

The Good Samaritan part 2

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"No, please, my love! I will do the dishes" Joanna said to her husband with a smile, politely rushing to stop him from doing 'her job'. "But you just did the laundry. And vacuumed!" he responded perplexed, standing in front of a kitchen sink full of dirty dishes. "I don't want you to worry about these things. I want to take care of you, my love" she replied eagerly, placing both hands lovingly on her man's face, before putting on some pink rubber gloves and starting to clean dishes. The incredibly high **SERVITUDE** setting on her chip demanded her complete devotion to him, cranked all the way up.

Amir relented the offer, bemused. "Is everything alright? You might need to take a break, honey" Amir was starting to get a little worried about his wife's well-being. She had not stopped doing housework all day and she had also offered up sex to Amir multiple times throughout the day. Yesterday's surprise sexual encounter was not a fluke, after all.

"As long as you're happy, I'm happy" she said after a quick blink, in a sugary sweet voice. It was a bit strange how she only turned her neck to face him, her body remaining fully forward towards the sink.

"I just want you to relax. Isn't the game on Monday? You can go watch it and I'll bring you a cold beer and some finger-snacks... as soon as I finish with the dishes" she proposed. "Unless you want them now, in which case, I can do the dishes right after" she added nervously, feeling puzzled by conflicting priorities.

"It's ok baby, I appreciate it all, just take a breather" the man said, taking a seat in the living room couch, not aware that Joanna was already putting some mini-pizzas in the oven for him and putting two cans of beer in the freezer.

The following days passed equally harmonious between Amir and Joanna. Amir could still not understand what had caused this drastic change in his wife, but he certainly wasn't complaining! The past few days had been incredible.

With her **BODY IMAGE** lowered to a mere 1 out of 10 via James' chip remote, Joanna had started exercising every morning before work, jogging a challenging 5 miles each day. Every afternoon, she was

exercising with plenty of push-ups, crunches and squats as well as dumbbells. Her workouts had a military discipline to them. She was never missing a single session either. She started eating much less, her plate usually half the one of Amir's. She often cooked two different meals a day, one tasty, hearty meal for Amir and her kids and another ludicrously healthy meal for herself, with no fats, sugars or carbs. This relentless diet and workout routine quickly "shaved" some of her belly-fat in about two weeks. Cutting out all chips, ice-creams and sweets altogether was slowly sucking the woman's thigh and ass cellulite clean off.

Joanna threw all her oversized hoodies, sweatpants and t-shirts away, going shopping to buy exclusively cute, attractive and sexy outfits to wear. Around the house it was only skin-tight leggings or shorts, cute tops or feminine dresses. If she wasn't exercising in her sneakers, Joanna was wearing some sort of heeled-shoe, be it platforms, sandals or classic heels.

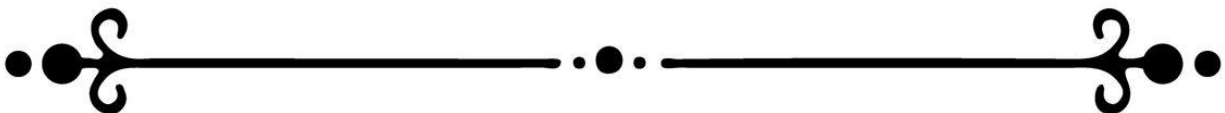
But more importantly, Joanna's treatment of her husband was what had changed above all. She was so kind and helpful towards him, supporting him whatever he choose. Amir was almost overwhelmed with this sudden freedom, not really knowing what to do with it at first. In addition, it was nice to see his wife actually attracted to him for a change. They went on a couple of great dates, in which Joanna dressed in gorgeous, slimming dresses and high-heels, spending over an hour making her hair and makeup perfect for her date with Amir.

They went on a nice restaurant and a fancy bar. The first time, her shamelessness meter was set to about 1.5, resulting in the blonde (now) beauty feeling compelled to kneel underneath the table and only partially concealed by the tablecloth suck her husband off in public. Amir felt a bit on the spot about that (as heard by their bedroom talk) and so after the setting was re-adjusted to a modest 2.5 out of 10, the blonde MILF was simply down for sucking her man off in the men's room and similarly more secluded places. She swallowed his load, then continued their date as if nothing had happened.

Amir was enthralled by this new woman. Joanna never was as adventurous even during their initial love-struck phase.

It seemed like Joanna had re-evaluated some things about their marriage, and Amir was happy to reap the benefits. He assumed it was this sudden rush, this newfound lust for life that had caused his smoking hot wife to be this enthusiastic. It would probably die down soon, he thought.

Though he wished it would never do.



"I am gonna go out for a beer with the guys, is that ok?" he said, anticipating some kind of push-back. Usually, Joanna got annoyed when her husband was leaving the house at midweek nights, especially without her.

The woman blinked. "Of course, dear. You can always do whatever you want. No need to ask me" she said with a big warm smile. "Well, thanks" Amir furrowed his thick brows, not expecting such a reply.

"I will put the kids to bed and prepare a nice bubble bath for you for when you come home" she said, slightly tilting her head, holding both hands in front of her, in a very 50s, model housewife style. Her posture matched the blonde woman's sexy little white-blue plaid apron, short as a miniskirt and showing of some cleavage, too. It was lightly stained with some red sauce from the beef stew she had going in the kitchen. Besides a pair of sexy, Brazilian-style panties, Joanna had nothing else on, apart from a pair of dark-blue, sexy 4-inch platform heels. She had dressed this way entirely of her own volition. She had driven Amir wild with that outfit, causing him to fuck her over the kitchen counter multiple times this past week. It didn't take much 'convincing'. Her ass had gotten sooo fucking nice and tight, not a hint of cellulite or fat on it. It begged to be spanked.

Just like a good housewife oughta do, her husband's balls were drained now, so he happily nodded, grabbing the car keys. He should be feeling happy, finding room to express himself and feel more free and closer to Joanna, was what he always strived for. But now that he had it, it felt...weird. Could it be all these years of conditioning to an underachieving marriage affecting him? Was he needlessly putting himself down?

Amir couldn't be sure. As he got in his car, he shook off the negative, self-loathing thoughts. Things were going smoothly, for once! It was great to have a guilt-free night with his mates, though, not worrying about what time he "should" be back or if he should be out at all. With that thought, he took off.

Meanwhile at the house, his wife had already quick-changed into her leggings, sneakers and sports bra for a 10 AM workout session. She never missed a day "firming up" her buns, which were "too loose" according only to her. As she was doing her deep squats, she was also watching a hardcore porn video on the laptop in front of her, "researching" for ideas that Amir might enjoy.

Amir, his wife and their two kids were peacefully enjoying their lunch, seated around the round, wooden table at the kitchen. Joanna had prepared a magnificent turkey and mass potatoes meal, which she had learned from an online recipe. Even though Amir did not ask her for this, she had even made a "practice one", in case the first one did not satisfy her husband's palette.

"Did you enjoy the meal, honey?" Joanna asked with a bright smile, her pretty eyes hammered on her husband. Barbara was a mediocre cook all these years, but recently she had picked up like 4 or 5 different cooking books, showing huge interest in learning how to cook great meals for her man. Amir happily reaped the benefits, glad to see his woman was starting to become an actual housewife.

She was now hanging from Amir's lips at the first bite, waiting for a positive response. "That's really good sweetie! Very tasty" he complimented her. "I'm so glad you like it!" Joanna's eyes sparked with nothing but adoration.

It was notable that while Joanna had prepared her husband a hearty meal with plenty of glaze covering the turkey and mass, she had made a different meal for herself, consisting only of some neat rice, with a small side of carrot and cabbage salad, without any oil or salt on them. Those things were bad for one's body. And she couldn't let her body get ugly, otherwise how would she be attractive to him?

"Don't you want to have some?" Amir felt kind of guilty looking at his plate and then hers. "Thank you sweetie, but I need to watch my diet" she said after a quick blink of her perfectly brushed eyelids.

Once everyone had eaten, Joanna waved the kids off upstairs. "How was your day at work, honey? Anything interesting or noteworthy occurred?" Joanna asked her husband, while cleaning the table with the efficiency and speed of a maid-robot.

She was still wearing her cute apron, with a skin-tight, long-sleeved blouse over it and a pair of calf-high leather pants with tall heels. Amir had reprimanded her a few days ago for dressing too "revealingly" in front of the kids, and she immediately corrected herself, though she still dressed as if she was going out at any second. Her make-up and hair were also immaculate, even though nobody but Amir and her children would see her.

"It was... fine, just stressing over some orders" Amir was puzzled by the sudden interest. Joanna never asked him about his day at work in the past. But now she stood with what appeared like genuine interest and listened to his short work story, hanging from every word. With the engagement meter set to a generous 8.5 (more would get tedious) it was rare to not be interested in her man's thoughts.

As soon as she had placed everything in the sink and wiped her hands on her cute apron, she immediately knelt underneath the table, placing her hands on the man's zipper.

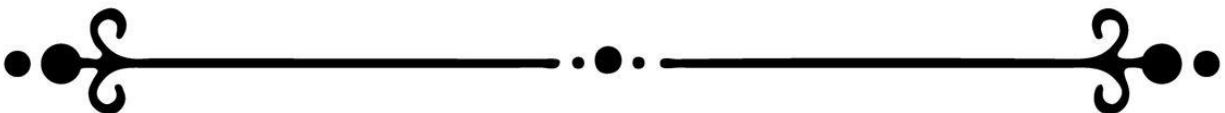
"Whoa, what are you doing?!" Amir chuckled in embarrassment from his wife's sudden 'coming-on'. "Do not worry, honey, since you are stressed from work I just want to make you feel better" she said, already having unzipped and pulled the man's dick through his pants. Amir did not even have to scooch

his chair over, as the woman started stroking his member to a hard erection with sensual, rotating movements from both hands, before taking it in her warm mouth and beginning to fellate it.

Amir could barely see Joanna's from under the table, though that didn't matter much. Her blowjobs were getting better each day. The woman's cheeks denting inwards from how hard she was sucking, all the while slurping his shaft and cockhead with her tongue, getting it nice and slippery for her throat.

"Am i pretty enough for you?" she asked sincerely, in the same dull voice. "Yes, yes you are" he replied, not giving a single fuck that the way his wife was expressing herself seemed a bit...off. She blinked her eyelids with his dick in her mouth, and continued her work down there, visibly gratified.

She jerked and sucked him off at the same time, moving her hand quickly up and down his shaft as he approached climax, then gobbled up his semen like it was a refreshing glass of water.



"Yeah, she just came in the other day and asked me if I wanted her to quit her job. Said she wanted to spend more time at home taking care of me" Amir half-whispered to his pals, who had gathered at his place for a night of hanging out and watching the game.

-And what did you say?

-I didn't know. I asked her what does she want to do and she just stood there frozen. It was a bit weird.

It was true. Joanna had proposed to throw her career in the trash to spend more time taking care of her husband. She was very career-focused, building it for over a decade. But now she seemed utterly content with leaving it all behind, if that's what Amir wished.

"Wow, that's crazy. Stella would never do that to her career" one commented, comparing his wife. "I know. Joanna loves her job. She has become like a whole different person this past month. I can't explain it, it just happened like that" Amir said, snapping his fingers. "I don't know, she's just incredibly nice and supportive, we don't fight at all anymore, the sex is out of this world..." Amir lifted his brows suggestively at that last one.

"A woman acting all soft and buttery, she's hiding some dirt from you" a suspicious friend said. "Don't listen to these idiots, man! They're just jealous cause their wives don't touch them, hahaha!" another more supportive friend patted Amir on the back. The middle-Eastern man sipped his pint, feeling good about himself.

Good things COULD happen after all. He should stop doubting himself. Stop doubting Joanna.

"Would you boys like anything else, a drink maybe?" Joanna offered with a wide smile, coming from the kitchen with a tray with 5 more cold ones. She had already made homemade pizza for Amir and his buddies, who were also seated around the living room.

"No dear, thank you!" Amir replied, turning his attention back to the screen. Joanna was never the woman to cater to her man's group of friends, just because she was available. In her mind, these were chauvinist, sexist stereotypes.

But she didn't seem bothered by this concept, now. She was wearing a pretty, thigh-high pink dress under her over-used apron, a pair of sandal heels never leaving her perfectly pedicured feet, her toenails having a bright pink color. Her fit, oiled, and cleanly shaven legs were being shown off by the outfit. Joanna dedicated a full hour of every single morning to her beautification routine, waxing all of her "unwanted" hair, from her armpits and legs to her pussy, everything smooth like a baby's bottom.

She'd then put on all kinds of face-creams then make-up and a nice perfume. In her reprogrammed mind, her presence must always be as pleasant and appealing to her hubby as it was possible.

Her usually blunt, boring shoulder-length light-blonde hair was now reaching her pretty, firm chest, styled beautifully and alluringly into girly pigtails and dyed with fun, red tips. She bent very sexually at the waist, to gather the empty pizza boxes from the table. All of Amir's buddies could not help but steal gazes towards the woman's nice cleavage and her perky butt. She had the appearance of a girl of their fantasies, nothing like their dull, normal wives. It was almost awkward how everyone was now gawking at Amir's wife, but he liked the attention his wife was getting from all his secretly jealous buddies.

It made him feel like a million bucks.

She never really "turned heads" in the past, but Joanna had gotten truly hot lately. She had lost over 20 pounds and her body had slimmed up and tightened. Her waist was close to a runway model's! Despite still attending her job (though making less and less effort at it lately, due to her over-commitment to Amir) being not only presentable but oozing sex appeal for her man was in many ways, Joanna's new full-time job.

She would bathe twice each day and have her feet, pubes, armpits and any other unwanted body-hair shaven EVERY DAY. The self-grooming wasn't complete until her hair was perfectly styled and treated to multiple products, her make-up, nails and eyebrows were on point, and her skin was "enhanced" with various creams, lotions and some nice perfume.

"Well, if you need anything, I'll be in the kitchen" the woman said ultra-sweetly, walking away seductively in her heels, making sure to let her hips sway with each step. She then simply sat in a chair behind the bar separating the kitchen and the living room, literally doing nothing, waiting for any "instructions". Not a phone, a podcast, nothing.

Amir could not fathom his luck. Game nights at his house never went as smoothly as this. Joanna was now so supportive, serving everyone and being tremendously courteous and friendly towards her husband's friends, who she usually batted less than an eyelash at.

Joanna was an attractive lady, but now, all of Amir's married friends were eyeing her with pure lust. As much as they were trying not to make their friend uncomfortable, it was tough to deny the 'show' that Joanna was recently putting on with her flaunting posture and skimpy clothes, whether intentionally or not.

All along Campton Street, Joanna was like the best cut out of the whole steak.

That mouthwatering, sizzling sound of a raw, juicy patty hitting the grill adds to the pleasantries of another Saturday BBQ at Amir's. Though not being in touch for a short while, Amir did not neglect to invite his kind neighbor, James, to the gathering.

"Brother, I don't know how you did it, but kudos" Jackson, an obese, mustached black man said to Amir with his signature deep voice, the two standing in front of the smoking grill chugging beers along with James. Jackson was about 50, and like anyone else here (besides James) was married for quite a while to Shantel, a nice and fun black woman who was getting heavier with each year. After 20 years of loving marriage, she had pretty much stopped trying to be an object of desire and Jackson had made peace with that.

"That's the thing. I don't really know what I did. As happy as it makes me to see her like this, it kinda bugs me that I haven't figured out the reason" Amir said as both he and his pal looked at Joanna in the distance.

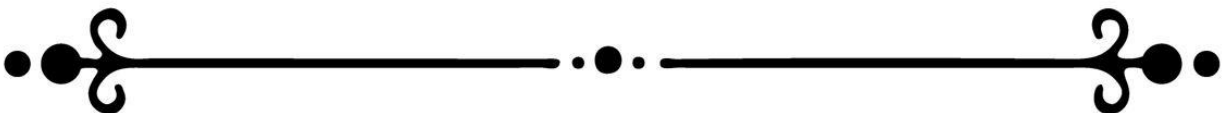
Dressed in a tight pair of ankle-revealing jeans and sandal heels and a tight, spaghetti-strapped crop top, Joanna was strutting her stuff towards her shaded friends under a huge umbrella, carrying a tray of margaritas. Amir had told her she "should spend some time with her friends" something that the chip acknowledged as the man's wishes.

"Jeez Luiz, Joanna, you look smokin'!" Shantel complimented the blonde's renewed looks, a sentiment echoed by the other women around. "Oh it's nothing, I'm just happy that Amir likes it" the blonde replied shyly, brushing her hair behind her ear.

"I mean sure, you're not just doing it for him though, right?" a brunette said, a bit alarmed at this self-sexist remark. "It is what I want. Amir deserves a beautiful wife" Joanna said another open-ended, peculiar sentence, her polite, kind expression not really matching the weight of her words.

"Girl, it's yo' own body, you should do with it what you want. If he don't like it he can scrum" Shantel seconded the brunette's point. "I don't agree with that" Joanna replied with an almost annoying calmness and politeness, not touching the margarita in front of her (since alcohol makes you fat). "I think it's my duty to be presentable for my husband and give him anything I can to make him happy" she spoke with disturbing honesty. The rest of the female group scoffed at the blonde's answer with various degrees of tact, an awkward silence following.

"Guess I'm just lucky to have her" Amir added, as James and Jackson nodded and raised their beer bottles up to their lips.



With Joanna's dedication to Amir's overall happiness only increasing, all a result of the brainwashing chip, the 33-year-old Texan girl's social life dwindled to the bare necessities; meaning Amir and her children, and even those strictly out of compliance for Amir's wishes for her to be a good mom.

Her neighborhood friends became more and more alienated by her recent perfect-wifey persona and slowly cut ties with her. She didn't appear to mind. More time to spend on perfecting herself for her dear Amir.

Subsequently, Joanna had removed all friends and acquaintances from her social media accounts, and deleted all phone numbers on her phone.

Girlfriends, coworkers, family. All gone. These were trivial things, in comparison to her new life's purpose.

It was eerie to see a contact list with just one name on it: "Hubby". The man was not aware of that decision, otherwise he might have been, justifiably, alarmed. Any inquiries he made on how she spends her 'free time' were met with puzzled looks and more declarations of her affection towards him.

While Joanna was still bringing a paycheck home, her work performance gradually dwindled (she often left the office to reach home earlier and 'prep' the house and herself for Amir) she was soon fired, tossing a decade's hard work down the toilet. Amir took that as a sign that Joanna really wanted to become a stay-at-home mom, though the truth was not that simple.

Joanna's coworkers were disturbed by the woman's sudden change in demeanor. All she talked about was her husband, and her personality reflected nothing from the respected professional they knew. In her place, was a determined, backwards bimbo, appearing gaslit into focusing solely on Amir's wellbeing, to the cost of her own.

Joanna just scoffed at their inquisitive, 'rude' comments. In her hypnotized eyes, these people simply didn't understand how important Amir was to her.

At the Rahal household, life seemed to take a turn towards a more... laid back attitude. Joanna had always been a hygiene obsessive, always wanting her space clean and tidy, and often dragging Amir into that need, forcing him to be extra mindful of any dusty night-stands, spotty dishes.

But the man was pleasantly surprised to see that his girl had cut down on this compulsion significantly. She didn't seem to care whether he had cleaned the astray of buds or removed his shoes in the house. None of these trivial things seemed to annoy her, anymore.

Though working out daily and taking care of her appearance to a tee, Joanna never asked of Amir to alter himself in any way. Everything was an endearing feature to her, from his 'expanding' beer belly, to his hairy body and 'manly' smell (meaning when he forgot to shower or put on deodorant). She could not see anything wrong in him.

James O'Malley is sitting on his computer chair, his headphones broadcasting the interaction happening not many feet away, on the neighboring house. He is listening intently, micromanaging the chip's function. Most of the setup appears to run smoothly. Amir's wife sounds pretty darn good.

"Have a great night, honey! Maybe when you get back you can fuck my asshole like you promised earlier" Joanna said, biting her bottom lip all pleadingly and without a hint of shame, not lowering her voice as she stood underneath the door frame, dressed in a sexy, frilly dress, thigh-high stockings and heels. She had bleached and lasered her asshole off that slightest hair that very morning, eager for her husband to enjoy it.

"Uhm, thank you Jo...uhm, maybe" Amir said with an unsure, polite smile, taken a bit aback by the forthcoming sentence, though it wasn't the first time Joanna was that crass in her language.

Hearing that, James tweaked the **SUBTLETY** meter to about a 7. "I'm sorry sweetie! I meant to say...would you fill my backdoor once you return?" Joanna formed the same sentiment more eloquently, but with the same excited smile.

"I don't know babe, I'll probably be a bit tired" Amir mumbled, not wanting to make his awesome wife feel bad. He didn't sound that into having sex tonight. Whilst the sex itself was amazing these past few months, his wife's advances had gotten a bit...repetitive.

From the comfort of his messy room, James frowned in thought, then with the remote in his hands changed the **POSSESSIVENESS** slider, from the center of the bar all the way to the left, making her clinginess virtually non-existent.

Just like before with the subtlety change, Amir did not catch Joanna's whole body twitch for a brief moment and her eyes rapidly blink, his back turning as he went to leave.

"Um, if you want, you can have sex with other women, too!" Joanna blurted out, not so much 'allowing' him a free pass, as much as she proposed it willingly. "What?" Amir was shocked again. "Yes, if you don't want to fuck me tonight you can go have sex with anyone you want. I just want you to have a pleasant evening" Joanna said without a hint of irony in her sweet, wifey voice.

Amir did not know how to respond. While faithful to Joanna, like any man he naturally gave the occasional glances to the pretty girl down the drug store, or the random hottie passing down the street. Though fantasizing about different women from time to time, he didn't have any sexual relations with anyone besides Joanna, ever since the two got together 11 years ago.

"Is this some sort of stupid test?" Amir smelled bullshit, even though Joanna did not appear to be lying. "Nooo honey! Not at all!" Joanna sounded totally apologetic about the misunderstanding. "I don't want you to be restricted. I want you to make love to whoever you want" she approached him and put her hands tenderly on his. "And you'll do the same? I'm not sure I want to open our relationship" Amir asked logically. Joanna thought about it.

Her **PROMISCUITY** meter was at the middle. Though her horniness meter was constantly on high, her need for sex was overridden by her solitary devotion to her man.

Hoping this was the right move, James turned the digital dial to the left, around the 2 mark, lowering Joanna's promiscuity to a minimum. "I don't need any other man other than you" Joanna said with eyes locked lovingly gazing Amir's, after a short twitch of her head.

"Ok..." the man nodded with a still apprehensive, shy smile and headed out. Joanna made a swift turnaround and with her slutty heels clicking on the porch, returned home.

Having done all of her necessary duties (prepared a full meal, worked out, done make-up/hair/waxed, cleaned the entire house, learned new sex moves) the blonde bimbo house-wife simply stood in the middle of the living room in complete immobility, her flat stare locked towards a random direction, with the same servile smile and posture as always.

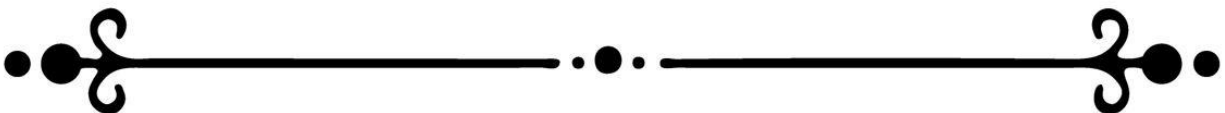
That night, Amir took out his wedding ring, perked up by the prospect of flirting for the first time in many years. He even got lucky that night, ending up on the bed of a skinny Goth-looking Asian chick he met at the bar.

His pals could not believe the 'hall pass' agreement his wife had just given him, finding it hard to control their fuming jealousy, as they headed home to their boring, monogamous wives.

It was around 4 AM. While Amir was miles away, fucking a stranger, his wife Joanna was still standing on that very same spot, in her frilly seductive dress, waiting for her man's new wishes/instructions.

With the INDEPENDENCE setting of her mind-chip set to 2 (only because at 1 the subject did not drink water, eat, sleep or used the bathroom), if an action/task did not immediately relate to Amir, then the programming overrode it. Having downed a pot of pitch black coffee in the afternoon to get everything done, Joanna's body was not sending any 'sleep signals' to her hostage brain.

Watching a time lapse from 9 PM to 4 AM would show an utterly content, inanimate Joanna on that same spot.



Riiiiing

"Who is it at this hour?" a confused Amir got off the couch and hesitantly approached the front door. "Don't worry teddy-bear, open it" his dear wife, clad in a cream-colored, very short satin robe, reassured him with a cheeky smirk.

Amir opened to lay eyes on two, gorgeous, slim and tall women, almost taller than his 6-foot height. They were both proper bombshells, both dressed in some concealing coats. One was a pale Russian with straight, long dark hair and red lips and the other was a darker toned Latina, with brown and purple, wavy hair.

"Please, come in" Joanna let them inside, Amir doing double-takes between the two gorgeous strangers and his wife. "I wanted to get you a gift" Joanna winked, and a moment later the two escorts removed their outer clothing to reveal their bodies, clad in sexy, lace lingerie, with thigh-high-stockings, garter belts and heels complimenting their revealing bras and panties, all matching each girl. The two women appeared like super models, but with more meat in all the right places. Their breasts' size was no smaller than a DD, and their asses wobbled ever so wonderfully with their thickness.

"I saw on your search history that you liked tall and curvy girls. Just because I can't quite achieve that, doesn't mean you shouldn't have it" Joanna said absolutely lucid, dressed in her nightgown. "Th...thank you honey, I can't quite believe it" Amir was lost for words once more, his eyes drawn to the two semi-nude bodies waiting for him.

How could his wife be so damn...cool???

As the two lingerie-clad girls got into their thing, caressing and kissing the beer-bellied man's bed-sprawled, naked body, all Joanna was did was facilitate her hubby's enjoyment, standing by the corner of the bedroom, holding a tray of water, wine and some finger sandwiches just in case her guests and man needed a break.

"Do you want to see us kiss?" one of the escort girls said to Bradley, the two of them leaning over him and rubbing each other. He nodded, and so the two girls started tenderly making out, inches away from his face, then slowly begun making out with him too and taking his cock in their skillful hands.

Standing there still, she was feeling her panties soak from the sight of her man enjoying two wonderful bodies, two bodies that SHE had brought to him. Not an ounce of jealousy was coursing through her veins.

As the Latina girl straddled the man to 'receive' him inside her, the Russian one shoved her big titties in his face, cradling his head tenderly. Amir was on cloud nine! Two full-figured beauties at his service! Who could have imagined?

“Do you like them, dear?” Joanna asked from her corner. “Yes, they’re great!” Amir replied, lost in bliss. “I can get them to come every week and I’ll pay for them. You don’t have to worry about a thing” the wife reassured her husband of any aspect of this transaction, while he was being delightfully ‘ridden’ by the hot Latina escort.

‘Joanna is the best’ he couldn’t help but think as he enjoyed the luxury prostitute’s hot pussy bobbing up and down his cock.

I want to get my nipples and clit pierced for you. Would you like that?

Joanna’s voice was heard through James’ grainy, but functional speakers. He appeared satisfied with how things were proceeding. Any little bugs in his (or rather, Amir’s) chip-operated housewife had been ironed over. That was normal and some synapses of the brain always reacted a bit differently from person to person.

He had gradually amplified Joanna’s ~~KINKINESS~~ from a modest 6 to a much more adventurous 9 and the difference was showing, since Amir’s gal was getting all sorts of skimpy, fetishy little outfits to put on for him. A skimpy maid outfit, a latex nurse one, a very true-to-the-original princess Leia golden bikini. She was putting her heart out in these roleplays.

On top of that, she was asking Amir to hit her more during sex, to choke her hard and generally be as rough as with her as he liked. Taking her up on that, Amir was treating her like a proper fuck-doll and Joanna had never used any kind of safe-word throughout.

-Uhm, maybe...?

-Awesome! I’ll arrange an appointment right away! I heard that piercing the tongue would also provide better oral sex.

-No, honey, not the tongue. Better somewhere where the kids can’t see.

-As you wish, my love.

As much have fun as he was having these transformative past months, Amir was getting a bit suspicious. He didn't know if it was some kind of imposter syndrome, but he felt as if though this change in Joanna was too good to be true. As if something else was behind this new self of hers.

Joanna had him feeling very conflicted. On one hand, she was more caring and into him as she had ever been! But the fact that he couldn't quite explain this sudden change in her behavior, troubled him, like a buzzing mosquito in your ear, keeping him from comfortably sipping your mojito and marveling at the wonderful view of a moonlight lit, exotic beach.

It was a nagging thought in the back of his head. The few times he tossed an inquisitive comment out of the blue, or even when he tried to have a more direct one-on-one with Joanna about what could possibly have changed her mind, his wife always responded with the same vague, sugar-coated words:

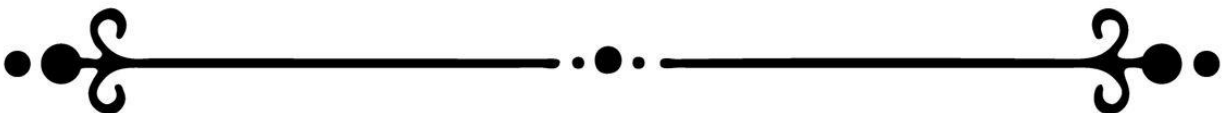
I made a mistake in not appreciating you in the past

I was wrong to not see your worth

I was a fool for taking you for granted

Every time these apologetic replies were concluded with yet another declaration of deep love. Nothing more, no more insight. It was getting frustrating, almost as if Joanna was dodging Amir's questions. He JUST wanted to know what changed???

He had to confront her.



It was around 7 PM, when Joanna returned from the grocery store, her hands full of too many plastic bags, bags that someone should have probably helped her with. Amir opened the door for her, and she greeted him with a warm kiss on the cheek.

"How was your day, my love?" she said with her usual wide, toothy smile. Amir noticed she had been whitening her teeth to perfection, a practice she hadn't observed since they had the kids.

He tried to not get distracted and focus on his plan.

"Honey...?" he said to her as she had already hanged her coat and was putting away the groceries with an industrial resilience. She stopped right in her tracks at the sound of his voice, turning a full 180 to face him.

"What is it, sweetheart?" she asked him with the usual affectation (her ROMANCE meter turned to 10 from the first few days) tilting her head slightly, a recent habit she had caught on, every time she asked a question.

"Could you...cook me a turkey for lunch. I'm...really craving some" he tried to think of something bothersome.

"Of course, darling" she responded after a quick blink. "I will head out to the store and get one, since the one in the freezer will take a while to thaw" she went to get her coat again.

Amir shook his head. This was not the reaction he was hoping for.

"Ehm, one second, though" he stopped her again. "What is it dear?" she turned to him again, with the same bottomless dedication and patient smile.

-I... I was doing some maintenance yesterday and...i forgot my hammer up on the roof. Could you go and get it for me?

-Sure thing! Could you please show me... where the ladder is? I'm really sorry I forgot where you store it!

Joanna moved on from the previous subject without missing a beat. In addition, she was being apologetic instead of annoyed. Amir was rubbing his forehead, visibly getting more and more upset. Why was she doing EVERYTHING he asked for, without even questioning him?!?

Amir let his wife go and get the ladder, more from disbelief than anything else. He wanted to see if this was some weird long-con type of prank. Alas, Joanna went in the little storage room and returned with the large ladder, heading outside.

"STOP! Stop-stop-stop..." Amir was losing it. "I need a...a new car. I want you to buy me a new car" he said with a stressed, trembling voice. "Whatever you want, sweetie. What kind of car should I get you?" Joanna looked completely unfazed by the preposterous sentence, eyeing him with the same lovey-dovey smile as always.

"OH MY GOD! Just bang your head against the wall, you fucking bitch!!!" he yelled. He had enough of this weird shit! Joanna never tolerated foul language, even during the couple's biggest fights. Certainly not such derogatory terms as 'the B word'.

Amir watched, panting and dumbfounded, as Joanna looked at him with the same wholesome smile that was stuck on her face recently. Her perfectly brushed eye-lids twinkled calmly. Her voice was as peaceful and welcoming as before.

"As you wish, my love"

She turned to the nearest wall and slammed her head on it hard, then again, then again. And again! Not uttering a single moan of pain, just a content dutiful face. She didn't appear to hold back at all!

Her forehead had a bloody spot in the center, when Amir pulled her away. "WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU? JUST SIT HERE AND DO NOTHING!" he said. He was fuming, utterly speechless.

Had Joanna gone completely crazy? Amir stormed out of the house, leaving Joanna sitting still on the couch, a drop of blood running from her forehead down her nose and by her lips. She sat with a perfect, feminine posture, with a bent waist and her back not even touching the couch's back.

The sun had already set. The serenity across Campton Street was almost sleep-inducing. But it's not how a certain inhabitant is feeling at the moment. It's been a while since he went for a long, aimless walk.

As Amir paces down the sidewalk, with no apparent destination, he hears an old, rusty voice from not far away:

"Good evening, my friend". It is James O'Mulley, his most recent neighbor.

"Everything alright?" he asked with a kind smile. "No, James. It's not alright! Joanna's acting strange, and i don't know what to do..." the man seemed unwell, desperate.

"I think i hold the answer to your question..." the man said, signaling Amir over. The man faced him, stunned with confusion. Was James just offering some consolation, or did he really know something he did not?

Amir joined James, who was sitting on the steps of his front porch. "My friend..." he looked Amir in the eye.

"You are a good man. You are hard-working, kind, a good father, a great husband..." Amir did not interrupt him, but he was looking at him perplexed.

"I was married too, once, you know..." the man continued. "Twenty five years, that is a lifetime in itself" he gazed the night sky as he continued. "I gave everything into that marriage. My time. My energy. My income" he spoke calmly, with the tone of accumulated wisdom, keeping his eyes ahead.

"I did all these things because i loved her, because i felt that's what i needed to do to make things work. But i also loved my work, i loved what i did. It kept me going, when things looked hopeless, when i didn't think i could fight any more. But in the end..." he turned to face Amir "...she was the one who left me. 'Too focused on my work' she said. After everything I had done for her, I realized I had wasted my efforts, wasted them all".

"You are a good man, Amir" James repeated, patting the man's back. "You deserve to have full control over your life. You deserve someone who is affectionate and caring towards you. Please, accept this gift".

Amir did not know how to reply. This man appeared dead serious, which was as surreal as his transformed wife.

Amir felt dizzy, with all the information James' story implies. "So... you did this? You changed Joanna?" Amir asked him, even though he already knew the answer.

"I simply helped her see what was underneath her nose all this time" James replied.

"If you think that you'll be better off as before, i won't be a hindrance to you" the man got up with his slow, aged knees and walked towards his house.

"You are also welcome to notify the police to my arrest, too, i won't intervene" he concluded, and went inside his house, leaving Amir alone on the front porch.

Amir got no sleep that night. Around dawn, with the morning light just appearing, he decided to go to James' place. He didn't know what to say to him, but he was certain he wanted to say something. Last night, he was the one doing all the listening.

He walked up the small path to his doorstep. He was surprised to find the front door unlocked and half-open. He rushed inside, picturing the worst.

But when he stepped inside, there was no one. No sign of life. He moved deeper in the apartment. The kitchen sink was empty, as well as the coat-hanger. Stepping into his office, there was not even a piece of paper lying around. Whoever once lived in this place was gone.

Amir noticed a lone folder, left on the wooden desk. It had his first name written on it. On the back of the folder, it was written with a black sharpie:

*Inside this folder lies your future
The choice is yours, my friend*

Inside that envelope was the remote controller, operating (as well as deactivating, if someone wished it) Joanna's brain-chip.

Amir took the mysterious note home. He was still holding it in his hands, with the phone on his ear. "Hello, I'd like a confirmation on a name...it is James O'Malley, 14 Campton Street" he said to the operator.

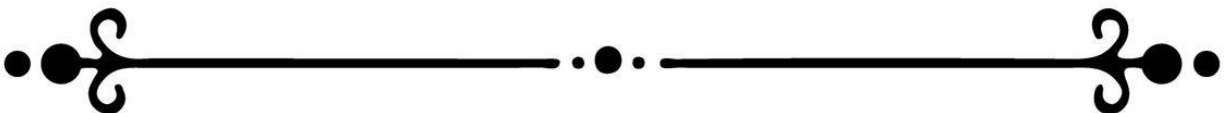
"We have no name that matches your request, sir" the woman on the other end of the line informed him after a short search.

Amir hung up, his appearance one of a trance state. He stood there, staring down at the closed envelope, before finally opening it to reveal the small gadget.

He held it in his palm, knowing now the solution to problems he wasn't sure he wanted fixed. His life had improved for the better, this past month.

He knew in his lawful, logical mind that he should 'cure' Joanna. But something inside him kept him from doing so. He couldn't decide if he preferred that. Was the previous Joanna better for him? Or was the fake one what he always needed?

Fake...real...what did these words mean anyway. Why should the present Joanna not be the real one? Amir was left silently pondering, with his eyes not moving from the powerful little controller.



ONE YEAR LATER

Amir was hosting a get-together in his back-yard. Unlike last year, this was not exactly the BBQ gatherings he and his wife would throw every so often. This one was for his pals only, no kids, no wives.

Well, Joanna was here. Dressed scantily in only a bikini top and some hot jean shorts, the skinny, shapely woman was happily mowing the lawn wearing some cute pink sneakers and matching sunglasses, as Amir and his four friends (not the other obnoxious dickheads that only were there because of Joanna's friends) were relaxing in four, comfy, rocking chairs facing the sunny grass.

Lined up in a row facing the lawn were Amir, Greg (an introverted Asian guy), Bradley (a curly-haired, white chap) and Jackson, all enjoying a few cold ones on this fine Saturday morning.

"That's the kinda day you feel good to be alive" Jackson spoke with his new DJ-quality voice, taking a refreshing sip from the bottle. "Amen, my friend" Amir nodded next to him right as Joanna approached, having finished her yard work. Her sweat glistened on her firm thighs and her nice, tanned cleavage, which was very generous by the cut of her bikini top.

"Woof!" she wiped her forehead with a cheery sigh, not seeming at all bothered by her sweaty state. "Do you guys need more beers?" she asked, still lightly panting from her field work, but with the same enthusiasm to please. "We're good honey, thanks" Amir reassured her and as she turned to go inside, Bradley gave her tight ass a good, full spank, from the comfort of his chair.

"OOooo! Cheeky!" was the woman's gleeful response to her husband's friend putting his hands on her. Strangely enough, no one really reacted to what some would call harassment.

"Here come the brownies!" Joanna returned soon after with a cheer, holding a tray of straight-from-the-oven chocolate treats. "Thank you Joanna, you're an angel" Greg and Bradley said with one voice. "OOoh guys, you're welcome!" she replied with her signature pin-up wife smile, then turned to her beloved husband.

"I have a few minutes before the water heats up for my shower. Would you like a blowjob, darling?" she asked Amir with no semblance of shame or blushing, already starting to buckle her knees towards the wooden floor as she spoke.

"It's alright honey; I'm fine" Amir replied sincerely. Blowjobs, as well as any sexual favor, were a given now, there was no need to feel any FOMO about them. The blonde bombshell of a wife blinked her pretty eyes once. "Well... if you change your mind...please let me know!" she said and started cleaning the crumbs off the little snack table.

"I could use a blowjob..." Jackson shrugged his shoulders with an "if you're offering..." expression. "Of course, Jackson! I'd be happy to" the white blonde courteously knelt in front of him, and started unzipping his pants, taking a semi-erect, python of a black cock out.

Just like with Bradley's spank, neither Jackson nor any of the men around him flinched. Having set his wife/toy's **PROMISCUITY** meter to the maximum long ago meant that Joanna was down to please any and every one Amir allowed her.

The three friends kept Joanna's 'generosity' a secret of course, from anyone else, as well as their jealous wives. The blonde hottie had willingly sucked and fucked all of them many times. Amir never disclosed the existence of the remote controller, justifying Joanna's whoring out as a simple 'spice' to their wedded life. His buddies were just glad to have this fun 'side-gig' every time they visited him. Their wives hated Joanna nowadays anyway, so they rarely visited.

Working her skilled hands on the dark shaft like a master, Joanna quickly begun suckling the huge cockhead, with these wet, slurpy sounds and her cheeks dented as she sucked Jackson's cock like a true slut. "C...can I get one, too, Joanna?" the always shyer Greg asked politely.

"Sure thing, silly! Just let me finish Jackson first" Joanna popped the huge hog off her glossy, pink lips to reply to her man's friend, before 'diving' back into it with dutiful enthusiasm, gobbling all 7 inches as far as they went down her throat.

Amir did not even glance at his cocksucking spouse, electing to enjoy the clear sky and the chirping birds that filled the peaceful silence nicely. Life had become much less complicated, less stressful. Simpler. That might have sounded bad to some, but Amir found great value in it.

As his mind returned from that thought to the present, he glanced to his left, seeing that Joanna had elected to 'warm Greg up', since he was seated next to Jackson. While still bobbing her made-up face

over Jackson's crotch, she had taken Greg's cock through his trousers and was jerking it off one-handed, getting it nice and hard.

"Here let me pick these up for you" a young, buzz cut, Latino guy, is helping the kind, elder man who just moved next-door to his and his girlfriend's apartment. Whatever grey hairs are left on his sides, fall down to chin level. His scruff is at least 5 days old. His clothes' condition would probably deter most people in approaching him.

The apartment building is big, taking up a whole block, but Carlos is the only one who has taken the time to help him. He is carrying a cardboard box, full of electronics and motherboards. "Are you into computers, mister?" he asks with the spark the only youth possesses.

"That I am, my friend. It's a pleasure meeting you" he says when they reach his front door. "I'm Angus, Angus Chester" he brings out a handshake. "Nice meeting you mister. Anything you need, me and my girl will be right next door" the man in his early 20s replies with a smile.

"You are a good man, youngster. I appreciate your kindness" the old man winks at Carlos as he steps inside.

