

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 2

Now that she had experienced first-hand what the Slut Screens could do to her, Olivia was much more willing to stay home and let me handle the errands. The lesson had been a costly one however, and she need only look down to see two perky, unwanted reminders to play it safe protruding from her chest, still hanging freely under her shirt due to the surprising persuasiveness of her first conditioning.

She had to leave the house every once in a while though, most frequently for work. As mentioned, Olivia was incredibly strong-willed herself, and she was determined not to let some random pervert on the internet beat her, no matter how much he reprogrammed her body and mind against her will. So, whenever Olivia left the house she made a point to put on a bra first, every single time, no matter how uncomfortable it made her.

Still, even though she loosened the straps as much as possible so that the cups provided only the barest minimum of support and coverage, it was obvious to me just how much her programming had succeeded in making her hate wearing them now, and how much she dreaded putting them on every single day.

One upside of her discomfort was that there were now other benefits to staying home than just avoiding potential Slut Screens. More time at home meant more time braless, and so just as Olivia had expected, our condo quickly became the only place where she could let herself fully relax and feel comfortable with her new, unconscious tendency toward slightly sluttier behavior. Speaking of which, in addition to forcing herself to wear a bra every day, I had no doubt that Olivia was also successfully resisting her impulse to seek out the attention of men while she was out, though I suspected that she was still forced to enjoy any attention she happened to get, even if she refused to show or admit it.

This meant that another benefit of staying home was the option of relieving some of that tension by instead showing her tits off to me, her strictly platonic roommate who was specifically trying to avoid romantic entanglements after my bad breakup. Still, I understood how hard this must be for Olivia, and I knew how necessary it was for her to indulge her new exhibitionist inclinations from time to time so that she could function normally in society.

And so Olivia continued to live publicly as though she hadn't been affected, and no one was the wiser. No one but me.

As soon as she got home each afternoon, I was immediately treated to the pleasant-yet-unwelcome experience of watching my extra-busty roommate arching her back as she reached behind herself and unclasped her bra, and then to the sight of her large tits heavily dropping into her blouse as she pulled her bra off. She'd then stretch and moan in obvious pleasure at freeing them (though I doubted that she'd be quite as exuberant or vocal in her display if I weren't here), and I was forced to watch as her shirt pulled tight against her breasts with her exertions, highlighting every detail of her perfect orbs to my increasingly interested eyes day after day.

Olivia was far too proud to confirm it, and I was far too terrified to ask, but I could tell from her frequent blushes that she enjoyed showing off her tits to me just as much as I enjoyed seeing them. I don't know if she was able to stop herself from preening like this when men checked out her tits in public, but she certainly didn't seem to be able to resist letting me know that she appreciated the attention here in the privacy of her home.

As much as I was enjoying Olivia's increased sexual liberation on an instinctual level, however, she was still my roommate, I still had to see her every single day, and her behavior was starting to make things difficult for me. I had only agreed to move in in the first place because she had assured me, quite forcefully, that our relationship would stay strictly platonic on threat of eviction, but I could no longer ignore the powerful sexual desire I felt rising inside myself at constantly being encouraged to ogle Olivia's very attractive body.

I wanted to say something about how her behavior was flirting with breaking our "no sexual impropriety" rule, that it was making me increasingly uncomfortable, and that I was considering breaking the lease with cause as a result. Every time I gave the idea serious thought, however, I came away feeling incredibly shitty about it for the simple fact that Olivia wasn't breaking the rules on purpose. She didn't *want* to have bigger, plumper, juicier tits, and she *certainly* didn't want to unconsciously tease me with her curvy body whenever she finally relaxed her constant, exhausting self-control at the end of a long and uncomfortable day. She hadn't chosen this; it had been done *to* her, without her consent, and it didn't seem fair to punish her for something that she had no control over.

So, things were certainly hard enough for Olivia already, and I believed that if I were to mention my discomfort and force her to wear her mask at home as well, she'd be that much more likely to crack under the pressure and give in to her slutty urges when she was out in public. From what I knew about the Slut Screens, I figured that the devious pleasure she would doubtless get from losing control in public like that would make it that much easier to give in and act like a slut in the future.

Not to mention that she still needed the money, and that she considered me to be a friend that she could rely on to help her get through this. I eventually decided that mentioning my

discomfort would likely make life more difficult for Olivia in multiple ways, and so I decided to just stick it out, and to ignore my own physiological reactions to her body and behavior as much as possible.

It wasn't easy though. In addition to her constant bralessness, soon Olivia began changing tops shortly after getting home each day. After her Slut Screening she had taken to wearing slightly looser blouses to work, probably to help hide her larger breasts from her coworkers, but I knew that going against her programming by concealing her enhanced chest like that had to be even more difficult for her, and that likely helped explain the change of clothes once she got home. Thankfully she changed in her room, though I could guess how tempted she probably was to do so in front of me.

Still, the Slut Screen hadn't affected her anywhere near strongly enough for her to fully flash me, and aside from her annoying tendency to flaunt her braless tits a bit more, and maybe to act a bit flirtier with me in general, I was glad to see that Olivia otherwise strictly enforced our original platonic boundaries as much as she was able. Even an innocent question asked out of concern for her well-being would often get a warning glare in response if she thought it was too personal, and *especially* if she thought it was too sexual, which also went a long way toward reassuring me. If anything, Olivia seemed even *more* strict than usual, probably as overcompensation for her behavior.

Even with that reassurance, however, I was still subjected to near-constant subconscious reminders that, despite her determined posturing to the contrary, Olivia was now much more of a sexual being than she had been previously, and that devious, burgeoning sexuality was being reflected in the tops she had begun wearing around the house.

It was clear that she was changing for comfort, but that comfort seemed to come in two opposing, yet equally arousing flavors: on the days when work had tired her out, she'd change into extra-loose blouses made of light, thin material so her free-spirited breasts could be as unencumbered as possible. On the days when she felt a bit spunkier after work, on the other hand, she'd change into much tighter tops with visible cleavage, usually something she would have worn to the club back when leaving the house was an option.

Either choice made things more difficult for me, of course. The large, loose blouses draped themselves across and around her new, perkier tits, emphasizing just how much further off her chest they now hung, and the thin fabric highlighted every bounce and jiggle as Olivia moved around the apartment, to the point where even the slightest motion would cause them to shake and sway delightfully. Plus, Olivia seemed to have a new sixth sense about how to position herself so that every unrestrained movement of her fleshy mounds was as appealing to my eyes as possible, and whenever she noticed I was looking at her, the sheer fabric at the tips of her tits would tent as her nipples stiffened with obvious arousal, to which my body would involuntarily stiffen in kind.

The tighter tops, on the other hand, hugged her figure, emphasizing the disparity between her toned midriff and the large new breasts cradled above them. Plus, she had bought them when she was a smaller cup size, which meant that her cleavage was enhanced just enough to be extra provocative, and even though the tighter tops restricted the movement of her breasts a little, the sheer size of her chest meant that they would still jiggle around with any exertion. Even the slightest shift of her upper body would send small, pleasant ripples across the copious flesh of her tanned chest.

And, since these tops were usually nicer, being intended for going out, and since Olivia couldn't go out anymore due to the danger of the Slut Screens, she would often pair the tighter tops with heavier makeup, making her light flirtations and our interactions on those evenings feel almost like a date.

Whichever clothing she chose, she always made sure to show off her chest to me. When she was in a loose blouse, for example, she might unnecessarily get something out of the top cupboard, forcing her to stand on her tiptoes and lean forward so that her heavy breasts would sag against the thin material of her blouse in my direction. Often she'd pull or yank on whatever was up there, causing her tits to bounce and heave provocatively against the sheer fabric. Inevitably she'd find a reason to put the item back a few minutes later, and so she'd have to repeat the whole process while I tried (and usually failed) to avert my eyes from her exertions.

When she was in her tighter tops, she'd lean over the kitchen counter or the arm of the couch next to me, or cross her arms under her breasts to emphasize her cleavage. She'd do this most often while we were talking, making it impossible for me to hide my glances from her, and her face would flush with pleasure and arousal whenever she caught my eyes momentarily dropping to her chest. The sudden color in her cheeks and on her chest only made her look more attractive, of course, which just made it all the more tempting to steal another glance.

As I gathered from Olivia's reluctant explanations over the next couple of weeks, much of the time her behavior was entirely unconscious if she wasn't specifically exerting effort to keep track of what she was doing, and she often didn't even realize that her actions were anything out of the ordinary. Whenever she did happen to notice that she was showing herself off to me inappropriately, she'd inevitably blush and apologize, though that didn't prevent her from doing the exact same thing five minutes later once it had slipped her mind again.

"Oh, sorry Darren, I wasn't paying attention again," she said guiltily on one such occasion after catching herself arching her back to show off her assets for the third time in fifteen minutes. She forced herself to take on a more neutral posture, though I could tell that it felt unnatural to her, and required a bit of will power to maintain. "It's weird - whenever I get too

comfortable and stop thinking about what I'm doing, it never fails that when I notice again, I'm always right in the middle of trying to get you to look at my breasts again."

It was awkward hearing Olivia talking about her body and behavior like this, both because it veered uncomfortably close to the forbidden topic of sexuality, and because it emphasized just how much had changed in the past few weeks, since Olivia never would have had the need to talk about herself like this before.

"It's no problem. I just want you to be able to relax and feel comfortable here."

"I know, but it's still not right to put you in that position. I'm really sorry, and I'll try to do better. Also, remember that I said you don't have to be too uncomfortable around me - since I have to act like this, it's only fair that you be allowed to look too." She smiled a bit too hopefully as she started arching her back again.

"I don't want to look."

"I know! I know. I'm sorry."

Not two minutes later, of course, her nipples were stiffening and poking through her thin top yet again under the influence of my unintentional stare.

"So much for not wanting to look!" Olivia teased flirtatiously, but then her voice turned serious even as she shook her chest for me again. "Just make sure that looking's all you do - if you so much as touch me, you're out of here!"

I felt my ears turning pink with angry embarrassment, both at having been caught staring and at her hypocritical insinuation that I was somehow the one in danger of crossing a line, and so I immediately got up and left the room. For a split second, though, I wasn't sure what had made me madder: the insinuation that I might touch her, or the fact that I couldn't.

One day Olivia came home unexpectedly holding a shopping bag full of new clothes and wearing a much skimpier top than I remembered ever seeing on her before. It was a bright red, midriff-bearing crop top, tightly cupping her tits and advertising just how large, perky, and unsupported they were. The next thing I noticed were her breasts themselves, which were, yet again, visibly bigger than they had been this morning, and somehow even perkier, defying gravity as they hung off her thin frame. They bulged out of her revealing top, clearly intended to draw the attention of any man and ensure that his thoughts turned to sex. Between her skimpy clothes and her oversized tits, it would have been immediately apparent to anyone who saw her that she was a Slut Screen victim.

Olivia's hips and thighs were unchanged, but they had always been shapely and attractive, and now they were poured into tight capri leggings with enough rips in them to leave little of her toned legs to my imagination. After her first Slut Screening Olivia had been gorgeous, but with her new tits she was decidedly mouth-watering. It only remained to see how much her behavior had been altered by what was obviously a second Slut Screening, and I was incredibly torn about how much I wanted to find out.

"Olivia, what happened??" I finally asked, shocked to see her in this state, and especially surprised that she had stooped to the level of wearing her slutty new clothes out in public.

"Oh, Darren, it's so stupid! This dumb slut on the train in the seat in front of me was just watching porn on her phone, right out there in the open, probably because she was already so slutty and her tits were so big that it didn't even matter if she got Slut Screened again. I knew I should look away, but then I noticed that the guy in the porno was really hot, and his big cock looked so tasty that I wanted to keep watching for just a few more seconds."

I was flabbergasted to hear my straight-laced roommate talking about tasty-looking cocks as though it were no big deal, but this new Olivia didn't even seem to notice how brazen and vulgar her language had become. "It was like I knew that the guy wasn't really here, so I didn't have to force myself to ignore how I felt and could finally take a second to relax and enjoy myself. So, I thought about how much this random porn star would probably like my big tits, and I leaned forward and cupped them a bit, appreciating how heavy and slutty they feel hanging off my chest like this."

Olivia leaned closer to me and demonstrated, almost touching me with the smooth flesh of her even larger boobs as she hefted and squeezed them right in my face. As surprised as I was at her shameless behavior, so different from the chaste Olivia I remembered, I couldn't help but just stand there, staring hungrily at her massive rack as we both enjoyed the physical arousal coursing through our bodies.

"And this was all *before* being Slut Screened for the second time," she continued, shaking her head in amazement at her earlier behavior as she continued to indecently grope herself. "It seems almost prudish compared to how I feel now, of course, but I must have been *really* horny after work today.

"Anyway, all of a sudden it seemed like the guy's sexy dick started to get a bit blurry, but by that point I had gotten kinda turned on, and I really didn't want to look away." I watched Olivia's cheeks and chest flush a bit at this admission, though I'm not sure whether it was from embarrassment or renewed arousal at the memory. Either way, her eyes began to get glassy and her voice grew increasingly monotonous as she recalled how she had been effortlessly ensnared yet again. "By the time I realized what was really happening, that the slut's phone had become a Slut Screen, it was too late, and I was starting to feel all nice and relaxed again. It just seemed like everything... would be... fine..."

She fell silent for a few seconds as her eyes fully glazed over and her breathing deepened, and her wandering hands began pinching and twisting the thick, stiff nipples poking thimble-sized holes in the front of her tank top. I had no doubt that any guy lucky enough to be on the train while she was getting Slut Screened would have been treated to the same appealing sight, though they would also have gotten to see her perfect tits swelling even larger as she mindlessly groped herself. With effort, I tore my thoughts away from that appealing mental image.

Olivia finally seemed to snap out of it and a bit of life came back into her gaze.

"And then it was over," she said simply. "I woke up and it was like it never happened. It even felt silly that I had wanted to look at the screen in the first place. But then I noticed that my chest felt oddly heavy in my hands, even heavier than it had felt for the past few weeks, and when I looked down I saw that, sure enough, my sexy titties are now even bigger and sluttier than they already were!"

She looked up at me again, her face full of desperation. "It's really not fair, Darren! It just feels so *good* whenever it happens to me, and even though I know I should look away, all I can do is sit there and let myself get brainwashed into even more of a big-boobed slut. I couldn't make myself do anything about it! I thought I was stronger than this!" she complained, squeezing her massive tits at me again for good measure.

My boner came back with a vengeance as I thought about how Olivia hadn't been strong enough to turn away, how she had chosen to just sit there calmly and let the porn on the phone in front of her make her tits even bigger and sluttier. I could see the helplessness in her eyes at the realization that, just like every other woman who had been Slut Screened, she hadn't been able to fight the effects despite her resolve, and that as a result of her weakness her behavior was now even more sexual and less under her control than it had been before. At the same time, I knew she was also struggling with how good it all felt, with how much more powerful her desire to show off her tits was now than it had been this morning.

"Anyway," she continued, "that's when the reality of the whole thing started to sink in. *I had been Slut Screened again*. I didn't feel any different, but my huge, sexy tits told me that it was true, and I knew I needed to get ready to resist the new urges that would be coming any second. As soon as I got off the train though, I started to get these intrusive thoughts..." That faraway look came over Olivia's beautiful face once again.

"It suddenly seemed like *such* a good idea to show even more of my body off, and to make sure that every man around me saw how fantastic my new tits were. I immediately stripped off my bra and threw it away, right there in the station. It didn't fit anymore anyway - none of my bras will now.

"It felt *sooo good* to have my tits hanging freely beneath my top again, but it wasn't enough! I *needed* to show my tits off - I couldn't *not* show them off. I think the effects are the strongest right after I get Slut Screened, before I have time to get used to it, but anyway, the only thing that kept me from ripping my shirt off right then and there and offering my big, sexy boobies to the nearest man was how disappointed *you* would be if you saw me, Darren."

She looked up at me with a radiant smile and pulled me into a hug. It was probably intended as thanks, but all it succeeded in doing was squishing her heavy love pillows against my chest, and driving the thick sexual tension between us even higher as my bulging crotch brushed against hers for the first time. She bit her lip with arousal, and I knew that she could feel my boner against her, aching with need for her hot body as she continued to squeeze it against mine. As she gazed up at me, pressing her swollen tits against my chest so that her

soft, sensuous cleavage would be all I saw as I looked down at her, I finally accepted that despite all of my posturing and protestations, I did very much want to fuck Olivia.

The audacity of that thought finally shocked me back to my senses, however, and I decided right then and there that, regardless of how much I might want to fuck Olivia's increasingly slutty body, there was no way I could take advantage of my poor roommate like that. Especially not in her current state, after what she had gone through. Burning with an uncomfortable combination of shame and arousal I abruptly pushed Olivia away from me, which seemed to snap her out of it as well. She looked up at me with sudden realization of what she had been doing and fought for a second to get control over herself.

"Sorry about that, Darren. I guess I got a little carried away there," she said sheepishly, though she didn't seem as torn up about it as she would have this morning, and I could tell that she was still on fire with arousal after our touch. For my part, I could still feel my cock throbbing against my jeans with my own need as she continued with her story, and after only a few seconds she was already unconsciously using her elbows to squeeze her tits together and emphasize her cleavage once again.

"Anyway, back to being on the verge of ripping my shirt off and flashing my sexy new melons at everyone in the train station. Even though I knew you'd be disappointed, I also knew it was inevitable that I'd do something like that eventually; it was like not showing off my body wasn't even an option anymore.

"The only solution I could think of if I wanted to keep my shirt on was to find a way to make my shirt show more skin somehow. There was no way to do that with my blouse, so the only option was to go shopping for something skimpier. So, like the dumb, big boobed brainwashed slut that I apparently am now, I of course went straight to the mall and bought this!" she said, gesturing down at herself as she sarcastically struck a pose. Sarcastic or not, however, she made sure I had a perfect view of her massive boobs jiggling over her bare midriff as she did so.

"But, as it turns out, all of that effort was for no reason, since on the way home I felt so sexy in my new outfit that I just flashed a guy anyway, without even thinking about it. Just pulled my shirt up and let 'em hang, and I *loved* the look on the guy's face as he stopped to stare. And the worst part is how good and natural it felt to do it. Heck, I could do it again..."

I watched silently as Olivia's hands stole down from her udders to first tease at, and then to grip and pull at the hem of her midriff-bearing top, twisting the fabric over itself as she fought her temptation to do exactly the same thing for me. I just sat there in fascination, telling myself that my inaction was because I wasn't sure how I could help, and not because I didn't want to interfere just in case she ended up losing her battle with her inner slut.

Ultimately her resolve won out, and she forced herself to smooth out the hem of her top before continuing, her voice now tinged with helpless frustration.

"And the worst part is that I can't help but think that this is all *normal* now, that this ridiculous outfit looks *cute* on me, of all things! I love my big, slutty tits now, Darren, did you know that? I

want them hanging out of these tiny tops for everyone to see! Why shouldn't I flash my sexy boobies at men - I know they want to see them and feel their cocks getting hard just as much as I want to show them off, so what's the problem? What about you, Darren? Do you like looking at my big boobies too?"

It was too much. I nodded in spite of myself, my gaze locked onto the massive orbs straining against the thin fabric.

"Well *stop it!*" she suddenly spat out with such vehemence that it startled me out of my daze. Olivia's cheeks were now burning with anger where they had been burning with arousal.

"You were right about me the first time, Darren! I *am* stronger than this thing, and I'm your roommate, so quit acting like I'm just some slut! And I don't care if the Slut Screens have programmed me to think that I'll look like a frumpy old maid - I refuse to wear these outside!" She threw the bag of clothes on the floor, spilling low-cut tops, tight pants, and revealing lingerie all over the living room. "I'm not gonna let that pervert beat me!"

"That's great Olivia!" I said encouragingly, desperately trying to look at my roommate's attractive face instead of her attractive chest as I spoke. She seemed to have already forgotten about not wanting me to look at her though, and was once again matter-of-factly cupping and jiggling her heavy chest at me as I continued. "Still, you really need to be more careful when you go outside. I know you're stronger than this thing, and I'm confident that you can beat it, but the Slut Screens are still affecting you at least physically-" I gestured at her enhanced bust, trying to ignore her sharp intake of breath at the attention "-and each time it happens it makes things that much more difficult for the both of us."

"You're right," Olivia sighed. Her enthusiasm was a bit muted, but her confidence remained unshaken. "I'll be more careful, and I promise it won't happen again! And I'll be sure to behave myself when I'm at home with you. Or, I'll try to at least, since you know better than I do what happens when I get too comfortable nowadays." She grinned and crossed her arms under her boobs, making them look even perkier. I couldn't tell if she was doing it ironically or not.

"Still," she continued, "I might have to wear these inside, at least every once in a while." She looked wistfully at the skimpy pieces of fabric strewn across the floor. "I need *someone* to know how good I look in this." She leaned forward and winked as she groped herself again, giving me yet another eyeful of bouncing breastflesh as it threatened to spill out of her top. I tried not to think about how good it would feel to grab and squeeze those massive tits, or about the fact that at this point, in spite of her renewed resolve, Olivia would probably let me.

"And I know that part of this is the programming talking, and that I shouldn't even suggest it because of our agreement, but if you ever wanted to take a peek, y'know, *underneath*, I don't know that I could turn you down anymore," she confessed, her cheeks bright with Schrödinger's flush once more.

She sat there expectantly after this latest admission, fidgeting with her hem yet again, and I knew that she expected me to ask to see her tits so she could show them off to me. This was

both the first thing and the last thing I wanted now that I'd managed to calm myself down a little. *So much for behaving herself.* "Uh, I don't think so Olivia, but I appreciate the offer."

"Of course," she replied, clearly a bit disappointed in spite of herself. "You're such a good, respectful roommate, Darren. I don't deserve you." She reached over to put her hand on my waist as though she were going to pull me into another hug, and when I didn't move toward her she left it there for a second too long before reluctantly pulling it away. My skin tingled where her manicured fingers had touched me through my shirt.

Olivia flitted restlessly around the apartment in her revealing new outfit the rest of the afternoon, always ready to turn her tits towards me and manhandle them for my benefit at the tiniest indication that she thought I wanted to see them, cheeks pink with arousal each time. I knew that she was only giving in to her compulsions so often because she was trying to relax and recover from her horribly trying day, but her sexier body and increasingly slutty behavior was keeping me in a pretty constant state of arousal myself.

I finally suggested that we play our favorite board game that evening to ease the tension, which turned out to be a great idea, because now that she had something on her mind other than her constant compulsion to act like a slut for me, suddenly it was almost like things were back to normal between us.

Still, every time I happened to look up at her while we were playing, where my roommate should be I was instead confronted with the image of a gorgeous, scantily-clad slut with giant tits straight out of the wettest of my wet dreams, one who was more than happy to give me a glowing smile and squeeze her soft cleavage together whenever she caught me looking. I thought about how much heavier her bulging tits must be now than they had been before, and how much more natural it must feel for Olivia to show them off, which was indicated not only by her new willingness to get aggressively handsy with her chest, but also by her obvious, barely restrained desire to fully flash me. All of this let me know just how much more difficult my living arrangements were going to get now that my roommate had been Slut Screened a second time. Even so, I couldn't help but enjoy my natural response to looking at her arousing body, and in spite of myself I could tell that I was becoming more and more addicted to the sensation.

That first night after her second Slut Screening, before Olivia went to bed she stopped me outside of our neighboring bedrooms. "Hey, Darren, um, thanks for being so great about all of this." She gently took my hand and pulled me a bit closer to her curves. It flashed through my mind that her slut programming was making her do so, and I felt my blood flow start to redirect itself southward again.

"This has been a really hard time for me, and you've been nothing but a gentleman. Any other guy would have taken advantage of me as soon as he saw, well, these." She arched her back, and I greedily drank in the sight of her stiff nipples atop the soft, bouncy mounds of her

even larger breasts, pressing tightly against the thin fabric of her new "nightie" that was really just sheer lingerie. Somehow I still hadn't gotten used to just how much bigger her new tits were than the already-enhanced bust Olivia had sported just yesterday.

When I was finally able to tear my eyes back up to her face, I saw my own insistent need mirrored in the intensity of her gaze. *Her slut programming must be hitting her especially hard with us being this close to each other, right next to her bedroom.* How easy it would be to take advantage of the situation! Platonic roommate or not, my sexual instincts were reacting *strongly* to her visible arousal and hyper-feminine body, and I can't say I wasn't tempted. But that had been the entire point of our original deal - I didn't *want* to be tempted!

"Anyway," she continued breathlessly, "thanks for being such a great guy." She leaned up on her tiptoes and gave me a short, brief kiss on the lips.

I knew that I should pull away, but I just stood there and let it happen. I told myself that it was because I was too stunned to do anything about it, and not because her soft lips and firm, heavy chest felt absolutely wonderful against me.

As I gave in to my urge to wrap my arms around her and pull her in even closer though, Olivia abruptly broke away from the kiss, and when I looked down at her in surprise, I saw that her eyes were cold, and her smile inverted.

"What do you think you're doing?" she exclaimed angrily. "Yes I probably shouldn't have kissed you, but you know I'm not fully in control of myself, and that doesn't give you the right to just have your way with me!" That thought was more appealing than she'd anticipated, however, and a low moan slipped out between her soft lips before she could catch it. She ignored her momentary weakness and continued. "Even if I *have* been Slut Screened a few times, I'm still the one in charge around here, so if I need to relax my boundaries around you a bit from time to time, you'll just have to deal with it. I'm not going to let you take advantage of me, so don't even think of trying anything!"

The next second her massive tits had violently bounced themselves into her dark room and disappeared, and she slammed the door behind her.

I immediately retreated into my own room as well, dropping my hand to start rubbing my aching cock through my shorts as soon as the door was closed. I quickly stripped and jumped into bed, squirming as I stroked myself, hornier than I'd ever been in my life. My hand was soon coated in my slick pre-cum, but I fapped faster and faster, thinking about my roommate's big tits and sexy body and increasingly slutty behavior, remembering the kiss, imagining those soft lips bobbing up and down on my- "Aghh! Nghhh..." I moaned as my cock abruptly erupted onto my chest.

While I reluctantly rode out one of the strongest orgasms of my life, I couldn't be sure, but I thought I could hear light, high-pitched sighs and gasps of female pleasure filtering through our shared bedroom wall.

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**. If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on **Patreon**, at **www.patreon.com/fidget1**. Patrons get **a full three months of early access** to my stories (**which currently includes Roommate Screening Ch. 3!**), 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!