind: I can still stop this. I can walk away. I can end it.

“No, wait—”

Warmth burst across her chest in heavy ropes. Down the valley of her cleavage. Across the golden ring. Kissing her throat and chin.

She gasped. Back arched. Eyes rolled.

He stroked the last spurts down and painted her cleavage with his cum. Humiliation seared through her. Pleasure drowned it.

She squeezed her tits. Her back arched. Her moans turned stupid.

“Oohhhmygawd... I’m cumming, I’m cumming...yes, yes!”

She couldn’t stop. Couldn’t think. Just obeyed the pleasure. The voice. The mirror. Mister Dane.

Her orgasm hit like a tidal wave of heat and humiliation.

And somewhere in the fog, a whisper slipped out.

“Tessy’s such a good girl...”

She giggled. High and empty. “Mmm, thank you Mister Dane. It’s, like, so warm and hot...”

She slowly rubbed the cum into her breasts like lotion. It felt so fucking good.

“Tell me what you are.”

“...I’m your... bimbo. I’m your... slutty little bimbo. All yours.”

“Good bimbo. Again.”

The praise hit like a drug. Harder than any orgasm. She watched her own eyes glaze over. Her lips curled into a big dumb smile.

“I’m... your bimbo... I’m just a bimbo... made for you...”

She looked up at him with complete admiration. Her eyes wide and glassy. “Did Tessy make you cum good, Mister Dane?”

“You did good, bimbo.”

She shivered. That one look made everything inside her melt. It was like every mocking laugh, every cruel comment, every stupid joke was all worth it for that one nod of approval.

Her voice was higher now. No different from the bimbos she used to mock.

“Mmmm...Thank you... Daddy. I’m your good little bimbo now.”

The words made her moan. Just saying them turned her on. It felt good to say. Like they belonged there.

He lifted her chin with one finger. “Yes you are.”

That was all it took.

She came again.

No touch. No command. Just praise. Just the warm dizzying truth pressing into her throat where the collar sat.

Her mouth fell open. Her eyes rolled halfway back. She didn't even realize she was moaning. She knelt there, tits bulging out, golden neck ring gleaming. The scent of perfume and sex clung to her skin. Her thighs were slick. Her lips were swollen. Her hair was a mess.

She looked like a slut.

She smelled like a slut.

She was a slut.

And she loved it.

Every breath pressed the collar in that perfect spot, the one he always touched. The one that made her obey. Her body pulsed with it. Her thoughts melted. Her smile turned dumber.

"I love my big dumb tits," she whispered, cupping them with both hands. "They're sooo big and hot and fun to play with..."

She gave them a little shake. Watched them jiggle. Moaned again.

"They make Mister Dane so hard..." she purred. "And that makes Tessy soooo horny..."

Her hand drifted down between her legs. She was soaked.

Another slow touch and her body started bucking again. The collar tightened. Her pussy clenched. Her tits bounced in her hands.

"Fuck, Tessy's cumming...Tessy's cumming for you, Mister Dane...!"

Harder this time. So hard it left her dizzy and obedient.

The ring pressed against her neck, sending a wave of heat straight to her pussy as the same two phrases echoed in her mind.

You're his bimbo. You love this.

You're his bimbo. You love this.

You're his bimbo. You love this.

The neck ring reminded her, over and over again. Until that's all she was. All she ever wanted to be.

Tessy didn't even try to resist anymore. She didn't want to. She'd played the part so well, she'd become it.

You're his bimbo. You love this.

You're his bimbo. You love this.

And as she whispered those words, he grabbed her hips and slid inside her. She gasped, pleasure washing away everything else.

“Yes, Mister Dane... Tessy's your bimbo... Tessy's your dumb, horny bimbo... Tessy's so ready, so yours...”

You're his bimbo. You love this.

You're his bimbo. You need this.

You're his bimbo. This is who you are now.

And as he used her, as her tits bounced and her thoughts melted, Tessy surrendered completely.

She was on all fours, getting fucked in his penthouse.

Tits bulging out of her slutty pink lingerie.

Wearing his golden neck ring.

No more performance.

No more acting.

Only pleasure.

She thought this was just a game. But Mister Dane always wins.

Now she was just another dumb horny slut. A big-titted, brain-drained, cock-drunk ornament. Sexy, slutty eye candy for the elite. And Mister Dane's new plaything.

She was Tessy.

She was his.

She was Mister Dane's bimbo.

And she loved it.

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