

A Slut Screens Story

ROOMMATE  
SCREENING

*Fidget*

**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 5**

That was a Friday. We had all weekend together to establish our new relationship equilibrium, yet again. This time, however, I had decided to take a slightly different approach.

Already the next day that tiny, brief hint of my old roommate was gone, and Olivia seemed to have fully embraced her slutty role as an incorrigible cocktease.

Our new morning ritual was apparently Olivia greeting me outside my door topless, pulling me down into a sizzling kiss with her bare tits squeezed tight against my chest, and openly stroking my cock through my pajamas.

My body quickly reacted, but as the rush of physical arousal began to flow through me and my cock began to harden against her coaxing fingers I asked her, "Olivia, are you sure you want to this? Remember that we have a contract intended to specifically *prohibit* sexual entanglements like this."

"Of course I want to do this, silly!" she responded brightly, her eyes smiling playfully up into mine as she slid my cock through the front of my pajamas and out into the open. "And, *mmm*, I can tell that you want to do it too."

Of course I did. The Slut Screens had turned my roommate into a busty goddess straight out of my wet dreams, a caricature of sex appeal that had previously only existed through surgery or photoshop, and regardless of whether my desire for the exaggerated femininity of her figure was innate or socially conditioned, I *badly* wanted to use her body for my pleasure.

Olivia knew this, of course. It was obvious how badly I wanted her, and with her slutty programming so deeply ingrained in her thoughts and behavior by this point, I knew that she had no choice but to crave and stoke my lust for her. She couldn't help it.

Olivia stared up into my eyes with her lips parted in concentration, the corners of her mouth turned up in a half-smirk, and all the while her left hand continued its secret work, hidden from view beneath her outlandish breasts, tugging and stroking at my cock. When she felt my pre-cum starting to coat her hand her smirk broke out into a cheeky, teasing grin, and her strokes turned into twists, pulling and milking at my slick member until I was aching for release.

That, of course, was exactly when she flirtily pulled away. "Uh-uh, Darren," she teased, waggling her finger at me. "I know you wanna *fuck* me, slide that thick monster of yours up inside me and have your wicked way with my sexy body, but you can't."

I knew this would happen, of course, but this time it didn't bother me in the least. I looked her slutty body up and down, taking a long second to appreciate the massive udders dangling from her chest as I thought about how badly I wanted to take advantage of her, and said, "Olivia, you're acting like a slut."

"I knowwww, Darren! Doesn't it just make you want to *fuck* me?"

"Yeah," I said simply. "It does."

Her beautiful eyes lit up with pleasure, and she melted back against my torso; hearing me say that was evidently enough to get her back to stroking, but once again she pulled away just as I was beginning to get close, unable to make herself finish the job. Apparently there was still enough of my old roommate left inside Olivia's slutty body to keep her from crossing the line of actually making me cum.

So, I took one last, long look at her body and turned away. I retreated into my room, closed the door, and allowed myself to grunt and moan as much as I wanted as I jerked myself off, thinking about how good it would feel to play with Olivia's big, fat tits while I shoved my cock into her slutty pussy. My dick tightened in seconds, and I let out a deep groan of contentment as I released long, satisfying spurts of jizz into my cumrag, the entire time imagining that it was Olivia that I was filling up with my surprisingly large, pent-up load of spunk.

Once I'd cleaned myself off, I opened the door to reveal Olivia standing there, panting with an uncomfortable amount of arousal herself now from where she'd been listening.

"Darren," she said. "We need to talk."

"I can't think of anything we need to talk about," I said, pulling her into a kiss. "We're just roommates."

Olivia melted against me and returned the kiss, a slave to her slutty impulses, and I started squeezing and tweaking her massive tits, causing her breath to come out in ragged gasps against my lips. When I'd had my fill of groping her perfect love pillows a minute or so later, still nice and mellow from having just gotten my rocks off, I gave my roommate one final, quick kiss and disappeared into the living room to read a book. Behind me I heard a frustrated sigh, followed by her bedroom door closing with a pointed *click*.

And that's pretty much how the weekend went. Olivia still wore next to nothing around the house, showing off her massive tits and tight ass to me whenever she could, and I just sat back and enjoyed the view, remembering how good it had felt to squeeze her gravity-defying funbags and thinking about how good it was going to feel when I next got a chance to grab a handful of that fine ass.

Eventually Olivia's programming would force her to take her teasing to the next level, and she'd make her way over to me, unable to resist her urge to use her slutty body to titillate me further. She'd wrap me in a hug, or straddle me on the couch, and I'd enjoy her soft curves while she played with my cock,

letting myself get more and more turned on by her stimulations until she inevitably pulled away just before making me cum.

I could tell that she wanted to, could see her slutty tendencies silently urging her to go ahead and finish me off, but it seemed that there was something about me specifically that was holding Olivia back, keeping her from providing the final stroke that would make me lose control and coat her soft skin with my cum.

She was straddling me on the couch the first time it happened that afternoon, but instead of just sitting there with blue balls once I realized she wasn't going to let me cum, I grabbed an old tshirt off the back of the couch, spread it across my torso, and picked up where she left off, stroking myself right in front of her, staring at her body as I imagined how good it would feel to fuck her.

Olivia was still actively straddling me at the time, and with each stroke my knuckles brushed against the crotch of her lacy pink underwear, causing her breathing to once again grow heavy with need as she hungrily watched me jerk myself off. Her hands clenched and unclenched above my thighs, clearly wanting to wrap around my cock and finish the job themselves, but she still couldn't seem to bring herself to. So, I focused on the contact I was making with her puffy labia, imagining that my balls were slapping against them as I shoved my cock into her, and let myself cum.

Olivia stared, mesmerized, at the ropes of spooge I was shooting across the tshirt. Predictably, her slutty programming had blessed her with an obsession with semen as well, and so she found herself aching to reach out and touch my fascinating cum now that she'd finally seen it in person, unconsciously leaning down toward my torso and stretching out a curious hand.

I waited a minute before cleaning myself up to see what she would do, but I soon tired of watching her finger hover over my saturated tshirt and eventually just grabbed it to wipe myself off.

As soon as she finished watching intently while I used the cum-soaked shirt to clean my shrinking cock, however, Olivia's eyes once again hardened into that familiar frown of offended self-righteousness. "Darren, who do you think you are?! You can't just cum in front of me like that...*mmph!*"

I'd pulled her down onto me the rest of the way, and once again she fell submissively silent as I kissed her full, delicious lips and took advantage of her sexy body. This time, however, while one hand hefted and squeezed a swollen, gravity-defying mammary, the other snuck down between her legs and began teasing around her mound once again.

Within seconds Olivia had completely forgotten her protestations and was working her crotch against my hand instead, trying to get the friction of my fingers directly against her clit as she moaned like the slut she was becoming.

A large portion of my lust for her body had been sated by my own self-inflicted orgasm, however, and so once I'd had my fill of intimate contact with my slutty roommate, I gently pulled my hands away, wrapped them around her slim waist, and began to move her to the couch beside me.

"D-Darrennn noooo..." she stammered. "Don't stoooppp..."

I ignored her pleas, kissing her once more as I enjoyed a final satisfying double-handful of her swollen, heavy tits, before getting up to make myself a snack.

While I did so I watched her on the couch, where she had spread her legs and turned her body to face me before sliding a hand down under the waistband of her underwear, simultaneously trying to get herself off while also obeying her natural compulsion to tempt me with her body. No amount of tweaking her lovely breasts or stroking her needy pussy seemed to work this time, however, and so I just sat there and enjoyed the show while Olivia grew more and more frustrated, until she finally stood up and once again retreated to the isolation of her bedroom.

Olivia eventually gave up what little pretense remained to her and began openly flashing her pussy at me as well. It too was perfect, of course, petite and pouty and practically begging for my cock. The severity of her arousal was causing her labia to darken and spread apart slightly, and the flash of pink within hinted at the promise of ultimate pleasure her slick depths were designed to bring to my eager cock.

I just let her have her fun and enjoyed the show. The next time she straddled me, however, she did so fully bottomless as well, and so I got to experience the slick crevice between her labia rubbing directly against the sensitive underside of my cock as she gave me a pussyjob. She couldn't manage to finish me off that way either, of course, or even to let my dick slide up into her soaked pussy for a second. So, when she finally stopped working her hips in my lap, both of us craving release by this point, I reached a finger down and started rubbed my slick frenulum, forcing my slutty roommate to watch in helpless need as I groped her enhanced chest with my other hand and came all over myself in bliss.

By the end of the weekend I was more sexually satisfied than I'd been in *months*, but Olivia still hadn't managed to make me cum a single time.

Well, not yet anyway.

Before I knew it, it was Monday morning, and Olivia had to go to work.

She somehow managed to squeeze her massive chest into one of her former work blouses, still stubbornly sticking to her resolution to hide the fact that she'd been Slut Screened when she was in public, though it was obvious by this point to anyone who saw her massive, braless breasts straining against the thin fabric of her top that she'd already succumbed to the Slut Screens' programming multiple times. She was on the verge of becoming a fully willing sexual plaything with a body built to give intense carnal pleasure, and everyone who saw her knew it.

While she was gone I imagined her struggling to keep up her ice queen facade at work, acting as though she weren't constantly fighting an intense, involuntary craving to let the men around her use her sluttified body any way they pleased. The entire time Olivia would be thinking about how vulnerable she was, how she wouldn't experience any of the reluctance with them if she gave in that she experienced with me. She was well aware that I was the one thing holding her back from fully embracing her new life as an uninhibited slut.

When Olivia walked through the door that afternoon her dumpy clothes were still intact, still poorly hiding her huge tits, which meant that she'd successfully resisted her urges for another day.

Not that it would matter.

"Darren...? Whaaa..." she began, before falling silent and still before the wall of screens I'd built while she was gone.

I'd grabbed every device with a screen I could get my hands on, even going so far as to scour the neighborhood for discarded electronics. As many as there were, though, I knew that the chances that one of them would become a Slut Screen right when Olivia got home were miniscule.

Even so, as soon as I saw her come through the door I somehow already knew that my plan would work. It was destiny.

Feeling almost a sense of *deja vu*, I watched as Olivia began to struggle with some unseen force, murmuring "nooo..." as she tried to avert her eyes from a specific screen that seemed to compel the pretty blonde's attention. Ultimately, of course, no different from all of the countless other women who had been Slut Screened, Olivia was powerless to resist her fate once she was ensnared, and she finally sighed contentedly as she lost what little fight she had left and surrendered to the seductive, transformative influence of the Slut Screen.

I watched my beautiful roommate stand there, her enormous breasts slowly rising and falling with each breath as she stared at the Screen and absorbed her programming, calmly accepting her new life as a wanton, cock-hungry slut without the slightest hint of resistance. She didn't have a choice. I hadn't given her one.

After a minute or so of stillness Olivia's hypnotized body began to get agitated, and I knew that the overwhelming arousal Olivia had mentioned experiencing while under the Screens' effects must be kicking in. She licked her lips in response to whatever subconscious command was currently being forced on her, and then I was finally treated to the sight I had dreamed about for weeks: Olivia's already magnificent tits beginning to swell under the Slut Screen's influence. They pressed dangerously against her blouse for a second, titflesh squeezing between buttons and out through her cleavage, before the thin fabric finally gave way and split open, allowing her massive breasts to spill out of her ruined shirt in all of their gravity-defying glory. And they were still swelling - getting larger, fuller, perkier, *tastier* by the second.

And all the while Olivia just stood there, her face devoid of expression as she stared with single-minded fascination at the Slut Screen, completely oblivious to the fact that her breasts were exposed and growing rounder and sluttier by the second under its sinister influence.

Finally their growth slowed, and then stopped. Olivia closed her eyes, took in a final boob-lifting deep breath, slowly let it out, and opened her beautiful green eyes to her new reality.

She looked around for a second, confused, before remembering where she was and noticing the wall of screens filling the apartment. Her eyes widened in realization, then furrowed in anger, and she turned, noticing me for the first time.

"Darren?! Why on earth would you..." she began, but the sharp motion of her turn had set her big tits bouncing and swaying, distracting her with their increased inertia. She glanced down and noticed just how much larger and heavier her naked udders were now, and her eyes rolled back in her head in a rush of sudden arousal at the sight of how obscenely slutty her body had become. I knew what had to be going through her head: somehow she'd let herself get Slut Screened again, dooming herself to become even more of a slut, and as always she hadn't even known it was happening.

"Oh *Godddd*, Darren..."

She walked over to me, threw her arms around my neck, pressed her enormous tits against my chest, and gave me a dick-stiffening kiss hello. I was a man after all, and so even if she was mad at me, her need to be near me, to flirt with me, to touch me and pleasure me was practically second-nature.

"Why would you do that Darren?" I had my hands on her hips, feeling her obscene mammaries filling the space between us as they rested against my forearms and biceps, finally in control and confident and sure of myself for the first time in weeks. Meanwhile, my slutty roommate stared up into my face with an expression that was a mixture of betrayal and arousal, but mostly arousal.

"I got tired of being the nice guy, of letting you take advantage of me for weeks on end while not doing anything to prevent yourself from getting Screened again. I warned you to stay in the house, told you that I'd make sure you stayed safe, but you didn't listen. *Your* risky behavior is what did this to you, and it's not fair for me to shoulder the entire burden of sticking to our contract. Not to mention that this is clearly what we both want at this point."

"But I didn't want to be a slut," Olivia protested weakly as she pulled off the shreds of her blouse and placed my hands on her gargantuan milkers. Her use of the past tense jumped out at me.

Olivia hadn't pushed any new boundaries yet with her behavior, but I knew the Slut Screen's subliminal commands were already bouncing around inside her head, and it was only a matter of time until they asserted themselves and she could no longer resist her new, sluttier nature.

That same thought had to be on her mind as well, and I could see thinly-veiled panic behind the arousal of her expression. Olivia was well aware of how little time she had remaining; her eyes begged mine for help, but we both knew there was nothing that could be done to stop it at this point, no way to prevent her from fully succumbing to her sexual impulses.

And I'd been the one to do it to her.

"If you didn't want to be a slut, why did you let yourself get Slut Screened so many times?" I asked teasingly, almost cruelly, getting my fill of groping and squeezing her glorious new tits while my cock twitched in anticipation of what it knew was finally coming.

"I couldn't help it!" her voice whined, but her beautiful green eyes were now shining playfully as they looked up into mine, and I knew that her programming was finally taking over, replacing her panic with an irresistible urge to embrace her body's wanton sensuality. "I didn't want to, but every time I saw one of those dumb screens, I woke up sluttier and with bigger tits anyway! I couldn't help it!"

"I thought you said you were stronger than the programming? Why don't you just resist the effects, Olivia?"

"Because it's just too hard!" her voice whined flirtatiously as her mind gave in and her hands unzipped me, pulled me out, and started stroking, this time with no hint of hesitation or reluctance whatsoever. I don't even think she noticed what her hands were doing. Olivia was in her element, a busty, insatiable slut just going along with what came naturally.

"No matter how much I try, I can't stop thinking about how *sexy* men are, Darren! And whenever I see a man I just get this *urge* to let him see my big, sexy boobies." Her fat tits were already out in all their glory, so she just jiggled her torso for good measure, but her breasts were so heavy now that they threatened to knock us both off balance as they bounced and tumbled in my greedy hands. I remembered how much smaller they had been when she had first started going braless and displaying them for me weeks before, sexy little grapefruits that paled in comparison to the bouncy, oversized basketballs she now sported.

She looked up at me with a cute expression of faux innocence as she continued. "And it's so *easy* to show guys my big knockers, Darren, because I know they want me to and doing what men want makes me feel *really* good now." Her hand motion jerking my dick sped up as I continued to play with her tits.

"But I know that guys' dicks get all hard when they stare at my sexy body like that, Darren, and the Slut Screens must've programmed me to want to play with those hard dicks, because I didn't want to at first but now I totally can't make myself stop!" She took a second to spit on her hand before grinning up at me as she went back to my cock, making the sensation all slick as she started stroking me with both hands. We both knew I wouldn't last long at this rate, but neither of us cared, and this time there was no longer anything to stop us.

"But the more I play with their cocks like they want me to, the more they want to take those hard cocks and stick them inside me. And I *know* they want to, Darren. I know that when men see my sexy body and my slutty titties, it makes them want to slide their big, manly cocks into my pussy until they cum. And the worst part is that I *want* them to do it. I can't resist it anymore."

She paused and glanced up at me thoughtfully for a second before continuing.

"Darren, I know that you must like my sexy titties too, because your thick, manly dick is *really* hard - are you finally gonna stick your cock inside my pussy and cum?"

Her face was full of arousal and playful hopefulness, but I could see the last vestiges of fear and anger at what had been done to her hiding behind her flirty smile even as her hand continued to obey her programming and jack me off. I could see that this was her last chance - that Olivia was asking me, once again, to save her.

I squeezed her massive knockers again, feeling her titflesh bulge out between my fingers. *God* they felt great. "Olivia, when you walked into the apartment today and noticed the Slut Screens, did you secretly *want* them to turn you into a slut?"

A hint of betrayal crept into her eyes, but was quickly replaced with helpless resignation.

"...Yes."

"Well, Olivia, did you get what you wanted? Did the Slut Screens turn you into a slut?"

There was a final, pregnant pause as my platonic roommate looked down at her massive, naked tits and her hand busily jacking my cock as it leaked pre-cum all over her fingers before quietly whispering:

"Yes."

With that one word, it was like all of the stubborn resistance Olivia had been holding onto for the past few months evaporated from her sinfully gorgeous body all at once. She grinned wolfishly at me as she pushed me down onto my armchair once again and ripped her work skirt off, all signs of my chaste, platonic roommate and friend completely gone.

"Wicked, naughty Darren. Thinking with your cock and turning your innocent roommate into your big-titted slut. But I'm *sooo* glad you did, babe, and soon you will be too."

She mounted me just as she had the day before, rubbing her dripping, naked snatch along my rock-hard cock once more, getting me all lubed up, and this time I could tell that there was no hint of hesitation left in her eyes.

Before she could slip my cock into her cunt, however, I told her that there was something she owed me first, and pointed downward. She grinned excitedly and slipped between my legs again, more than eager to wrap my cock in her massive mammaries, nothing but a slut whose body was meant to be used for my pleasure.

"Now where were we," Olivia purred, just as she had that fateful Friday prior, before finally, gloriously sliding those perfect lips over the sensitive head of my cock for the first time as she buried the rest of my stiff shaft in her cleavage. I want to say I lasted like a pro, but even after the slight release I'd experienced over the past few days, the month of sexual frustration I'd suffered had just been too much.

I instantly lost control and came, and a flood of semen, enough to bulge Olivia's cheeks out, rocketed from the tip of my dick, all while Olivia moaned in surprise and slutty pleasure as her beautiful mouth finally filled with my cum. But she kept stroking, and my dick kept pumping, and my massive load soon forced its way out through the corners of her lips and slowly dripped its way down her chin and onto her massive chest hangers.

"Wow, it seems like you really needed that, roomie." She grinned wickedly up at me with her beautiful face covered in my semen, all reservations about her fate seemingly gone now that she'd finally made direct contact with my jizz.

"You have no idea." My cock was still hard as a rock after weeks of pent-up sexual frustration. "I'm not done with you yet though."

Olivia giggled and climbed back onto my lap, and it was the most natural thing in the world for her to spread her toned thighs and let my cock slip right between her soaked labia and up inside her tight, sexy body.

My eyes widened in shock. Even though I'd just cum in her mouth and all over her slutty tits, my roommate's grippy pussy felt just as fantastic as I'd known it would - why on earth had I waited so long to take advantage of the situation?

Olivia was enthusiastic as she rode me, insatiable even, and I licked and sucked and squeezed and slapped her massive tits to my heart's content while she moaned like a dirty little slut and her nubile body milked mine, until we both got what we wanted and I let loose another torrent of pent-up sexual frustration deep into my roommate's waiting pussy.

Once again she kept riding, and I kept cumming, and when Olivia finally pulled her slutty slit off my cock to show off what I'd done to her, her tight hole was overflowing with my seed.

She leaned down to kiss me again, almost crushing me under the weight of her massive, heavy breasts as her pussy leaked my cum all over my torso, before suddenly glowering down at me in a passable impersonation of the old Olivia. "Darren, I'm afraid you've broken our contract for the last time! I'm going to have to insist that you vacate your room immediately and move into mine, where I can give you a deep, thorough appreciation for what you've done to me today!"

And so that's how my super-hot, strictly platonic ice queen of a roommate finally became my slutty, big-titted girlfriend. Well, what passes for "girlfriend" nowadays anyway.

Olivia still tries to resist her programming during the day so that we can be exclusive (though her current definition of "exclusive" is definitely looser than the old Olivia's would have been). I told her she didn't have to on my account, that I understood and accepted what had been done to her, but I think that stubbornness is just a part of who she is, and honestly I think she gets off on it.

Olivia's been Slut Screened a few times since then, but it seems like there's a maximum effect on both tits and behavior, so now whenever it happens she just slips into a pleasant trance that makes her completely lose control of her inhibitions for a while once she wakes up. Those are the days when she'll slink through the front door with her top down and her enormous tits hanging out, sheepishly wiping cum from her lips, insisting that I take her into her room and punish her for her misbehavior.

I know they say it's a mistake to get sexually involved with the people you live with, but with how good it feels to cum inside every tight, slick orifice of my slutty roommate's perfect body any time the mood strikes, I think I'll learn to live with it.

**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](http://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 write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!