

Girlfriends and Boyfriends

“Pleeeeeease? One more time?”

“Seriously, Millie?”

“Seriously! I can’t tell you how bad I missed this! I need more of it. If you want, that is – I wouldn’t ever tell you what to do of course! – but I want. Oh I want, I want, I want IwannIwannIwann–”

“OK, OK, I get it. Man, I never remembered you being this... this...”

“Horny? Cock-starved? Slutty? Whorish? Horny?”

“You said horny twice.”

“I could say it fifty more times and it wouldn’t cover how fucking wet my cunny wunny is for my honey bunny boyfriend.”

“You’ve already gotten me off four times since I left for the airport, Millie. I’m only human, after all.”

“Five times. Not that I would ever correct you. I only want to make sure you appreciate what a perfect obedient cock-pleaser I am for my boyfriend. I *love* my boyfriend. My boyfriend is always right.”

“I, um... are you sure it was five?”

“Yes. I would never ever lie to you.”

“I’m pretty sure it was four. Once when you gave me head in the satellite lot where you picked me up. Twice where you pulled over at that rest stop and we... ahem... in the bathroom. Third time when you blew me in the parking lot outside–”

“And finished in the living room when you got shy about the neighbors.”

“And four just now. See? Four.”

“But you said you jerked off in the restroom on the plane, didn’t you? Remember, because I sent you all those pictures of my drippy wet pussy and my big fat tits...?”

“Well, yes, I suppose that technically would be five, then. But hey, speaking of your breasts... did you, um, get them done? I don’t remember them being that, you know, big at Christmas. Not that they weren’t always pretty big. But now they look... huge, I guess.”

“You noticed! Oh gosh it was so hard not showing them to you earlier! I love showing off my big round sexy titties, and there’s nobody I’d rather show them off to than you. I always want to look fuckable for my boyfriend. But they only finished healing like a week ago and I thought you’d like it more if it was a homecoming surprise. But now that you’re here I don’t wanna ever cover them up again! I mean, unless you want me to put on some of these *super* skanky little outfits I got to look hot for you. Oh gosh, you won’t believe how skimpy and slutty some of them are. Here, why don’t I–”

“It’s OK, Millie. Really. It’s been a heck of a long day, and I’m really tired. Not that I’m not happy to see you. I am. And you look great. Better than ever.”

“God, my pussy gets so wet when you talk to me like that!”

“Right. And I will do something about that, I promise. But in the morning, OK? And I’ll wanna hear all about what, um, motivated all... that.”

“Why would you even have to wonder, babe? I did it for you. Because you’re my boyfriend.”

“Uh, right. I guess we made it after all, huh.”

“And we always will. I love my boyfriend.”

“I... yeah. Thanks. Thanks, Millie. But for now, I need some sleep. OK?”

“Sure. Anything else you need? A massage? A nice casual blowjob to help you relax? I’ve been practicing this dance that’s really slow and wiggly that might help—”

“Fuck. Wow. You’re... wow. But seriously, just sleep. You can show me all that tomorrow, if you still want.”

“I always want to pleasure my boyfriend.”

“Yeah. Right. Good night, Millie.”

“Good night, Robert.”

SIX MONTHS EARLIER

“I really wish I didn’t have to go, Millie.”

She crossed her legs, folded her arms, turned to look out the car’s window. If there were another sort of body language she could have utilized to convey her displeasure, she’d have done so. “But you’re still going.”

“I don’t have a choice, honey. Things at the Hong Kong branch have gone completely tits up.”

“I told you, I hate that word. And don’t call me honey.”

“Right, fine. They went bad. It’s going to destroy our Q4 gains. But Polk chose me, out of everybody in the whole company, to try to fix it. If I do this right, this could make my career. I’m talking six-figure salary, moving up to the forty-second floor. Huge. And even if it can’t be salvaged, they already got their scapegoat, so it’s not even my fault. It’s win or break even for us.”

“Really? For us? Because it feels like it’s win or break even for *you*. It feels like you’re going to have an epic overseas vacation in China and you didn’t even ask if you could bring me along. It sounds like you’re going to make this huge name for yourself at your stupid company and leave me in the lurch.”

“I didn’t realize you’d feel that way. I guess I should’ve asked, but... I didn’t think you’d even want to go.”

Millie glared so hard at the car next to them that the driver actually slowed down just to avoid her. Good. She would’ve directed it at her so-called boyfriend except she didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of seeing how upset she was. To that end, she wasn’t about to let him know he was right, either.

“I guess now you’ll never know.

“Hey now, let’s not make all this out to be my fault. I... you know, never mind.”

“No, what? You what, Robert?”

He shifted to the right lane. It was only a couple more miles to the airport, and he didn’t want things to end on this note. He had no idea what he could say to stop that from happening, though. “Look, I heard you talking to your mom at Christmas, OK?”

Millie whirled on him. “That was private! Were you spying on me?”

“No! What? Spying? Millie, you were standing in the kitchen by the refrigerator! It wasn’t exactly Mission: Impossible to overhear what you were saying!”

“Still!”

It was Robert’s turn to glare. Millie could be so unreasonable at times! He just knew that if he’d asked her to come with him, he’d be getting an earful about how he’d demanded she put her life, her career on hold. If he’d turned the assignment down, she’d be chewing him out for his lack of ambition. If Robert found a way to turn water

into wine, she'd find a way to accuse him of producing merlot instead of chablis. Why did he even tolerate this nonsense?

But he only had to look at her to remember. Millie might be a handful, but she was... well, a couple of handfuls. The way old man Polk had about-faced when he saw this stunning beauty on his arm at the company Christmas party... It was sexist as hell, but there was a truth to that old school mindset. Girls who looked like Millie didn't date losers, ergo he was a winner. For all he knew, the sight of her body tucked into that form-fitting gown was what had pushed his name to the top of the list for the Hong Kong gig.

"Look, you're going to be OK. You're the one who said you felt 'stifled,' right?"

"Yeah, to my mother! That wasn't for your ears."

"Yeah, well, whatever. You said it. And now you'll have the place to yourself for six months. You know, it'll be like when we were in school again. Get out and live a little. Party. Hang out with your girlfriends. Hit a club or two. Sit around the apartment au natural."

"In your dreams. You know I don't like pointless nudity." She sniffed. "And for your information, I already have a subletter all lined up. You remember my sorority sister Lisa?"

"Lisa... I think so...? With the lip piercing?"

"Ew. No. Robert, you met her like a dozen times. Well anyway, she's moving in this weekend. Six month lease, so make sure you don't try to come home early, because there won't be space."

"What, is she gonna sleep with you in our bed?"

He'd meant to be funny, but Millie looked pretty far from smiling. Like she usually did.

FIVE MONTHS EARLIER

“You’re sure you don’t wanna come, Millie?”

“I’m sure, Lisa.”

“All right, suit yourself. You know, for a single girl with a slamming bod in the coolest city in the world, you sure don’t get out much.”

“You get out enough for both of us.”

Lisa grinned, blew a kiss, and was out the door before Millie thought to correct her that no, *technically*, she wasn’t single. At least, not officially. Just because she’d fooled around with Mark didn’t mean she was leaving Robert for him. Mark was a professional fitness trainer, for crying out loud. Yes, he looked amazing in a tank top, but he didn’t even earn as much as she did from her allowance from Robert. As if a thousand bucks a month made up for his little disappearing act.

Speaking of Robert, Millie looked to the clock. 7:04. Four minutes late, so far. He was always late calling, and always had some excuse pre-planned. She didn’t know why they couldn’t simply text instead, that way she could at least entertain herself while he filled her in on the tedium of his day. She was never sure if the lack of anything interesting to share was a reflection of him hiding how much he was out succumbing to the yellow fever, or if he simply was too much of a pussy to try. Mark would definitely try.

He called at 7:06.

“Sorry I was late,” he said, predictably, again. “It’s been a crazy morning over here so far. Remember I told you about Mr. Zhong, that thing with his daughter? He up and quit on me this morning. Looks like she’s not getting better. My heart’s breaking for the guy. The doctors said she—”

“I’d really appreciate it if you could make an effort to be on time.”

The line was quiet for a moment. “Right, again, I’m sorry. Anyway, so it looks like Zhong’s whole team was waiting on him to—”

“Can we please talk about something other than work for once?”

More silence.

“Sure, honey. So how are things back in the good ol’ US of A?”

“Eh. Same old.”

“Right. Well, that’s... good? I think?”

“It is what it is.”

After the longest thirty seconds of her year to date, it turned out she got to hear the riveting tale of team leader Zhong and his wacky family emergency shenanigans anyway. Not two minutes in, Millie was at her computer, half-heartedly trying to sound like she was paying attention as she idly wasted money online shopping and texted her friends. It seemed like the only time she felt desperate enough to crave contact with any

of the old gang was during her biweekly calls with her nominal boyfriend. By the time he finally got tired of trying to keep the conversation going, she was already getting updates from Lisa's night out that felt like targeted barbs. Her texts were a flood of pics, practically a live stream from the amateur hour variety show she was taking in. It was replete with a contortionist, a mother/daughter duet who looked like they could be twins, a card magician that didn't translate well into pictures, and even a cheesy hypnotist with the telltale wolfish eyebrows of his craft.

Lisa had been right. That could be her out there, sipping drinks and having a good time seeing and doing instead of idling around the apartment waiting another five months to be seen and done. It was time, she decided. Time to be done with this dead end relationship and restore her status as a free woman. No sense waiting another day.

"Did you hear me, Millie?"

Crud. She'd really spaced out there. "Sorry, I got a little sleepy. What was that?"

"I said, I think we should maybe break up."

What?!

"Break up? Why?!" Man, she *really* hadn't been paying attention for a while.

"Honestly, Millie, I'm not looking for a fight. But I think this pretty clearly isn't working. Long distance is hard under the best of circumstances, and let's be real, ours never were. It's really nothing to do with you, it's just that..."

Was he really giving her the "it's not your fault" routine? No *way* was she about to be dumped by the likes of a man like Robert! As he rambled through his soft-pedaled dumping, her mind raced ahead. There had to be a way to salvage her dignity from this. If the world found out Robert abandoned her, dumped her, and treated himself to whatever assorted Chinese cunt a guy with his wealth could no doubt easily rake in, she'd never live it down. She'd be a joke.

"We're not breaking up," she interjected as he expounded upon how their stars had never aligned, or some such drivel. On that sentiment, there was no doubt in her mind. The rest, Millie invented as she said it. "I get that what we're going through right now isn't easy. But before you know it, you'll be back home where you belong. I think we owe it to ourselves to see if – and I'm only saying 'if,' here – *if* when you get back, we feel differently."

"Millie, I'm not sure you didn't feel differently when we were living together. Heck, I'm not sure I didn't feel differently. Maybe we were just passing time, you know? And maybe we–"

"No."

"–should... I'm sorry, did you say no?"

"No. No, we're not breaking up. We stick to the plan. You do your job, come home, and... we'll talk. Whatever we decide, I want to talk it over, face to face, and if you still feel like this, then... sure. But I *do* miss you, and I at least want the chance to kiss

you goodbye.” She put all the sex appeal she could into her voice. Millie had been told since forever that she had a killer phone sex voice, breathy and warm, and for once, she meant to use it to her advantage. “Don’t you want that? To kiss me?”

“Um... I mean, yeah, I do, but...”

“Then it’s settled. When you come home, we’ll talk about our relationship. And until then, I’m still your girlfriend, and you’re still my boyfriend.” And then she could make sure the dumping was something memorable, and witnessed, and entirely of her own agency.

FOUR MONTHS EARLIER

“So what’s new this week, honey?”

Millie had reduced these check-ins down to once a week, which suited both of them better. It stung a bit to have to pretend to be interested in the details of his life, but the wage was dignity. The bigger concession had been dumping Mark, but that had been good practice. Besides, she granted as Robert finished rambling a half hour later and returned the question at her, she actually had a fair amount to gossip about these days.

“OK, so you know how I told you Lisa’s got that new boyfriend?”

“Yeah. The guy from that thing, the show, right?”

“Right, from the thing. So yeah, she has been, like, *gaga* over him. Like you wouldn’t believe. It’s freaking crazy – I’ve never seen her like this. One time in college she dated this guy from Delta Psi and he asked her to go camping out by Lake Weelasoti, and she broke up with him because she said they’d only been together for like five months and he was moving too fast.”

“Lake Weelasoti, right... remember that one time we–”

“Yep. But now with this guy, oh my gosh, she’s like *losing* it. I don’t know if he has money or if he’s a total stallion or what, but man. Just earlier tonight, I got home from work and she was online shopping for camisoles. I happened to look over her shoulder for a second, and like, they were practically fetish gear. Like the sort of thing that’s so tight and strappy and uncomfortable nobody would ever buy it for themselves. Except she was. And I asked, ‘whatcha doing?’ and she was like ‘it’s my boyfriend’s half-birthday next week, so I wanna surprise him.’ Can you believe that?”

“It’s important to celebrate, I guess.”

“No, I mean, half-birthday? Seriously? Who over the age of ten celebrates their half-birthday? Much less buys a present for it – especially when the present is basically yourself dressed up in slutwear.”

“Slut-shaming, are we?”

“Shut up. But yeah, they’ve gone out on dates like six of the last seven nights, I think. All but the one night where she had to work really late, and then she was all depressed and gloomy, moping around the apartment all night. I swear, I do not get it. Like, I’ve seen him a handful of times when he comes to pick her up, and–”

“Oh yeah? What’s he like?”

“–and he’s nothing special. Like, he’s not ugly, but he’s not a ten. We’ve barely even spoken. He looked at me – a little too much, honestly – but he never stays for more than a couple minutes. They always go out, or over to his place. Which is fine by me, because the last thing I need is to have to hear those two going at it.”

“So they’re already serious, huh. Physically, I mean. Wow, that’s fast.”

“Oh, Robert. Anyway, yeah, it’s just crazy.”

“Right. So that’s how Lisa’s life is going. Tell me about yours.”

“Eh. Work. Nothing exciting.” Ugh, she couldn’t wait to dump him.

THREE MONTHS EARLIER

Millie scowled at the apartment door. Here it was, noon on a Wednesday, and the place was totally unlocked. She didn't like to leave it unlocked when she was home, much less when both occupants were away at work. If she hadn't forgotten to bring her lunch, and if her lunch hadn't been those divine truffles from Edsworth's, she wouldn't have even bothered and the door would have remained open all day. May as well roll out a doormat reading "Burglars and Rapists Welcome!" while she was at it.

Except as she opened the door, it was immediately clear someone was indeed at home. There was a voice, soft, male, coming from Lisa's bedroom. *Oh no. Someone really had broken in!* Though nothing seemed to be out of place. Was it some creep, some disgusting panty-sniffer who'd gone straight to the bedrooms? Millie had her phone out and 911 dialed and ready as she crept closer, sliding off her heels by the door for stealth. The voice was too quiet to make out from any distance; the only thing keeping her from pushing that call button was the thought that a burglar wouldn't walk around talking to himself the whole time. Did perverts? She wasn't sure.

With bated breath, she made her way to the door to Lisa's bedroom. It was still a crack open! Once she got to the point where she could hear it, she could likewise peer through that crack...

Where she saw Lisa, sitting on the end of her bed, staring at a pale blue crystal that was swinging back and forth from a silver chain.

"You are focused completely on the crystal," the voice intoned. No doubt the man whose hand was swinging the crystal. "So relaxed, so calm, so tranquil. Total peace."

"Total peace," mumbled Lisa. Undercutting both their voices was a faint trace of some junky new age music, tuneless but soothing.

"There is nothing but the crystal, and nobody but the voice. Do you understand?"

"I understand. Nothing but crystal, no one but voice."

Holy shit! Was he... *hypnotizing her?!*

"Say it again."

"Nothing but crystal, no one but voice."

"Again."

Lisa repeated it. Was this the boyfriend? She couldn't remember his voice from the very brief interactions they'd had. Plus Lisa was so cagey about it all, so defensive whenever Millie showed the least interest, that she'd stopped trying to learn anything about him. They'd hardly seen one another for weeks. Lisa would get home from work, change into one of the many new – and frankly slutty-looking – outfits she'd bought, and head out to meet up with him. Whoever he was. Millie didn't even know his name.

She put a hand to the door, ready to storm in and give him the scolding of a lifetime. Except... what would she say? "*Don't try to mesmerize my roommate?*" It

sounded ridiculous even in her head. Besides, she hadn't seen him do anything weird yet. Well, weirder than hypnosis, anyway. The crystal really was gorgeous, reflecting the light just so. Maybe this was just some fetish of his. Of Lisa's? Perhaps it was harmless. Why Lisa was ditching work in the middle of the day to indulge, she couldn't guess.

Maybe she should just watch, see what it was about, and then judge. She put her eye to the crack, watching the crystal swing back and forth, listening to the man walk Lisa through those repetitions.

"Nothing but crystal, no one but voice."

"Again."

"Nothing but crystal, no one but voice."

"Again."

"Nothing but crystal, no one but voice."

"Again."

Nothing but crystal, no one but voice. There was a rhythm to it. Relaxing. Millie leaned against the doorframe. *Nothing but crystal, no one but voice.* She tucked her phone into her purse, canceling that call. *Nothing but crystal, no one but voice.*

"You are in a trance," said the voice.

"I am in a trance," echoed Lisa.

"Everything that happens when you're in a trance is a secret."

"Everything in the trance is a secret." Millie had found herself whispering along with her roommate. But this was secret. She stopped immediately.

"Even to yourself."

"Even to myself." Millie mouthed along with Lisa. They wouldn't hear that. She didn't either. It was a secret.

"Who am I?" asked the voice.

Millie didn't answer. She didn't know. Lisa seemed to, responding, "Mmm, the voice. My boyfriend." But *Robert* was her boyfriend, wasn't he?

"Right. And you trust your boyfriend." Why did the voice suddenly sound so much like Robert?

"I trust my boyfriend."

"You adore your boyfriend."

"I adore my boyfriend."

"You lust for your boyfriend."

"Mm, I lust for my boyfriend."

"You would do anything to make your boyfriend happy."

"Do anything to make boyfriend happy."

"You crave your boyfriend's approval."

"Crave boyfriend's approval."

"Being your boyfriend's personal slut is the best way to make him happy."

“Be boyfriend’s personal slut, best way to make him happy.”

“It’s not embarrassing to dress slutty.”

“Not embarrassing to be slutty.”

“Dress slutty,” he corrected. “It doesn’t embarrass you.”

“Dress slutty. Not embarrassing.”

“Because it’s what your boyfriend wants. Which means it’s what you want.”

“What my boyfriend wants is what I want.”

“And your boyfriend wants you to be his personal slut.”

“I want to be my boyfriend’s personal slut.” Lisa was reasoning this out faster, more eloquently, than Millie could. But she sounded like she’d had practice.

“If your boyfriend tells you to do something, you want to do it.”

“I want to do what my boyfriend tells me.”

“And you’ll try to anticipate your boyfriend’s needs, so he doesn’t have to tell you.”

“Do what boyfriend wants before he says he wants it.”

“Dress slutty.”

“Dress slutty.”

“Talk slutty.”

“Talk slutty.”

“Act slutty – but only for your boyfriend.”

“Act slutty. Only for boyfriend.”

“You obey your boyfriend.”

“Obey my boyfriend.”

“You love and adore your boyfriend.”

“Love, adore boyfriend.”

“Pleasing your boyfriend is the most important thing in your life.”

“Nothing more important than pleasing boyfriend.”

“Good girl.”

Lisa said nothing, but merely squirmed contentedly as he patted her head like a pet terrier. But Millie could appreciate it would feel good to have Robert appreciate her like that.

“These thoughts, you’ll keep thinking them after the trance is over. But you won’t remember where they came from, and you won’t find them unusual or unwelcome.”

“Keep thinking these thoughts, but won’t remember why. Normal. Welcome.”

“Right. In a moment, I’m going to bring you out of your trance. When I do, what will you remember?”

“Nothing.”

“And why not?”

“Because trance is secret. Even from me.”

“That’s right. Now we’ll meet here again tomorrow, same time, just like usual, and you’ll let me put you in another trance.”

“Meet tomorrow. Another trance.”

“Good. Now when I count to three, you will wake up. Ready?”

Millie tried to remember all the things she was supposed to remember. *Think fast. She didn’t have–*

“Ready.”

–long. Boyfriend. Love, adore boyfriend. Obey–

“One...”

–boyfriend. Keep thinking this. Tomorrow. Right here tomorrow. Same time.

Wait–

“Two...”

–to be tranced. Want what boyfriend wants. Slut for boyfriend. Secret. Don’t even tell–

“Three.”

Millie blinked. She almost stumbled backwards, but caught herself just in time. Whew. She would have blown her cover. Her roommate had just been put into some kind of hypnotic trance by this creep! Millie didn’t know what to do with this information. Maybe she should keep it secret? What had he even said? She couldn’t exactly confront them if she couldn’t even remember what the confrontation was about. Probably best she didn’t remember. Some things weren’t meant to be known.

As Lisa yawned and stood up to stretch, Millie retreated, soft-pedaling across the apartment and glad for that cheesy music to cover her footsteps. She had to get back to work, after all. Man, she couldn’t wait to tell Robert about this. It was a big secret, but he was her boyfriend after all. Though he’d still been hinting at wanting to break up with her.

Millie unbuttoned the top button of her blouse and revealed a hint of cleavage as she slipped out the front door. Robert had always liked her boobs, got all tongue-tied when she flaunted them. He obviously liked it. Maybe he wasn’t here to appreciate them, but still, it wouldn’t be the worst thing to act like he was.

TWO MONTHS EARLIER

“Millie? What’s wrong, honey? Talk to me.”

She laughed. “Why do you think something’s wrong, baby?”

“Um, you called me. And... this is Tuesday, right?”

“Last I checked.”

“Yeah. We talk on Wednesdays.”

“And is there some rule that I can’t call my boyfriend just to talk, just ‘cause I feel like it?”

“Oh. Uh, I guess not.”

It was quiet. Millie didn’t mind. She could hear him breathing, which made her masturbating *much* easier. She’d downloaded an app so she could record their call. How could it be they’d dated this long and she barely had any recordings of his voice?

“So... what’s up?”

“Nothing much. How was your weekend?”

To think, she’d once tuned out at times like this. Ignored the rich, sexy timbre of his voice. It wasn’t deep. He didn’t have some hot accent. But there was just something about her boyfriend’s voice that made her so relaxed. And wet as fuck.

She was learning how to keep him talking. It had never required much; Robert had never really learned how to separate the interesting tidbits from the trivial. It was one of the infinite things she loved about him. But the occasional “*oh, that’s interesting,*” a little “*oh yeah? Tell me more about that,*” and of course, mirroring his laughter so he always felt like his attempts at humor were appreciated. It was important to make him feel appreciated. She had to fight to keep herself from freaking him out and over-doing it.

“Oh wow, has it been two hours already? Man, listen to me rambling on. Here you called me, and I’ve just talked your ear off the whole night.”

Two hours, eh. *Let’s see... that makes for one orgasm per twenty minutes.* A personal best! She came again at thinking how slutty she was being for him, clocking her diddling like she was some sort of finely tuned fingering machine, calibrated to be pleased by every single thing about him. She’d gotten really good about her stealth masturbating. It had taken a *ton* of practice. Thanks to the picture of Robert on her desktop in her cube, she’d honed her skills to the point that she’d come in her panties three times at work that day without the guy in the cube behind her even saying a word.

Man, that time he’d caught her and she’d had to play it off like she was scratching her upper thigh, she’d been so embarrassed. Good thing she’d been a bitch to him all these years so he was too afraid to hit on her. Maybe she should get him to, so Robert could kick his ass. Oh, that was hot. She’d been jilling off a ton lately imagining Robert beating the shit out of Mark for having the audacity to fuck his girlfriend. But maybe he

wouldn't like being jealous? Maybe tomorrow she could test things with her cube mate and—

“Millie?”

“Oh, sorry! Got distracted with, um, some math.” Technically true. It was important to never lie to her boyfriend.

“Oh. Right. Well, looks like I've become more boring than math problems, so I guess I'll let you go.”

“You don't have to, if you don't want.” Fuck. She was so close to number seven. How was it her pussy had never used to be so wet all the time? Must be because she'd never found the perfect boyfriend.

“No, it's OK.” He was quiet for a moment, but he didn't hang up. Good. Every moment with him, even just on the phone, was a gift. “So... talk to you next Wednesday, I guess?”

Millie sat upright so fast she scratched the inside of her cunt with a fingernail and yelped in pain. Next Wednesday?! That was eight days! She never would have called early if she'd known he would dock her a week!

“What was that? Are you OK?”

“That? Oh, I'm fine.” That scratch hurt like a sonofabitch, but it would heal long before Robert would need her pussy in top notch condition. That was the only standard for OKness her pussy needed. Not a lie. “Sorry. You're sure, though? About Wednesday?”

A pause. “Sure, right. I guess we haven't had much to say lately, and heaven knows I talked your ear off tonight. Go ahead and take next week off.”

TWO WEEKS?! She bit her knuckle trying not to wail in despair. The only thing that stopped her was that clearly it was what her boyfriend wanted. Which meant it was what she wanted. Two whole weeks. Maybe he didn't like these calls. It was a depressing thought, but she wasn't about to tell him how to feel. Her job was to accept – no, *embrace* – what he wanted. Whatever he wanted. And whenever possible, to be the thing he wanted.

“All right. Yeah, two weeks sounds good. If you're sure.”

“Sorry. Oh, and how's things with Lisa? You haven't talked much about her for a while. Everything work itself out?”

Ugh. Where to begin. Her roommate was a certifiable weirdo. Every day (every weekday, that is, whenever Millie ought to be at work) they had their little hypno sessions. She had no idea what they were for, or at least certainly would never admit it, not even to herself. But regardless, they hadn't done a thing to make Lisa any less of a slut for the guy.

How she hadn't gotten fired dressing the way she did, Millie couldn't guess. Millie's own wardrobe had taken a big turn towards the risqué. Sometimes it was as

simple as flashing some of her big titties, letting the guys see what a hot fucking slut her boyfriend got to fuck and get sucked off by whenever he wanted. But other times, it was a whole ensemble. One perk of Lisa as a roommate was the resources she had on hand for slutwear shopping. Still, Millie had the walls of her cube for privacy, and drove herself. Plus, Millie was proud to dress like a slut. Her boyfriend loved that about her.

Or he would, when he found out.

“Sorry, guess I lost you.”

“No!” Gosh, she was distractible. Lucky for her that her boyfriend liked stupid sluts. “No, sorry. I was just spacey. Anyway, yeah, things with Lisa are...” What could she say? Hmm. The hypnosis was a secret. What else... “Oh, she started talking about getting a tit job the other day. Did I tell you that?”

She listened closely for his reaction. “Oh, wow. That’s wild. I always thought she was, you know. Like, she didn’t... yeah. Need. Um, that.”

He was so adorable when he was trying to spare her feelings. Like she’d be upset if he admitted he’d checked out Lisa’s tits in the past. Maybe she should put some nanny cams around the apartment, get some pics of her topless in case he ever wanted to look. She never got jealous of her boyfriend. Her boyfriend could fuck anyone he wanted. She would help her boyfriend fuck other women. She would help her boyfriend fuck her hot roommate.

Pay attention, Millie! This is the last you get for two weeks, you cock-starved slut-for-Robert! “Yeah, pretty wild, right?”

“Hey, if it makes her happy. If women want to, you know, do... that... more power to ‘em, I say.”

Millie smirked at her dripping fingertips. “You like that, do you? Girls with big fake tits?”

Robert laughed. “Oh yeah, you know me, babe. Anyway, before I really dig myself a hole, how about we call it good night.”

ONE MONTH EARLIER

“You’re *sure* they don’t look too big?”

“Pff. You keep asking that, but what the fuck is ‘too big’ when it comes to giant titties, Millie?”

“That’s what I told the doctor, but still. I hope my boyfriend likes them. It’s important to look sexy for my boyfriend.”

“All the time,” Lisa pointed out.

“Amen.” Millie didn’t like how often Lisa agreed with her about relationship stuff. The girl was a total freak. But at least it reduced friction and all that awkwardness that had been building up when she first moved in.

Which reminded her. “So, you got a new place lined up yet?”

“Right, I guess Robert’s due back in a few weeks, huh?”

“Four weeks, four days, three hours and about twelve minutes, assuming his flight arrives on time.” Millie clapped her hands together in vigorous glee, then winced at the way it jostled her massive new titties. Well worth the price to please Robert, but these past weeks since getting her implants had been rough for sure. They were so damn *sensitive*. The doctor said they’d probably keep some of that even after, but for now, it was a little much.

“I’m so excited for you. And yeah, I’m good. My boyfriend has a place all lined up for me, right near his. He actually owns the building. He says I’m going to love the community. He’s on good terms with all the tenants there.”

“Good, good. Sounds like you’ll be happy there.” ... *to be on hand to put out for your boyfriend whenever he wants, you little slutbag*, she didn’t finish. The girl had absolutely no self-respect where the man was concerned.

“Say, speaking of my boyfriend, he’s actually coming over tonight. Any minute, in fact. He was hoping to meet you, if that’s cool.”

It was weird to think of “meeting” the man she’d been spying on every day for months now, but Millie supposed from his point of view they were practically strangers. He seemed like a total freak with that hypnosis stuff and all, but then again, it seemed rude to refuse. Besides, what was she going to do? Make an excuse to run out the door without notice?

Indeed, it wasn’t ten minutes before Lisa buzzed him in. She threw her arms around him, kissing him passionately. The man wasn’t shy about squeezing Lisa’s ass right in front of her, though this time he at least didn’t grope her tits this time. Lisa had gotten hers done same as Millie, by a weird coincidence. Lisa’s were now as big as Millie’s used to be. Apparently her boyfriend was willing to settle. Poor fella.

“So this is Millie,” Lisa said once he pushed her away, letting his girlfriend’s tongue slide out of his mouth at last. “Millie, this is Charlie. My boyfriend!” The way she

crooned out the word made it sound like he was the MVP for the Super Bowl or something. He sure didn't look like much to Millie. Certainly nothing compared to *her* boyfriend. Mmm. Robert was ten times the man of any dumb jock.

"Hi, Charlie. Lisa's told me... well, next to nothing about you. But she sure seems to like you."

Charlie extended a hand, and Millie shook it gingerly. "Same. Sorry I've been keeping her so busy. We've just been getting to know one another, and... well, I won't make excuses. But I've been looking forward to getting to know her friends."

"Uh, huh. So what is it you do, Charlie?"

"Oh, this and that. Most of my income is from the apartment building I own. Took me forever to build it into what it is – I'm pretty proud of it. Lisa's moving in there, soon."

"Yeah, she said. Good work if you can find it, I suppose."

"I don't have any complaints. But it's a little bit of that, plus some side work as a hypnotist."

He let the statement stand, offering nothing further, waiting to see how she'd react. But she was ready for it. She'd had months to gather her thoughts on the subject. "Hypnosis? No offense, but it sounds pretty creepy."

But Charlie laughed off her rude reception. "Don't worry, I hear that all the time. That's what Lisa said when I called her on stage. That's how we met – did she tell you?"

"She didn't."

"Yes, well, I assure you, plenty of people say that. But you'd be surprised. Once she found out how relaxing it could be, well, she can't get enough. Can you, Lisa?"

"I'll take whatever you give me, baby," cooed Lisa, pressing her comparatively tiny little DD's against his arm, resting her cheek on his shoulder.

"Great. Glad it's working for you. I've always thought it sounded like a bunch of b.s. Just loser guys who can't get girls to like them trying to enspell them with Harry Potter hocus pocus." Millie folded her arms under her enormous jugs. It put a little more pressure on them than was comfortable, but she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of seeing her squirm.

Again, he seemed unfazed. "Sure, sure. It's nothing so sinister, though. It can't 'make people do stuff' or anything like that. It's just about relaxation, altered consciousness, that kind of thing."

"Yeah. Whatever you say, Chuck."

It was his turn to wax skeptical. "You don't believe me?"

"Does it matter?"

"I can prove it to you, if you don't believe me."

Lisa nodded. “Yeah! Come on, Millie. Let him try. It feels *really* good. And you’ll have me here to keep an eye on you, in case you’re worried he might try something or whatever.”

“Yeah, no thanks. Sorry, but it’s a little too... ick. I mean, that’s kind of an intimate thing, and I already have a boyfriend that I’m very much in love with.”

Charlie stroked his chin. “I’m not proposing you do anything untoward. It’s just hypnosis. Nothing to get worked up over. I do it on stage week after week and so far haven’t done anything to a woman she didn’t want.”

“No thanks. I don’t know what you guys are into, but I’m not. I have a boyfriend, and he’s all I could ever want, and I’m not letting some weirdo swing a crystal in front of me and try to brainwash me just because his girlfriend is into it and I happen to be friends with her.”

His face had soured. “I see. Well, your boyfriend sounds like quite a guy.”

“Oh he is. My boyfriend is perfect. I love my boyfriend. I adore my boyfriend.”

Charlie’s eyes narrowed suddenly. “What was that?”

“What? I just said I love my boyfriend. My boyfriend is the sexiest man I can imagine. I would never do anything that would displease my boyfriend.”

“That’s... Hmm. Is that why you’re dressed like that?”

“What? I always dress like this.”

“Like... what?” he pressed.

“Slutty.” It was true. Tonight’s ensemble was par for the course, a cherry red tube top that was stretched thin over Millie’s enormous new fat suckable titties, and a pair of skimpy booty shorts that showed camel toe in the front and the bottom of her ass cheeks in the back. She had long since become a total joke at the office dressing like a secretary in a porno, and Millie was pretty sure that she was going to get fired soon if she didn’t put out for my supervisor. Idle flirtation was only going to go so far, and she couldn’t go farther than that without being unfaithful to her boyfriend. Still, once he got home, the job would only get in the way of devoting all of her time to pleasing Robert.

“Really. And why do you dress slutty?”

Millie’s hands went to her half-bared hips. “Not that it’s any of your business, but I like to dress like a slut to please my boyfriend. My boyfriend wants me to look like a slut. There’s nothing embarrassing about it. I’m never embarrassed to look like my boyfriend’s personal slut.”

He grinned in a way that made her somewhat uncomfortable. “Do you ever come home during the day?” he asked suddenly.

Millie’s cheeks colored. “No,” she lied. Why was he guessing at such things all of the sudden? Had he heard her? But she’d been so careful not to tip him off!

The grin broadened. “Of course not. Forget I asked. And about the hypnosis as well. I see there’s no point trying on a mind like yours.”

“Uh, ya, whatever that means.”

“Come on, pumpkin. Let’s let Millie be.” Lisa’s thighs somehow rubbed together in a way that was too masturbatory not to notice. Charlie ignored it. “And by the way, my dear, your boyfriend is a very, very lucky man.”

ONE DAY POST-REUNION

“I can’t believe I’m saying this, but can you stop that for a bit?”

POP. Robert’s wet cock slipped out of Millie’s mouth. She felt incomplete. “Are you sure? I’m one hell of a cocksucker.”

“I know. You said that yesterday. And today. Like four or five times.” He shook his head. “I just want to talk to you.”

“I can talk like this. Trust me.”

“You might be able to *listen* like... oh god, Millie. Like... fuck, like that, but... I don’t think you can hold a conversation.”

“I’d rather listen to what you have to say.”

“And I’d really rather you give me your full attention. If that’s OK.”

Slurp. “You have it. I promise.”

“I mean... look, I just want to talk to you, OK? Stop sucking my cock for one minute and talk with me!”

Millie winced. “Right. Sorry. I was trying to... never mind, it doesn’t matter. It was stupid. You’re right, I should pay more attention.”

Robert helped her back to her feet, after which she settled back into bed beside him. The gaze she fixed on him was intense. Did the woman not blink?

“So I’ll start, I guess. I can’t help but notice that you’ve been acting a little... different.” He paused to let her respond to the accusation, but only more staring. “And I admit, while I was trying to fall asleep last night, it gave me a lot to think about. Like, here you are, throwing yourself at me, and with the sexy talk, and the sexy outfits, and, you know, the...”

She followed the oblique reference. “My super huge titties?”

“Right. Those. And... well, I think I get it.”

“You do?”

“Yeah. I think it’s pretty obvious from the way things were going while I was away.”

“It is?”

“There’s another man.”

“WHAT?!” Had he found out about Mark?! That was ancient history! How?!

“Don’t deny it, Millie. Please. Let’s not go down that road. I mean, I get it, right? I was always sort of out of my league with you. Then I leave for six months, and things weren’t great to begin with, and I come home to find you’ve completely reinvented yourself. At first, I was like, ‘then why is she going after you so hard,’ and I realized it’s because you can’t afford your lifestyle without me. Or maybe it’s one of those ‘get yourself knocked up so for the child support things’ Polk told me about or something, I

don't know. I don't even mean that as a judgment or anything. It's hard out there on your own."

"I don't wanna be out there! I like it in here! With you!"

"Millie, I understand, I really do. Believe me, I was tempted a few times in China, too. There was this waitress at the restaurant down the block, Lei, and she... well, it doesn't matter."

Millie giggled. "Did you... get Lei'd?"

"You're making jokes at a time like this? I'm not kidding around, Millie. Just for once in your life be straight with me."

"I'll be whatever you want. Straight, bi, whatever."

"That's not what I meant. Now are you going to admit it or what?"

"Robert, I don't know what to tell you. Since the moment I told you I loved you, I have never wanted to be with another man." Technically true, since she hadn't ever told him that until a couple months ago over the phone, but still. If she told him about Mark now, he'd leave her, and she couldn't handle that. But she had to give him something! "Um, I'd fuck another man if you told me to. Do you want that? Like if you wanted to butter up Mr. Polk for a promotion? But I would never, ever, ever let another man touch me again without your say-so."

Robert sighed. "Oh yeah. Fine, then let's get right to it. I wanted to give you the chance to save face, own up to it, but... you're a pretty sound sleeper for someone who's so full of crap, you know that?"

"Sound sleeper? Robert, I was up masturbating half the night because I was so happy you were home in bed with me where you belong. What did I sleep through?"

"Oh, nothing. Just some guy who had a key to the apartment, walked right in and looked me in the eye, told me I was a very lucky man to have a girl like you, then walked right back out. Brown hair, eyebrows like a werewolf – ring a bell?"

Millie's anxiety melted. "Robert! That was just Charlie!"

"Who the hell is just Charlie?"

"He's Lisa's boyfriend! Remember, I told you about him!"

"You did, but... no. No way. Lisa moved out. No guy randomly stops by to give a guy the 'your girlfriend is an amazing lay' look like that unless he knows first hand. No way."

"Honey, things with Charlie are just... complicated. But it's not like that! I swear."

"Oh yeah? So what's it like then?"

"It's... it's a secret."

"You're kidding me, right? 'It's a secret' is code for 'we fucked and I don't wanna talk about it.'"

"No! No, it's a secret, and I can't... I don't... I mean I wish I could, but..."

“Millie, if you’re serious about salvaging anything between us, this is your one chance. And frankly, it’s not a great one. Either I’m your boyfriend, or you keep your secret. Those are the options. I’m done being kept at arm’s length by you.”

Millie froze. Froze for so long that Robert got up and gathered up his clothes. He was most of the way dressed and on his way toward the front door when she finally found the resolve.

“Charlie’s a hypnotist,” she burst. “And he’s been hypnotizing Lisa to turn her into his adoring fuck toy, and I walked in on it and I guess he hypnotized me too, and he made me into *your* adoring fuck toy, only not on purpose because I was hiding and he didn’t even know I was there, but it worked, and he did it over and over and over and my whole brain is basically rewritten with how much I want to pleasure you and obey you and be the perfect personal slut for you all the time, forever, in any way you could ever want me. And I think he was going to try to do the same to me, but I was already *your* slut, so how could I be anyone else’s?”

A long silence. “You’re kidding.”

“No. I didn’t even know until right now when you made me know. It was a secret even from myself. I guess it’s pretty fucked up, but I don’t care. I’d rather blab my secret than lose you. Plus it made me into a better piece of ass for my boyfriend. All I want is to please my boyfriend. I’m a hot set of gigantic titties and a wet fuckable cunt for my boyfriend’s free use, whenever and however and wherever he wants.”

“You do realize how insane that sounds, right Millie?”

“I do. I think I might actually *be* insane. In a technical sense. But if I am, I’m glad for it. Because I’m crazy about the most perfectest boyfriend in the whole wide world. I don’t care if I’m a brainwashed fuck toy as long as I’m *your* brainwashed fuck toy.”

He stopped buttoning up his shirt. Indeed, he took it back off and sat back down beside her on the bed. “This is all pretty hard to believe.”

“I know.”

“I’m still not sure I do.”

“I’ll spend the rest of forever proving it to you, if you’ll let me.” She slid back down to her knees, deftly extracted his cock from his fly.

Neither of them spoke – at least, not anything intelligible – for some hours as Millie drained his balls time after time after time. She came every time she swallowed down his cum. When he started to grow more assertive to test the boundaries, she came harder. He never found the boundaries. It was sometime well into the night, once they finally emerged from their bedroom exhausted and famished, before they attempted to converse again.

“I’m not sure how to fix what he did to you.”

“So don’t. Enjoy me like this, like I enjoy being like this.”

“What if I decide I miss the old you?”

She waited a moment, and they both burst into laughter together. “Oh, we really were a mess, weren’t we?”

At her unspoken invitation, he climbed on top of her and slid his cock between her deliciously sculpted tits. Finally, they were allowed to do what they’d been literally made for. “I guess we just needed some time apart.”