

Living the Dream
Part Two

Day 195

Cognitive dissonance, I'd learned in my high school psychology class, was that feeling you get when something you learned tried to make you unlearn something else. Boy, oh boy, was that ever the exact description of what I was going through.

In the forefront of my mind, I was trying to make sense of what I'd seen this evening. My old supervisor Lynn being fucked like the smoking hot big-titted slut that she was. The way he talked down to her. The way she'd fed off of it, whining in little bouts of ecstasy as he'd made it clear what a cheap piece of ass he thought she was.

That one of our managers was DJ Gaspar.

Simply learning his name had ignited a fire in my pussy, one whose very existence reaffirmed my realization – that I was being brainwashed by my boss to be his beautiful, adoring, compliant sex toy. It was horrifying, and my stomach had been tied up in knots ever since I'd gotten home.

That was the forefront. In the background...

I love DJ Gaspar. DJ Gaspar is the hottest man in the world. DJ Gaspar can do anything he wants to me. I want to be fucked by DJ Gaspar. My huge fat tits belong to DJ Gaspar. I am a silly horny slut, and DJ Gaspar should use me like one.

On and on, until I could barely register the words. They didn't go away; they simply faded into the background. Where they'd come from, no doubt.

The more I thought about it, the more obvious it was that I wasn't alone. It all made sense now. The policy of exclusively hiring conventionally gorgeous women. The lavish salaries and benefits for underqualified staff. The relaxed workplace environment. The pittance of a workload. I still didn't know how he afforded to run a company this way, but I at least understood why he'd want to.

The Firebrand Ad Agency was a breeding ground for turning women into sex slaves.

I am DJ Gaspar's fuck toy. Fuck toys giggle a lot because they're too dumb to have ideas. I am a silly horny slut.

The only question, then, was what to do about it.

My first thought was to go to the police. After all, whether or not brainwashing was an explicit crime, this was clearly an egregious violation of my coworkers and I. However, I soon realized this would have to be a last resort. For one, I had no proof. Yes, they could observe the multitudes of hotties who worked there, but even I had no idea how it was being done, and I could hardly convince them to go all CSI when the most I

could honestly say was that I'd seen a coworker fuck my boss, and it made me realize how bad I wanted to be fucked by him too.

The greatest thrill in my life is to be fucked by DJ Gaspar.

Besides, the more I thought about it, the more I realized that if anything was wrong at work, I should handle it internally. Don't talk about work to outsiders. FAA business is nobody's business. What happens at FAA is confidential.

I wasn't sure if that last stuff was from me being a good employee, or more brainwashing. Probably the former, but not like I could sit down with a shrink and ask their opinion. What happens at FAA is confidential. I don't talk about work to outsiders.

So the police were out. For now. Which meant it would be up to me.

If I was going to be able to do anything about this, I was going to need a lead. That was a big If, though. After all, the smart thing to do would be to pack my things and never look back. To think, they were inside my head like this, that even as I thought about how degrading it all was, I couldn't stop touching my creamy steamy pussy and diddling myself silly while I imagined DJ Gaspar fucking me like a dumb slut on the loading dock. Whatever they were doing, they were good at it, and the safest thing to do was to flee while my independence was still at least partially intact, before I was just another disposable fuck puppet to be used and discarded in any way DJ Gaspar desired.

But then I thought of Ashley, the new girl who'd only recently joined the company. And Lynn, going upstairs to be fucked by DJ Gaspar every single day, whenever he wanted, however he wanted, serving and pleasing him at his whim. The lucky bitch. Err, unlucky. Very unlucky. And Sydney, who'd been promoted a while ago, and was probably doing the same. And all the other FAA girls who either had become or soon would be hapless victims of whatever the management was doing.

Though that *was* kind of weird. Learning that Dwayne Gaspar, my hands-off manager, was actually DJ Gaspar, sexiest living creature in all of human history, had been life-changing. Or was trying to be, anyway, while I fought my hardest to pretend he was just a normal man. But Mr. Hooper, the other manager... he did nothing for me at all. Not even that nagging feeling that his name was a sound-alike for an Olympian god, like I'd felt with Mr. Gaspar. Was that Phase 2 or something? I didn't know.

Not knowing, in fact, was a lot of the problem. How we were being brainwashed, what the end goal was, how it was all kept secret... none of it was clear to me. So really, what it came down to was a simple choice: fight or flight.

I was no quitter.

I was up most of the night pondering all this, kicking myself all the while for knowing how haggard I looked when I didn't get a good night's rest. Looking sexy is important. I always want to look my best for DJ Gaspar. In the end, though, I knew I was going back. I couldn't live with myself if I abandoned my coworkers to their fates.

Besides, my job was the most important part of my life.

Day 196

I was late to work the next morning, but not much more so than usual. I wanted to get caught up on my sleep, for one, and then I dawdled a bit at the gym. Masturbating to the brink of orgasm seemed like it might dull my alertness, and I was going to need all my wits about me today.

Oh god – was the edging part of the brainwashing?! Son of a...!

Part of me was naturally rather anxious about heading back into the hornet's nest. After all, whatever they were doing, that was indubitably where they were doing it. Still, I'd been working for FAA for over six months now, and it was unlikely today would be the day that would break me. Plus, being in the know about their scheme would certainly be some kind of armor against it, I hoped.

I wasn't exactly sure what to do, so I made it my morning project. Googling "brainwashing techniques" lead to all sorts of hokey sci fi stuff, and even that ran in a dozen different directions, from CIA drug cocktails to nanites in the food and water, to subliminal messages, to pheromones in the potted plants, to pretty lights on my monitor putting me in a trance.

By the time the afternoon rolled around, all I'd accomplished was wasting the day making myself even more paranoid than I had been already. As the clock was creeping up on official quitting time – not that most of us didn't work late most days – I knew there was one thing I needed to do.

"Hey Ashley, wait up a sec," I said, hurrying to catch up with her on her way to the parking lot.

"Brienne? What's up?"

"Not much. Hey, I was thinking... maybe you and I could, like, hang out sometime?"

She looked me over with raw suspicion. "Why, did I do something wrong?"

"What? Heck no! You know, just that you're still sorta new here and all, and I figured if we're gonna work together, maybe it'd be nice to get to know you better is all. Come on, let's go out for a round of drinks. On me."

Her lips twisted. "I dunno... I was going to go to the gym. I've been really hitting my rhythm lately, and if I skip a day I'm worried it'll throw everything off."

I could make that work. Before the girl knew what was coming at her, I'd suckered her into coming with me to where I had my membership, a facility which I definitely over-hyped in the process. Whatever. The point was to get her away from the office and convince her not to come back. I didn't know if the other girls were salvageable, but I wasn't about to let Ashley wind up where I was, warring between revulsion and adulation for our boss, DJ Gaspar.

“You know, I have to hand it to you, you really know how to keep away the creepers,” Ashley said, starting to breathe a little harder as we worked on adjacent ellipticals.

She and I were classic dude-bait, no doubt about it. She had a fuller figure than mine, a couple cup sizes on me (at least) and some serious junk in her trunk, but my high and tight package was no less enviable. Her dark eyes and dark hair gave her a bit more of a serious air, but ever since I’d started lightening my hair, I’d learned to enjoy being underestimated as a “dumb” blonde. She was a little older than me, probably most of the way to thirty, so I still had the appeal of youth to boot, for guys who went for that. Which, in my experience, was nearly all of them.

As evidence of that fact, moments earlier, some guy had come by to chat us up while we wiped down the machines we’d used last. I’d cut him off before he’d finished a second sentence to tell him we weren’t interested in the least and he could go bother someone else.

“Yeah, I guess I just don’t like to play that game, you know? He says something clever that I pretend I haven’t heard before, I giggle like I’m flattered he noticed we have dynamite bodies, and round and round we go. No thanks.”

“Huh. He was kind of hot, too.” She craned her neck to look where he’d headed over to harass some blonde by the free weights. She wasn’t half as hot as us. Not to be vain, but I define myself by my hotness. I like to look sexy. I am a hot big-titted babe. It’s crucial to be fit and sexy.

“Yeah, if you’re into that kind of thing.” My arms were pumping the machine, but I put the shrug into my tone.

Ashley looked a bit taken aback though. “Not what I expected. At the office, you always seem so...” I waited, but she didn’t finish until I prompted her. “I don’t know. Easy-going, I guess?”

“Meaning just plain easy!” I shot back, glaring with my eyes but laughing nonetheless.

“No! No, I only meant... I don’t know. You always struck me as the kind of girl every guy dreams of, looks and personality both. And since I know that girl doesn’t really exist, I sort of figured it was kind of an act to lure ‘em in. But I guess you really are...”

“A dream girl?”

“Sure. You and every other girl in the office,” she muttered.

Good. A segue to office talk. Just what I’d been waiting for. Or at least, what I’d come here for. I’d sort of gotten so focused on my exercising that I’d almost forgotten why I was getting in a second session today. Keeping my body thin and sexy is very important. I want to look hot.

“Yeah, it’s definitely not your typical place of work, huh,” I said. I didn’t want to lead her; this would work better if she started down the path and I closed the door behind her.

“Totally. I mean...” Ashley looked at me with another of those frequent suspicious looks of hers. Had I looked at my coworkers like that when I was at her stage? Probably. Hell, I’d almost *quit*! This job is the most important thing in my life!

I mean, not that I don’t have to quit anyway. What with the brainwashing.

“Go on, you can say it.”

It seemed that our bonding was working, because rather than give me another evasive non-answer like she did around the office, the busty brunette decided to open up a little. Hot girls have big tits. I want to be hot. I want to look my sexiest for DJ Gaspar.

“I guess it’s all a little weird, right? So many women, all of us twenty- or thirty-something, all of us kind of... you know...”

“Attractive?”

“Yes! And the only men in the whole company are management. The way they compartmentalize everything so the right hand doesn’t know what the left is doing, the way they’re always so darn *nice* all the time... It feels like we’re being buttered up for something sometimes.”

“I know how you mean. I used to feel the exact same way, at first. But I’ve never heard anybody say or do anything the least bit inappropriate.” I stopped myself. What was I saying? The whole point of this was to make her want to get out, not to allay her suspicions! Yes, everything that happened around the office was normal, and I knew there was no reason to be suspicious of anything that happens at FAA. Still, I had to make her *feel* like something was amiss, even if everything that happened around the office was normal, and I knew there was no...

Damn it! Stupid brainwashing!

“Really? I guess it all feels so implausible. Like, the money is awesome, and if all they want is to have a smoking hot Christmas card photo, then fine, I’ve put up with more for a lot less. I used to work at the Tilted Kilt a handful of years back, so I’ve made my peace with being compensated for looking cute. But they were honest about it there, and here... I don’t know. Feels sneaky, somehow. If that makes sense.”

Ashley was struggling a bit to talk so much, so I went ahead and started the cooldown on our machines. Both of us were sweating profusely. I wasn’t as winded as she was, but she’d get there, as long as she stayed devoted to—

Wait. No. No, she wasn’t supposed to get where I was. That was the point of all this!

“Yeah, I can see how that would make you uncomfortable. I, um, heard a rumor that to get promoted, you have to put out with Mr. Gaspar.” True-ish, at least.

“Ew, that guy? Don’t get me wrong – he seems nice. But yech. Talk about a drop in standards. He’s almost my parents’ age. My boyfriend would flip if he ever heard about my boss hitting on me. Chad’s a super jealous type. He beat the shit out of some guy who harassed me in the parking lot at my old work.”

“Oh yeah? I mean, that sounds like some kind of drama waiting to happen, right? Does he know about everything?”

“Um, I mean, I told him some of it... I guess it feels weird to describe it out loud. Like, when I hear myself say it, it sounds kind of hard to believe, you know?”

I certainly did. “Well hey, maybe it’s not for you, you know?”

Her eyes narrowed for a moment. “What do you mean?”

The machine finally came to a stop. “I’m only saying... if it makes you uncomfortable like that, maybe find something else. You seem like a smart girl, hard worker. You could totally find something better.”

“I do, do I. Seem like a smart girl.”

Her hands were on her flared hips, and I realized how she was taking my message. “I didn’t mean it like that! I’m only—”

“Look, save it. I figured this was going to happen. You pack this many women into a place, and it turns catty like this. I know as well as you do that there’s not enough work in our department to sustain both of our positions, but if you want to take mine, little miss junior graphic designer, you’ll have to force me out. I *love* this job, all right? It’s the most important thing in my life. And I’m not going to let some bitch who’s barely out of high school intimidate or manipulate me.”

And that was that. She was headed for the locker room, leaving me slack-jawed in her wake.

I made my way to the showers, feeling like a failure. To cheer myself up, I treated myself to a little masturbation session while I was in there, using the special shampoo bottle I’d purchased with the long smooth neck as an improvised dildo. With the fresh memories of the sounds of Lynn fucking DJ Gaspar on the FAA building’s loading dock to titillate me, I brought myself to the very brink and rode that arousal high for several minutes.

As I slumped down to the tile floor, in the narrow crack under the stalls, I glimpsed something unexpected. Where I should be able to see, at most, a pair of ankles, instead I saw a broad expanse of flesh that I soon realized belonged to the side of someone’s butt, planted as mine was on the floor of the shower.

Could it be...? Already?!

I repositioned myself on my hands and knees and put my face all the way down on the floor, shivering as the stream was suddenly striking me directly between my wide-open cheeks. *Don’t come*, I reprimanded myself.

(I only come when I’m told.)

Before the absurdity of that thought could sink in, I got to snooping. Sure enough, from this angle I could see a bit higher, high enough that I soon recognized the little black heart tattoo I'd seen on Ashley's midsection while she was changing. Beneath that was the sight of three thrusting fingers going to town on a densely furry pussy. (Personally, I prefer to shave. A bare snatch is a sexy snatch. I want to look sexy for DJ Gaspar.) Creeping closer to the gap, I saw those two weighty tits of hers heaving in time with each panting breath. I knew she was panting because I could see her open mouth.

I was already in the adjoined changing area before I stopped to question what I was doing. This was insane. No, worse. It was criminal. If this went wrong, I could... I didn't even know how bad it could be. Could I go to jail for this?

At least in jail, I wouldn't be getting brainwashed. I tried not to think about it before I lost my nerve or opportunity.

I opened the camera app on my phone, slid it under the stall and pressed the circle to take a picture of my frantically masturbating coworker.

Perfect. With this, I'd have her eating out of the palm of my hand. She'd been caught jilling herself off in a public bathroom – and was still new enough to FAA that, unlike me, she could still be humiliated by it. I'd get her to quit, and then I could do the same. As for the other girls, I either didn't know them well enough to be in a position to intervene, or they were too far gone. Ashley, though, I could save.

Then I felt a pressure on my wrist, and my phone was jerked out of my hand.

What followed was the most humiliating confrontation of my life. Not only because it occurred while I was in nothing but a towel, or that I felt sure I could hear someone outside my stall listening to her berating me, or because I started crying before she even barged into my stall. My hopes that my phone had gotten wet and ruined in the exchange were dashed as she thrust my mildly blurry pic in my face.

Ashley was indeed a pro at catty workplaces; she was probably a part of how they became that way. Without even having to think it over, she issued me a simple ultimatum – to email management to request that they consider Ashley for a promotion ASAP, or to explain that picture to the police.

“Not sure how much it'll mean, considering the source,” I mumbled, hastily deleting the picture, the email now sent and irretrievable.

“Oh? And here I thought you were Mr. Gaspar's little pet.”

“No, I mean... I'm quitting.” My eyes widened in shock at my own words. But what choice did I have? I love my job more than anything, but not as much as I loved my freedom. Not quite.

“The hell you are. You're not getting off that easy.”

“The picture's gone, Ashley. I did what you wanted. Now it's over.”

“It would be if I hadn't just recorded you copping to it.” She fished her phone out of her back pocket, and I could immediately see it was already in video mode. “So get

dressed, get some sleep, and be ready to kiss my ass from now on. Your ass is mine, you fucking pervert.”

Day 201

It had been a week since my discovery. A week of desperately searching for the source of the brainwashing, in between doing the work of two women. Anything Ashley didn't feel like doing that she trusted me not to screw up was now my job, which meant for the first time since starting at FAA, actually being busy. Doubly so because my colleague seldom ran out of chores she wanted me to do, from tidying up her office to fetching her coffee to the occasional shoulder rub. I almost didn't mind the last. After all, pretty girls provide others pleasure.

NO. No, we didn't. I wouldn't!

That was something I was getting better at – recognizing those whispers in my head that had been warping my behavior over the past half year. It didn't stop them from echoing around my skull, but I felt like I was resisting, at least. Which was good, because I still had no idea how Mr. Gaspar was doing it. My researches having thus far proven fruitless, I'd even considered trying to tail him to see if I could learn anything from how he spent his free time. Even if I'd thought I could do so inconspicuously, however, I simply didn't trust myself around him.

Take this morning, for instance.

"Morning, sunshine," said my boss's voice from the doorway to my office.

I quickly alt-tabbed so he wouldn't see I was working on Brianne's spreads. "Good morning, Mr. Gaspar," I said, trying to sound casual. What did I usually sound like? It was hard to remember.

It wasn't easy. After all, this was DJ mother fucking Gaspar. Like, literally, I would let him fuck my mother. He could fuck any woman he wanted. I wanted to be one of those lucky girls. It would be the best thing that ever happened to me. Better even than my job. The job he had given me. I owed him everything. I belonged to him. My mouth, my tits, my pussy, my ass. Everything. I was his.

I blinked. "I'm sorry, what? Kinda spacey this morning."

He laughed, coming right up to sit on the corner of my desk beside me. His cock – DJ Gaspar's cock! – was not a foot away from my mouse hand. Not that he'd want a handjob. Not when I could offer him so much more. I should offer him so much more. He deserved it. He was–

It had gotten quiet again, and I realized he had once more said something. Shit. *Pull it together, Brianne!* "Right, totally!" I said. Oh *please*, let that make sense.

"Good, good. So I gotta say, your email from the other day caught me kind of out of the blue. We do like to promote from within wherever possible, but I have to say, she's only been here for a month. That's awfully fast to be considering her for the second floor, don't you think?"

“Absolutely, Mr. Gaspar. I completely agree,” I said reflexively. Only after the words were out did I kick myself for it. That was undignified toadying, and worse, if I kept it up, he’d realize something was off and get suspicious.

“You agree? So... why the email?” A quizzical little smile decorated his perfect face. How could I have ever thought this Adonis was average-looking? I was soaking the chair of my desk merely by being close to him!

Because of the brainwashing, I reminded myself. He’s only the most perfect, sexy, brilliant, trustworthy, adorable, perfect man in the world because of the brainwashing.

What did I say to his question, though? I fidgeted in my seat, pulling my skirt down to better conceal my panties from where I’d absent-mindedly been masturbating earlier. To a scene that had begun a lot like this one. Ever since learning his identity, I could no longer make myself adhere to the relaxed office dress code. Now I came in hot, and never cooled down.

“Brienne...?” He snapped his fingers a few times, and I found myself following his hand with my neck. Like a dog. A stupid dog. “You feeling OK? Can’t help but notice you’re not your usual sharp self today. What happened to my superstar graphic designer?”

Oh, no! Criticism!

I sucked. I hated myself in that moment. The only way I would forgive myself was to redeem myself in his eyes. But what could I say? I couldn’t *lie*! Not to DJ Gaspar! It had been difficult enough not telling him I’d discovered his brainwashing program, let alone having to look him in the eye and knowingly deceive him. Or try, anyway. He was so much smarter than me, I’d be even more of an idiot to make such an attempt.

“She blackmailed me,” I blurted. Oh *shit*! What had I done?!

He looked as surprised as I did. “I’m sorry, did you say Ashley blackmailed you?”

I nodded. No way to take it back now. “She caught me in a compromising position, and told me if I didn’t ask you to promote her, she’d... she’d...” I was fighting back tears, I was so ashamed. This was the last man on earth I wanted to know about my dirty secret.

“I see,” he said, quickly rising and closing the door behind him. “That’s a very serious accusation, Brienne.”

“It’s the truth. I don’t even know how it happened. One minute we were working out together, and then we went to the showers, and... I just...” Here it came. Here I was, about to tell my boss how I was trying to blackmail her into quitting with a lurid photo, the same way she’d turned it around on me.

But he spoke into the silence. “You don’t need to say more. I understand. I really do.”

I looked up, sniffing. “You do?”

“Sure. I mean, women have needs, and a pretty young woman like you more than most, I bet. So you were enjoying yourself in a gym shower. So what? You’re not the bad guy here. It was wrong of her to try to manipulate you, and I’m going to give her a piece of my mind.”

“What? Wait, no, you don’t–”

He held up a hand, and my jaw snapped shut of its own accord. He was so commanding. So powerful. I want to obey DJ Gaspar. DJ Gaspar owns me. “Hush now, Brianne. Your anxiety is over. I’m going to take care of this, and I don’t want to hear another word on the subject.”

Had I really gotten this lucky, that he was commanding me to do the exact thing I wanted most to do – to shut my stupid mouth before I said anything damning?

Still, I had to know. “Are you going to fire her?” *Please say yes*, I pleaded mentally. *Let her out of this before she winds up a stupid little fuck toy for DJ Gaspar, like I had become.*

Like I had nearly become, I hastily amended. There. That was better.

“We’ll see. This is a serious situation, but I don’t want to jump to conclusions. After all, if I make this grounds for termination, the blackmail could wind up becoming public domain, and you don’t want that, do you?”

I shook my head. It was a big fat lie. I didn’t want him to think I was a liar.

He smiled. “I’ll come up with something fitting, make sure our rising star is allowed to keep on rising. All right?”

Could he see my nipples through my shirt? Oh, how I hoped so. “Thank you, Mr. Gaspar.”

He stopped at the door to my office. “Call me Dwayne, Brianne. Say, how long have you been with us?”

“About seven months. I started right before Memorial Day.”

He nodded. “Great. You know, I think you’re doing great work here. Who knows, before long, we may have a place for you upstairs!”

Then he left, and he just missed me flooding my panties as I came.

Day 219

Ashley's punishment, as it turned out, was to be enrolled in a business ethics program. I asked around if anybody knew anything about such matters, and some of the girls who'd been here longer said they had. Marie, in fact, had taken the program herself – she wouldn't say why, and her cheeks flushed with shame when she admitted it – but I at least got some details out of her. It had been unbelievably boring, she'd said. This series of online videos she had to watch in the seldom-used training suite, the speaker droning on over her headset about the same material seemingly ad infinitum, day after day. She'd only listened because she had to log her hours, and she'd only not quit because she'd been given time and a half pay to take the course.

It was all so obvious, I couldn't believe we were stupid enough to let it work on us. Step out of line, and you were signed up for some higher intensity brainwashing to bring you back up to speed. DJ Gaspar was the most brilliant man alive.

No he wasn't. But that voice was still there. Probably getting worse as I failed time and again to detect his methodology. I'd tried everything short of smashing into the walls and looking for subliminal broadcasting devices in the studs. I had watched dozens of tutorials on how to check a computer for malware, but I couldn't find anything. I'd put my ear up to the intercom, but didn't hear a peep. A device I'd ordered online that purported to sweep for various sorts of potentially harmful rays had set me back two months' salary, but turned up nothing more salacious than a break room microwave that could use replacing. Nothing in the ceiling tiles, nothing hidden inside my office furniture, nothing nothing nothing.

One night, when I was the last one in the office, and I went around and unplugged every last little thing that hummed, buzzed, clicked or flickered, and I thought I could hear a voice whispering to me, but it was only saying the same things I was already whispering inside my own head anyway.

In another week, Ashley's banishment would end. I felt confident my brief tenure as her bitch was at an end. After all, she wouldn't have let them punish her so if she was really willing to show them that video. Hell, she'd probably thank me. If she was getting paid what I was, this "punishment" had probably put a couple thousand bucks in her pocket. It was no promotion, but I was sure it was bringing her closer to an upstairs move than she could know.

So why did I stay? It wasn't because DJ Gaspar had told me I was close to being promoted. No. That was only a fantasy. One that I'd played out in a hundred variations as toys and fingers had teased me to new heights of sexual anxiety over the past few weeks. No. I was going to quit, but not before I actually had some dirt. I could go to the authorities and tell them what was happening – a prospect that filled me with so much

self-loathing I wasn't sure I'd be able to stomach it – or at the very least, use it as a threat to keep FAA from coming after me.

Increasingly, it was looking like I had failed, and was failing worse by the day. My fantasies were getting to be a real problem, spending thousands of dollars on sexy new outfits and underwear. A lot of them, frankly, were simply slutty costumes, clearly designed exclusively for the entertainment of the male eye. I didn't know what girls wore on the second floor, but from the way I found myself maxing out yet another credit card, I doubted it was anything dignified. Sometimes I'd play dress-up in my apartment, imagining DJ Gaspar leering at me as I paraded around in all these clothes that were little more than billboards to advertise me as the sexy, easy, big-titted slut I wanted to be for him.

Not that my tits were very big. Not as big as he deserved. God, I was homely. Pretty girls should have big tits. Big tits look sexy. I want to look sexy for DJ Gaspar.

At night, between dreams of sucking a cock that could only belong to one man, I would dream of Ashley doing the same. It didn't turn me on much less, but when I woke up, I was overwhelmed with chagrin. I had failed her. Probably made things worse. And now I was going to abandon her. I had to be gone before she came back. I couldn't look her in the eye knowing how badly I'd let her down.

For my part, I was fighting back, but it was clear my efforts were either too feeble or simply too late. I even spent a couple evenings recording a homemade counter-mantra to try to unbrainwash myself. I wrote a whole script filled with affirming messages.

DJ Gaspar is no one special. I am more than my appearance. I want more out of life than being a fuck toy for DJ Gaspar. I have dignity. I have worth. I am not a stupid little slut for DJ Gaspar to do with as he pleases.

I recorded it on a brand new microphone and listened to it on brand new headphones, in case any of my old equipment had somehow been tampered with. I caught the occasional glitch – there was one point in the tape where I'd gotten completely off-script and for several minutes repeated *I love DJ Gaspar* in a thousand iterations, but I left it in. It helped reduce how often I broke down in tears of despair and shame while I listened.

After spending weeks listening to my recordings and feeling not a jot better, I began to accept the truth. There was no fixing this. My job was the most important thing in my life, but I was going to have to leave it anyway, amputating it like a gangrenous limb. Plus, with or without proof, I was going to have to tell someone. I cared about these women, and I wouldn't see them become playthings for some beautiful, confident, sensuous paragon of manhood.

Or so I told myself a thousand times as the hours ticked by. The resignation letter was typed up and sitting on my desk. Even if I chickened out, I would be left with no way

out. With a strength of will I hadn't known I'd had – or at least, one I'd slowly worked up for over five hours after closing time as whatever sinister messages sunk deeper into my skull – I sealed it in an envelope and slipped it into Mr. Gaspar's slot in the mailroom, the metal flap clinking shut and trapping it inside.

There, it was done. I rode that defiant high right out to the parking lot, into my car, and down a mile and a half to the police station.

It was late when I arrived, going on midnight. The small lot outside the station was half-filled with empty squad cars, and the windows of the brick building were mostly dark. Still, I could see there was a uniformed officer standing behind a window just inside the front door. He looked bored, but like he was trying not to look bored. On knees wobbling with anxiety, I made my way into the station's entrance and up to the window across from him. A thin slot in the bottom of three-inch thick glass was the only link between us.

"Good evening," the man said in a surprisingly deep voice, muted by the thick barricade. "What can I do for you?"

I took a deep breath. Here it was. Moment of truth. If I told this man the truth, it officially began. Maybe he'd think I was a lunatic, but maybe, just maybe, I could make him believe me enough to start some kind of investigation. I'd been telling myself that all anyone had to do was step inside FAA and let the appearance of the homogeneously alluring staff do the rest. Heck, maybe the mere appearance of the police would spook DJ Gaspar into action, and he would take his completed slaves and flee, leaving the first floor girls to, I hoped, be fixed in time.

But I had to get the words out.

The officer was about to speak again when I cut him off. "I'm being brainwashed into becoming a sex slave," I blurted.

He arched an eyebrow. "I'm sorry, come again?"

"I'm being brainwashed. I work for... for..." I licked my lips, which suddenly felt incredibly dry despite the layers of lipstick coating them. It felt so wrong to talk about work to someone who didn't work there. Their programming was insidious! "I work here in the city, and I recently learned that my boss is somehow brainwashing the women who work there."

One thing was instantly clear: this man didn't believe me in the least. I couldn't blame him, I guess. Set the clock back to last year and I wouldn't have believed me either. I could hardly believe it now. "I'm sorry, miss, we don't have time for practical jokes here. Why don't you—"

"I mean it!" I insisted on top of his brush-off. "It's happening. They only hire hot young women, and a few weeks back I found out they're somehow making us obedient, dimwitted, horny." I am a silly sexy slut who will do whatever DJ Gaspar wants.

The man looked me over, a smile coming to one corner of his mouth. “Oh yeah? And how’s he doing that? He swing a little crystal in front of your eyes, tell you you’re feeling sleepy? I saw a show like that once in Reno. Wasn’t worth the price of admission.”

“I don’t know how he’s doing it! If I knew, I’d have stopped him!”

“Must not be very effective if you can stop him,” the officer said, his smirk only intensifying.

I slapped my palms down on the counter on my side of the glass, nearly shouting, “You think this is a joke? You have no idea! I can hear this... this *whisper*, only it’s not sound, just like... like words, running through my head. Telling me how to feel, what to think, changing the way I see myself, changing the way I see my boss... twisting me into some... some... some real world version of an adolescent’s wet dream!”

“That so?” he said dryly, rolling his eyes and giving a little chuckle.

“Don’t laugh at me!” I screeched. One dainty fist banged on the glass, but he didn’t look like it worried him in the least. That glass was probably too thick for me to break through with sledgehammer. “You’re supposed to serve and protect, aren’t you? I’m telling you I need help! You don’t know what it’s been like, watching yourself get turned into some needy, weak-willed big-titted sex object!”

His eyes rested on my chest for a moment. “They’re not that big, miss.”

In spite of how angry he was making me, I grimaced. He was right. DJ Gaspar deserved all the big-titted sluts he wanted. What if he didn’t want me?

But no, that was something to worry about later. *Keep going, Brienne.*

“You have to believe me! I don’t know how they’re doing it, but all the women in the office, we’re all turning giggly, and submissive, and stupid, and sexy... I mean, there isn’t a one of us that doesn’t do at least twenty hours a week at the gym. I play with myself at my desk constantly, and I’m sure I’m not the only one. I was mostly OK for a long time, but then it was like this switch got flipped in my head. However he’s doing it, it’s working! I’m becoming—”

The man raised his hands, surrendering before my tirade. “All right, all right. So you say you’re having these feelings about your employer.”

“Yes.” Finally, he was getting it!

“And you didn’t used to feel this way?”

“Are you seriously asking me if I’ve ever wanted to be someone’s fuck toy?!” I demanded.

“Wow. OK. So... you say you have no proof though, is that correct?”

I nodded. “I’ve looked everywhere, but I can’t for the life of me figure out how he’s doing it. That’s why I need your help.”

The officer stroked his clean-shaven chin. “Well then I have to ask... how can you be sure it’s brainwashing, and not just some kind of, I don’t know... crush? You say it

was like someone flipped a switch. I have some study in psychology, and I don't think that's how the human mind works."

"Oh yeah? Then explain to me how the second I learned my boss's real name, I came so hard I almost blacked out?" I put my hands on my hips defiantly.

He was silent for a long moment after that. I hadn't wanted to get graphic with him, but if he needed convincing, I'd give all the evidence I had. When he finally replied, however, it wasn't how I expected. "How did you not know your boss's name?"

"Of course I knew his name. But see, he calls himself Dwayne Gaspar at work, but really, he's *DJ* Gaspar." I could see immediately that the utterance didn't have the same thousand-ton weight for him that it did for me. "I'm serious! OK, so one day after work, I'm cleaning up after a party when I hear people having sex. He was one of them. At first, I was like 'oh my, how scandalous,' but when I heard her call him DJ instead of Dwayne... it was like all these... these... *thoughts* suddenly activated, like it rebooted my brain! Suddenly I wanted to please DJ Gaspar. I wanted to fuck DJ Gaspar, suck off DJ Gaspar, submit to DJ Gaspar. DJ Gaspar can do anything he wants to me. I wanted to be a silly sexy slut for DJ Gaspar."

I stopped myself, clapping a hand over my mouth. It was too easy to fall into the chant. How mortifying!

I could see that finally, *finally*, I was succeeding at convincing this officer I wasn't playing a trick. It might be that I was crazy rather than honest, but he wasn't smirking any more.

"So you think that this man, this DJ Gaspar, is brainwashing you to have these feelings? That's the term you used."

I nodded. "Yes. That's exactly it."

"And that you didn't realize it until you found out he was only using an alias. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"And that was all it took, was learning this 'Dwayne' went by DJ?"

"Yes!"

He looked at me for a long moment. "But then, what if you had met someone else with that name? Your Uber driver introduces himself as DJ Gaspar, and what, you're suddenly having these feelings for your Uber driver? Seems... contrived."

I rolled my eyes. "What, you think there's guys named DJ Gaspar just roaming around the countryside?"

"Lady, for all you know, *I* could be DJ Gaspar."

I froze. "Don't say that."

"I'm only making the point that if you're going to go to all this trouble to brainwash women, you'd want to make sure it's not going to blow up in your face when some other guy with the same name introduces himself."

My head was reeling. “You’re... are you saying... are you *also* DJ Gaspar?”

“Sure, miss. I’m DJ Gaspar. Now why don’t you take your little...”

I don’t know what I looked like, but it shut him up mid-dismissal. “You’re serious? Because you shouldn’t joke about something like that.” My voice trembled. Heck, my whole body was trembling.

His head-to-toe survey of my body was no longer that of an officer looking at a mischievous or deranged citizen. It was the look of a man. A man who appreciated what he saw. I wanted him to like what he saw. I smiled. Pretty girls smiled. Pretty girls did whatever DJ Gaspar told them to do. There was nothing I wouldn’t do for DJ Gaspar.

“I’m DJ Gaspar, all right,” he said in a deep baritone. “So what’s it to you?”

“Would you like to, um...” *No, Brianne! It’s the brainwashing! He’s lying to you! Not even lying – he was making a joke!* But even as my mind shrieked out protests, it already had ways to answer them. So what if he was making a joke? DJ Gaspar was hilarious. I like to look pretty and giggle when DJ Gaspar is being funny. DJ Gaspar would never lie to you. If it sounds like DJ Gaspar is lying to you, it’s your fault for being a silly girl. Play along with whatever DJ Gaspar says.

“Is there anything I can, like, do for you?” It was the best compromise my rational brain could make with the irrational.

“You serious?” He looked around, as if to make sure I was alone. Like it wasn’t obvious.

I nodded vigorously. “One thousand percent serious.”

“What do you mean... do for me?”

“Anything you want, DJ. I’m yours to do with however you like.”

“Anything?”

“Anything!”

“So, what, you’d let me take you in back and fuck you?”

No. No, I’m not just– “Sure, totally! Let’s fuck!”

“You’re... you’re serious?”

“Well it doesn’t have to be fucking. I’ll do whatever you want! Do you want to see me naked first? I saw you checking out my hot tits and my juicy round ass,” I offered hopefully.

He studied me for a long moment, but just when I thought he was going to make all my most delicious fantasies come true, he shook his head. “And what if I said I was a happily married man, and a slut like you ought to be sent to gen pop so the boys can run a train on your skank ass? What about that?” He raised his left hand, and for the first time, I realized it was indeed adorned by a golden band.

“Oh! I’m so sorry! Sure, if you wanna just show me the way. Will I need a key to get out when they’re done with me, or will you just let me out once I’m all fucked out?”

I started stripping out of my clothes, grinning as my big titties (which weren't that big, somehow, he was totally right) finally got out in the free air, nothing between them and DJ Gaspar but some plate glass window. My skirt followed, and I deposited my soggy panties on the counter with a shrug.

"Guess my cunt gets all juicy at the prospect of a real gang bang!" I giggled, and waited for him to let me in. So I could fuck every prisoner in the jail until they got bored of fucking me, because that's what DJ Gaspar said I should do, and even if he was kidding, I didn't care. I did as I was told. I obeyed. I was a toy, and toys can be played with however their owner wanted. And DJ Gaspar was most definitely my—

There was a sudden light in my face followed by a knock on my car window, and I about leapt out of my skin. "Excuse me, miss?" said the officer's voice, muffled by the thin glass between us. "Is everything OK?"

My hand darted out from between my legs where I'd been fingering myself, and I thanked goodness I was white and female for the sudden movement not resulting in my getting shot. "Um, yeah, sorry."

He gestured for me to roll down the window, and I hastily complied. "You mind telling me what you're doing? Ten minutes now, you've been sitting in the station lot."

"N-nothing, officer," I said. When his expression made it clear that wasn't going to be enough, I hastily invented an excuse. "I, um, got a phone call, so I had to pull over to take it. Then I was just thinking for a minute. That's all."

"A phone call," he repeated skeptically. "Must've been some call. You didn't even see me walking right toward you, even with a flashlight in my hand. What was your call about?"

"It was a work thing," I answered. "I shouldn't talk to outsiders about what happens at work."

He gave me a long look, but decided I didn't fit the criminal profile he was used to. "All right then. Why don't you move along then. Have yourself a good night."

I made it approximately a quarter mile down the road before I had to pull over lest I wreck the car. I think it was a gas station I stopped at, but I didn't really look. I didn't care. I threw my legs apart and friggd my sweet dribbly little cunt until I howled. I didn't care if a hundred people were watching. Maybe they were. Maybe the gas station cameras caught it and I'd be all over the internet. Maybe some guy I'd gone to high school with was working the night shift and I was giving him the show he'd only imagined heretofore.

Good.

A hot babe like me should be horny at all times. I am a DJ Gaspar's slut. I am a horny silly sexpot. I am a fucktoy. I am a stupid piece of ass. I am a big-titted bimbo. I belong to DJ Gaspar. DJ Gaspar can use me however he wants. I will fuck and suck whoever and whatever DJ Gaspar tells me to. My hot whorish mouth belongs to DJ

Gaspar. My round, jiggy ass belongs to DJ Gaspar. My big fat titties belong to DJ Gaspar. My dripping, sticky pussy belongs to DJ Gaspar. My heart and my soul belong to DJ Gaspar.

I don't remember how I got home, or how I woke up in the middle of the night on my kitchen floor with a thoroughly bruised banana lodged in my pussy. All I knew was that I couldn't go through with what I'd started.

Day 220

“Well good morning, Brienne! I must say, you’re in awfully early. Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, to boot.”

“The early bird gets the worm, Dwayne.” I beamed my brightest smile. “Say, I have something kind of weird to ask you, and... well, this is sort of embarrassing.”

“Oh? What’s up?”

Here goes.

“All right, so I spent the last couple days coming up with a new logo for the Dick’s Sporting Goods account. I thought it looked really good, did this whole aesthetic like a neon sign from the 50’s, but with a revised font, and... well, I thought it looked really, really good. Then I went home, and I guess I was admiring my handiwork, when I realized I sort of... misspelled it. I won’t tell you which letter I left out, but let’s just say it’s probably the worst one.”

Dwayne – DJ! – Gaspar arched an eyebrow. “Have they seen it yet?”

“No! Actually, I put a printout of it in your mailbox last night because I thought you’d like it, and... well, I feel sooo stupid. Could you just give me back the envelope and we can pretend like this never happened? I’ll stay late tonight to fix it, I promise.”

I felt like I was about to throw up. I would never lie to DJ Gaspar. Only I was! God help me, I was. Worse, his only response was to give an innocent laugh and fork over the envelope. I’d lied to him, and was going to get away with it. “We all make mistakes, Brienne. Glad to see you’re taking responsibility for it! I tell ya, you even manage to make your accidents look impressive.” He wagged a finger at me, then laughed again and strode away.

I burned the letter in the gym parking lot when I took my lunch break for a quick ninety minute workout.

After disposing of one incredibly spongy banana, I’d spent a lot of time thinking over my options that morning. Whatever was being done to me, I couldn’t stop it. Every day that I came into my office was another day I was basking in whatever it was that was turning me into this needy, vapid, pathetic slut.

Quitting wasn’t an option, that much was clear. I might hold out for a time, convince myself that I was better off never getting to find out how delicious DJ Gaspar’s cum would taste, but all it would take was one weak day for me to be banging on the door, begging to be taken back. How long before that day? I didn’t know. Maybe a few months. Maybe a few days. But when – not if – it happened, and when he realized I was wise to him, I had to assume he’d not let me escape twice.

So, what then? The way I saw it, there were only two options.

Option one, give in. Let him transform me, and live out my days in unasked-for bliss as his sex slave. I’d done a whole pro/con column for it, but tossed it when I

realized I'd intentionally put "blowjob queen" in the pros. I barely knew what was for my own good from one moment to the next. Nevertheless, I had little doubt that, as degrading as it would be, I would at least come to know a great deal of pleasure. I guessed there were worse things.

Option two, figure out what's happening and reverse it. Now that sounded stupid even to me. After all, it had been a month since I'd learned it was happening, and it was only getting worse. I'd learned nothing. Less than nothing – I'd actually learned not to trust my own senses. However, as I'd thought about option one, an avenue had occurred that had previously eluded me and cast my options in a new light.

I asked myself: what was the one thing you didn't do with your devoted, unquestioning, wholly subservient brainwashed sex slave?

And the answer was obvious: brainwash her.

Could it be that the second floor, where his "promoted" sluts were reassigned, was the only safe place for me? A place where I could have an outlet for my growing madness, while simultaneously being able to observe and formulate a plan. Where maybe I could finally discover the how and get to working toward a cure.

I was no quitter. I was going to fight this thing, on my hands and knees if needs be.