

MENTORSHIP

Holy shit I hate my job.

Jennifer was bolt upright from a dead sleep in an instant at the sound of a strange voice in her apartment. Looking around, she seemed to be alone. Her ears strained for any sounds of the intruder – though as close as the voice had sounded, he'd have had to be standing right over the bed. Yet there was no one.

Just as she was about to excuse it as a dream – after all what burglar broke in at 8am? – when she heard another voice. Only this one wasn't a voice, but a baby cry.

And it was crying right beside her.

To be sure, Jennifer didn't have a baby. She didn't want a baby. So when one started crying so loudly it was like she was holding it to her ear, she knew something was off. Sarah's downstairs neighbor Theresa had just had a baby a few months back – and actually, come to think of it, she could hear it crying through the floor, too.

It was several minutes of hearing that unnerving, too-close crying before Jennifer realized what was happening, and several minutes of the voice quieting and becoming inane babbles of contentment as she heard Theresa soothing the child. The soothing she heard right next to her as well.

At first, Jennifer thought she'd somehow developed some kind of super hearing. But as Theresa arrived on the scene to pacify her child, Jennifer didn't just *hear* the soothing. She *felt* it. The same went for the transition from hunger to contentedness from the baby, though not as strong.

She was sensing their thoughts. Their emotions. The "voice" she'd heard when she woke up must have been Ray, her next door neighbor, whom she'd heard cursing up a storm about his crappy minimum wage job more than a few times. She was even feeling some of their feelings – as the baby calmed, so did Jennifer; as Theresa felt that love for her child, so did she.

"What in the hell is happening to me?" Jennifer asked aloud, stifling a yawn as Theresa and baby each went back to sleep. There was no answer, of course. Through the morning she pondered it, and caught frequent snippets from elsewhere in the building. It didn't make any sense, but she did find she was slowly picking up more from them.

The more she concentrated, the better she "heard". By the time her alarm went off, she'd found she could pick up thoughts from the building by focusing on a particular space. Jennifer even felt Mr. and Mrs. Barkley having sex; their arousal (more his than hers, she noted with a little amusement) washed over her. As she found a hand slipping unbidden into her sweatpants and down her underwear, she made herself tune them out.

Jennifer began to ponder what this all meant. Already the opportunities were occurring to her. She could go to Vegas and win a fortune playing cards. Become an international super-spy, conducting espionage effortlessly and serving as an infallible lie detector. Satisfy her every curiosity. This was going to be her ticket to a better life.

First, she needed to really test it out. She pushed herself, trying to hear multiple thoughts at once, then at greater and greater distances between sources. By midday she'd learned secrets about her neighbors – apparently Candace in unit 2E was blowing the landlord for a

discount on rent. Just hearing Candace think about it as she performed her dirty little deed filled Jennifer with some of her shame.

She found she could hear everyone around her within fifteen feet or so with relative ease. Beyond that, the concentration got gradually harder the wider she reached out. Really, most of it was gibberish at that point, with the whole apartment building simultaneously echoing around her head, but it was good to know she *could*. In that spirit, Jennifer decided she needed to really understand her range. Could she read someone's mind from across the street?

She focused. And reached. And focused some more. Her entire body trembled as she strained to pick up noise from the building across the street, at the end of the block, the nearby park, the strip mall where she bought her groceries, the building she worked at downtown...

Somewhere in the middle of all that straining for greater reach, she collapsed. Everything went dark.

She came to at the sound of someone knocking at her door. It was dark out now, so it had been hours at least. Then the knocking came again. It helped her collect herself, gave her something to do.

Jennifer picked herself up off the floor and made her way to the door. Through the peephole, she could see a man standing there – medium height and build, casually dressed. And a total stranger. She was about to open the door, leaving the chain latched for protection, when it dawned on her she could just use her power to ascertain who this was and if she could trust him.

"Who is it?" she asked, opening her mind to his thoughts.

The man didn't respond – except in his head. There, through her new power, she simply heard him think *let me in*.

"Sorry the place is such a mess," Jennifer said apologetically as she shut the door behind him. She could feel his judgment, his condemnation of her simple apartment's relative squalor, and she was embarrassed for it.

The man walked over to her arm chair and settled in with a confidence like he owned the place. Jennifer could feel just that coming from him – entitlement. Superiority. *I deserve all the hospitality you can provide..*

And he did. Boy, did he ever. Jennifer wished she'd known he was coming so she could've made things more welcoming for him. "Can I, um, get you anything?"

Again, no response. Still, this arrogant jerk – even if he wasn't unwelcome – didn't realize who he was messing with. Even if he kept his mouth clenched shut, she was a frickin' mind reader. She started focusing her power, trying to push through his surface thoughts and see if she could find anything beneath it.

Stop doing that. Don't try to use the Gift on me – ever. Jennifer stopped, immediately. She was mortified she'd ever started – using her new power, the Gift as she decided to call it henceforth, on this man was blasphemy. Sacrilege. That Which Must Not Be Done.

Still, she couldn't help overhear his surface thoughts – though she could sense he was fine with that. On some level, this realization that he knew what she could do and seemed to be able to do it himself should be frightening, yet instead she just felt a calm coming from him that was infectious.

There was no need to panic. Everything was going exactly as it should. Just fine.

She realized then the disdain with which he was regarding her – and small wonder, dressed as she was in unflattering sweatpants and a hoodie, no makeup to speak of. She hadn't even showered today. Jennifer hadn't expected any company. *Impress me*. Especially not someone like this who she so wanted to make a good impression on.

"Say, would you mind if I excuse myself for a few minutes? I just want to grab a quick shower, put on something more appropriate." Maybe burn these clothes, so he'd never have to see her in them again.

While he didn't say so, Jennifer could sense he wouldn't mind. She headed to the bathroom – leaving a total stranger alone in her apartment yet not at all concerned over it – and stripped out of her clothes while the water heated up.

When he came in to join her, she was quite relieved. As the man slid open the shower door and let his eyes feast on her wet, naked body, she knew she was impressing him a great deal more than she ever could have in those frumpy clothes she'd been wearing.

She'd always been proud of her appearance. While she was as self-conscious of her minor flaws as any girl, she knew she was objectively attractive. Long but shapely legs that still left just a bit of a thigh gap, a nicely rounded rear end to complement them, slender waist topped by breasts that were perhaps a bit on the small side but still had plenty of cleavage when she needed it, and a face that just screamed hottie next door.

It's all right for me to touch you.

Duh, thought Jennifer back at him. Like she would invite a man into the shower with her if she didn't want to be touched. Jennifer stood in place as he shed his own clothes, waiting patiently. She sensed it wasn't awkward or uncomfortable at all for him, and obviously not for her – it would've been weird for the stranger to wear clothes as he bathed her.

Which was exactly what he did. She handed him her shower gel, though he declined the luffa. He soaped and lathered every inch of her, paying particular attention to her breasts, bottom, and groin.

Ugh, no. Her titties, her ass, and her cunt. She hated when she caught herself even thinking in those other terms, childish as they were. It was just plain embarrassing – she hoped he hadn't heard her thinking them with his Gift.

Jennifer began to sense that she was arousing him, even before his erection started to grow. Which was quite a relief, considering how unbelievably horny she was getting. Hornier than she'd ever been in her life. She trembled with lust as he continued soaping up her tits, pulling her sudsy body up against his to lather her ass. She found herself counting down the seconds until she'd just grab his dick herself and shove it in her herself.

Of course, with her amazing new power, she could sense that was completely the wrong tactic. He was a man who liked his girls submissive. Pliant. Obedient. Needy yes, but more concerned with his needs than their own. Jennifer could do that – she was all about serving and pleasing her man. She cooed and moaned for him, posed and wriggled in his hands. He wanted a weak-willed little fuck toy, and she could be that for him. She wanted to be.

Only then he stepped out of the shower, then immediately turned the stream to ice cold. Jennifer squealed but held still for it – he hadn't told her to move, after all. He toweled himself off while she stood there shivering, her nipples going from hard to diamond. She wondered why

he didn't take advantage of her – but then she caught him thinking how gross her pubic hair was.

She hadn't trimmed it in her life, but now that she thought about it, it really was rather unseemly. Using the cold water as an assist, she bent to the task of shaving it smooth. By the time she was finished he'd left the bathroom, still naked, and she hurried out after him to show off her handiwork.

First, however, she could sense he wanted her to get dressed. Jennifer had intended to anyway, obviously – she was going to be slutty for him, but she could do that dressed up like his little fantasy girlie instead of some naked wanton whore.

She headed into her room, relieved to see that he'd already set out an outfit for her while she'd been finishing up in the shower. The wine red bra and panties joined with a garter belt holding up matching stockings up to mid-thigh, and she finished the ensemble not with the dress she'd bought to wear over this, but with a red ribbon tied around her throat and a pair of spiked heels. The whole thing contrasted deliciously against her fair complexion, making all the revealed flesh all the more promising, the few scraps concealed all the more alluring.

The man would think she was a complete and total slut – not that her gift was improving and letting her predict thoughts, but it's what anyone who saw her in this would surely think. She certainly hoped he would, since she could feel his desire to turn her into his play thing. Which was exactly what she wanted to be.

How she'd lucked out at having a man who wanted all the same things she did just show up at her apartment, she had no idea. But she was thrilled to her core.

All through the evening, she practiced using her gift, growing more and more confident in detecting even the most subtle shifts in his desires and fulfill them. Jennifer posed for him, let him take pictures of her, cooked him dinner and served it to him by hand as she seated herself on his lap, knelt under his desk giving him a long and sensual blowjob while he maxed out her credit cards for his online shopping, swallowed every drop of his cum.

On the rare occasion she'd sucked a man's cock before, Jennifer had never swallowed. She hadn't liked the former and wouldn't consider the latter. Now, she realized she loved sucking down a man's jizz exactly as much as he loved having her do it.

They were just so in sync, wanted all the same things. Jennifer was so grateful for her Gift, for being able to know he wasn't just humoring her when she had the urge lay on her back on the living room floor, masturbating for over an hour while refusing to let herself cross the threshold of true pleasure, all the while pleading for him to fuck every inch of her – certain that the right combination of words would make him unleash that perfect cock of his on her and finally give her sweet release.

Amazingly, he wanted just that too – a pleading, diddling, whining writhing sweating begging quivering mound of tits and ass utterly dependent on a man's permission for her own fulfillment. (He even thought his cock was perfect, which she thought was somewhat arrogant of him even if she couldn't deny the truth of it.)

Still, the man didn't give it to her. She tired of pleading at some point – right around the time she sensed his boredom with it – and began calling out directly to his mind with her Gift.

I exist to make you happy.

You are the reason I have tits.

You are the one who owns my pussy.

My ass belongs to you as well.

My mouth's sole purpose is to service your cock and make sounds that bring you pleasure.

I am a slut for any man who is you.

Your every thought is known to me and your every desire is shared by me.

I need you to fuck me like you want me to need to be fucked.

I am your personal fuck toy, and I need to be fucked.

I feel your desire to fuck me, therefore I need to be fucked.

I need to be fucked.

Fuck me.

As Jennifer's thoughts ran to that final, simple plea, she realized it was more than a feeling. It wasn't just a thought she was having, but a thought she was projecting. Suddenly she grasped the significance – that the Gift didn't just let her read thoughts, but put her thoughts out there to be read! She could take this need, this overpowering compulsion to get fucked by this stranger, and shape it as a thought he would feel as his own!

Jennifer gasped as she suddenly realized what had been happening to her all evening.

"If it's any consolation, you figured it out a good deal quicker than most," the stranger said. "Some of them follow me around for days like stupid little puppy dogs, waiting to spontaneously agree with my next unspoken command."

When she spoke, it was with difficulty – knowing he'd done this to her didn't at all change how she felt. Her lust, her submission, her compulsion to please and serve. Above all, the need for stranger cock. "H-how did you f-find me?"

"Oooh, also impressive – most of the time you gals just keep on begging for dick, or occasionally hurl out a threat or insult if I've been more permissive. Not you – you're out to learn something. Smart girl, for a needy little slut."

The man grinned, looking down at her where she still plunged her fingers in and out of her pussy without slowing. "It was your call-out – the newbies all do it eventually, trying to test their limits. A push that big you could feel for miles, and I have gotten pretty good at pin-pointing someone through their Gift."

The stranger walked over to her, knelt right next to her face. If her neck were only a few inches longer, she'd be able to get her mouth on his balls. Jennifer craned her neck to try anyway as he went on talking. "I tell you what – you impressed me there, just enough that I'll throw you a bone. You already made me cum, after all, so I'll let you keep your precious little box intact. Generous of me..."

Don't you think?

Jennifer did think so, in fact. Not that she wasn't still beside herself, almost completely consumed with the need to get fucked by this stranger. Having a stranger use her body to get off was the best idea she'd ever been given. She was grateful this man had given her the desire.

"Th-thank you," she stammer breathily as she watched him stand up and put his clothes back on. "You d-don't know what a h-help you've beeEEEEeeen," she moaned as she narrowly dodged an orgasm. Not cumming until she'd been cummed in or on was important.

He'd put that in there too, which was fine since she completely agreed. Or at least, she felt like she did. Even knowing he'd put it there didn't make it feel any less hers.

The man didn't say another word as he left the apartment; she sensed his satisfaction with what he'd done to her, and she couldn't help but share it. He'd worked her over good – taken a beautiful woman and turned her into a desperately needy submissive piece of T&A. She didn't know how long it would last, but as she heard his footsteps recede down the hall outside her apartment, she dismissed the question.

Jennifer had bigger concerns at the moment.

She reached out her mind as far as she felt she could without losing track of all those little bundles of consciousness. She heard them as a cacophony of stray thoughts and dull feelings, then weeded out the ones she had no use for – the young, the women, that gay guy down the hall, the veteran on the first floor who was paralyzed from the waist down.

It took effort – all the more so with her fingers still working over her sex – but she soon felt the thoughts of every man in the building. She had all of them right there in her head, dozens of strangers in reach of her Gift. With a glance to make sure the man had left the door unlocked, she opened herself up and shared her thoughts with all of them.

Fuck me.