

**Author's Note:** I thought I'd do some sluttification/BE since my past few stories have mostly featured impregnation. Standard disclaimer applies: this story contains fictional depictions of erotic scenarios, so act accordingly! All characters are at least eighteen, all situations are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to any real-life individuals or situations is entirely coincidental. Copyright Fidget, 2023. All rights reserved. Enjoy!

## Roommate Screening - A Slut Screen Story

by Fidget

### Chapter 1

I had just moved into town and was looking for a place to live, so I responded to an ad for a spare bedroom in a nice condo that was being rented out. I sent over my information, got back a tentative affirmative response, and headed over to see if the owner and I were a good fit for each other.

The owner, as it turned out, was a gorgeous blonde, fit with great tits. Normally this would be a dream come true, but I'd just gotten out of a difficult long-term relationship, and the last thing I wanted right now was another potential romantic entanglement.

I was somewhat reassured to see that the owner, Olivia, shared my discomfort at the situation. She had been mainly looking for a female roommate, but really needed the money and hadn't been able to find anyone for the few months that she'd been looking, so when I sent in my application, she decided to give me a chance.

After a few minutes of questions she concluded that I was probably harmless and respectful enough, so she'd be willing to let me rent the spare bedroom as long as I followed her conditions to the letter.

The rental agreement was relatively straightforward, with strict but reasonable requirements for cleanliness and divisions of responsibilities that worked well with my fastidious nature anyway.

There was also an additional clause that either party could terminate the rental agreement at any time for any reason, and Olivia made it clear to me that this was partially to ensure that I didn't try to come on to her. There was to be zero sexual impropriety of any sort, and I was told in no uncertain terms that she would kick me out at the first sign of it. Given her headstrong, independent nature, I didn't doubt for a second that she would follow through on her threat.

I immediately agreed to the terms. This was exactly the arrangement I wanted as well, and her decisiveness on the topic went a long way toward assuaging my initial fears of our relationship eventually becoming sexual. I had no intention whatsoever of getting involved with my roommate, no matter how attractive she might be.

I moved in, and for the next few months everything went smoothly. We even became pretty good friends, though Olivia never lost her brusque, no-nonsense demeanor. She also continued enforcing her personal boundaries openly and unreservedly, which was great for me because it made it easy to keep everything strictly platonic.

But that was before the Slut Screens started. Some crazy pervert with a chip on his shoulder somehow created a computer program that could cause any screen in the world to display irresistible hypnotic commands, seemingly at random. Only women were affected, of course, and any woman unlucky enough to be caught watching an infected screen invariably came away from the experience looking and acting a little bit sluttier. The hypnotic commands even triggered breast growth somehow, and scientists were completely at a loss to explain how it did so.

Even worse, the effects were incremental. Each time a victim succumbed to a screen's mesmerizing influence, her breasts would swell that much larger, her libido would grow that much stronger, and she'd become ever more willing to show off her body and engage in sexual behavior. The victims were fully aware of what was happening to them, but as much as they hated it they were inclined to obey the screens' commands anyway, and were helpless to prevent themselves from being Slut Screened just as easily the next time. Thankfully there didn't seem to be any loss of intelligence among the affected women - just progressive increases in horniness and bust size accompanied by corresponding shifts in behavior, inhibitions, and fashion sense.

Various attempts at safeguards were implemented, but it was impossible to predict which screen would be affected at which time. One second a billboard would be broadcasting a perfectly normal soft drink ad, and the next second that same ad would suddenly ensnare, enhance, and reprogram every woman watching. It was difficult to even study the signal, for two reasons: first, the chances of a specific screen being affected at any given time were incredibly low, and second, only female researchers could see the telltale flicker that indicated a screen had been hijacked. By the time they noticed it, however, it was already too late, and the researchers would inevitably find themselves undergoing the next series of their own changes. By the time they woke up, bustier and hornier, the screen would be back to normal, they'd be back to square one, and their male coworkers would be that much closer to receiving a topless blowjob.

Unfortunately, screens were far too essential to modern life to be done away with entirely, and while a significant percentage of devices that were deemed unnecessary were decommissioned, it was ultimately left up to the women themselves to take the proper precautions. As such, it was still all too easy for women to glance at the wrong screen at the wrong time, slip into a pleasant, seemingly innocent daze for a few seconds, only to wake up to bigger tits and an inexplicable new inclination to show them off. More and more women succumbed to the screens' effects over time, many of them more than once, and before long

it became common to come across women in various stages of slutification, clad in revealing tops that advertised breasts varying in size from firm double handfuls all the way up to huge, pendulous udders, all of whom were willing and eager to fuck all cummers.

I tried to protect Olivia as best I could amid the chaos. I unplugged all of the screens in our house and made sure to keep my phone in my room at all times. I ran all of Olivia's errands and shopped for both of us whenever possible so that she could stay safely at home. Instead of getting our entertainment from streaming services, we read books, played board games, and tried to develop new screen-free hobbies. Olivia still had to go to work most days, but her company had transitioned her to paper tasks only, so she was as safe there as she could be too.

These precautions worked well for a few weeks, and it started to seem like Olivia might avoid being affected entirely. All the while, however, her stubborn, independent nature was rebelling more and more strongly against her self-imposed quarantine, and she couldn't help but see herself as a damsel in distress forced to rely on the benevolence and protection of a man.

So, in spite of my protestations, Olivia eventually started leaving the house from time to time, running small errands where she was unlikely to encounter any screens. I tried to reassure her that doing things for her was no trouble, that there was no reason for her to risk going out in public like that, but she told me that she was being careful and that everything would be fine.

I think that in addition to her growing stir-craziness, Olivia was also in denial about the true severity of what was going on. Maybe she thought it would never happen to her, or that she'd somehow be able to resist the effects if it did, but I'm sure the big-breasted sluts throwing themselves at me all week had probably thought the same thing before their first trance too. I knew that it was likely only a matter of time before the odds caught up with Olivia, and that she would find herself to be just as susceptible to the screens' effects as any other woman.

On that fateful day, I could tell as soon as Olivia walked through the front door that her breasts were significantly less supported than they would normally be from the way they bounced and jiggled with her every step. The especially heavy indentations they made against her t-shirt made it seem like they were also noticeably larger than I remembered as well. The outline of her cute little nipples could be clearly seen through the thin material, and I couldn't help but watch the appealing way the fabric pulled and stretched in various directions against her unencumbered melons with each movement.

"Uh, Olivia?" I began hesitantly. It was already apparent what had happened, and from the way she moved around the living room putting down her bags and hanging up her keys as though nothing were wrong, it seemed like the poor girl was completely oblivious to the fact that she'd clearly been exposed to a screen's hypnotic programming. And, knowing how terribly she was likely to take the news, I was not looking forward to having to tell her.

"Yeah?"

"You're not wearing a bra."

"Oh, I know. It just felt better today for some reason to let the girls breathe and bounce around a bit." It was completely out of character for Olivia to talk about her body so casually in front of me, yet at the same time her reply still sounded forced somehow, like she was trying to hide something, so I pressed a bit harder.

"Wait, you went out like that?"

"No, I had it on when I left, but once I got to the grocery store it suddenly started to feel really itchy and constraining, so I took it off. I felt better as soon as I did, so I left it off until I got home." She crossed her arms and shrugged casually, resting her boobs on her forearms in just the right way to make them look appealingly soft and plump.

"Olivia," I said, left with no choice but to break the news. "I think you've been Slut Screened."

"Yes, *Darren*, I know I've been Slut Screened!" she angrily snapped back, her demeanor having changed in an instant. I could now see the rage and helplessness in her eyes at the knowledge that her body and behavior was no longer entirely under her control. "Trust me, I'm *fully* aware that I'm not wearing a bra and that my tits are practically on display for everyone, and it's really stressing me out, so if you could just let me be comfortable in my own home, I'd really appreciate it!"

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry! Of course you can wear whatever you like," I said, trying my hardest not to stare at my voluptuous roommate's delicious tits as they jostled and bounced against each other in her angry exertions. "It's your house, after all. So, what happened?"

"Well, I decided to go to the store to get some ingredients for sandwiches for lunch. I know you told me not to, but I was only going to be in there for a second, so I figured I'd be fine. So much for that idea, right?" she said sarcastically, briefly hefting her significantly larger chest to illustrate her point. My platonic roommate casually flaunting her breasts like this was starting to make me feel uncomfortable, but instinct was instinct, and I was finding it hard to look away from Olivia's new, uncharacteristically alluring body language nonetheless.

"Anyway," she continued, "I was at the deli counter, and happened to glance up at the advertisement screen for like a microsecond, but just then the ad went all fuzzy and started kinda pulsing. The picture hadn't changed, and yet it also very clearly had, somehow. I knew I should look away, that this was probably a Slut Screen, but I suddenly felt so nice and relaxed that it was really hard to worry about anything." Her beautiful green eyes grew glassy as she recalled the sensation, and then her nipples began to thicken and poke even further out against her t-shirt. Her coral lips parted and a soft sigh slipped out. "I just wanted to keep watching for a little bit longer. Everything.. would be... fine...."

I felt my pants tightening in spite of myself, surprised at just how turned on I was as my attractive, confident roommate's voice trailed off and her breathing continued to deepen. I

didn't know if whatever was happening would make her tits grow more or something, if that was even possible, so I quickly stepped in to snap her out of the trance she seemed to be slipping into and tried not to stare at her increasingly distracting nipples in the process.

I cleared my throat and spoke up, "Maybe it would be best if you didn't think about it too much!"

"Whaa...? Oh, Darren, yeah, you're probably right. What was I saying?" Her eyes refocused as she shook her head to clear it. This set Olivia's tits jiggling again under her t-shirt, though if she noticed she didn't seem to mind, and she got back to her story. "Ok so anyway, what seemed like a moment later it was already over. The screen looked normal again, and it was like nothing had ever happened. I was a bit weirded out but there wasn't really anything I could do, so I tried to just forget the whole thing and get back to shopping. I did notice that my chest felt oddly heavy for some reason, but I figured it was just psychosomatic.

"A minute later my bra started to itch. I ignored it at first, since by this point I was suspicious that it had something to do with that weird screen effect, but it just got worse and worse over time. Then I began to notice how tight my bra was, and I finally found out why my chest felt so heavy: my tits had swollen so much that my bra straps were cutting into them. Eventually, between the itchiness and feeling like the air was being squeezed out of my lungs I finally gave in and just took the damn thing off, right there in the middle of the store. I immediately felt 100% better, like somehow everything was finally right with the world now that my big, beautiful ladies were swinging freely beneath my top."

I saw her hands gently stroking up and down the sides of her trim abdomen as she recalled how good it had felt to take her bra off in public, and her nipples, which had finally started to settle down a bit, were back with a vengeance, pitching pointy little tents against her t-shirt. I suspected that 'relaxation' hadn't been the only feeling Olivia had experienced during her ordeal.

Her outburst was so sudden I almost tripped.

"And now my breasts are obscenely large thanks to that stupid screen, and I'm stuck showing them off to everyone because it programmed me to think that wearing a bra is too uncomfortable!" she roared. "But that's not even the worst part - for some reason this all feels perfectly natural to me now, like 'why would anyone even *want* to wear a bra in the first place? It just makes it harder to show off your boobs!' I can't help but *like* it when guys stare at my tits now, just like you're doing right this moment, Darren! Apparently I'm just a dumb bimbo who wants to go braless and have guys look at my big boobies all day and there's nothing I can do about it!"

I immediately raised my eyes back up to her face, ashamed at having been caught staring under the circumstances. Her anger left just as quickly as it had come, and then Olivia was once again my familiar roommate of six months, just with slightly enhanced tits that happened to be significantly more visible than usual and a worried frown creasing her forehead. Her shoulders sagged helplessly.

"I don't know what to do, Darren. I'm scared."

"It'll be ok," I said, not really knowing what else to say, or whether it actually would be. She came over and pulled me into a hug, and I tried not to notice how good her soft, unencumbered boobs and hard, perky nipples felt against my chest.

Finally she let go and pulled away.

"Thanks, Darren. I really appreciate how great you're being with all of this. I know it can't be easy to have this happen to your roommate."

"No problem. You're the stubbornest person I know, Olivia. If anyone can beat this thing, you can."

She smiled up at me in gratitude, but then I saw her getting mad again. "You know what, you're right! Fuck that guy! *I'm* the one in charge of my life, and I'm not just gonna let him turn me into some slutty bimbo! I'm going to keep wearing a bra anyway, just to spite him, and I'm not gonna put up with *any* guy looking at me the wrong way. Thanks roomie, that's exactly what I needed to hear."

"You're welcome," I responded sheepishly, having just realized that I was looking at her boobs again.

"Oh, and Darren?"

"Yeah?" I answered, fully prepared to be chastised for indecently staring at her body now that she seemed to be back to her old self.

"I don't mind if *you* look, as long as it's just a little bit," she confessed unexpectedly, giving me a wink and an uncharacteristic flirty smile. She jiggled her chest, purposefully this time, causing her heavy tits to sway back and forth under her shirt once more. "I know that this is the conditioning talking, and I fully intend to fight the effects whenever I'm in public, but I really need to be able to relax and feel comfortable at home.

"And, whether I like it or not, feeling comfortable at home currently means going braless and not worrying about whether I happen to be doing something to show off my breasts to a man. So, if you ever see me, uh, showing them off, and you want to look at them for whatever reason, I don't mind. I guess I shouldn't be surprised under the circumstances, but seeing you looking at my boobs makes me feel, um, really nice." Her cheeks turned bright pink at this reluctant admission, and I could tell that, even if she was aware of it, her programming to enjoy male attention was fully having its intended effect on her body.

As quickly as her smile had appeared, however, it was gone again. "Just don't ask me to flash them for you or anything!" she snapped, that familiar hard edge back in her voice as she roughly addressed me. "And don't you *dare* try to touch me! House rules are still in place, and at the *first* sign of *anything* sexual, you are out of here, buster! So don't get any ideas!" At that she turned on her heel, unrestrained breasts bouncing wildly from the sudden movement, marched into her bedroom, and slammed the door.

I retreated to my own room next to hers, saddled with an unwanted, incredibly confused boner that I was entirely too discomfited to do anything about.

**Author's Note:** Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at [fidget1@protonmail.com](mailto:fidget1@protonmail.com). If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at [www.patreon.com/fidget1](https://www.patreon.com/fidget1). Patrons get a full three months of early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!