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Roommate Screening - A Slut Screen Story

by Fidget

Chapter 4

After Olivia's show of determination the night before, I was surprised to see her arrive home in an even skimpier outfit the very next afternoon. My poor roommate was now wearing a tiny miniskirt and tube top combo that left very little of her stunning body to the imagination, which made it all the more obvious that her massive boobs had once more grown noticeably since that morning. Somehow Olivia had let herself be Slut Screened yet again, in direct contradiction to her professed resolve to not allow herself to be sluttified further.

Her breasts bouncing and straining against the thin material with every movement, Olivia skipped over to where I was seated in my recliner, straddled me without warning, and bent down to give me a deep, sizzling kiss.

"Hi Darren!" she giggled, before diving back in a second time. I know I should have resisted, but her body was just so soft and welcoming atop mine, and her soft lips felt amazing after having spent so long dreaming about our first kiss weeks before. She smelled and tasted delicious. I briefly wondered if that was a side effect of the Slut Screening, or if Olivia had always been this much of a delight for the senses.

"It happened again!" Olivia confessed cheerfully, sounding even happier than she had the past few weeks. She matter-of-factly pulled her tube top down, letting the huge, slutty tits that the Slut Screens had forced her body to sprout flop out naked and swollen against my chest. They were surprisingly heavy, topped with stiff, puffy nipples, and it was all I could do to keep myself from groping and squeezing her glorious chest mounds to my heart's content. I doubted Olivia would even think twice about it if I did.

I could also see a dangerous amount of my roommate's toned, creamy thighs with how spread apart her legs were as she straddled me, and I could feel her hot mound pressed firmly against my cock through my jeans. I briefly wondered if she was wearing any underwear. I doubted it. This was all highly inappropriate, and I finally found the wherewithal to say so.

"Mmmm, I knowww Darren, but it's so much stronger this time, and it feels so goood!" She moaned helplessly as she rubbed her massive chest up and down my torso. "And I wasn't even doing anything this time, I promise! I was just walking down the street, minding my own business, looking at the ground so I wouldn't accidentally see any screens, when all of a sudden I bumped into a girl in front of

me who had stopped right on the middle of the sidewalk! I made sure not to look up, but I noticed that a bunch of other women had come to a halt around me as well.

"I assumed that they'd all been caught by a Slut Screen, and so I was careful to just keep my head down and walk forward, but then the dumbest thing happened: I saw the reflection of a big electronic billboard in a puddle out of the corner of my eye, and sure enough, the reflection of the screen was that special kind of fuzzy that just stops a girl in her tracks and turns her into a big-titted slut..." Olivia's eyelids drooped once again as she recalled the effects of the screen, and her hands ran themselves up my chest to start gripping and squeezing at her enormous breasts, rolling her thick nipples between her fingers. Her voice dropped to a sensuous half-moan as she continued.

"Mmm, Darren, you have no idea what it's like. It just feels so *nice*, and it happens so fast! There's nothing I can do to resist, and even if I could, I'm not sure that I'd want to. I knew I should look away, that I'm supposed to be stronger than this, but it was *sooo* easy to just stand there beside all the other women and let it happen to us. Hell, I *wanted* the screens to make my body and mind all sexy! *God* I'm such a hopeless slut!" Olivia exclaimed, though she didn't seem all that bothered by the fact as she mauled her melons to emphasize her point. Her eyes finally blazed back to life and she refocused her lustful gaze on my face.

"And then suddenly I was waking up, and it was too late to resist. I still felt perfectly normal, of course, like I always do after being Screened, and so for a second I thought that I might have successfully resisted somehow. But then I noticed how much heavier and sluttier my big tits felt hanging off my chest, which could only mean that I had continued to calmly stand there, staring at that puddle, letting myself get fully Slut Screened without even *trying* to fight back. I knew that there was no going back now – my slutty new behavior was already inside me, just waiting to burst out, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

"The other sluts around me were already giving in to their new urges, taking off their tops to admire their bigger boobs or offering themselves to the nearest guy. Still, even though I knew that it was too late, I tried to resist the effects for as long as I could as I walked away, like the good girl I should be." At the words "good girl", Olivia started slowly rubbing her crotch against mine. My cock by this time had hardened enough to form a bulge in my jeans, and I could tell that she was rubbing her needy pussy against the rough, stimulating fabric ridge that covered my zipper.

"I *kinda* was looking forward to it though," she admitted naughtily, panting with arousal as she continued to gently grind her crotch against mine. "You know how getting Slut Screened makes me *sooo* horny, and I knew how much hotter I was now that the Screen had made my tits grow again, so I was kinda just waiting for the mental effects to kick in so that I'd be forced to sit back and enjoy it all.

"And sure enough I felt it hitting me as I went through the train station: all of the guys somehow started to look even hotter than they usually did, which I didn't think was possible. All of a sudden it was *really* hard to not just throw myself at the nearest guy and use my sexy titties to convince him to fuck my slutty little pussy." Even though Olivia was actively riding me at the moment, I still jerked in shock at hearing my roommate say something so obscene. She didn't even notice, of course, and just continued rolling her sexy hips atop my torso, grinding her needy pleasure center against mine.

"It was like there was no reason not to, Darren! I managed to get on the train, but then I finally got what I wanted, and it all got to be too much for me to resist." She almost managed to look chagrined as she looked down at me with her painfully beautiful green eyes, trying to make it seem that she actually regretted what she was about to tell me. The way her pace was picking up, however, increasing the friction of her naked nub against my jeans revealed how she truly felt about giving in.

"Darren, honey, I did something bad. I totally made out with a guy topless on the subway on the way home, even though I knew you'd be mad at me! In my defense though, he was *really* cute, and every other girl on the subway was making out too!"

I knew that that was probably true with how many girls had been Slut Screened by this point. Still, I would have been a bit jealous in spite of myself if I weren't luxuriously making out with the enhanced hottie now. She kissed me again, extra spicily, sucking on my lip as though to meekly ask my forgiveness and beg me to punish her. Her big, slutty tits were starting to bounce and jiggle in my peripheral vision from the exertion of her mound grinding harder against the thick denim covering my cock. Olivia noticed when my eyes flicked down to her chest and she moaned, pressing down even harder on my bulge as her body twitched with the pleasure she got from my attention.

Soon she regained enough control of herself to continue her story. "I was rubbing his cock through his pants and everything! I couldn't help myself - it was so hard and sexy, and touching it like that made me even hornier. I was so caught up in how good everything felt that I was about to unzip him and give him a blowjob, Darren! Right there in public! But just as I started to, the guy said that he had to get off the train, and that his slut at home had bigger tits anyway.

"I was devastated, and even worse, once he was gone there weren't any other guys left to make out with! I was still super horny, but that at least gave me a chance to realize what I was doing, and I knew that if I didn't distract myself quick, I'd be begging the next guy who got on the train to use me however he liked!

"Luckily, I noticed that I was still wearing that stupid frumpy blouse, even if it was pulled down around my waist at the time, and I knew that my new tits deserved way better! So, instead of offering myself to the next guy I could find, I went shopping, and the next thing I know I'm walking through the front door looking like-" she stopped squeezing her tits as she lay on top of me just long enough to gesture proudly down at her gorgeous, nearly-naked body with both hands. "-this!"

"Anyway," she continued as she got back to grinding, "I'm sorry I made out with that guy. Mmmm, making out with you is much better!"

She dove in for another kiss, and my cock was still twitching eagerly against the friction she was creating with her pussy, but I felt that it was time to interject nonetheless. "Olivia, I'm not mad at you. We're not dating, or in any kind of relationship at all, for that matter. You're my roommate, and we literally have a contract that should prevent any sort of physical intimacy between us. You're an adult, and while I'm incredibly sad to see what's being done to you, what you choose to do and who you choose to do it with is none of my business."

"I know, Darren, but you've been really *mmm...* nice to me, and you're the only one I can *pant* be myself around!

“Darren, the reason I love my big boobies so much – aside from the fact that I’ve been programmed to of course,” she said with a giggle that sent her giant jugs jiggling against my chest again – “is that I know how much *you* like them!” She stared deep into my eyes as she continued to ride me, and from the unrestrained arousal in her gaze I knew she was telling the truth. “*God* I love being slutty for you, Darren! Making you look at my body! Knowing you don’t want me to, but not being able to resist showing off for you anyway! I love feeling your sexy cock get all stiff and horny as I force you to think about how good it would feel to fuck me!”

She dropped her face to mine once again, kissing me furiously, and even though this was the last thing my rational mind wanted to happen with my roommate, my rational mind wasn’t in control anymore, and I impulsively reached up and roughly grabbed a double handful of Olivia’s glorious tits for the first time. She moaned into my mouth at the contact, at just how hot it made her for me to finally grasp the forbidden fruit hanging ripe and heavy from her body.

I knew I shouldn’t be taking advantage of my friend like this, but her expanded tits felt so firm and fantastic in my hands as I kneaded and squeezed them, and all the while Olivia continued to enthusiastically ride my cock through my jeans, making it doubly hard to care.

“Oh yeah, squeeze my fat titties!” she moaned as she continued to flex her tight torso, grinding her crotch against mine, continuing to drive us both toward the edge. “I know how much you’ve wanted to!”

I could tell her arousal was getting dangerously high. So was mine, but I couldn’t stop.

“You’re the only one I can be myself around, Darren!” Her riding was growing even more frantic, and I could tell that she was getting close.

I tried one final time to get the both of us to come to our senses.

"Olivia, this isn't you! Look at what you're doing! We're supposed to be roommates, and you're practically humping me!"

"I know this isn't me, and I *nngghh...* know I’m supposed to hate what the Screens are doing to me, but it’s just so strong and feels so good and I. Need." Her breaths were coming rough and ragged now. "A Place." I could feel her tight body starting to tense. Her clit was grinding against my soaked penis wrinkle like a pencil eraser going to town on a particularly thick line of graphite. "Where I Can Get..."

Olivia finally seized up completely, her giant, slutty tits bouncing and shuddering against my chest as she cried out "RELEASE! Oh God, yes! Oh Darren, YES!"

And with that, my poor, sluttified roommate screamed as she came all over my pants, which by that point were already sopping with her juices. I still hadn't cum, but I was dangerously close and hornier than I'd ever been in my life.

"Mmm, thanks roomie, I needed that," Olivia sighed, throwing her head back with her eyes closed as she rode out the end of her pleasure. Her sweaty, mostly-nude form appeared almost statuesque as she perched astride my torso, though her classical beauty was now inextricably mingled with an outlandish, juvenile caricature of feminine sexuality.

I was still aching for release myself, and I wasn't disappointed when her head finally snapped down, and those beautiful eyes opened back up, this time sporting a delicious predatory gleam.

"I think it's time to return the favor," she purred, sliding between my legs and running a finger up the throbbing ridge in my pants before she slowly started to unzip me. The tip of my naked dick finally crept into view. My wettest of dreams was about to come true! I was already so close - it wouldn't take much more to get me to pop!

And then she stopped, leaving most of my six-and-a-half inches still trapped in a denim cage. For better or worse, the orgasm seemed to have brought Olivia back to what now passed for her senses.

"Wait, Darren, we can't do this! I know I need to be comfortable at home and all, but as good as it would feel to give you a slutty titjob right now, even *I* can tell that that would be going too far!"

Her pleading look was slowly morphing into an angry glare, and I knew that the old Olivia had come back at just the wrong time.

"In fact, you should have stopped me sooner!" she continued accusatorily. "I can't believe you let me ride you with my bare pussy like that, even if you couldn't see it! I thought you believed in me!"

"I was trying to let you be comfortable!" I protested as I continued to gently direct my crotch up toward her mouth. She eyed the exposed tip of my cock hungrily, but I couldn't get her to break. *Argh*, all I needed was another second, just a bit more stimulation!

"Darren, you've been a great roommate, but we have to be more careful." She sighed, standing back up and bending over me, dragging her massive tits along my chest once more before treating me to another long, deep kiss. Yes, that was it - that was what I needed!

I was right on the edge. Literally any touch from Olivia on my dick now, an accidental brush of her knee, much less a stroke from a stiff, low-hanging nipple, would have me shooting all over myself on the recliner. But, that touch, and my much-needed release, never came.

Olivia soon broke contact, adjusted her clothes until they were merely indecent, and walked back across the room to sit on the couch, where she automatically shifted her body so that I'd have the best view of her tits. She crossed her legs, making sure to "accidentally" let me catch a tantalizing glimpse of her swollen pussy lips under her miniskirt, slick with her juices and bright pink with arousal from her one-sided orgasm, before hiding her sex away between thighs that still glistened with the residue of her exertions.

My cock stayed on edge, refusing to calm down at first, and Olivia continued to watch it hungrily from across the room. It was clear that her programming was too strong by now for her to ask me to put it away. My visible cockhead was swollen and purple where it stuck out from my jeans, twitching every few seconds with the agony of my unreleased sexual tension. Inevitably, however, my erection eventually began to lose its insistence, and as it subsided and slipped back out of sight under my waistband, a familiar deep, dull ache settled into my balls once again.

Olivia sighed in disappointment, stood up, and left the room.

That night Olivia kissed me goodnight dressed in a mini-nightie with the front left casually open.

She ambushed me when I left the bathroom after brushing my teeth, and quickly pulled me into an embrace that brought her uncovered tits into contact with my bare chest for the first time.

She pressed her lips against mine, teasing me with her tongue, and it wasn't long before I once again felt myself beginning to respond to the closeness of our bodies.

This was clearly what Olivia had been waiting for, relentlessly driven by her programming to take her slutty behavior to new levels, and she smiled wickedly up at me as she slipped my fully-erect dick out through the hole in my pajamas and began to stroke, as though touching my naked member for the first time were no big deal.

“Mmm, you’re so hard again, Darren. And you’ve got such a nice cock.”

My cock was feeling very nice at the moment, finally getting the personal attention from my sexy roommate that it had been craving ever since she'd been forced to begin her slutty transformation weeks before.

Olivia continued stroking, her lips parted and softly panting with her own arousal, which was growing quickly now that she'd finally embraced her seemingly natural female need to wrap her hands around a nice, thick cock.

Her strokes became more animated, and my hard member quickly grew slick with the copious amount of precum that had built up over the past few weeks. Olivia held herself against me, now stroking my slippery cock against the smooth skin of her torso while I just stood there and followed the hypnotic bouncing of her massive boobs with my eyes, both of us getting hornier and hornier with every passing second.

It wasn't long before I started getting close again. As always, I knew that I shouldn't be taking advantage of my poor roommate like this, letting her mindlessly take me right up to the edge of orgasm in her current brainwashed state, but she was so seductive, and her body was so perfect, and I wanted her so badly.

I took some amount of comfort in the fact that in a few short seconds it wouldn't matter anymore, and I wouldn't be able to stop myself from ejaculating onto Olivia's smooth, toned stomach, splattering her ample underboob with a rocket of pent-up jizz.

Just at that moment, however, I saw her eyebrows furrow, and she looked down at her hands stroking my slick cock against her body, fighting with something inside her. *Oh no, not again!*

“Darren, as much as I want to, I think we should probably stop now. I don't think this is a good idea anymore,” she said as she abruptly stopped stroking and stepped away. I moaned in betrayal and need, watching my pre-cum glisten across her taut midsection, but Olivia stayed strong.

“Remember the contract! We're supposed to just be platonic! I know that this feels right - my tight little pussy is begging me to let you use my slutty body however you like right now, but that's exactly how I know that it must be wrong!”

She stepped back over to me and pulled me into a hug, though this time the sensuality of her touch was tainted by her affection and trust for me. "I know that my Slut Screening may be blurring the lines between us a bit, Darren, but that just makes it all the more important to draw the lines where we can!"

I spluttered nonsensically in protest, needing to cum, *begging* her to let me cum, but she ignored my pleas.

Olivia still held her body tightly against mine, however, and her nightie was still open in the front, once again putting her naked tits and wonderfully soft skin up against the entire front of my body, including my sensitive, hair-trigger cock.

I began frantically rubbing my dick against the smooth skin of her stomach, delightfully slick with my own precum. I was so close! Just a few more seconds of that wonderful contact...

"Darren, you're better than this!" my busty roommate shouted as I began to grope and slap at her heavy udders once again. *Was I?* I picked up my pace, practically humping Olivia's naked torso in my need.

She protested again, but couldn't seem to pull herself away. "You've been too good a friend to me to let sex come between us like this! I refuse to let you do this to yourself and to me! I *refuse* to let myself become a slut! Now get away from me with that thing and" – she sighed reluctantly – "cover it up! Before I'm forced to evict you for breaking our agreement!"

I ignored her. *Yes, that was it. Almost there. Only one more stroke and–*

With immense strength of will, Olivia finally broke contact fully and pushed herself away as I moaned in betrayal and need. Olivia stared at my naked cock, her hands absent-mindedly toying with the thick emission coating her abdomen as she watched my dick twitch, at first pleadingly, and then despairingly, dripping gobs of precum onto the floor all the while, begging her for that final climactic touch.

But, Olivia stayed strong once more, and so for the second time in one day I was left purple and twitching and desperate for release, and my slutty, fickle goddess vanished into her room.

I immediately jerked myself off right there in the hall as soon as her door closed, trying to recapture the heat of Olivia's body against mine, but it was too late. As the jizz from my ruined, unsatisfying orgasm oozed weakly out of my drooping cock and onto the floor, the sound of Olivia's ecstatic screams through the wall was what finally broke me.

To be concluded.

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, or on SubscribeStar, at <https://subscribestar.adult/fidget>. Patrons get a full **four months of early access** to my stories (which currently **includes the explosive conclusion of Roommate Screening!**), input into which stories I

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