

**Author's Note:** This story is a fun commission reward for one of my awesome patrons. 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, 2024. All rights reserved. Enjoy!

## **Roommate Screening - A Slut Screen Story**

**by Fidget**

### **Chapter 3**

Life continued for the two of us, and we soon settled into a new routine around the house that took into account my poor roommate's even greater inclination toward slutty behavior.

Even with all of her physical and mental changes though, if anything, Olivia seemed much happier and more at-ease than she had after getting Slut Screened the first time. I suspected that her stronger second conditioning had made it significantly easier for her to give in to her slutty new tendencies around me, to the point that she didn't even notice the constant sexual tension filling the apartment anymore. Or maybe she did notice, but her programming had convinced her that this was the natural state of existence between men and women and that she should just relax and enjoy the constant temptations of sex. I couldn't deny that a part of me was enjoying it very much as well, as much as I tried to ignore it.

Whatever the case, Olivia was clearly starting to *like* what her programming was doing to her now. She hummed contentedly as she bustled around the apartment during the mornings and evenings, her even larger breasts bouncing enticingly in the small, paper-thin tops she'd begun wearing. These were always paired with tiny shorts or short skirts, both of which rode high enough to show off the smooth, creamy skin of the bottoms of her asscheeks, and the shorts were tight enough that I could see the outline of her cute little mound.

I tried my best not to look, of course, knowing that Olivia's clothing choices at home were no longer under her control, but by this point it had become second nature for Olivia to tease me with her body whenever she had the chance, which made it increasingly difficult to resist the impulse to appreciate the exaggerated femininity of her enhanced figure.

The whole time she'd look at me with that warm, flirtatious smile, clearly enjoying the arousal that rushed through her finely-tuned body whenever I gave in to temptation and ogled her. This was more often than I'd like to admit, because principles or not, my body enjoyed looking at hers just as much.

This bubbly new Olivia had even begun making breakfast for me, and every morning when I finally emerged from my room after a quick wank to try to keep my libido under control, she'd squeal and run over to me, wrapping me in a tight hug that she'd hold for far too long, until she was sure that I'd thoroughly appreciated the sensation of her firm tits being squished against my chest. Apparently her

most recent Screening had made her lose some of her reticence to touch me, so long as she was the one initiating contact.

Eventually she'd loosen her grip so that she could hold me at arm's length and arch her back for me, and I'd look down every time, my eyes drawn like magnets to the sight of the nipples atop her huge mounds tightening against the thin fabric.

She'd wink naughtily at me, acknowledging the strong mutual desire we were feeling but weren't supposed to act on, before happily bouncing over to the counter to grab breakfast. This of course involved bending over to show off her toned legs and heart-shaped ass, both of which drew my gaze to her thigh gap and filled my head with thoughts of all of the intense carnal pleasure just waiting to be found there.

I rarely finished breakfast, mostly due to my attention being focused on the way Olivia groped and squeezed her massive tits with one hand while she ate with the other. She'd smirk at me even as her skin flushed and she began panting with arousal, almost as though she were proud of how her brainwashed mind made her get off on advertising her body's potential for sex to a man.

Still, even with how much more difficult her behavior was making things for me, Olivia seemed happier than I'd seen her in a long time, and I didn't want to mess that up for her, even if that happiness was only due to her increasing acceptance of how much sluttier she'd become.

At the same time though, her constant teasing was really starting to make me uncomfortable, in multiple ways. A significant portion of this discomfort felt really good, of course, but that just increased my growing irritation at how the new status quo of our living arrangements was forcing my body to react to hers. Olivia may not have been able to resist her conditioning when she felt safe and comfortable at home, but I was equally unable to just turn off my body's instinctive lust for hers, and at this point, whenever Olivia was home I was stuck walking around the apartment with a constant semi-chub that frequently stiffened to a full, throbbing mast of unrelieved sexual tension whenever she decided to turn on the charm.

And she turned on the charm quite often, because her heightened awareness of my body and behavior ensured that Olivia noticed and encouraged my predicament. Her eyes would frequently flick down to my crotch, and I saw the barely-restrained hunger in her eyes. I could tell that getting Slut Screened twice had made her increasingly fascinated with my cock, even if she was still in control of herself enough to keep from acting on those desires. So far, at least.

Unfortunately, that wasn't true of her desire to show off her new assets.

When Olivia got home from work the day after being Slut Screened for the second time, she immediately went into the bedroom and came out holding one of her new tops, a tight, midriff-bearing halter top. Then, with no warning whatsoever, Olivia abruptly whipped off her work blouse right there in the living room, subjecting me to a brief, fully-naked flash of her amazing new tits bouncing around before she squeezed them into her top.

The Slut Screens had done their work well: just like countless other women, my poor roommate's breasts had also obediently swollen into large, perfectly-shaped teardrops of appealing flesh hanging high and perky on her chest, much higher than should have been possible at their size. It briefly occurred to me that getting Slut Screened must also strengthen a girl's back muscles, because otherwise Olivia would definitely have experienced some back pain by now.

Either way, the improvements made a clear impression on me. Though I'd only seen her naked chest for about a second, I knew it was an image that would haunt my mind and test my restraint for the foreseeable future.

Covering them up hadn't helped much either, since her new top was just as bad. It clung tightly to her enhanced figure, emphasizing the fullness of her new tits while showing off her dark areolas and her stiff, excited nipples. They seemed so much bigger than the ones I remembered sticking out through the material of her blouses over the past few weeks. Even worse, now that Olivia had unwisely revealed every inch of her beautiful torso to me, I knew exactly what they looked like underneath her skimpy new clothing. From the sly look on Olivia's face, I realized that this had been the entire point.

"Um, Olivia, do you really need to change in here?" I objected so mildly that not even *I* was convinced that I wanted her to stop.

"Darren, they're just tits, don't be so uptight," she responded dismissively, though her tone contrasted sharply with the glow of satisfied arousal in her cheeks at having finally revealed her glorious new boobs to me. She bounced her hips back and forth a few times to settle her ladies comfortably in their precarious new homes, high above the smooth skin of her abdomen. Now that her little show was over, Olivia went about her afternoon as usual, though now with her larger tits and tighter, stretchier top lending a... bouncier note to her activities than I was used to, with the added risk of her tits constantly threatening to spill out of her cleavage.

Worse, Olivia seemed to take the weakness of my initial objection as encouragement (which, I'm ashamed to say, wasn't entirely untrue), and so under the influence of her slutty conditioning my supposedly platonic roommate continued to create opportunities to be topless around me.

That night she came out of the shower with towels around her waist and on her head, leaving her naked torso to air-dry in all of its soft, jiggly glory as beads of water dripped down her flawless skin. I tried not to think about how hard it must have been for her not to forego the lower towel as well.

When I objected, she let out a cutely petulant "humph" before reluctantly shimmying her lower towel up her midsection to cover her naked chest, though this just turned me on even more as her heavy, uncovered breasts bounced and jiggled with the movement. Plus, by the time she was finally done covering herself her towel had ridden high enough to reveal a dangerous amount of creamy thigh, and hinted at what was practically begging to be exposed behind that final centimeter of towel. The thought of whether Olivia was tastefully trimmed or fully shaved brought my cock to full mast, and I found myself hoping that her towel would ride up just a bit so that I could satisfy my lust-fueled curiosity.

I shook my head to clear it. I was getting far too worked up. This was *Olivia* for God's sake, the girl who had once told me that I shouldn't even *look* at her without her permission, and here I was objectifying her body as though she were just some sort of sex toy! This was my roommate and my friend, who was being made to act like this against her will! It didn't matter how much she was being forced to enjoy her slutty behavior, how much she now *wanted* to be objectified, or how much we'd both enjoy giving in to our impulses and using her new body as the sex toy it was designed to be – the point was that my friend, the *old* Olivia, would have been horrified by all of this, and I had to respect that.

I decided we needed to have another talk, here and now. “Olivia, I'm sorry, but this is just too much. You have to make more of an effort to keep our relationship platonic. I know you're probably being bombarded with new, stronger urges now from your second Slut Screening, but being topless in front of me like this is more than I can handle, and makes it really hard to not think about you sexually.”

Olivia gasped softly and her cheeks turned pink at the admission that I was thinking about her sexually, and her fingers began to unconsciously fidget with the lower hem of her towel, gently tugging at it as though to convince it to slip back down and reveal her nipples again. This time, however, I didn't give in, and kept my stare levelled at her beautiful eyes.

A second later she visibly deflated and regained a bit of control over herself. “You're right, of course. I'm sorry Darren; I'll try to remember not to go topless, but my stupid weak brain keeps making me feel *sooo* slutty around you now. I know that I wanted us to stay all boring and platonic, but I've decided that I *really* love my new tits, and it feels so harmless and fun and, well, *natural* to use them to tease a big, strong man like you, especially when I'm feeling all safe and happy and sexy at home. I just want you to like my big boobs as much as I do...” she said, letting her voice trail off expectantly as she arched her back for me again.

The fact that Olivia had commented on her own attraction to my body for the first time wasn't lost on me, but I managed to keep myself from crossing a line and confessing to Olivia that, yes, I liked her big, sexy boobs a little *too* much, knowing that it would only make it harder for Olivia to resist titillating me further. The fact that I liked them so much was exactly the problem, after all.

At that point I just let the conversation drop. It wasn't the most promising conclusion, but at least she'd promised to try to stop going topless. I knew how hard it must be to resist her programming, effectively being forced to fight against her own mind, and I also knew how necessary her comfort at home was to her success, especially now that she'd inadvertently let herself be sluttified even further.

I couldn't imagine the willpower it must take to hide all of her new sexual inclinations out in public, though I got a few hints from how vehemently she *hated* getting ready for work.

Olivia now *knew*, on a deep, instinctual level, that her sexy body existed to be shown off, that she was supposed to use her new tits to tease guys and make their increasingly tasty cocks all hard for her, which meant that covering herself up to go out in public had to feel deeply *wrong*, almost profane. I could tell that it went against all of her new impulses to hide the brazen sensuality of her new figure under frumpy work blouses and long, professional skirts and pants.

Still, as strongly as Olivia had been programmed to enjoy being a slut and to love showing off her new knockers, she was also *aware* that she'd been programmed to enjoy these things, and she was still staunchly committed to her decision to fully resist her impulses when out in public, no matter how uncomfortable it made her, or how difficult it became to keep a handle on her behavior.

So, as much as Olivia clearly wanted to wear the new clothes she'd bought herself outside the house, she managed to force herself not to. Every morning she'd wait until the very last second to put on her work clothes, and then I'd hear her sigh miserably as she made her daily choice to go against her instincts and pick frumpy over slutty, boring and conservative over revealing and form-fitting.

There was, however, one encroachment of her new, sluttier programming on her self-control: Olivia now seemed unable to make herself wear a bra altogether.

When I pointed out to her that first morning before work that her melons were making a surprising amount of movement under her blouse, she just jiggled her chest at me, tits tumbling under the loose fabric, and said "Silly Darren, nobody wears bras anymore".

This was probably true, and that would have been that, but I could see in her eyes behind her confident demeanor that what had really happened is that Olivia had desperately tried to put on a bra, and had failed. And not because it no longer fit (which was also true), but because she no longer had the strength of will or self-control to make herself do so when the prospect of letting her heavy tits bounce freely felt so satisfyingly slutty.

So, Olivia went to work bra-less now. It did make her breasts a bit easier to see, especially with her prominent new nipples, but if she kept sudden movements to a minimum it probably wouldn't occur to most onlookers that she'd ever been Slut Screened. Which was simultaneously the first and the last thing Olivia wanted.

Aside from her wardrobe choices, I knew that it also had to be getting more difficult to resist her desire to show off her body to men outside the house, and so I asked her about it one day after she got home from work. As she gave me her shockingly candid answer, I lamented how much more willing she had become to openly discuss her body and her progressing sluttification than she ever would have been before getting Slut Screened.

"It's hard. Like, *really* hard," she sighed, glancing down inappropriately at my crotch, but then her eyes got a faraway look in them now that she was safely at home, and she allowed herself to think about just how many delicious men with sexy cocks she had to ignore on a daily basis now, before finally snapping back to reality to answer the question.

"I mostly just act like they don't exist, but that really only works because I can look forward to acting more naturally around you, Darren, when I get home." She walked over and wrapped me in an affectionate hug, looking up at me with that infectious smile that she knew by now drove me crazy. My dick began to swell for the zillionth time as I involuntarily appreciated the feel of her soft body against mine. "If I didn't know I could be myself at home, I honestly don't think I'd be able to resist all of the slutty things that my programming is constantly trying to get me to do out in public."

“My boss even told me today that I’m a lot less friendly now than I used to be,” she grumbled playfully, changing her expression to an exaggerated pout that sorely tempted me to bend down and give her pursed lips a kiss. “And I’ve got to tell you, that *really* made me want to be friendly, Darren, especially now that I can’t stop thinking about just how friendly I can be to men like you.”

She pulled me even more tightly against her, crushing her tits against my chest, and began a gentle gyrating motion of her crotch against mine. It was subtle enough for her to feign innocence, but by this point my body was on high alert for even the smallest sign of sexual interest from Olivia, and I could feel every single slight movement through my clothes as she very slowly gyrated her torso against the sensitive underside of my cock.

“But, you know what?” she continued, staring directly into my eyes as her body continued its barely-perceptible movements against mine. My cock was throbbing by now, and I knew she could feel it, but I couldn’t seem to make myself pull away. “I just ignored him and kept working, like I always do when I see a man at work. I make sure that I’m as cold and standoffish as possible to every man I see when I’m outside, because I know that that’s what you’d want me to do.”

“Sometimes it gets to be too much, though,” she said, biting her lip as a bit of color spread across her cheeks and ample cleavage at her next admission. “Like today, for example. After my boss said that, I couldn’t stop thinking about how nice it would feel to just give in and be a bit more friendly to him. It got so bad that I almost went to his office to see him, to make it up to him *privately*. Instead, I locked myself in the restroom so I could spend some time... *thinking* about just how friendly I wanted to be to my boss and to all of the other guys I see around me all the time.

“Darren, I could be *sooo* friendly to them,” she sighed, exasperated at just how appealing all of the deliciously naughty acts the Slut Screens had filled her mind with seemed to her now, and all the while she continued to mindlessly rub her oversexed body against me.

“But then I think about you, Darren. I remember that I don’t *want* to be friendly out in public. I know that, even though it seems like I really want to be friendly to my boss, and that it would be so easy to give in and make him feel good, the *real* me doesn’t want that. The real me wants to be friendly to *you*.”

That didn’t seem quite right, but Olivia kept going, and so did her tight torso.

“Because, I know that you’re always here, waiting for me, and that when I’m with you I don’t have to worry about whether I’m being slutty or not. I can just let myself go...” Olivia’s eyes were now half-closed as her words began to trail off and she allowed herself to fully embrace the slutty desires that felt so natural to her now.

She reached down to the hem of her shirt and began slowly, deliberately pulling it up, still staring at me with those half-lidded eyes, and I just stood there and watched as my brainwashed roommate once again gave in to her slutty urge to show off her glorious breasts to me. Her crotch was now openly massaging my bulge as she squeezed her naked chest against mine, her nipples so stiff with her arousal that they were practically drilling holes in my shirt. I thought about how close her vagina was to my cock through those few thin layers of clothing, about how soaked she must be, ready for me to slide in, and I felt myself starting to get close. I wouldn’t be able to control myself much longer.

Then, all of a sudden, her beautiful eyes came back into focus as she snapped herself out of it, and she sighed again in frustration as she slowly pulled her top back down her slim waist, reluctantly keeping up the charade of hiding her boobs under a thin, translucent layer of fabric.

This time, however, she looked up at me with a face full of that old stubbornness and determination, and I felt like I was finally seeing my roommate again for the first time in days. “And, I know that you believe in me, and want me to beat this thing. And that’s what keeps me going. No matter what, I’m not gonna let that pervert turn me into a slut!”

And then Olivia abruptly pulled away from me and fled the room, leaving both of us unsatisfied, craving more of that warm, dangerous touch and the inevitable destination it would lead to.

It took a while for my erection to fully subside, leaving me once again frustrated, confused, and blue-balled.

**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 (which currently **includes Roommate Screening Ch. 4!**), 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!