

# The Good Samaritan part 1

By Denkira7

## GPAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"Do you want to use my mouth again, my love?" his wife said, kneeling in front of him with closed thighs, semen still fresh and dripping on various parts of her face, and a little staining her blonde, shoulder-length hair, perfectly washed, brushed and lotioned for him. She spoke with a full smile and beaming, wide eyes, not seeming to even register the gross bodily fluid dripping from her face and hair. Either that or it didn't bother her at in the slightest.

Her perky, 36 C-cup titties were exposed below the wool petrol sweater she was holding up with both hands. She was not lowering the knitted fabric just yet, despite the apparent strain her arms must have been through, judging from the slight visible trembling. She didn't want to take away the sight of them, until he responded. While they didn't look as flawless as they did back in college, they were still fun, "upright" and only mildly affected by motherhood.

They had certainly "firmed up" recently, with none of the drooping fat of the past, after copious amounts of daily exercise, along with many previously looser curves of her body, which had gotten quite tight and firm to the touch, after many years of neglect.

Amir was not in a hurry, catching his breath from the recent great orgasm, sitting comfortably deep on the living room couch. Externally, the slim woman's knees didn't appear to tire, even though they were rubbing against the rough living room rug for the past 20 minutes, getting red with friction burn. It had been long since her mom jeans were irreversibly replaced by tiny, sexy jean shorts, the kind that the pockets are longer than the actual shorts.

It was 6 in the afternoon; kids wouldn't be home from basketball practice until 8. Amir had to actually pump the breaks on his spouse's forthcoming advances when they were present. So determined she was to "please" him. But away from the kids' eyes, she was up for anything. Everything...

"Just go make dinner" Amir finally replied, waving the woman off, already browsing through his phone. "Should i clean your wonderful cock, first?" she replied, desperate to be useful. "Sure" he said with indifference, switching the T.V. on to some "sports-center" type of show. He wasn't even acknowledging her, as she started sweeping any traces of residue cum that were left on the man's cock. Getting underneath the little crevices beneath his cock-head and tracing any drop-lines that had

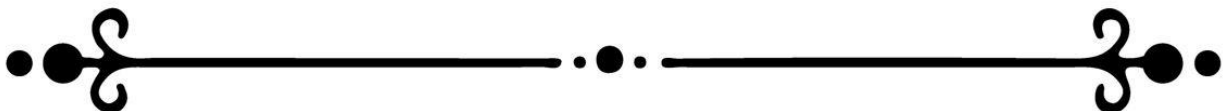
formed down the shaft. With Amir's eyes stuck on the screen, nowhere near her, the woman tenderly began wrapping strands of her blonde hair around his deflating shaft, soaking up her own saliva and drying her man.

"Would you like me to make your favorite casserole?" the kneeling woman asked in the same upbeat, joyful tone, her blonde locks still wrapped around Amir's penis, forcing her to turn her head sideways, with her face only a couple of inches from her dear's cock. "Sure" he replied, content. He did enjoy her casserole.

Life had become much less complicated, much more peaceful and fun! The stress and constant nerves, all the fighting and tension and nuisances of interhuman cohabitation, everything had vanished in thin air over the past few months.

Life was...simpler.

Better.



## 5 MONTHS AGO

"Amiiiiiiir, what did i say about throwing your socks on the floor???" a blonde woman yells at her husband, audibly irritated out of sight. She used to call him "sweetie" or "honey" back in the day. This was many years ago.

Now, it's either "Amir" or most commonly, nothing at all.

Joanna enters his field of vision, obstructing his video-game on the TV monitor. She is holding a single sock, letting it dangle from her fingertips like a murder weapon. Her other hand rests patronizingly on her waist. She looks at him frustrated, like a mother scolding her child.

"Sorry, honey, i forgot to throw it in the laundry basket" her husband apologized with an almost subservient nod, letting a deep breath to calm his nerves. He hated when she was using that arrogant tone with him, but he knew that if he talked back they would get into another argument. He had no patience for that right now.

Joanna was always bugging him about not pulling his own weight around the house, even though that was hardly the case. The married couple had agreed on both having careers and sharing the load in the house, but Joanna had the impression that her husband was a lazy no-gooder.

This was far from the truth, but confirmation bias meant that whenever she'd see him kick his feet up on the furniture and just relax and "do nothing", she'd get pretty triggered. Things weren't always like this, though.

The kind, mustached man of Middle Eastern origin, had fallen in love with Joanna right after college, and vows were exchanged shortly after. Now, at age 35, he was fighting to fix his dwindling relationship with his wife, with two boys, 6 and 9 years old, in the picture too. He'd never considered divorcing Joanna in the past, but the thought was popping up in his head more and more often. He wouldn't bear not seeing his kids though, and that fear always kept him trying to patch things up with Joanna.

The 33-year-old was a beautiful woman, very Caucasian in her facial features, originating from Texas, with the faint Southern accent never quite leaving her despite her lost touch with the South.

She had pretty, light-brown eyes and shoulder-length blonde-dyed hair. Though her pre-disposition was that of a slim woman, some saddlebags had made their appearance some time ago, along with a small belly-ring and some cellulite that her comfy mom jeans couldn't hide. Her C-cup breasts seemed

to sag more and more, losing their tightness, and starting to get these ugly stretch marks from the muscles relaxing a little too much.

A lack of exercise was visible throughout her body. That shapely, lean bod she had 6-7 years ago was now a thing of the past. So was her overall sex-appeal. Her face had gotten a bit rounder, from hitting the Gin and Tonic too often. Joanna used to be in top shape, during college and the early years of her marriage, going to Pilates and jogging daily.

Now there was none of that, her workout hours “sacrificed” for other things like her favorite TV shows and a glass of fine red while chatting with her girlfriends, either on the phone or in person.

Though the added pounds and the loss of that youthful, tight skin was understandable by Amir (after all, time doesn’t wait for anyone), the man was mainly disheartened by the woman’s complete lack of effort towards their relationship, both in terms of support as well as romance. She used to pretty herself up often and even casually around the house, wear something that accentuated her figure, like some tight leggings or a cute top. She used to want to look good for him, to be attractive to him.

After she tied the knot, she slowly started neglecting her appearance, only putting make up or dressing up when the married couple had guests over. Baggy hoodies and used, even dirty pyjama bottoms became the norm around the house, the woman walking everywhere on her thick, fluffy socks and slippers, her hair simply caught in a scrunchie. She was never bothering to cover-up her forehead and cheek wrinkles, which had started creeping in, nor any appearing pimples, unless of course it was for work, where she did put on makeup. It was a good thing she had to go to work, or Amir would wonder whether she’d brush her teeth or shower around him.

Any romantic endeavor was rather rare and dull. Amir felt like these were an afterthought for Joanna, as she was putting in the minimum required effort. Whether on a date, a weekend trip or at home, the conversation between them always centered either around the kids, work or mundane, boring house chores. Joanna was simply not particularly fun.

Their sexual spark was also a dying light. Amir tried to rekindle it from time to time, but Joanna was rarely in the mood, “too tired” or “having a headache”. When the couple did get something going, it was some very boring, utilitarian stuff, with no enthusiasm whatsoever, just a mechanical “let’s get it over with” vibe.

The sex was plain missionary (under the covers) with Joanna never finishing and not for lack of Amir’s effort. At best, when she was in a good mood, she’d finish her husband off with a lazy, uninspiring

handjob, without even looking at him or his dick, then as soon as he was finished, she'd rush to the wet-wipes to clean her hand.

At worst, she'd just turn over at her bedside and leave him blue-balled, since she didn't want him ejaculating inside her. Joanna was nothing more to Amir than a glorified room-mate, who shared his bed. The man had to turn to pornography to "take care" of his sexual needs, and even that in secrecy, as it infuriated Joanna. She always made him feel ashamed for looking at it, even though she did little to be a viable alternative.

Fighting was not uncommon in the household. While Amir always tried to keep tensions low, Joanna was naturally an anxious and confrontational person. She always felt like she was giving "everything" to this family and getting very little in return. Her frequent complaining, especially when she woke up on the wrong side of the bed, could ruin Amir's mood for the day.

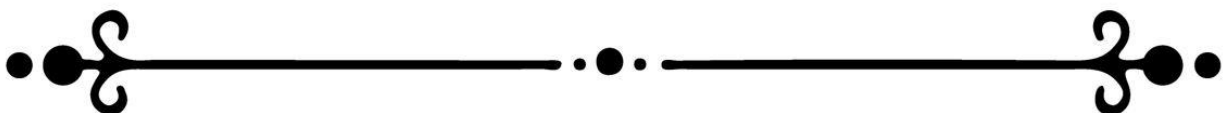
She could be rather nagging, even at the most inappropriate times, like when her husband was having his buddies over to watch the game and bust some balls. She didn't like how they were referring to the hot women that might pop on the TV commercials, objectifying them. Joanna was the soft kind of feminist that was all whine and little equality.

Amir's Southern belle was generally insecure, whenever she didn't have Amir's attention, she would find excuses to lash out and make it all about herself. If her man was absorbed on a video-game or the football on TV, she would get all tipsy and whiny about random things. She'd often let her know that he didn't "treat her right" even though that phrase was as vague as it was made up.

She was a pain in the ass when it came to other women, too, being rather jealous, even possessive at times. Even as simple as a look at a beautiful woman walking past them on the sidewalk was enough to make Joanna huff and puff through her nostrils, irritated. "Why don't you go with her if she's so hot?" she'd toss her husband, for glancing at a hot piece of ass for the split-second. Porn was out of the question, the woman fuming through the ears if she ever found any on her man's laptop.

She was generally very sensitive, making mountains over molehills for all sorts of stuff, from a simple favor Amir might ask (like bringing him a cup of coffee) to a tiny fuck-up, like putting the laundry at 60 degrees instead of 40.

Amir was as tired as he was disheartened, though he was naturally optimistic and always woke up with new hope the next day. Maybe today, his wife could see what she had in front of her.



An old and banged up Ford Focus, moved through the suburban road, passing by comfy houses, left and right. The stereo played "American Woman" as the lone driver bobbed his head with the tune, lip-synching the lyrics. His look checked most boxes of what you'd call mid-life crisis, even though he was probably past that age. Messed up, grey hair, flying all over the place, balding spot at the top, an untrimmed beard, and a t-shirt that hasn't been taken off for three days. His frame was slim, with skinny arms and legs, but bulges suddenly around the belly area. He was pushing towards 60.

But despite the unappealing first impression and his questionable hygienic state, the man was cheerful. On the passenger seat, as well as the back seats, were taped cardboard boxes of all sorts of gadgets and wires, motherboards and textbooks. The contents of each box could be easily labeled as "sciency stuff".

That car turned into a slightly zigzagging road. Smooth. Flat. Safe, not a bump in sight. Every lawn looked trimmed, every tree watered. A tall, calligraphic sign reads: "Campton St". That's the one!

The six-hour drive reached its end, as the car stopped in front of a smaller, one-store house, a little garden in front of the small porch, just like any other house in this neighborhood. His new home. The stereo closed. The man sighed, rubbing his tired eyes. This neighborhood looked peaceful, calming.

As his weak frame struggled to carry his things towards the front door, he got greeted by a Middle Eastern man, watering his plants, standing on the other side of the wooden fence that separates the two houses. "Hi there! You must be our new neighbor..." the mustached, Middle Eastern man said to James. "That i am, my friend, for a little while at least" the man replied in his always rusty voice, his arms full with boxes, his suitcase hanging by a single finger.

"Wait right there!" the man dropped the rubber hose. He rushed around the fence to the older man's entrance. "Here, let me help you" he offered to carry some of his stuff.

-Wow, thank you very much, my friend, I'm James, James O'Malley.

-Don't mention it, name's Amir Rahal.

The helpful man said, while picking up and carrying the luggage into James' house.

Upon entering, Amir noticed that James' house didn't look anything like the comfy homes of the area. It was a humble, dusty studio apartment, much smaller than the usual two-story family houses around him. It looked like it was destined for one person only, with a single bed on the corner, a couch and a kitchen/bathroom. The guy didn't seem to be a family man.

-Why the 'little while', James. Are you a wandering soul?

-Well, I suppose I am. Staying in one place for too long gets me jaded.

James returned Amir's pleasant tone, the two quickly developing a rapport.

"What do you do for a living, if you don't mind me asking?" Amir asked with interest. His new neighbor took a couple of seconds to reply, a man of slower pace. "Well...I'm a sort of glorified programmer, to put it blandly" the man answered with modesty. The couple of awards and framed honors and diplomas that currently laid in one of the cardboard boxes begged to differ. "Ooh, computers and such? That must be great!" Amir replied while receiving a glass of water from James. The older man's eyes scanned across the neighborhood.

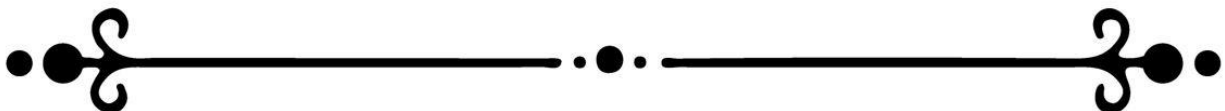
-You have a beautiful home here.

-It is very nice. We moved in about 11 years ago with my wife, when we got married. We wanted to start a family right away, so you know, suburbs.

-Nothing like the smell of fresh grass to go with your children's laughter.

"This guy seems alright" Amir thought. "We are hosting a barbeque this Saturday morning; it's a kind of tradition in the neighborhood. You should come over! You'll have some beer, you'll meet the neighborhood..." proposed the friendly neighbor, as he walked outside with James. Just then, a female voice was heard from the house next door. "

"Amiiiiir? AMIIIIIIIR?" Joanna called from their house's porch. "Over here, sweetheart! Just getting to know our new neighbor" the man waived from the other side of the fence. "Well, great, but come over, the dish-washer is broken, again" she replied impatiently. She could not care less who her husband was meeting. "Be right there!" Amir replied. "She's usually more pleasant than that" he reassured his new pal with a wink, and left. "I'm sure she is splendid. See you on Saturday" James waved from his door. His eyes then turned towards Amir's household, with a troubled look in them.



Saturday arrived, and the gathering in the Rahal household was due. Families were gathering in groups in Amir and Joanna's back yard, where grills were warmed up, and beer was resting in frozen ice. It was a sunny day, so most women gathered on folded chairs under a big outdoor umbrella in the middle of the yard, while the men had their own little gathering over at the porch. The kids, all of them around 10 years of age or younger, were running around on the large garden, chasing each other, kicking balls, screaming.

***\*Riiiiing\****

The doorbell rang. "Hahahah, you're so right!" Amir replied to a friend's quip while walking opposite towards the front door. He opened it to see the new guy, James. He was in a much better shape than the day they had met, his fainting hair less "airborne". He wore a dark-grey suit that was probably black a long time ago. He had a bottle of wine in his hands. "Hey, you made it!" Amir said, giving him a welcoming hug. "I certainly did!" James replied, with his signature gritty tone of voice. Amir led his guest to the back yard, where the chatter and music was coming from.

"Gang, meet James! James, the gang" he jokingly introduced the man to a group of six guys, all relaxing in a semicircle of picnic chairs up on the porch, facing the green. James nodded politely to the group. They all more or less possessed a "dad bod" with bellies full of beer and muscles that lacked exercise. The group seemed diverse, if not mismatched. But at a certain point, when your kids hang out with someone all the time, you end up hanging out with their parents. Same went for a job that left you stuck to your house, unable to socialize much with anyone further than a 15 minute drive.

The group teased each other about their sports teams and talked superficially about topical subjects like politics and recent news. After a while the conversation shifted towards the subject of "getting it". "Duude, I can't even remember the last time me and the Misses got it on..." one guy threw out. "After running the kids around school, then soccer practice then music lessons, the last thing she wants to do is hook up" he said with a shrugging expression.

"Women nowadays..." an older, ex-military guy with a greying buzz cut shook his head. "They don't take care of their men like they used to. They all run around chasing careers and whatnot" he blurred out, annoyed. An awkward pause followed the crude statement. "I'll go get some more burgers and brewskis!" Amir tried breaking the uncomfortable beat. James quietly seeped from his pint.

Things got back to a more pleasant track. James quietly watched the banter between this new company, analyzing the relationships and parameters of the male group, much like a computing machine. He deemed that all of them had marital or relationship issues. He also deemed that Amir was the kindest soul amongst them. Some were ok, some were truly insufferable, like that military guy.

Amir was kind enough to include James as much as possible, mentioning his computer-programming background to his pals. James did not go much into his career, politely explaining the very basics.



"So, micro-technology and biomechanics you say, eh? You must be a pretty bright guy!" an overweight black, mustached man praised James with a sausage pierced on his fork.

"Well, i don't know about that, my friend, but it does take work..." James nodded with modesty. "I've heard they can implant chips into people's brains now with that stuff" a younger Asian guy in a perfectly ironed polo shirt commented.

"It is partially true..." James responded, with the entire table's attention now on him. "The human brain works very much like a series of countless electrical circuits, or neurons. It is far from impossible to stimulate each neuron by an external power source, sending a pre-programmed signal. The difficult part is finding which precise neuron does what...that's where I come in" he finished his sentence with a polite smile.

"Are you kidding me? That's amazing!" Amir eyed his new pal with wonder. "Well, not that collectively, mainly focusing on the decision-making part of the brain. If you get the inputs right to the Amygdala, the Hippocampus, the Thalamus and the Basal Ganglia, you can bypass the prefrontal Cortex."

Everyone was baffled by the difficult science jargon, unable to reply anything of value. Half of Amir's friends seemed threatened by the man's intelligence, fighting to stifle an annoyed expression, while the other half were intrigued by the cool subject matter.

"Oh...what am i doing, my apologies good people, i sometimes rumble without any care for my listeners" James planted his palm on his temple. "Well, I'd have loved to understand more!" Amir reassured James that there was no faux pas.

As the festivities in 12 Campton Street continued, Amir took James to meet the female half of the gathering, which was enjoying ice-teas under a big umbrella in the middle of the spacious backyard. James shook hands with all of them courteously.

"And this is my wife, Joanna" Amir introduced his wife, who greeted James wearing a pair of high-waist mom jeans and an airy, satin blouse, her blonde hair waving from the refreshing breeze. "A pleasure, your man is quite the party host" James complimented Amir while softly shaking Joanna's hand. "Yes, he knows how to flip 'em burgers" Joanna exchanged a pleasantry, rather formally. It was obvious she was itching to get back to her friends, but she was being polite.

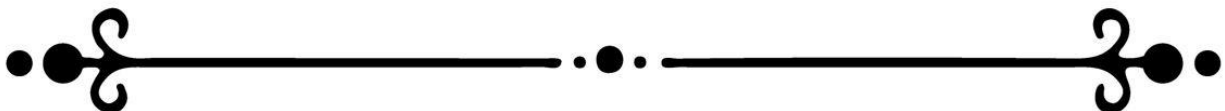
The smell of hotdogs, burgers and barbeque sauce, soon filled the lively garden, as everyone sat around the long table. The kids only stopped their play to grab a quick bite, then back at it they went. James was mostly a casual observer of his surroundings. He preferred that to being the center of attention.

Finally, the sun begun setting, and tired families departed one by one. "It was exceptional my friend. Thank you so much for inviting me. James patted Amir on the arm as they bid farewell.

"Did you have fun, honey?" Amir asked Joanna, as they were both brushing their teeth in front of the bathroom sink. "It was alright. That new friend of yours was a bit weird..." she replied. "Who? James? How come you say that? I think he is interesting!" the man spoke with toothpaste on his mustache.

"He must be very smart, just, there's something about him, i can't put my finger on it, but it rubs me the wrong way" the blonde woman continued. Amir shrugged his shoulders and kept brushing. He liked James.

When they closed the lights for goodnight, the couple spotted a light sneaking through their window, coming from the house next door, James' house. "He must be a night-worker" Amir and Joanna agreed on.



During the following days, Amir periodically caught glimpses of his new neighbor, over at 14 Campton Street. He appeared to be a real recluse, because despite being only separated by the short, wooden fence, Amir rarely saw him outside, or anywhere, for that matter. "He must be pretty busy..." Amir thought to himself. The rare times he caught glimpses of James, the man was either taking out the trash, or checking his mailbox. Each time he stopped to chat with Amir for a few minutes and their conversations were always pleasant.

Their chats grew from mundane greetings, to fun little breaks from Amir's everyday hustle of kids-work-chores and repeat. Amir always cherished his banter with James, always ending with inviting James over, despite the balding, chubby man insisting his work did not allow for much down time. To Amir's eyes, the older man seemed laconically wise.

"Amir, you left your dish on the table..." Joanna came over to the living room, where Amir was shooting the shit with his buddies, while watching the game. "Oh sorry, honey, I'll clean them all afterwards, can you get us some more beers?" Amir turned to her, the fun expression on his face meeting her annoyed grimace.

"Get your own beers, i'm not some kind of servant" she replied, pissed off. That last one was a recurring catch-phrase in the household. Amir let out a deep, tired sigh and got off the couch, to appease her frustration.

"Dude, how do you put up with all this?" his friends teasingly asked him once he returned, failing to mention that their situation at home wasn't much different, at times. Amir had little to say. "Gotta keep the wife happy, boys! Just got the one" he'd joke, masking his dismay.

Finally, Amir managed to break James' modest resistance, and share a night-time beer with him. James insisted at least on hosting the man this time, though he didn't let him in his 'computer room' since it was "too messy to allow any intact dignity" as the grey-haired man put it.

While sipping bottles outside, sitting on James' porch-steps, Amir felt like sharing his recent troubles with his marriage, his worries and his efforts to renew his wife's love. "I feel like she doesn't want me" Amir confessed to James. He didn't really know why, but this kind man really made him feel like he could open up. "It's just so hard to keep this relationship going. I don't wanna force the kids to leave in two houses, either..."

Amir looked tired, with no answers. The older man looked at his newest friend with a troubled frown. "I'm not particularly versatile in the human relationships" he spoke slowly. "I tried the concept of

marriage myself, for a good 18 years actually, but...i never quite captured the essence of it... got very little joy out of the process. I won't tell you what to do, Amir, but i know this. You deserve a happy life". His tone was disarmingly sincere. "I'll drink to that" Amir raised his bottle bear and the two men clinked them together.

The Rahal household is dead quiet. In the middle of the night, with the entire house asleep, Joanna woke up, thirsty. As she pulled the covers away, she noticed a light on, coming through their bedroom window. It was coming from the window of the next door house, Mister O'Malley's house.

"AGAIN, he is still up?" the woman thought, checking her wrist-watch. It was 4.15 A.M. She was catching glimpses of James' lights more and more frequently. She rolled her eyes as if signaling: "i knew he was a weirdo" and went to get a glass of water.

## **I knew he was a weirdo**

Joanna's voice came through James' computer speakers, as the man listened to the married couple through the wiretaps he had placed on their bedroom, living and dining room, during Amir's barbeque. Hacking equipment was a kids' toy for the veteran programmer.

His workbench, taking half of the small room, was crowded with two computers and lots on teeny, tiny, wires, motherboards and various other similar gear. He spend most of his day (and night) there.

Around James were various other small monitors, projecting clearly hacked information. Text messages, recordings of phone conversations, social media accounts. For a man of his background in computer technology, it wasn't that hard. The information seemed to be strictly focused around the interactions between Amir and his spouse.

James had collected plenty of data regarding the man's unfulfilling marital relationship, even before Amir had come to him in confidence. James' hard-drive was full of recordings of petty fights, constant nagging and a stale relationship.

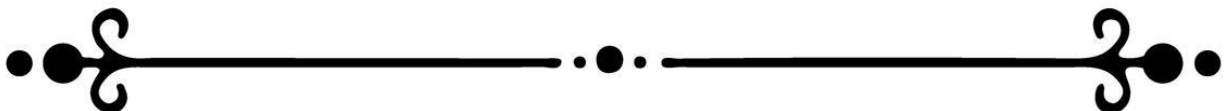
The man gathered photos of Amir Rahal, the more and the more recent, the better. As many different angles as he could find. Luckily, the internet and social media provided a good head start for that. The photographic and video files would suffice for the subject to be able to recognize the individual's appearance. Along with the GBs worth of recordings of the man's voice, the subject would be able to respond to the timbre and frequency of this individual and no one else.

But what does subject mean in this context?

James copied everything into a USB drive. It was what was inside the drive that was more valuable. A microchip, not bigger than a needle's head. The man was transporting any personal information regarding his friend Amir over to it. Programming and personalizing this brain-rewiring chip. Once attached to a person's brain, this precious little device's electrodes would take control of the neural system of the brain and dictate its behavior according to the code in it.

Once all the data was uploaded, James clicked "setup" and letting the computer configure the chip, he went to sleep with a satisfied smile on his face.

Tomorrow, the microchip would be ready for use.



Amir woke up. His wife was already up like a busy bee. "Did you pick up the dry-cleaning yesterday?" she asked him, as soon as she knew he was conscious. "We say good morning first...and no, i didn't. I had to finish some paperwork at the office" the man yawned. "Pfff" the woman sighed annoyed.

"Could you be any less helpful in this household?!" she nagged him for the millionth time. "Watch how you talk to me! Ok?!" Amir raised his voice, beginning to lose his patience. The impending fight was put on hold, as Joanna rushed off the room, to go pick up the clothes.

As the woman nervously paced through the fresh lawn, towards the car, she heard a voice. "Good morning, Miss...May i steal a few minutes of your time, if that's not too bothersome?" the new neighbor, James...something, was asking her. "Umm, i have to pick up some dry-cleaning..." Joanna tried to politely reject. "But please, i have some issues with...well frankly i didn't want to be so upfront from the start, but it involves your dear husband" he said apologetically. "Could we speak with more privacy?" he showed her his front door.

"Sure..." Joanna relented, slightly shaking her head. What did that duffus do again? she wondered. She stepped inside his home courteously. It looked, neglected, to say the least. Dirty plates on the kitchen table, dust everywhere, garbage almost spilling out of the bins. With her clean white top, her neatly brushed blonde hair and her high-waist, perfectly ironed jeans, Joanna stood out like a sore thumb. A well-put-together, sore thumb.

"Well, what is it?" Joanna inquired that man. She realized she had never really talked one on one with him, ever since he moved in. "Have a seat first, there's no rush" Mister O'Malley reassured her. "Well, i actually have some chores to do, so if you could tell me i'd be grateful" Joanna responded, taking a sit in one of the very few chairs around the kitchen table. "This won't take long; I promise" James took another chair, and placed it opposite to Joanna. The woman stood there, expecting the man to start talking.

"Well, you see..." the man was running out of words. It was time to act. In one quick motion, he grabbed the woman by the neck with one hand, pressing a taser gun against it. Joanna had little to no time to react, letting out a breathless, empty yelp, then dropping paralyzed on her chair. She was still conscious though, weakly twitching as she looked up James, letting out weak moans. He picked her up in both arms and gently carried her towards the hall/living room, where a small, damaged couch was. He placed her there. Joanna was still twitching, trying to push the man off her, but finding it impossible. She looked up at him with a mixture of anger and panic.

"Don't be alarmed miss, the numbing effects of the shock will be gone in about 10 minutes" James said to her, taking a roll of duct tape from the kitchen cabinet. Of course by then, she would be a far different Joanna than the one she is now. The man got to wrapping the woman's body with duct-tape, facing little to no obstacles from her.

Ten minutes later, Joanna had regained some of her muscle movement. But it seemed useless now. Her wrists were bound behind her back with duct tape, her legs wrapped together at the ankles and knees. 3-4 wraps firmly gagged her whining. She was laid on James' double couch.

"HMMMMMMMM" she protested to the older man, as soon as he returned in her line of sight, back from his office. "I apologize for all this hustle miss, but it is unfortunately necessary, given the absence of your consent" he explained, as if that made everything ok. Joanna did not think so. She intensified her struggling and moaning, trying pointlessly to get out of her bonds. Her ankles were hogtied to her wrists behind her back, by plenty of coils of tape.

James scooted to take a seat, on the couch, squeezing Joanna's chest between himself and the couch's back. Joanna shuffled to avoid him with no success, eyeing him angrily. The small width of the couch forced them very close to each other.

"Now, take a deep breath, this might hurt a little" James said, producing a big syringe in his hand. Inside the syringe was a small portion of a green, jell-like liquid, a tiny metallic square floating in it. His words did not comfort Joanna in the slightest. On the contrary, she began shaking and twisting her body, frantically trying to move away from him. There was no place for her to go to.

James steadied her face with his hand, as she was trying to turn away from the needle that was closing in! The man pinned Joanna's forehead, holding the woman's head steady. This needed to be done right. "MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM! MMMMMGGGH!" Joanna let out a shrieking, muffled squeal as the man drove the thick, long needle with conviction up and through her nostril, pointing towards her skull. The needle needed to reach deep enough to get to the brain. Joanna squirmed and let muffled screams, in terrible pain! Her eyes went fully wide, the moment the contents of the syringe were administered inside her brain.

As he removed the needle, Joanna's moans and struggles gradually faded, and her widened eyes were left staring at the empty space of the dusty ceiling, the woman appearing either dying or heavily sedated, breathing deeply through her nose as the chip was latching onto her brain synapses.

James looked down at her, waiting not particularly worried, with a small, blue remote controller at hand, appearing similar to an iPod. The device's screen flashed a list of words, settings that controlled the 'subject's' behavior.

Nothing happened for a few tense seconds. Silence filled the messy space. But then, the bound woman appeared to regain consciousness! "MMFFfff!" she took a second to remember her surroundings, returning to pulling at her bonds and moaning angrily towards James.

The man then pressed the button of the remote, clicking on the word **AGREEABLENESS** :

A single slider bar then popped on the screen, with a round dot-mark currently right at the middle, the 'default setting'. James kept his thumb over the right arrow and watched that along with the moving of the mark towards the far right of the slider, Joanna's demeanor was changing seamlessly as her 'agreeableness' approached the peak rate.

Suddenly, her face appeared calmer, as if she was quickly, but gradually, succumbing to a pleasant trance, a calming high. When the mark was at the edge of the slider bar, the bound and gagged woman was no longer protesting through her gag or struggling. Her eyes now looked at her assaulter with a neutral distance, without a hint of distress or fear in them. As if coming out of a long, dreamy sleep, the woman did not even inquire as to the reason for her restraints.

The man pulled off the tape from her lips. In the place where a terrified frown was, seconds ago, now was an indifferent soft smile. He then found the **ATTACHMENT** setting on his little device and slid it all the way to the maximum.

"Do you know...where my husband, Amir, is?" Joanna immediately asked the man, "He is home" James responded calmly.

"Why do you ask?" he inquired, testing his creation.

"I...I need to be there for my husband... I need to provide him with... with anything he needs" Joanna replied, drawing a blank at the specifics of her duties, with no other 'instruction' from the chip to guide her. She spoke as if explaining to someone her biggest passion in life, her purpose, so to speak. She spoke longingly. "Please untie me... so I can go to my husband" the woman asked, not with fear for her life, but with a deep urgency to be reunited with Amir.

Even though the concept of captivity did not suddenly leave her mind, Joanna could think of nothing else in the whole world, except how much she wanted to go be of service to her man. Any other thoughts and feelings had been numbed to the point of irrelevancy. She was overcome with this deep, routed drive and motivation, to make her husband happy, whatever it would take! She would do LITERALLY anything for him.

Well, anything her brain chip allowed for.

"Ok then" James replied, satisfied. The woman waited patiently for him to remove the tape from her wrists and ankles. "If anyone asks you what happened here, you just had a conversation with me" James informed the woman. Joanna blinked her eyes once, a subtle sign she (or rather her small, metal brain parasite) was processing incoming information.



"Yes, Mister O'Malley. We were having a conversation" she repeated his words like a kid reciting its lesson. She then got up, and headed towards the door, with a steady stride.

Robotic, someone might say.

As she was making her way towards her home, Joanna couldn't help but feel a sudden rush of lust wash over her entire body. At the same time, James was 'recalibrating' her default LIBIDO from the base to an intense 9 out of 10. She couldn't explain it, but Joanna felt incredibly hornier with each step.

All the more reason to find Amir.

Her man was still groggy in bed, when his wife returned. "You came back already?" Amir told her. She had supposedly left to go pick up the dry-cleaning, after their fight. The woman's eyes subtly blinked once.

"Yes. I wanted to be by your side" the woman said with a warm smile, Amir rarely ever saw, nowadays. "What does this mean? Are you trying to apologize?" the man seemed pleasantly surprised, but still hesitant, whether to take the bait or not. His wife almost never took the blame for her shortcomings.

Joanna's eyes blinked again. "Yes. I would never want to cause you discomfort in any way, my love! I want to do anything in my power to please you" she said with a disarming vulnerability, approaching the man on the bed. "Hmmm, ok, apology accepted, i guess" Amir was taken aback by the woman's sudden change of heart.

He was even more shocked at what happened next.

His wife unbuttoned her jeans, and lowered them along with her panties around her thighs, just enough for her ass to be on full display. She then turned to show off her rump to her husband, and bent over, way down, for him to get a good view. She turned to face him.

"Do you want to take me, my love" she said but with each subsequent word her voice got a tad higher and cuter and sexier until she sounded like a humiliating, debased girly-girl, the kind of voice she despised all those pornstars for using. James, listening in on everything, was cranking the FEMININITY bar all the way up to 9/10.

10/10 was often too much; too silly.

Weirdly, Joanna didn't feel any shame in doing that voice now, as she simultaneously spread her ass-cheek to reveal her two holes. "I know my ass is not as tight as you deserve, but I promise I'll make it

tight like a drum for you, my dear" Amir was left speechless, having difficulty recognizing this shamelessly presenting woman in front of him.

Joanna was never into role-play or dirty-talk, even during their dating phase. She was definitely not into the whole "submissive daddy's girl" vibe either, finding it offensive.

Amir's eyes widened at the proposition, but even more so the "presentation". "I do..." he said, making a move to get off the bed and approach her. "Please...don't move my love, I want you to be comfortable" she said to him, her body now being as slithery and shapely as possible, arching her back just right to pop her breasts out and make that nice incurve with her waist to pop her ass out.

Nothing but sexy and feminine. A pure eye candy for him.

Amir was stopped in his tracks, remaining flat on the bed. His wife had fully undressed in less than 10 seconds (very seductively so), and was now crawling on the bed towards him. She was not just eye-fucking him, but she was also thrilled to have her "offer" accepted. She was not looking to necessarily "get off" physically, but was overcome with excitement to make her man happy. Almost as if making him feel good would be enough to get her off.

The blonde mom/wife carefully lowered his boxers down, to reveal his semi-throbbing cock. She took it in her hand lovingly; she could not wait to erect it! She looked up at him with an expression of enthusiasm and almost disbelief, as if she was being granted the privilege to touch his cock. She looked self-actualized, deeply happy. As she looked up in his eyes with adoration, she started stroking his member, which very soon hardened to its full size of 5.5 inches. Nothing to write home about, but Joanna was currently looking at it like it was the only penis in the whole world. She then took it in her mouth, keeping the hand-stimulation going, while also gently cupping her husband's balls with her other hand.

Amir's private region was a bit...neglected, mostly due to the uselessness of the practice in recent times. His wife had not sucked him off for over a year, even if Amir's was fully shaven down there, so he had stopped trying to make things happen.

At this moment, though, Joanna didn't appear to give a single fuck about his lackluster manscapping, nor about his "morning dick" that didn't smell very good at all. As soon as her SLUTTINESS meter was remotely set to a perfect 10, she was actually "pushing" her throat down his shaft as far as it could go, effectively choking herself whilst deep-throating him.

"Am I doing it well? Is this how the girls in the porn movies do it?" she asked in-between licking and sucking motions on his cock, without a hint of sarcasm, wanting to emulate what her man liked, though Amir was still apprehensive about this last sentence. "It's...very nice..." he said still, taken back,

though honestly enjoying this sudden “treat”. Joanna “dove” back onto his cock, slurping and licking eagerly, wrapping her lips tightly around her man with an air-tight seal.

"Do you want to use my pussy now, my love?" she went "up for air" to ask for permission with an overt, 'Daddy's Girl' voice, with saliva coating the entirety of his cock. He simply nodded, too caught up in intense pleasure. Joanna never talked like that. What was up with her? These thoughts rushed to the back of his mind, with arousal being front and center.

"Thank you, my love!" she said 100% genuinely, after another blink of her eyelids, and straddled the lying man's cock. "There is no need to do any work. I will do everything" she informed him with a carrying voice, grabbing his dick and gently inserting it inside herself, before she started moving her hips up and down, riding him wonderfully.

Amir only had to lay there and enjoy himself, and boy did he do just that! His wet cock sliding up and down her pussy felt amazing! After only 3 minutes, he could feel his balls spasming. "Can I...can I come?" he asked, knowing Joanna hated the feeling of semen inside her.

"YES! PLEASE! I want your cum!" she exclaimed pleadingly, riding him quicker. A few more squats of Joanna and Amir climaxed inside the woman's cunt. "Mmmmm" she moaned, grabbing her tits as she savored the wet, warm sensation inside her.

Joanna gently “dismounted” from him, not caring about the stream of semen running down her thighs, rushing to the bathroom to get a towel to wipe him clean. Amir just laid there, staring up at the ceiling, trying to process what had just happened.

This. Was. Spectacular.

