

# AVERAGE AVAILABILITY

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## Story by All These Roadworks (© 2019).

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Alyssa was a rising star in Hollywood. A string of small parts had led into meatier roles, and now she was being courted for the headline role in a major erotic thriller.

"There's a problem, though," said Blake, her agent. "This role is supposed to scream sexuality and lust—and there's a rumour going around that you're frigid."

"What?" protested Alyssa. "That's ridiculous."

"You're almost never photographed with a man—or a woman for that matter," said her agent. "You've never had a public relationship. You've got a smoking hot body, but if this idea of you being frigid takes off, it's going to shut you out of this film entirely."

Alyssa fumed. She wasn't asexual—she was just picky, and a little repressed. She liked men just fine, but she had rarely been able to relax enough to let a man be intimate with her, and the thought of even holding hands in public made her blush, let alone being photographed by paparazzi. In truth, the whole idea of acting in an erotic thriller terrified her, but you didn't say no to a part like this if you cared about your career.

"What do I have to do?" she asked. "Find a fake boyfriend?"

"Well," said her agent, "the studio has requested you undertake a brief therapy session from a company called Average Availability. They've said that if you do the therapy, they can guarantee you the part."

So Alyssa attended the nondescript offices of Average Availability. The male technician inside was evasive about the content of the therapy, but gave her a pair of headphones to wear. Alyssa put them on...

...and then the next thing she knew, it was night-time, and she was lying on a couch in the technician's office, feeling confused and disoriented.

"What happened?" she asked, blearily.

"Just a little hypnosis," said the technician. "It's the Average Availability process. We've just given you some little guidance, to make you less frigid."

"What do you mean?" asked Alyssa.

"Well, first of all, you'll find that you're unable to report or complain about sexual harassment or assault, or punish anyone for engaging in it," said the technician. "Nothing helps a girl's availability like taking the consequences of being forceful with her off the table."

"What?" exclaimed Alyssa. "That's abhorrent! You can't... I'll go to the police!"

"No, you won't," said the technician, and Alyssa instantly knew it was true. "You can't complain or talk about this treatment either."

Alyssa mewled unhappily.

"And then the main part of the treatment is I've set you to a one in three sex ratio," said the technician.

"What does that mean?" asked Alyssa.

"Well, from now on, every time someone sexually propositions you, and you say no, you'll be compelled to do something to make yourself more sexually available in future," the technician explained. "It'll be a semi-permanent alteration to your behaviour. You'll come up with them yourself, automatically—we find most women are actually very creative at degrading themselves, when given permission. And every time you have sex with a new man—or woman, for that matter—you'll be able to take back two of your changes. So if you accept at least one in three requests for sex, you'll be okay."

"I don't believe you!" said Alyssa. "Hypnotism doesn't work like that!"

"Oh, doesn't it?" asked the technician. "Then why don't you get down on your knees and suck my cock?"

"No!" spat Alyssa—and then, as soon as she did, she got up off the couch, reached under her skirt, and pulled her panties down her legs. She stepped out of them, picked them up, and passed them to the technician. Her eyes bulged in horror.

"Unfortunately," said the technician, "it's limited to one proposition per person per day, so I can't just keep demanding you suck my cock until you obey. But I think you're going to enjoy your new sex life, Alyssa."

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Once Alyssa had left the office and gone home, she learned that the technician was right that Alyssa couldn't tell anyone. She couldn't make herself dial the police. She couldn't even form an intention to talk to her friends about it.

And, try as she might, she couldn't make herself wear panties. Nor could she wear pants. It was short skirts without panties—nothing else would do.

The next day she went to see Blake at his talent agency—blushing all the while at the knowledge of her bare cunt, even if no one knew about it except her.

"Did you undergo the treatment?" asked Blake.

"Yes," said Alyssa. She opened her mouth, wanting to tell him about the terrible nature of it—but she couldn't. She simply couldn't tell people what had been done to her.

But Blake already knew. "Well then," he said. "Why don't you undress, and finally let me fuck that slutty body you've been tempting me with?"

"No!" she protested. "God, Blake, you're supposed to be my agent! I can't believe this! I should fire you!"

"But you won't," said Blake, "because you can't punish me for propositioning you, can you?"

She bit her lip. No. She couldn't. No matter how much she wanted to.

"And is there... anything else you want to do?" asked Blake, smiling.

There was. She had to make herself more sexually available—at least until she let someone fuck her.

"I think maybe..." Alyssa heard herself say, "... when I'm in a meeting with a man, I should sit on his lap."

"I think you should, too," grinned Blake. He patted his knee. "Come on over, bitch."

Blushing bright red, she crossed to Blake's side of the desk and sat in his lap. She could feel his erect cock poking at her anus even through his pants and her skirt. He wrapped one arm around her waist—and with the other hand he grabbed her boob and started squeezing it. She jumped, intending to stand up—but she had told herself she would sit in a man's lap, if she was meeting with him, and she couldn't very well do that while standing—so she just blushed and let him keep groping her.

Neither could she complain about what was happening, or punish Blake for it. She tried to form the intention, and it just kept slipping out of her mind.

They sat like that for another half an hour, discussing Alyssa's career as Blake used her tits as a squeeze toy. And Alyssa was uncomfortably aware that the whole experience was making her underwear-free pussy very wet. The stimulation of her breast was distracting, the awareness of Blake's cock was always at the forefront of her mind, and something about the feeling of powerlessness was magnifying the overall effect immensely.

By the time their appointment time was done, allowing Alyssa to scramble to her feet, she was feeling very flushed and flustered, and part of her was wishing that she'd just let Blake fuck her. She'd be able to wear panties then, after all.

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On the way home, she walked past a construction site. A burly male worker catcalled her from a gantry. "Hey, baby, come over here and use those sweet tits to make me a happy man!" There was laughter from the rest of his team.

Gross, thought Alyssa, and ignored it.

And then she thought to herself, I think I should start going out at night to singles bars, and getting blind drunk.

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She found herself at a bar called the Kitten Korner. It was sleazy and unclean. A bored bimbo was rubbing her big fake tits against a stripping pole in one corner. The clientele were almost exclusively men. Alyssa was wishing she'd worn something less sexy than the tight black clubbing dress she'd chosen—especially as she still had no panties on.

She was recognised almost immediately.

"Hey, you're that chick from those movies," said a somewhat inebriated man at the bar. "How about you and me go back to my place and make a sexy film of our own?"

"No, thank you," she said, blushing. She moved to a booth in a corner, and sat down—and then, to her horror, found herself pulling her dress up to her waist, so her ass made direct contact with the seat, and her pussy was exposed. She went red, and tried to fix her clothes—but no. She had said no to a man again, and needed to make herself more sexually available. This is how she was going to sit from now on.

She sat very still, mortified, trying not to call attention to herself. She couldn't cover herself, but nor could she leave—she had committed to coming to singles bars at night and getting blind drunk. She wondered how she was going to *get* any drinks. She would have to stand up and go to the bar, she supposed...

A handsome man answered the question for her. He sat down opposite her, without asking, and put a drink on the table in front of her—some kind of vodka mix.

"A drink for the film star who's obviously decided to slum it tonight," he said, smiling. And then he looked down, saw her bare pussy, and his eyes widened.

She closed her own eyes, trying to pretend this wasn't happening. "Thank you," she said.

"Wow, you're..." he began. "You know your groin is naked, right?"

"Yes," she said quietly, blushing. She wondered if she should proposition this man. He was good looking. If she fucked him, she could reverse some of the rules she had set herself....

"Can I take a picture?" the man asked, getting out his phone.

"No!" she said hurriedly. If a picture of her like this got out, all the gossip sites would run it—it would be everywhere....

But she had said no. She needed to be more available. She didn't deserve to cover her tits. She felt herself reach down the front of her dress and lift each of her boobs out, into the view of the surprised man.

The man couldn't help himself. He lifted up his phone, pointed it at her—her tits and cunt fully exposed—and took a picture.

She moaned. "Please, please, delete that photo," she said.

"If you don't want to be photographed, why are you undressing?" he asked her.

"I can't explain it," she said—and it was true, she couldn't. "Please just delete that photo." She was looking around to see if anyone else had seen her bare-titted—but it was a corner booth, and so far she was safe. "Please," she said. "I'll.... I'll suck your cock if you delete it."

She didn't want to suck his cock—but he wasn't too unattractive, and it was better than fucking him, and she could tell that if he came in her mouth or on her face she would feel free to cancel two of her rules.

"Fuck," said the man, stunned by the turn the encounter had taken. "Um... okay. Yeah—fuck, yes, suck my cock. Where should we do it?"

"The women's toilets," she said. There were no other women in the bar other than the stripper—it should be fairly private.

And it was. Kneeling on the stone tiles of a public toilet was gross, and sucking a stranger's cock was humiliating—she still didn't even know the man's name—but his cock tasted surprisingly good. He gripped her hair, and used her face as a masturbatory toy. The sense of being used as an object made her unaccountably wet, and every time her nose bumped his stomach and the tip of his cock tickled the back of her throat, she got wetter.

Eventually he came, filling her mouth with wet, salty sperm, and she swallowed—and when she did, she felt suddenly free to remove two of the rules she had set for herself.

Well, she needed to be able to cover her tits, so that was first. And sitting without her cunt exposed was important too—should she choose to wear panties, or not have to pull her dress up to her waist? She decided to stay panty-less, and wear her dress properly.

And with that choice, the gates of her mind slammed shut, and the rest of her rules stayed in place. No panties. Sit on men's laps in meetings. Get drunk at a singles bar every night.

She moaned.

"Fuck, that was good," said the man whose cock she had just sucked.

"Thank you," said Alyssa numbly. "Will you delete the photo now?"

He looked down at her. "Actually, I don't think that I will. The internet is going to love this." And he took another photo of her—tits still exposed, a trace of cum still glistening on her lips. "Thanks for the blowjob, slut." And he left the toilets, leaving her shocked and dismayed.

She wanted to chase him out of the bar, to his car or taxi, and demand that he delete the photo....

...but she couldn't leave the bar. She had chosen to come here to get drunk... and she wasn't drunk yet.

She was humiliated and scared. She was at the mercy of a hypnotic compulsion that seemed determined to wreck her life. Her cunt was embarrassingly, distractingly wet....

...and the night was still young.

Alyssa sat in the lap of her manager, Blake, as he fondled her tits, and she blushed.

"This is good publicity," he said, showing her the magazine cover. It was the latest issue of *Celebrity Slut*, a tabloid that went out of its way to expose the sexual behaviour of pretty female celebrities, and there on the front of it was Alyssa—kneeling in a men's bathroom, her tits exposed, with fresh cum dripping from her lips following a sloppy blowjob.

Alyssa blushed, and looked away. "I can't believe this is happening," she said.

"No, no, it's great," insisted Blake, squeezing her left tit painfully. "The whole word is now thinking of you as someone they can fuck in a bathroom. You're a lock for the lead in that erotic thriller we were talking about. The casting director says it's your role for the taking—they're sending over paperwork right now. It's called *"Rape Liar"*, and it's about a whore who seduces men and then falsely reports them for rape—until one brave man gets his revenge."

"Can I at least have this hypnotic conditioning removed now?" she asked.

"Oh, no," said Blake. "We need you to maintain this reputation from now all the way through to the release of the movie. We want the world to associate your name with the words *"whore"* and *"rape"*. It'll sell buckets of tickets."

The hypnotic conditioning was the "Average Availability" program, designed to remove a public perception that Alyssa was frigid. Each time she said no to a sexual proposition, the conditioning compelled her to come up with a humiliating new rule for herself that she was then compelled to obey. And each time she had sex with a man or woman that she hadn't previously fucked, her brain would let her delete two rules of her choice. It created what the company who gave her the pro-

gramming called a "one in three average availability ratio".

On the very first day after the conditioning, Alyssa had rejected five sexual propositions and only sucked off one man (the one who had taken the photo on the magazine cover), which left her with a net total of three rules she had to obey. They were:

- No wearing panties.
- When in a meeting with a man, she had to sit on his lap.
- Every night she would go out to a single's bar and get blind drunk.

In addition to which, she was permanently prevented from complaining about sexual propositions or sexual harassment, and prevented from punishing or disincentivising any man from doing so.

This morning when she had come in to see Blake, eager to see if he could prevent the publication of the photo of her (but it was already too late)—he had propositioned her again.

"Hey Alyssa," he had said. "Interested in sucking my cock like you've clearly just done in this photo?"

"Go to hell," she had said—and immediately decided that when a man expressed an interest in fucking her, or she became aware that a man had an erection, she would thank him for the interest.

The hypnotist had been right—her subconscious was surprisingly creative and talented in degrading her.

"Thank you for wanting to fuck me, though," she said, awkwardly. And then she went to sit on his lap as he talked to her, as her rules required her to do.

Now, as she tried to avoid looking at the humiliating picture of her, she was aware of Blake's stiff cock poking against her pussy, despite the layers of trouser and skirt between the two organs. "Thank you for wanting to fuck me," she said again, blushing, and wiggled her ass against his cock a little so that he wouldn't make her explain what she was talking about.

"Any time," said Blake. "You know I'm going to ask you for sex every day until you act like a good little slut and give in, you know?"

Alyssa blushed and said nothing.

"Anyway, everyone's talking about this photo," said Blake. "So I've booked you a slot on daytime television today to discuss it, on "Midday with Jimmy Rayhurst"."

Alyssa's eyes widened in horror. "Talk about it?" she said. "Wait, no, I can't..."

"Do you want the movie or not, cunt?" asked Blake. "I know you do. And I know you want out of this hypnosis. I'm only authorising the fix if you make it through to the release of the movie like a good girl. If you don't play ball along the way, you can consider yourself stuck like this for life."

And so Alyssa reluctantly agreed to do the interview.

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In the taxi on the way to the studio, the taxi driver propositioned her. He was a large Middle-Eastern man—not unattractive, but not Alyssa's type.

"Hey lady," he said. "I saw you in *Celebrity Slut*. You want to pay your fare by giving me whatever you gave the guy who took the photo?"

Alyssa blushed. "Thank you for wanting to fuck me," she said, "but no thanks."

Her mind immediately made a new rule for her. You're going to pretend every sexual interac-

tion, humiliation, degradation or molestation is either your idea, or your fault.

"I understand why you'd want a blowjob from me, though," Alyssa continued immediately. "It's my fault for having been such a slut."

The driver's eyes widened—but he blessedly said nothing further as he drove her to her destination.

About halfway there, her phone buzzed. She looked down, and saw it was a message from an ex-boyfriend by the name of Harry. She'd dated him twice, and then dumped him when he wanted to get physical, scared of the intimacy. He still texted her occasionally when he was horny, seeking the fuck she'd never given him.

"Saw you in the magazine," said the text. "Want to hook up and show me your new skills?"

She made a disgusted noise. She intended to just ignore the gross message—but instead she found herself texting him back. "Thank you for wanting to fuck me in the mouth," she wrote. "I guess I invited this by being such a cocktease to you and such a slut to the guy who photographed me—but I have to turn you down right now, sorry."

And then, as she pressed "send", her brain came up with a new rule for her—when she turned a man down, she would tell him that he was allowed to rape her.

"It's okay to rape me, though," she found herself texting, to her complete horror. She tried to stop herself pressing "send", but couldn't—and felt her heart sink as the message transmitted to a man who she very much did not want to fuck.

She couldn't keep that rule. She just couldn't. And now that she thought ahead, some of her other rules were going to cause a problem if she had to do a television interview. She couldn't very well sit on Jimmy Rayhurst's lap for the duration of the segment.

She looked at the driver of the taxi and said, "I'm sorry, can I change my mind? Would you like a blowjob after all?"

It turned out he would. He didn't even stop driving. He just had her lie down across the front seats, with her head in his lap. He took his cock out of his fly, and used one hand to drive, and the other to grip her hair and push her head up and down on his dick until he ejaculated into her mouth, just as they were pulling up at the studio.

Alyssa felt humiliated and dirty. She felt like a whore.

Well, she *was* a whore, she realised. She'd just fucked a stranger in exchange for personal benefit. The benefit being that she was now allowed to forget two of her rules.

She let go of the idea of telling me they could rape her.

And the requirement to sit in men's laps.

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Preparing to appear on live television was difficult for Alyssa, but it could have been worse. Her make-up attendant was a woman—a thin redhead—and she didn't proposition Alyssa.

But nevertheless, the outfit was tricky.

The dress itself was short and tight, almost scandalously so. She was doing an interview about being photographed giving a blowjob, after all—the show wanted to accentuate her sexuality. But it wasn't too awful.

The difficulty came when the make-up girl said, "Do you need a bra and panties that work with that, or is what you're wearing good?"

Alyssa felt herself blush. "Ah... I don't need panties," she said. She immediately wished she'd phrased that differently, because of course the girl followed up.

"Let me see what you've got," the girl said. "We don't want a panty-line with that dress."

"I... don't wear panties," said Alyssa. What she wanted to say was that she *couldn't* wear panties, but thanks to her new rules, she had to pretend that humiliations were her own fault.

"You're on national TV, honey," said the girl. "You need to wear panties."

"No," said Alyssa. "I just.... really like acting like a slut. I love it when I'm not wearing panties. Please—you're having me on because that photo says I'm a whore. Can't you make an exception?"

The girl pursed her lips. "Okay," she said. "But I'm telling Jimmy about this."

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Later, as Alyssa waited, dressed in the tight dress—with no panties—for her cue to come on stage, a sound technician leered at her.

"Hey, I heard you're not wearing panties," he said. "Want to show me?"

Alyssa opened her mouth to tell him to fuck off—but refusing him would mean another rule. Showing him wouldn't count as fucking, and she wouldn't get a benefit from it—but that was better than a punishment.

Blushing, her lips pursed in unhappiness, she pulled up her dress, and let the man stare at her shaved cunt.

He looked for a minute, and then chuckled. "What a slut," he laughed, and then walked off about his business.

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"Okay," said Jimmy Rayhurst, on the brightly lit set of "Midday With Jimmy Rayhurst". He grinned a big, fake grin, and brushed idly at his cropped red hair. "Our next guest is actress Alyssa Vanded. We've all seen her in Munich Love Story and The Ghosts Of Our Mothers, but now we've all seen her in Celebrity Slut magazine—and I have to say, it's a welcome change! Welcome, Alyssa."

"Thank you, Jimmy," said Alyssa, seated in a couch next to Jimmy's presenter desk. "It's nice to be here."

"Tell me, Alyssa, because I have to ask," said Jimmy quickly. "Do you spend a lot of time sucking off men in public toilets?"

Alyssa blushed. "No," she said. "Um... I'm kind of new to it."

Jimmy held up a copy of the Celebrity Slut magazine. "So in the photo," he said, "—oh, and by the way, those are fabulous tits. Real or fake?"

"All real," said Alyssa. She wished she were somewhere else.

"So in the photo, you've got cum all over your naked breasts," said Jimmy. "And we were talking about this, and we were divided, so settle this for us—do you think your tits look prettier covered



in sperm, or gross and disgusting?"

"I... um.... " said Alyssa. She didn't know what to say.

"Well, let's go to the audience!" said Jimmy. "Audience, shout out if you think Alyssa's tits are gross when they have cum on them!"

There were some shouts, mostly from the women in the audience.

"And now be loud if you think her melons are prettier with sperm on them!"

The cheers were much louder—nearly deafening.

"Well, there you have it, Alyssa," said Jimmy. "Come on, say it for us. Say that your tits are prettier when they're covered in cum."

"My tits are prettier when they're covered in cum," said Alyssa, looking down, not believing how humiliated she felt in front of this audience.

"Now, it looks like this guy got some of his cum in your mouth," said Jimmy. "And some on your boobs. Were you disappointed he didn't cum in your pussy?"

"A little bit, yes," said Alyssa—and then brought her hand to her mouth. She'd meant to say "not at all, no", and then realised that would make it sound like she hadn't wanted what had happened, so of course she'd immediately said something different.

"Face, mouth, tits, cunt, anus—where do you prefer a man to cum?" asked Jimmy.

Alyssa didn't know what to say—but she was worried if she didn't answer, that Jimmy would throw it back to the audience to vote on where men should cum on her, so she picked one at random, and quickly said, "I like it when men cum on my face."

"Now," said Jimmy. "I hear you're such a slut you're not wearing panties right at this very moment. Is that true?"

Alyssa blushed, and was silent for a long time. She wanted to say no. She didn't know what Jimmy would do if she did, because he clearly knew for a fact that she wasn't. "Yes," she said, finally.

There were hoots and catcalls from the audience.

"And," Jimmy continued, "we'll have to censor it for the broadcast, but I bet the audience would like to see—how about you show us that pussy of yours right now? Because it's not clear in the photograph."

"I don't want to!" protested Alyssa—and immediately her mind made her a new rule.

When a man offers you a choice between two or more specific alternatives, you will pick the most degrading one.

She whimpered as she felt it sink in.

"Come on, Alyssa," said Jimmy. "Either show us your pussy—or go behind that screen over there and take a picture for us!"

Alyssa didn't have to take a new rule for saying no to Jimmy again—it only triggered once per day per person—but he had just offered her a choice between two alternatives.

So, blushing, she stood, went behind the screen—which sheltered her from the view of the audience and the host—lifted her dress, photographed her cunt on her camera, and sent the picture to Jimmy.

When she came back up, the picture of her cunt was already showing on the giant TV screen on the set. The audience were going wild. You could see every fold of her pink, wet labia magnified on

the screen. You could see the little bud of her clitoris. You could see she was completely hairless—the benefits of waxing. And you could see that she was visibly aroused.

The photo would be everywhere on the internet within hours. Oh, they would censor the live broadcast, because they couldn't show a cunt on TV, but she saw audience members taking out their phones and taking their own photographs. What her pussy looked like was no longer her private secret, but the property of the world.

"That should be your next movie poster, right there," laughed Jimmy. "I'd see it! I bet the audience would see it!"

The audience cheered that they would.

"But let's ask the hard questions, Alyssa," said Jimmy. "Why *were* you sucking off a man in a public toilet?"

Alyssa suddenly saw a way to fulfil all her rules AND take back control of the interview. "Well, it's for my upcoming movie, Rape Liar, Jimmy. It's an erotic thriller where I play a woman who seduces men and then falsely reports them for rape. I wanted to show the world that I can be a sexy slut, and also get some practical experience in the role."

"Method acting!" said Jimmy. "I love it! All right, time for a difficult question—who would you prefer to be raped by: the president, or your own father?"

It was a choice between two specific options. "My own father," said Alyssa, blushing.

"Do you think your dad's watching this right now?" asked Jimmy.

"He might be," admitted Alyssa, feeling like she was dying inside.

"Okay," said Jimmy. "Let's go to questions from the audience! You there, man in the green shirt, what's your question?"

"Thanks, Jimmy," said an overweight man, standing up to accept a microphone from a stage attendant. "Alyssa, would you be interested in giving me a blowjob like the one you gave this guy who photographed you?"

Alyssa blushed and said, "Thank you for the sexual interest, it's not surprising given what a whore I am, but I'd prefer not to."

New rule: If anyone gives you a demeaning or embarrassing compliment, reward them, said her brain.

The next audience member stood—a boy in his late teens. "You look amazing with cum on your tits, Alyssa," he said. "Are you interested in recreating that right here and now?"

She blushed—and then found herself standing, walking into the audience, and tongue-kissing the boy. His reward, for his demeaning compliment. The crowd cheered wildly.

"Thank you for wanting to cum on my tits," she told him, after the kiss was done. "They look prettier with cum on them, so that's a good idea. But I can't do that on live television!"

New rule: When in the presence of men, draw attention to your tits constantly, with words, body language, or clothing.

She sat back down, but found herself thrusting out her tits, and then her hands moved to them, cupped them from beneath, and bounced them a little. The crowd cheered again. She blushed, and then found herself squeezing her tits.

"Last question," said Jimmy. "You, ma'am, in the cute dress."

A woman stood up in a conservative white church-dress. "I can't believe everyone is encourag-

ing you to be such a disgusting whore," she said, in a stern voice. "No good woman prances around with a man's seed on her for photographs. How about you quit pretending to be an actress, and go work in a brothel instead?"

Alyssa froze. Was it a sexual proposition? It was a person asking her to do something sexual. It counted. And there was no way she could say yes....

"That's a very good suggestion," she said, "because I am a whore, but I can please more men getting naked on screen than I can fucking them one at a time in a whorehouse, so I'll have to decline."

New rule, said her brain. And her subconscious was cruel indeed. When you're humiliated, you will masturbate, and you won't stop until you're not humiliated anymore, or until you cum.

She moaned in horror as she felt her fingers descending to her hem, raising her dress to show everyone her cunt once again, and then beginning to desperately rub at her clitoris.

"That's revolting!" shouted the woman with the microphone. Other audience members were cheering.

"Oh, wow!" said Jimmy. "Alyssa, you can't do that on stage!"

"I can't help myself!" wailed Alyssa. Which was true. Her pussy was so wet, and she was SO humiliated. She was on national television.

"Someone get a hold of her," said Jimmy.

Security rushed towards her. Alyssa fought them—fought them, because she needed to keep masturbating, needed to cum. As they struggled, her dress ripped, baring her tits to the audience as well. There were more cheers.

And with a burst of energy, she got one hand free, and brought it back to her pussy. And—nude in front of a live audience, on a national television show, being held down by three burly men—that was all it took to push her over the edge. Her fingers brushed her clitoris, and she orgasmed.

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It's not every woman who can make the national news just by orgasming. But Alyssa was the headline story that night on every channel.

Blake messaged her to say that she'd been wonderful, that she'd created perfect publicity for Rape Liar.

But Alyssa couldn't reply because she was too busy masturbating. Lying in her hotel bed, masturbating and masturbating and masturbating from humiliation. And she wouldn't recover enough to stop until almost 24 hours later....

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The doorbell rang, and Alyssa almost screamed in relief. "Come in!" she yelled, her voice choked with tears. "It's open."

At the front step of her house, the pizza delivery man tentatively pushed open the door and stepped inside. His name was James, and he was used to the customer meeting him at the door. He stepped inside, and followed the sound of Alyssa's voice through the corridors of her expensive, elegant house, until he came to her bedroom.

There she was—famous actress Alyssa Vandred. She was lying naked on her bed, her legs spread, her waxed pussy facing towards him. She was crying and masturbating at the same time.

"Ah... miss... I have your pizza," said James awkwardly.

"Screw the pizza," moaned Alyssa. "Fuck me. Please, fuck me. I need you to fuck me."

James blushed—but at the end of the day, he wasn't going to pass up a chance to fuck this gorgeous, slutty starlet. "Do I, uh, need a condom?" he asked. "Or is it okay to cum inside you?"

Alyssa wanted to scream again. He had offered her two alternatives, and her hypnotic conditioning forced her to choose the more degrading one. "Cum inside me," she gasped.

That was all the encouragement James needed. Within seconds he had his cock out, and was kneeling between her legs, forcing his dick up into her soaking wet vagina.

Alyssa mewled with gratitude and began bucking her hips against James eagerly. She needed him to cum inside her. It was the only way she could regain self-control.

\* \* \*

Alyssa was all but guaranteed a starring role in the new film "Rape Liar"—but the studio felt that her famous "frigidity" made her unbelievable playing the part of a whore who cockteases men into raping her. To get the part, Alyssa had agreed to take a course of hypnotic conditioning—but she hadn't truly understood what that would mean.

The conditioning had left her caught in a "one in three average availability" rule, encouraging her to accept at least one in three sexual propositions. Every time Alyssa turned down a sexual proposition, her brain would create a new binding behavioural rule for her that would make her more likely to be fucked in future. Every time someone used her to orgasm, she would be able to choose and forget two of those rules.

Over the last few days, those rules had wreaked havoc with Alyssa's life. She had given a man a blowjob in a public toilet, and then the photograph he took of her with his cum on her face had been printed in a national tabloid. She had texted her ex-boyfriend Harry, telling him it was okay to rape her. She had photographed her pussy on a nationally televised talkshow, and then bared her tits and masturbated to orgasm in front of the cameras.

Her current rules were as follows:

- She is prevented from complaining about, punishing, or disinterring sexual harassment or propositions directed towards her. (This was an ironclad rule that she could not forget.)
- No wearing panties.
- Every night, she will go to a singles bar and get blind drunk.
- When a man expresses sexual interest in her, she must thank him for it.
- She will pretend that every sexual interaction, humiliation, degradation or molestation is either her idea, or her fault.
- When a man offers her the choice of two or more specific alternatives, she will pick the most degrading one.

- When anyone gives her an embarrassing compliment, she will reward them.
- When in the presence of men, she will constantly draw attention to her tits.
- When she is humiliated, she will masturbate, and not stop until she cums, or she stops being humiliated.

It was this last rule that Alyssa was suffering from now. Whenever she thought about her slutty performance on the talk show—in which she had exposed her pussy, and suggested that she might want to fuck her own father, and in which she had orgasmed nude in front of the entire nation—she was paralysed by shame and humiliation. And as soon as that happened, she was compelled to masturbate.

The compulsion would fade when she achieved orgasm—but she couldn't stop thinking about her shame, so within minutes she would be masturbating again. And as she continued to torture her over-used pussy, the orgasms began to take longer and longer to reach.

She needed to forget that rule. And the only way she could do so was if someone fucked her. So she had ordered pizza with her phone, and waited for it to arrive.

She was glad they had sent a male delivery driver. But she was desperate, and if it had been a female, she would have merely hoped that the driver enjoyed fucking girls.

\* \* \*

James didn't take long to cum inside her. Alyssa sighed with relief, and instantly selected two of her rules to forget.

She deleted the rule about masturbating when humiliated—an easy choice.

And she decided to lose the rule about choosing between alternatives. That had gotten her into too much trouble on the talk show, and if anyone worked out that she was forced to choose, they could use it to force her to do anything they wanted.

"Wow, you're just as much of a slut as they're saying on TV," said James, as he pulled his dripping cock out of her pussy.

It was a demeaning compliment—and so she had to thank him, and reward him.

"Thank you," said Alyssa. "Would you like to take a photograph of me, as a souvenir?"

"Wow," said James. "Yes, absolutely."

Alyssa put on a pretty smile for him as he used his camera to photograph her nude, with his cum dripping out of her fuckhole. She stroked her tits as she did so, trying to focus his attention on her funbags, as her rules compelled her to do.

When James was done with the photograph, he left quickly, much to Alyssa's relief. She got out of bed, showered off nearly 24 hours of sweat and pussy juices, and then went to her wardrobe to get dressed.

She was tired, but she had to go out clubbing. Her rules required it. She looked through her dresses and selected one she had never worn before. A fashion designer had gifted it to her, hoping she would wear it down the red carpet at the premiere of her film "Ghosts Of Our Mothers", but Alyssa had taken one look at it, blushed, and put it away, never to be used.

She was going to wear it now though. She blushed as she squeezed into it—without underwear, of course.

The dress was white, and opaque from her stomach down. However, the bust could only be described as "lewd". It lifted her tits up, offering up a truly impressive amount of cleavage. But in addition, the cups of the bust were made of see-through white lace, and her nipples and areolae were clearly visible through the fabric.

Checking herself in the mirror, she knew she looked like a slut—but it couldn't be helped. She was required by her rules to draw attention to her tits when in male company. She didn't want to be fidgeting with her udders all night long. The dress would do the work for her. She could hardly call more attention to her breasts if she were using both hands to milk them like cow-udders.

She paused, thinking about what she was doing. She was deliberately dressing like a whore. Her plan was to go out clubbing, pick a nice-looking guy, get drunk as quickly as possible, and offer him a blowjob. She would be able to lose two more rules for the minimum possible sluttishness. And if she hooked up with a guy early enough, it might stop other guys propositioning her.

She wasn't a slut, she told herself. She was doing what was reasonable and practical to get out of the predicament she was in. If she lost her rule about having to go out clubbing each night, she might be able to avoid further sexual propositions altogether.

\* \* \*

It didn't quite work like that, of course.

She picked out Club Republic, an upscale venue with a good crowd, and she made it there easily enough.

But as she approached the club, she caught the attention of a man lounging against a street-light, some distance from the club queue. His clothes were dirty, his face was unshaven, and he smelled of alcohol and vomit.

"Hey baby!" he called out as she headed for the queue. "Nice tits!"

She flushed crimson with embarrassment as her rules took hold. "Thank you," she said, and then, compelled to reward him, she pulled down the front of her dress for a few seconds, flashing him her bare boobs.

The man leered at her exposed udders. "How 'bout you and me find a nice place to get undressed?" he slurred, an obvious erection growing in his wrinkled pants.

She wrinkled her nose in disgust. She didn't want more rules, but there was no way she was saying yes to a proposition like that from a man like him. "I know I just led you on by dressing like a slut and flashing you my tits," she said, "and I'm sorry, but no thank you."

"Bitch," spat the man, and turned away from her.

Her mind had been turning over, coming up with a new rule for her in response to her refusal of the man's offer, and now it settled on one. Any belief you hold that prevents you fucking someone will vanish from your mind after you reject someone because of it, and only return after you fuck someone that you would have rejected for that reason.

So (she thought) did I reject that man because he smelled bad, or because I felt unsafe?

Because it was unsafe, she decided.

And just like that, the idea vanished from her brain. Why should she refuse sex just because it was unsafe? That was cowardly and bitchy. Women needed to take risks with sex, right?

And she would keep thinking that until she fucked someone she felt unsafe with.

★ ★ ★

Inside Club Republic, she prioritised finding a man to hook up with. She immediately spotted an attractive man by the bar, dressed in a tailored suit jacket, sipping a cocktail. She headed straight over to him, smiled prettily, arched her back to push her half-naked tits out, and said, "Hi there. Want to buy me a drink?"

The man looked at her—then at her tits—and his smile broadened. "I'd love to," he said. "Name's Kieran."

"Alyssa," said Alyssa, shaking his hand.

"I know," he said. "I saw you on the talk show yesterday." His smile was growing ever wider.

Alyssa blushed crimson. "Um..." she said, not sure what to say.

"I'm here with my wife," said Kieran, flashing a wedding ring that Alyssa hadn't noticed at first. He gestured to a woman—a gorgeous bimbo, with fake tits and platinum blonde hair, who was making her way over to the bar from the direction of the toilets. "But that's not necessarily a barrier. We can share you. I think you're exactly my wife's type."

Alyssa took a step back. She wasn't a lesbian. She'd never made out with a woman—or wanted to, for that matter. She hated to turn down another man, but...

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't realise you weren't single. My mistake."

Kieran looked disappointed, but let her go, as Alyssa made her way to the far end of the bar to buy a drink and hide her embarrassment.

Her brain was immediate and merciless in coming up with a new rule. You don't need a handbag or purse, it told her. Keep all your things in your pussy or ass.

Alyssa's eyes widened in horror. She was so fixated on the awful new rule she had just made for herself that she didn't notice the other thing happening in her brain.

She had turned down the threesome with Kieran and his wife because she didn't want to fuck women—so her brain just let go of that idea. There was no reason at all that Alyssa shouldn't fuck women.

She abandoned her plan to buy a drink and headed for the women's toilets as quickly as she could. Once there, she locked herself in a stall, and looked at the contents of her purse.

Her car and house keys, attached to a round metal fob. Her credit cards. Her mobile phone. Some condoms. Some tampons. Some hair clips.

She whimpered, but got to work. She wasn't near her period, so she could just throw the tampons away. She dithered about the condoms—she *was* planning to fuck someone—but hopefully they would have their own. She threw those away too.

Her credit cards went inside her phone casing. Then, with some difficulty she managed to wedge her phone up her pussy. It hurt a little, but it was bearable once it was in.

The keys went into her ass—the fob pushed into her anus, past the sphincter, with the keys hanging out like a little metal tail.

When she tried to stand, she found the keys stayed put well enough, but her phone wanted to squeeze itself out of her pussy. It would never stay inside her while she walked.

There was only one thing for it. She used her hair clips to pinch her pussy lips together, trapping the phone inside. It was agonising, and her eyes watered, but it did the job. Her pussy was clipped shut, with her mobile phone inside.

On her way out of the toilets, back to the bar, she passed a man in the toilet corridor, who said, "Love the dress. Love the boobs."

She stopped, swearing silently to herself. The man was short, and had close-cropped brown hair and a trimmed goatee. "Thank you," she said, through gritted teeth. And then, to reward him, she stepped towards him and kissed him on the lips.

"Mmm," the man moaned into her mouth. His arms went around her—behind her—running up her thighs towards her legs.

He was going to explore under her skirt. He was going to find her without panties, with clips on her pussy and keys shoved up her anus.

"No," said Alyssa, pulling away from the clearly disappointed man.

And her brain said, when you reject a man in person, kiss him on the lips and stroke his cock.

And her brain also said, you said no because you were afraid of being humiliated. That won't bother you again.

She moaned with horror, and leaned back towards the man and kissed him again, stroking his cock through his pants.

"What are you playing at, you little slut?" said the man.

"No," moaned Alyssa again, still stroking the man's cock, trying to pull away while still keeping a hand on his dick.

"Fuck, you're a hot little whore," said the goateed man. Another man came into the corridor—a clean-shaven redhead—and the goateed man said, "Evan, want to double-team this slut?"

"No!" protested Alyssa again—and because she was now saying no to the second man, that meant another rule.

The idea of being raped arouses you uncontrollably, said her brain. And also, there's nothing wrong with being gangbanged.

Her pussy started to gush. She was lucky her phone was waterproof.

"Fuck yeah, she looks hot," said the redheaded man—Evan, presumably. "Good find, Stewey. Let's do her in the toilets."

The men guided Alyssa into the men's toilets, and dragged her into a stall. Alyssa's capacity to resist was limited, as she couldn't punish or discontinue harassment—and in any case, she was now so aroused that she couldn't think straight.

The men pulled off her dress. Alyssa was grateful they didn't rip it, and thanked them for their gentleness. The men just laughed, and took out their cocks. She was pinned between them in the stall. She felt the short man—Stewey—explore her pussy. He laughed when he found her pussy lips clipped shut, and turned her round to show his friend, Evan, who removed the clip and then pulled her phone out of her cunt.

"What a fucking whore," laughed Stewey. "And she has her keys shoved up her ass."

"I'll shove something else up her ass," responded Evan.

Stupid with lust, Alyssa could only moan in response.

They put her possessions on the lid of the toilet. Then Stewey slid his cock into her pussy,



kissing her on the lips while he did so, his hands squeezing her full tits, and a moment later she mewled with pain as she felt Evan's cock penetrate her asshole. He had lubricated it with something, mercifully, but Alyssa had still never had anal sex before, and it was uncomfortable.

Then they began to fuck her, and the last lights in Alyssa's brain turned off. She was nothing but sensations. Every time Stewey thrust into her cunt, he pushed her backwards, impaling Evan's dick deeper into her anus. And every time Evan thrust, it fucked her hard against Stewey. There was no escape from the penetration. She could feel their cocks almost meeting inside her, pushing simultaneously at the flesh between her cunt and her bowels.

She couldn't speak—Stewey's tongue was in her mouth. She couldn't move—Evan had grabbed her arms and was pinning them behind her back. Her tits were on fire—Stewey was squeezing them so hard she wanted to yell for him to stop, but at the same time it felt so *good*.

And then she was cumming, and cumming, and cumming. And some time after that, Stewey came too, squirting his sperm into her womb, and Evan followed, ejaculating deep into her anus. When they pulled out, she literally couldn't stand, and sank to her knees in the toilet stall, Stewey's cock twitching near her face, excess cum dripping from the tip of his dick onto her naked tits.

They thanked her. They were quite polite, really. Stewey told her she was a good fuck, and she thanked him in return for the embarrassing compliment and rewarded him by licking his cock clean. Evan said that she had a tight ass, and she thanked him for that too, and likewise licked him clean as well, wrinkling her nose at the taste of her own anus on his cock.

Then they left, and there was nothing for Alyssa to do but clean herself up as best she could.

But first there was her reward for her sluttiness. Not just two rules gone, but four. After all, she had fucked two men.

She thought about not storing things in her pussy, but she had already thrown away her purse in the women's toilets, and would have to carry things somehow in any case, so she let herself keep that for now.

Clubbing, she thought. That has to go. I can't do this every night.

And stroking a man's cock when I refuse him, she added. That's just going to keep getting me raped.

Rewarding men for compliments, she decided. That's always embarrassing.

And justifying my humiliation as my own fault would be the final rule she erased. Fuck that, she decided. It's bad for me.

It didn't even occur to her to remove the rule about forgetting the reason why she turned a man down. It was if the rule itself was hidden within her mind. But nevertheless, she had been gangbanged when she felt unsafe—so her distaste for gangbangs and unsafe situations suddenly clicked back on.

She felt like throwing up. What had she done? What kind of slut was she?

And... did she really have to hate fucking two guys at once? Despite all the fear and humiliation, the sex she had just had had been kind of amazing.

And efficient, too, for getting rid of rules. She only had six left now.

- No panties.
- Thank men for their sexual interest.
- Draw attention to my tits.
- Store my purse contents in my cunt and ass.

- Become aroused at the idea of being raped.
- When I reject a man, lose the attitude that stopped me saying yes.

She thought back to Kieran and his bimbo wife. Why did she say no to them? She could no longer remember. Fucking both of them would cross out another four rules, leaving her with only two left. She would be almost free.

She took a deep breath, and stuffed her phone back in her pussy, and clipped her pussy lips shut with the hair clips. Then she stuffed her keys up her ass. She could still feel Stewey and Evan's cum inside her, trapped in her holes by the hairclips and fob-plug. She rose unsteadily to her feet and then pulled her dress back on.

She wasn't a slut, she told herself. She was just doing what she had to to manage this horrible hypnotic conditioning. She was a hero, really, struggling bravely under the most difficult of circumstances.

Although, she thought, none of that explained why she had cum so many times from being gang-raped in a male toilet.

She pushed the thought aside, and headed back to the nightclub floor. She was going to get very, very drunk, and then she was going to fuck a fake-titted bimbo and her husband.

\* \* \*

Alyssa had never kissed a woman before, but the man's wife had incredibly soft lips, and a warm, wet tongue, and Alyssa felt her cunt growing wet again as she made out with the blonde bimbo in the back seat of the limousine.

The woman's name was Melina, her husband had said, and as it turned out, Melina was a fan. She had had fantasies about fucking Alyssa since Alyssa had appeared as a naive teenaged cheerleader on the soap opera *Without A Backward Glance*, and now her fantasies were coming true.

Alyssa herself was wedged between Melina and her husband Kieran in the back seat of the limousine. While she passionately tongue-kissed the big-titted Melina, Kieran was nuzzling her neck. His hands moved to lift Alyssa's skirt, and Alyssa lifted her hips to allow him to do so, forgetting momentarily that (a) she had no panties on, (b) she had her car keys stuffed up her anus, and (c) her cunt lips were clamped shut with a hair clip to hold her mobile

phone inside.

Kieran's eyes widened as he made these discoveries. "Holy shit," he said. "Is that a hair-clip on your pussy?"

Alyssa blushed. "Yes," she said. "I... uh... didn't bring a purse to-night and it was just convenient to keep my stuff in my pussy... and in my ass. Thank you for looking at my cunt"

Kieran and Melina both laughed—a response that was a little bit cruel, but mostly just delighted by Alyssa's whorishness. Kieran forced Alyssa's legs apart to let Melina get a better look at Alyssa's situation, and in the process he gave an excellent view to the chauffeur, in the front driver's seat, who was watching the whole thing in the rear view mirror as he steered the car through city traffic.

"That's our driver, Ahmed," said Kieran, noting the interest. "I think he likes what he sees. Maybe you'd like to give him a little blowjob of thanks when we get to the apartment?"

"No!" said Alyssa in alarm—an instinctual reaction, not a considered one—and then amended it to, "No, but thank you, Ahmed, for wanting me to suck your cock." And she cupped her tits a little for him, so he could see them better.

But even as she said "no", her hypnotic conditioning kicked in. Alyssa had been given a hypnotic compulsion to provide one-in-three "average sexual availability", as part of her preparation for a role in an erotic thriller. She was incentivised to accept one in every three sexual propositions—because for each proposition she declined, she would be compelled to create a new rule for herself, that would leave her more susceptible to being fucked in future. Whereas each time she had sex, she would be able to remove two such rules.

The new rule she made for herself was, "Tell each man you

meet that you enjoy a particular sexual activity. Don't use the same one twice."

That meant she now had seven rules in total.

- Don't wear panties.
- Thank men for their sexual interest in me.
- Draw attention to my tits.
- Store my purse contents in my cunt and ass.
- Become aroused at the idea of being raped.
- When I reject a man, forget the attitude that stopped me saying yes.
- Tell each man I meet that I enjoy a sexual activity. Don't use the same one twice.

She had rejected Ahmed because she had felt that she was losing control of the situation with Kieran and Melina, and that an additional man involved might make her unsafe. She felt that resistance melt away, in compliance with her sixth rule. She didn't need to be in control of how she had sex. It was okay for things to get unsafe.

And now she had to comply with her seventh rule, too.

"I really do enjoy sucking cocks, though, Ahmed," she said, and then turned to Kieran. "I like it when men show off my cunt to other people, too."

"Good," said Kieran, "because you don't need this anymore." And he lifted her dress up her body, and over her head, with Melina's help, leaving Alyssa completely nude in the backseat, except for the high heels on her feet and the hairclip on her pussy. He threw the dress into the front seat, and then he and his wife went back to passionately kissing and fondling her.

Alyssa knew at some level that she should be freaking out about all of this. She wasn't a lesbian, and here she was nude, tongue-

kissing a bimbo slut. She wasn't a whore, and yet she was about to have a threesome with a couple she didn't even know. She had allowed them to strip her, humiliate her, and she was thanking them for it.

But her conditioning wouldn't allow her to act on those thoughts. She just kept on exploring Melina's mouth with her tongue as a small part of the back of her brain screamed at her.

Shortly before they reached their destination, Melina reached up to Alyssa's neck. Alyssa thought she was going to stroke it, but suddenly she felt something soft-but-rough encircling her neck, and heard a click, and before Alyssa could react, Melina had buckled a dog collar around Alyssa's neck. Alyssa could see it was connected to a dog leash.

"What..." she started to ask—but then the limousine stopped. Kieran opened the door and got out on the road side, and Melina opened her side and got out onto the footpath—pulling Alyssa after her by the leash.

Alyssa resisted for a moment, but Melina pulled hard, and Alyssa had no choice but to get out onto the sidewalk completely nude, wearing a collar, her pussy still clipped shut and her car keys poking out of her anus.

Alyssa's face was bright red. She couldn't believe she was being led around like an animal in the nude! By a woman! And worse yet, they didn't appear to be directly in front of their destination! Melina was leading Alyssa up the sidewalk. How far were they going to walk?

She was fortunate that it was late, and there was no one else on the sidewalk. But cars were still passing by on the street. Some of them flashed their lights or hooted their horns at Alyssa, and each new sound made her go redder with humiliation.

"Please," she begged. "Can I have my clothes?"

Melina just laughed at her, and said, "Oh, don't pretend. You're loving this!"

"If she didn't like it, you'd think she'd take that clip off her pussy," said Kieran.

But there wasn't far to go, as it turned out, and before Alyssa could respond, they had reached the couple's building. A doorman in an old-fashioned doorman's uniform stood outside, and as they approached, he looked at Alyssa with obvious interest.

"Good evening, Mr Michaels, Missus Michaels," he said, nodding. "Brought another one home, have you?"

"Isn't she a gem?" asked Melina. "Practically dripping with enthusiasm. And look what she's done to her pussy!"

"Maybe you'd be so generous as to let me take a turn with her later?" asked the doorman.

"Please, no," said Alyssa—and it didn't even occur to her that she wasn't firmly *saying* no, she was asking Kieran to say no for her, in a way that implied that it wasn't her choice.

But it still counted as a "no", and her mind made up another rule for her: "When you're close enough to touch a man's cock, and you have nothing else to do with your hands, you should be playing with it."

She immediately reached out and began stroking the front of Kieran's pants with her hand, blushing.

And simultaneously, the attitude that had caused her to say "no" went away. She had been humiliated out here on the street, and just wanting to get this sexual adventure over with—but now she felt like she had all the time in the world. She was humiliated, yes—but that was no excuse to hurry in getting off the street.

She should stand here, and be humiliated.

"I'm sorry, Samuel," said Kieran, even as Alyssa's mind adjusted. "It seems like the lady's not interested. Maybe next time."

"As you say, sir," said the doorman, clearly disappointed, staring at Alyssa's tits.

"I do enjoy fucking strangers, though," Alyssa told the man, in compliance with her rules.

And then they were inside, travelling upstairs via an elevator, and arriving in the couple's expensive apartment.

Melina let Alyssa out of the collar, and sent her to the bathroom, where Alyssa was able to unclip her pussy, and remove the objects from her cunt and anus. Both her phone and her keys were coated with the cum of the men who had fucked her earlier at the nightclub. She cleaned them off as best she could, and hoped her phone would still work, and then managed to clean the remainder of the sperm out of her holes, before returning to the bedroom of the couple's apartment.

The rest of the night was a slutty blur. It occurred to her briefly that if she tried to back out of sex now, the couple might rape her, and her current set of rules made her get wildly aroused at the idea of rape, so from that point onwards she was thinking with her pussy more than her brain.

Kieran and Melina both undressed, and she found herself kissing one, then the other. Their lips wandered over her body, and hers over theirs. She found Melina's giant plastic tits very pleasant to suck on, and had a brief taste of Kieran's cock as she sucked on it obediently.

And then Melina was lying on her back on the bed, and Kieran guided Alyssa into a position on all fours above the naked bimbo, Melina's head between Alyssa's legs. She felt Melina raise her head

up and begin to lick Alyssa on her groin, and Alyssa sighed with happiness as she felt the blonde trophy wife's tongue flicking over her clitoris, even as alarm bells rang in her mind in response to her first lesbian experience. She knew she shouldn't want this woman tonguing her fuckhole—but she *did* want it, and when Kieran pushed her head down into Melina's waxed pussy, she eagerly returned the favour, licking at Melina's sopping wet snatch with enthusiasm.

Moments later she felt Kieran kneel behind her, and then his cock slipped into her pussy, fucking her hard even as Melina continued to lick at her. She could feel the nipples of Melina's oversized tits brushing against her stomach. Her mouth was full of the taste of Melina's sex. She was delirious with pleasure as she fucked this couple she barely knew, and she orgasmed once, twice, and then a third time before Kieran shuddered and ejaculated into her pussy.

When she felt Melina continuing to lick, and realised that Kieran's cum was dripping out of her fucktunnel into Melina's eager mouth, she had one more orgasm, making four all told.

Sex with two people. Two rules per person. She could delete four of her rules. She was being a good slut, and making herself available. She deserved her reward.

Storing her purse contents in her cunt and ass. That had to go. She couldn't spend her whole life with her cunt clamped shut.

Wearing panties. She missed wearing panties. She deleted the "no panties" rule.

Thanking men for their sexual interest in her. That was too embarrassing. She was done with it, and deleted it.

And finally, she got rid of the rule that made her forget the attitudes that prevented sex. It was messing with her mind too much. It had to go...

.. and as soon as it did, horror and shame flooded her, as the at-



titudes she had forgotten returned. She had just fucked a woman! She wasn't a lesbian! She had let these people use her like a slutty sex toy!

She wailed—and even in her horror and shame, when Melina sucked one last time on her clitoris, she orgasmed yet again.

\* \* \*

Alyssa didn't even remember how she got home. Kieran must have had his chauffeur drive her. All things considered, she could have been at the mercy of a much less kind and respectful couple, she supposed.

She could still remember the feel of Melina's tongue on her clitoris, her nipples brushing against her stomach. Her mouth was still full of the taste of Melina's cunt-honey. She shuddered, both with self-loathing, and remembered arousal.

At first she didn't know what had woken her, but then she heard the knocking at the front door again. She didn't know who it was. Had she ordered pizza so that she could fuck the delivery boy again? She didn't remember doing that.

She took quick stock of her rules:

- Draw attention to my tits.
- Become aroused at the idea of being raped.
- Tell each man I meet that I enjoy a sexual activity. Don't use the same one twice.
- Play with men's cocks when I'm near them.

Not ideal, but the shortest that her list had been in quite some time. An improvement.

She had slept nude. She cast about for some clothes, but

couldn't immediately find any clean ones, so she settled for the soft, expensive bathrobe hanging over her bedroom mirror. She drew it tight around her body, belted at the waist to cover her nudity, and made her way to the front door.

She got a shock when she opened it. It was Harry, her ex-boyfriend, the one she'd dumped back when she was scared of physical intimacy. Back then, the mere idea of having sex had left her afraid—but more than that, Harry himself had scared her. His intense interest in her tits and the hole between her legs had seemed cruel—almost predatory.

In fact, from the moment she opened the door, his eyes locked not on her face, but on her chest. She felt herself blushing immediately.

"Harry!" she exclaimed. "What on Earth are you doing here?"

"Alyssa, sweetie," Harry said in a sleazy, sugary drawl. "Have you forgotten already?"

She clearly had. "Forgotten what?" she asked.

But even as she asked, her hand unconsciously drifted across the front of her bathrobe, parting it slightly down the middle, exposing the milky upper slopes of her tits and her copious cleavage to Harry's gaze.

"Well, first I see you on the front cover of *Celebrity Slut*, with some guy's sperm all over your face," said Harry. "And here I remember you telling me that you just weren't *into* sex, that you weren't sure that you *ever* wanted to have sex with a man."

Alyssa blushed. "Things change, Harry," she said, and then added, because of her hypnosis, "I really *like* having men cum on my face now."

"You don't say?" said Harry. Without being invited, he stepped forward, into the house, pushing past her. "Nice place you've got

here," he said, looking around.

"Thank you," said Alyssa reflexively. "But why are you here, Harry?"

Harry ignored her. He walked into her lounge room, went to her alcohol cabinet, and poured himself a drink of whiskey.

"Harry!" said Alyssa, a little sharper now. She wanted to pull the front of her robe closed, but instead her hands just kept playing with her tits, stroking them, jiggling them, trying to get Harry to look at them.

Harry took his whiskey to the couch and sat down. He patted the space beside him, indicating that Alyssa should sit, and she did, nervously. She didn't want to at all—but another part of her hypnosis was poking at her now, a rule that she needed to follow. She was near a man—so she needed to play with his cock.

She sat next to Harry, leaned in, her tits brushing against his arm, and began to massage his dick through his pants.

Harry's eyes widened. "Holy shit, Alyssa! You really *are* a slut now!" he exclaimed.

She blushed—but didn't stop playing with her tits or with Harry's dick. "No, I'm not," she said. "It's... complicated."

"I can see that," said Harry, staring down the front of her robe. "And then there's this text exchange we had the other night."

"Text exchange?" asked Alyssa, still rubbing Harry's cock, which was now quite hard. The last few days felt blurry to her, as her mind tried to help her forget her degradation, and she couldn't remember what he was referring to.

"I sent you a message that said, 'Saw you in the magazine. Want to hook up and show me your new skills?'" said Harry. He waved his

phone at her as proof. "And you replied, 'Thank you for wanting to fuck me in the mouth. I guess I invited this by being such a cock-tease to you and such a slut to the guy who photographed me—but I have to turn you down right now, sorry.'"

Alarm bloomed in Alyssa's brain. She remembered the exchange now—and she remembered what she had said next.

"And then," continued Harry, "you sent me *another* message, which read, 'It's okay to rape me though.'"

She felt herself go pale. She had told this man—a man she didn't like at all—that he had permission to rape her. She had put it in writing. And she was massaging his cock right now and showing off her tits to him, and she couldn't stop.

"No, no, please," she said, desperately. "I didn't mean it. Harry, you can't." She felt her nipples stiffening and her cunt becoming distractingly wet, as the realisation that she might be about to be raped began to hypnotically trigger her arousal.

"Your mouth is saying one thing, Alyssa," said Harry, "but your hand is saying something else." He reached down and undid his fly, and then pulled his stiff cock out of his pants. Alyssa's hand went to it as if drawn by magnets, and began pumping him in a slow, erotic handjob.

"No, you don't understand," she whimpered. "Please, Harry, I don't really want you to rape me."

"Yes, that's the right kind of thing to say for a really hot rape roleplay," said Harry. "I can tell you're really into this. If you really didn't want me to fuck you, it feels like you wouldn't be pumping my cock with your hand like that."

"Please..." she whispered desperately, her spare hand lifting up her tits so he could see them better.

"I'll tell you what, Alyssa," said Harry. "If you tell me what's go-

ing on here, I'll leave you alone."

A new rule had clicked into place in Alyssa's mind. She had turned Harry down, and so she needed a new rule to make her more available.

She would never lie to a man, directly or by omission, to spare herself humiliation or abuse, she decided.

"It's hypnosis," she said, feeling her hand starting to become lubricated with Harry's pre-cum. "I got it for my new movie. It was supposed to help me look like less of an ice queen, but it's going too far, Harry. It's really fucking with my life. Every time I turn down a man, I make myself a humiliating new rule. I can't help myself."

"Really?" said Harry, and his eyes were lit up with a cruel light that made Alyssa's cunt get even wetter.

"Yes," said Alyssa, searching his face for a hint of mercy. She found none.

"What kind of rules?" he asked her.

"I have to draw attention to my tits," said Alyssa. "I have to stroke the cock of any man I'm near. I can't lie to spare myself humiliation. I have to tell men about a sex activity I like. And..."—she swallowed nervously—"I get wet when I think I'm going to be raped."

Harry reached out and pushed her back, hard, against the couch. He forced her legs apart with his hands, and then reached between her legs to her pussy. Alyssa tried to struggle, but she couldn't take her hand off his cock or stop playing with her tits, so it was hard, and Harry overpowered her quickly. She felt his fingers probe into her twat, and come away covered in her slut-goo.

"Do you think you're about to be raped, Alyssa?" said Harry.

"Yes," said Alyssa, quietly.

Harry smiled. "You are—but not just yet." He got out his phone, and dialled a number. "Hey, Paul," he said, when the person on the other end picked up. "I've got a slut here with me. Do me a favour and ask her if you can fuck her, will you?"

Harry pushed the phone against Alyssa's ear, and said quietly, "If you say yes, he will."

A rough voice spoke down the phone. "Hello, sweetie," it said. "How do you fancy meeting up so I can fuck you?"

Alyssa moaned. "No," she said. "Please no."

Her brain clicked. A new rule formed.

Harry hung up the phone. "What's your new rule, Alyssa?" he asked her.

"I need to buy myself a dog collar to wear all the time, with a name tag that says 'RAPE ME'," moaned Alyssa.

"Good girl," said Harry. He dialled another number on his phone. "Oi, Steve. I've got a bitch here with me, she's very hot. Ask her if you can fuck her." He put the phone to Alyssa's ear.

"All right," said a voice. "Hey, honey, can I fuck you?"

"Noo!" wailed Alyssa. A new rule formed.

Harry hung up. "Well?" he asked.

"If someone looks at my tits or cunt when they're covered, I have to ask them if they'd like to see it, and expose myself if they say yes," she said.

Harry stared pointedly at her tits.

"Would you..." she began.

"Yes," said Harry immediately.

Blushing, Alyssa shrugged her bathrobe off her shoulders to expose her breasts to his gaze.

"Please stop," she said. "These rules are destroying my life. You can fuck me, just... stop ringing your friends."

"Oh, I don't just want to fuck you, honey," said Harry. "I heard the guy who sold that photo of you to Celebrity Slut made a small fortune. Imagine what I could get with a porn film of you."

"No!" protested Alyssa.

"Yes," said Harry. He got out his phone and pointed it at Alyssa. "What I want you to do is beg me to rape you, and beg me to film it. And make it convincing. Understand?"

"No!" she wailed. "Harry, no!"

He dialled another number on his phone. A minute later, Alyssa had rejected another man, and formed another rule. She began to wonder if she was better off just saying yes to these anonymous men.

"What's the rule?" Harry asked her.

"When I'm talking to a man, I need to regularly ask him questions that help him visualise fucking and degrading me," she sobbed. "Harry, do you think you'd enjoy raping me more in my mouth, my ass, or my cunt?"

"Oh, definitely your cunt, sugar," said Harry, laughing. "Now, is there something else you'd like to ask me?"

She wept, tears running down her face, for a long minute, until Harry raised his phone to begin dialling again. Then she looked up, and said, quickly, "Please rape me, Harry. I want you to rape me. I'm so wet. I need you to rape me. And you should film it. Film me being raped. Please."

"About fucking time," said Harry, and put a hand on her throat, and forced her back down onto the couch.

Alyssa struggled, because she didn't want this, and there was

nothing to stop her struggling, but she was still trying to tease Harry's cock and offer up her tits, and it only took moments to find herself pinned on her back, Harry's hand on her neck, her legs spread, and his cock forcing its way into her fuckhole.

She was so terrified of this rape that her hypnosis made her cum on Harry's first thrust into her pussy, and when he slapped her across the face and she realised that he was going to make this *painful* for her, she orgasmed again.

He did everything he could to make the rape awful for her. He forced her mouth open and spat in it, then slapped her across the face again. He pinched her nipples and pulled on them, slapped at her tits, reached between her legs to pinch her clitoris, and called her a dirty slut and a nasty little rape-hole. He flipped her over for a while and jammed his cock into her anus, not because he particularly wanted to fuck her ass, but just because she didn't want him to. And after he turned her back over to finish by cumming in her cunt—completely unprotected, of course—he finished the ordeal by scooping his cum out of her violated twat and smearing it across her face and tits.

With each degradation, Alyssa orgasmed, harder and harder, even as she screamed and cried. She bucked her hips against him, eager for more stimulation to her pussy, even as she swore at him and begged him to stop.

And through it all, his phone sat on the coffee table, filming her degradation.

When he was done, he whispered in her ear, "Look at the phone, tell them who you are, thank your audience for watching, and tell them you hope it made them cum."

She sat up, blearily, the cum on her face masking the tears running down her cheeks. She looked at the phone and did her best to



smile.

"Hi, everybody!" she said. "I'm Alyssa! You've seen me in movies. Thank you for watching me get raped! I hope you enjoyed it and that it made you cum!" And she blew a kiss to the phone.

"Good bitch," said Harry, and shut off the phone.

She looked up at him. "What happens now?" she asked.

"Now I go and see how much this little home movie is worth," said Harry. "You can look forward to seeing it on the internet. And if it goes well, maybe I come back and we explore your new career as a porn actress."

"Please, no," whispered Alyssa, but Harry ignored her.

"Thanks for the fuck, babe," he said. "Enjoy your new rules, and I'll see you soon."

And he departed, leaving her lying nude and covered in his cum on the couch.

She tried to look at the bright side. She had fucked a man. She got to delete some rules. But which ones?

The one about lying had to go. She couldn't tell more people about her condition, or else they could control her as Harry just had. She concentrated, and felt the compulsion vanish.

And what would the second one be? Surely either playing with men's cocks, or asking them questions to help them visualise fucking her. Playing with their cocks, she decided. That would almost inevitably lead to sex—or rape—every time she did it.

She briefly considered the rule about becoming aroused from rape. But then she remembered the orgasms she had just had—more than she could count. And even as she had hated the rape, an orgasm was an orgasm. She had cum harder and more often than she ever had in her life. It had been... good. And if this went on, it

seemed likely she would be raped again. She could either have that rape be a horrible, traumatic experience—or she could cum from it.

Phrased like that, it was an easy enough choice.

It was time to go see her agent, Blake, she decided.

But first, she needed to go buy herself a dog collar. And a little nametag that said "RAPE ME"...

(END)