**The Accidental Slut**

by[AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

**The Accidental Slut Pt. 01**  
  
"That's right, Brad. I'm done. I am going to dress this way from now on. I am fucking tired of all the constant glares and gawking."  
  
"What is this all about?" asked Brad, looking away from me, instead at the floor.  
  
I was dressed in a miniskirt and a blouse that was wide open, exposing my braless tits to my brother, Brad (assuming he'd look up). My nipples were bigger than average and a bit puffy, but otherwise perfectly centered on my large breasts. Brad was not just my big brother, but also my roommate in college, as we shared a small one-bedroom apartment. He usually slept in the living room, but on rare occasions, we had been forced to share the bedroom. We certainly never did anything criminal, but living in such a small, enclosed space meant Brad had seen me naked a couple of times before today.  
  
The first time he walked in on me naked, I felt a bit awkward, as his eyes tended to be drawn to my huge tits with my clothes on, and there I was completely naked. However, he instantly diverted his eyes and looked away. He always did that when those uncomfortable situations occurred, doing his best to not to look at me at all. My nudity had the same effect on others, as I discovered today. Perhaps it had been Brad that somehow sparked the idea.  
  
I explained it all to my brother. "Listen, Brad. You know that no matter WHAT top I wear, people are always staring at my tits. I couldn't take it anymore. I was in my Advanced Psychology class and caught not only my group partner, Tim Pillars, but the teacher himself trying to look down my top. We had been studying the effects of hypnosis and meditation. They had been sneaking peeks down my blouse and I just lost it. I ripped open my shirt and lifted my tits out of my bra. I swear, Brad, more people looked away and started treating me with dignity after I did THAT, rather than all my other efforts of ever dressing modestly. Well, I figure, if people only want to look at me as a pair of tits, I might as well give it to them, right? They can PROVE just how low they are, or otherwise they can treat me with some goddamn respect! Apparently, this method commands that kind of respect."  
  
"I think you've gone crazy," said Brad, finally looking at up at me, perhaps for the first time ever of getting a very clear view of my bare chest. For some reason, I just didn't care.  
  
"I'm telling you, Brad. I got more respect dressed like this..." I waved my hands up and down my torso, "...I got more respect in one day looking like this, than the five years combined I've been here. After class, I went to the cafeteria and picked up lunch. I got none of the usual cat-calls from the staff there, either. None of it. Everyone was simply behaving!"  
  
"It's uh... probably from the shock, Becky. Once they get used to this, I dunno... well, I don't know if your idea will work."  
  
"Oh, yeah? Look at you. You're actually looking at me in the eyes right now. You know how rare that is?" Finally, Brad glanced down to scope my breasts as I said that, but he quickly brought them back to my eyes. "I mean it, bro. You spend a lot of time peeking glances at my cleavage and now you are being more respectful than ever."  
  
"I'm not sure what you want me to say. Whether I agree with your line of dress? Becky, you're naked."  
  
"It's not about the nudity, Brad. I'm making a statement and I think it is one that matters. Women should NOT be looked at as pieces of meat. I can't help how I look, but just because I have big tits doesn't mean I should be subjected to stereotypes and untoward advances."  
  
"And showing your tits to everyone is going to send this message?" asked Brad, incredulously.  
  
"Of course, big brother. You know it will! It works on you, doesn't it?"  
  
I skipped over to the kitchen to make myself a baloney sandwich, my tits swinging with the motion. As much as I'd always hated people trying to perv on me, for some reason, I now felt free and just didn't care. Being able to be unashamed in my appearance and my body was a liberating experience, and I was enjoying the newfound freedom. It felt good allowing my huge tits to be unbound. Constrained, they were always uncomfortable. I turned back to my brother.  
  
"Brad, I hope you will support me in my decision."  
  
Brad finally snapped, "Listen, Becky! You do whatever you want outside, but do you actually have to be this way here? In the house?"  
  
"What's it matter?" I asked. "For once I feel good about myself."  
  
"I never thought you didn't. Look, I am sorry you caught me peeking down your blouse a few times. It's just... well... it's unavoidable. I'm not sure you can understand, but THIS is taking things a bit too far, don't you think?"  
  
"Listen, Brad," I said, lifting my tits up high, squeezing them and making my nipples cone-shaped, pointing right at his face. "This is the new me Brad. I'm NOT going to obsess over keeping these things covered anymore. I'm not going to despise people gawking at my tits all day. I'm going to be me and THESE are very much a part of me."  
  
Just then, there was a loud knock on the door.  
  
"Would you put those away?" asked Brad.  
  
"No!" I insisted, "You're being ridiculous!"  
  
"Me?"  
  
Another four raps on the door. Brad was obviously too ashamed to answer the door with me holding my tits in the air, so I marched over and opened it myself. Sure enough, the man standing in front of me only briefly looked at my tits before holding respectful eye-contact. It was Tim Pillars, my partner from class.  
  
"What are you doing here?" I asked. "How did you even know I live here?" I never cared much for Tim. He was kind of uppity. However, he seemed genuinely distressed and quickly stepped in, shutting the door behind him.  
  
"Uh, excuse me?" I asked. "Can I help you, Tim?" I crossed my arms under my tits, making sure they weren't covered. If he was going to look, I was going to own it.  
  
"Becky, I'm sorry I am here. I'm not stalking you, i promise, though I did look you up in the online student directory. It didn't have a phone number, but it did have this address."  
  
"Oh yeah, we had our phone plan canceled when we submitted our information to the directory." I looked over at Brad. "Never thought to update that stuff." I looked back at Tim. "Well? Okay, what it is?"  
  
"Can we sit down? This may take a while to explain."  
  
Now Tim had me curious. I motioned for him to sit on the couch in the living room. As he did, I took the loveseat across from it, while Brad stood at my side.  
  
"Becky, today in class. Do you remember what happened?"  
  
"Yes, I was just explaining to my brother..."  
  
"It sounds crazy to me," said Brad, "but she insists this is the new her."  
  
Tim cleared his throat and continued. "Becky, today in class, Dr. Anderson hypnotized you."  
  
"What? No way. I don't remember that at all!"  
  
"Yeah, he was performing a demonstration. You don't even remember him approaching our desk when he offered to do that, do you?"  
  
"When did he do this?" I asked.  
  
"Near the end of class, before you uh... before you ripped open you shirt and flashed everyone."  
  
"I didn't flash, Tim! I took a stand. Enough is enough."  
  
"Well, yeah, I agree with that. You did say that," Tim countered. "Let me explain. When you were hypnotized, the professor said that when someone is in a trance state, they still won't do something that they wouldn't be willing to do when awake and aware. To give us an example, he offered to hypnotize you and ask you what your most deepest, darkest, most shameful secret is. He said you would refuse to answer the question."  
  
"I don't remember any of this," I said. "You're lying to me."  
  
"No, I'm not. It only took him a moment to put you under. You volunteered, Becky!"  
  
I vaguely remember something when the teacher was standing at our desk, but this was all foggy to me. I honestly didn't remember anything in class happening like this.  
  
Tim continued, "Once you were under, rather than refusing to answer, you rambled on about how you couldn't stand people always looking at your tits. That it made you feel like a piece of meat. You said some other things, too, but I won't get into it."  
  
"Now this is beginning to make sense," said Brad. I looked up at my brother. He was genuinely buying into this story, but as I sat there with my tits completely exposed, feeling quite happy about my attitude of it, I just couldn't accept what Tim was telling us as truth.  
  
"Okay, Tim. It's not how I remember it at all. I DO remember you and the teacher taking glances down my cleavage when I was speaking to you."  
  
"RIGHT! We were! It's hard not to when talking to you. It's probably why you brought it up when the teacher asked you what your secret was. Apparently, you can't stand it when people do that. It makes you feel like a slut. That's what you said, anyway."  
  
"Hmmm... okay," I said, meekly, sitting back a bit. His words caught me off guard, because they were true. I mean, if I was truly honest with myself, the constant attention to my body from my peers did make me feel a little slutty, even though I wasn't one in the true sense of the word.  
  
"The teacher asked you, if you were to drop all inhibitions, how would you respond to the people who gawk at you and make you feel this way?"  
  
"You said your shame... your deepest, darkest secret... would be to fuck all of them. To make them pay for undressing you in their minds. That you get full 'ownership' of their cocks." Tim made the quotation mark sign with his fingers as he emphasized the word, "ownership."  
  
My mind was shattered. My absolute deepest and darkest secret had indeed just been revealed to me, from my annoying lab partner, no less! It was so embarrassing to know that he knew this about me, but I immediately objected anyway. Never would I admit to such a thing in public, right?  
  
"That is a lie! I would never say that!" I didn't deny it, but implied so. I didn't want Tim or my brother to think I had slutty thoughts like that.  
  
Tim looked at me in a sincere way; one that revealed a touch of humility. "I'm sorry, Becky. We all heard it. Whether it is a dark secret that you don't consciously hold is for you to understand, but I promise, Becky, that's what we heard you say."  
  
I almost wanted to cry. "I don't understand. Why would you do this?" I was so humiliated.  
  
"We should never have taken it so far. But Becky, the thing is... the professor gave you a post-hypnotic suggestion."  
  
"Of course he did!" cried Brad. "That explains her tits being out."  
  
"That's stupid, Brad. I made this decision on my own."  
  
"You did and you didn't," interjected Tim.  
  
"Excuse me?" I asked.  
  
"The professor told you that you would no longer feel ashamed of something that you can't control. The ogling and whatnot you claimed occurs so often in your life. He said you would devise a way, in your mind, to no longer be a slave to embarrassment when people try to look at your tits."  
  
"And this is how I answered that? By showing my tits?"  
  
"Apparently so," said Tim. "There's more. He also told you that you will no longer feel ashamed to hold such dark fantasies in your mind. That you will find an outlet to explore your needs, and that you will lose any inhibitions that would prevent you from achieving a healthy sex life."  
  
"He was suggesting I am sexually repressed?"  
  
"I think so, yeah, maybe."  
  
"Man, this is getting heavy," said Brad.  
  
Tim looked up at him. "The thing is, I spoke with the teacher after your sister left." Then he turned back to me. "I think he may have accidentally turned you into slut. An actual slut."  
  
"WHAT?!" I screamed.  
  
"Calm down," said Tim. "Obviously, nothing has happened to you yet. Well, other than you showing us your tits... but you can remain calm."  
  
"Listen, asshole," I yelled. "I got my tits out to STOP being treated like a slut. It's worked just fine, too!"  
  
"Exactly," said Tim. "It HAS worked. You had to go to all the trouble of getting your tits out just to get some respect from me, but what happens if I STOP respecting you?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
Tim glanced at my huge knockers for just a second, before taking a deep breath and raising his head. He grabbed me the shoulders, looking me squarely in the eyes. "Becky, what I am suggesting is that we have unwittingly taken away what would be considered a healthy amount of modesty, or shame - whatever you wish to call it - from your personality. I am actually suggesting that the professor unintentionally removed ALL shame from you."  
  
"You mean like I would be okay being a total slut? Hate to break it to you, partner, but nope, that is not the case. Just because my tits are out does not make me a slut or even a sex object. This is my freedom. It's my insurance on demanding respect!"  
  
"Yes, yes, you told us that. What will be your reaction when someone doesn't respect you, though?" Tim took his hands off me and slowly lowered his eyes, landing on my large nipples. Instead of only glancing, he now stared.  
  
'How dare he?' I thought. He was antagonizing the situation, purposefully being obnoxious about seeing my tits out just to get a reaction from me.  
  
"Hey, wait a minute, Tim. Now I KNOW this is a prank. You wouldn't stare at my tits just to be a pervert. You've already proven to me that you aren't like that."  
  
But my words had no effect on him. Tim continued to stare at my body and I felt as if I was forced to arch my back out and really pronounce my breasts out.  
  
'Look at my tits, you jerk!' I thought to myself. 'If that's what this has been all about. Taking advantage of my newfound freedom just to show your true pervert colors.'  
  
"Do you feel anything?" asked Tim.  
  
"I feel like you're being an asshole. You're not respecting me."  
  
This was really pissing me off. If Tim was going to perv on me and my brother wasn't going to come to my defense, I had to do something drastic. I immediately stood up and removed my skirt and panties.  
  
"Hey, Asshole. I'm not just a pair of tits. I got a great ass and pussy, too! Why don't you just treat me like a piece of meat, you fucker? Didn't your mother raise you any better?"  
  
Sure enough, I noticed a sizable growth in Tim's pants. He really was a creep. Finally, he stopped looking at my body and looked me in the eyes again.  
  
"Becky, does behaving this way feel normal to you? You realize you're completely naked?"  
  
"I'm only naked because I might as well be! You are ALWAYS undressing me with your eyes!"  
  
It made perfect sense to me to be protesting Tim's action in such a way, but I certainly hadn't planned on seeing my brother's reaction to my nudity, as I caught him scratching at his crotch, which was every bit as engorged as Tim's! Fucking perverts to look at me like this!  
  
"What have you done?" asked Brad to Tim. "Can you fix it?"  
  
Tim pretended to not care about seeing me naked and responded to my brother. "I think I can, but she'll have to allow me to. I think she's resistant right now. I would be, if I were in her shoes."  
  
"Stop talking about me as if I'm not here," I screamed, lifting one leg up onto the couch. This allowed my pussy to be seen better by the two. I could easily stroke it, I thought, which I might as well do, considering they were sporting erections as if I was just some everyday slut.  
  
"This is getting weird," said Brad. "What are we going to do?"  
  
"First thing, I don't think we should let her out of your place until we resolve this. I can try to hypnotize her again and break this suggestion, but I'll call the professor if we must."  
  
"I think maybe you should call him now," said Brad, trying to avoid focusing his attention on my fingers which were rhythmically stroking my clit.  
  
"So are you two finished looking at me as if I am a slut?" I asked.  
  
"Yes," they said in tandem. They both looked me in the eyes and I sensed sincerity.  
  
"Alright then, I'll put my skirt back on."  
  
That's when my brother paused to look at me again. He took a couple glances back at Tim and said, "You know what? Fuck it. Let's have fun with this a minute."  
  
"Excuse me?" I asked, standing up straight again.  
  
Tim eyed Brad and smiled. "Really?" he asked.  
  
"Sure, why not. She's my big sister and she spent years torturing me growing up. So long as you promise me we can fix this."  
  
"It's just a post-hypnotic suggestion," said Tim. "I'm confident it can be reversed."  
  
Finally, they turned their attention to me fully, though I hadn't yet put my skirt back on as I said I would, I was holding it, using it to cover my shaved pubic area as they spoke to me.  
  
"Becky, do you feel in control of what you are doing right now?" Brad asked.  
  
"Of course. I told you so," I said. "I'm not exactly sure I believe Tim's story."  
  
I mean, I had to admit, some of these actions I engaged in seemed a bit strange on the surface, but when I really thought about it, it seemed to make sense. I think what I did proved to the two that I deserved every bit as much respect as they got from me. It may have been a bit graphic, and it may have even turned me on a little if I was honest about it, but I think I got my message across. Unfortunately, their conversation implied they were up to something else now. I stood up straight and watched as my brother approached me, already going back to gawking at my tits.  
  
"I am going to look at your breasts," he said. "Maybe even feel them. I am going to appreciate your body for a while. Since you are willing to expose yourself to me, then I am going to take advantage of that."  
  
"Take advantage all you want, Brad! But I didn't think my own brother would become such an asshole. You don't have to be such a creepy perv, you know. It was one thing to try to sneak peeks down my cleavage, but for you to disrespect me like this... now?"  
  
"Yeah, yeah... whatever," he said, just eyeing my fully exposed cans. Tim was doing it, too. No shame in either one of their faces.  
  
I quickly dropped my skirt and laid on the floor, spreading my legs wide. I rammed two fingers in my pussy.  
  
"If you assholes think treating me like a piece of meat is cute, you got another think coming. Show me your cocks, you fucking nitwits! Show me you even got half a chance with the likes of me!"  
  
I grabbed the bottom of one of my breasts, lifting it to my tongue, wetting the nipple. Both Brad and Tim were naked within seconds displaying healthy erections. My brother only beat Tim's in size by a little bit.  
  
"In my pussy. Now!" I yelled. I hoped it would be Tim's, because I wasn't sure I wanted my brother fucking me. Brad would have to do with a blowjob. I quickly arranged them as such and they got busy pumping.  
  
"Thanks, sis!" cried Brad.  
  
I pulled his cock out to say, "You should be ashamed you think of me like this, but as I see it, you're the fucking slut here, not me. Just look at you. Begging me to suck your dick."  
  
"I'm not begging," he said.  
  
"Oh, yeah?"  
  
I refused to service any attention on Brad's cock as I allowed Tim to pound me in my vagina. I sat up a bit to watch his thick cock go in and out or my swollen pussy. Even if I didn't give a shit what this asshole was to me, I might as well enjoy the view.  
  
"Come on, Becky. Put it back in your mouth."  
  
"No, not until you say you're sorry."  
  
"I'm sorry for treating you like a piece of meat, Becky."  
  
Good enough for me. I swallowed his large cock again and sucked to my discontent. Or rather his. Soon, his load filled my mouth, forcing me to swallow some deep into my throat. It was salty and bitter, but I managed to hold it down.  
  
"Oh my god," said Tim, as I was wiping the last bit of cum from my mouth. He pulled out and unloaded all over my stomach.

"You asshole!" I shouted. "I hadn't even cum yet. You fucking prick! Of course you assholes - who always gawk at me like juveniles - wouldn't be able to satisfy me! You just proved it."  
  
Both Tim and Brad hung their heads, but I could see both of them were slightly smiling. Then it hit me. I just swallowed my brother's cum and I let a person I didn't like very much fuck me. I sat up, shocked.  
  
"Oh my god, Tim, you're right."  
  
He stood up straight, "About?"  
  
"I really was hypnotized, wasn't I?" I looked up at the both of them, my eyes wide. The weight of this was finally hitting me.  
  
"Uh, yeah, I am afraid so."  
  
"Can we fix it? Please tell me we can fix it!"  
  
"I think so," he said.  
  
Brad interjected. "It'll be too bad about the tits out in the open thing. If that's where your inhibitions stopped, maybe it woulda been fun for a while, but this is too much, sister. We gotta get you back the way you were. Social norms and all."  
  
"Brad, I just sucked you off. Oh my god, I can't believe I did that."  
  
"And yet you would do it again right now?" He was smirking.  
  
"Well, of course. If only to show you it's terrible of you to even ask or consider it." Then I paused. "Wait, that isn't something practical to do, is it? Or is it?"  
  
I was really confused and hoping my brother would honestly help me when Tim stepped forward with his cock dangling in front of me. "We can correct the issue of you losing your inhibitions, Becky, but we don't have to give them ALL back, you know."  
  
I knew it wasn't logical to have enjoyed being treated like a slut just now, but it felt so good. I was going to be a bit saddened that I wouldn't enjoy this state of mind longer if we reversed the effects... but I dared not admit that to either my brother or my lab partner.  
  
"So what are we going to do? Hypnotize me again? I don't even remember doing it the first time."  
  
"I can try. I paid attention in class. Worst case scenario, we call the professor."  
  
"You mean he would have to come here and do it himself?"  
  
"Yes. That sounds likely."  
  
"And he would see me naked? And if he didn't treat me respectfully, I would probably fuck him?"  
  
"That appears to be your modus operandi," said Tim, flatly.  
  
"Call him! Please call him!" I cried. "He's always trying to look down my top, now I will let him see everything. See if he is a professional or a pervert. I always figured him for the latter."  
  
"Becky, listen to yourself," said Brad, looking at me. Why was he being so respectful? I was clearly showing my tits off, but he kept looking me in my eyes. "Don't you find this abnormal? Consider what would happen."  
  
Illicit thoughts erupted in my mind, imagining the professor fucking me on all fours while I sucked my brother off again. Maybe Tim could be jacking off in my face. Ideas ran wild.  
  
"You're not helping," I said to Brad. "Something is wrong. Any time I have any sexual thought, it's like I am hyper-sensitive to it. I cannot explain it, but there's no better way to describe it than I am a total slut. Please, Brad, I need to be a slut! Let me be one. It feels so good. I've never felt better in my life. I want your cock, Brad. I want all the cocks!"  
  
"Oh man," said Brad. "You really have gone crazy. Becky. Remember, it's the hypnotic trance you're in. Or something. You've lost all inhibitions."  
  
"It's more than that, Brad. Not only have I lost them, I am hyper-turned on by ANYTHING. See? Look at my tits! I will show you. It turns me on so much!"  
  
I thrust them out for him to see and of course, he couldn't help but shift his attention to them for a bit. It instantly drove my pussy into a frenzy. He was just staring!  
  
"Get a hold of yourself, Becky," my brother said, but I was having none of it. Until Tim got back with the professor, I intended to utilize my newfound freedom.  
  
"Tim, go find that professor NOW," said Brad. "Be quick. I'm not sure how long I can last."  
  
In seconds, Tim was dressed and out the door, while I was slapping Brad's cock against my face.  
  
"How many times have you beat off to me, little brother?" I asked. "Please, I have to know!"  
  
"I don't know!" he squirmed.  
  
"Please, tell me!"  
  
I really did want to know. That may sound sick to some people, but it made sense to me right now. If I was going to be a slut, I needed to be validated.  
  
"I dunno, twenty? Thirty?"  
  
"Thirty!" I gasped, slapping his cock even harder against my cheek. I hoped it left marks..  
  
Then Brad bowed his head. "Honestly, way more times than I can count. There's been a lot of your outfits over the years that provided material, if you know what I mean."  
  
His admission to jerking off over fantasies of me made my pussy tingle and shook me to the core. "Promise me something, Brad," I asked, gently taking the head of his cock in my mouth.  
  
"What, sis?"  
  
"I know when we fix everything I will likely go back to being my old self."  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Just, even if I tell you it's gross and don't do it... to not beat off to fantasies to me... um..."  
  
"This is so embarrassing," Brad said.  
  
"I know, I know," I said, pulling off his cock off my mouth for a moment. "Just do me a favor. The real me will likely tell you not to do it, but please don't stop doing it. Think back to this time often and jack off to it. Secretly, I love it. I really do. I won't ever admit it if the effects are reversed, but it's true. It's really true. I love the idea of you jerking off to me."  
  
"Um, okay, Becky. If you say so, but I know you. You'll harp on me no matter what I do. Ashamed you ever endured all this."  
  
"I know, you're probably right. Just ignore the request to never think about it again, which I am sure I will tell you to do, knowing the old me."  
  
"Yeah, I guess I coulda gotten used to this."  
  
"Brad, quick, use my pussy. Before they get back!" I so badly needed to be fucked and frankly, I was thrilled my brother was the one. He'd at least be compassionate, understanding and discrete about this in the future.  
  
Also, I really loved his cock...

**The Accidental Slut Pt. 02**

I cried on the couch for some time. So many feelings and emotions and thoughts, my brain was overheated. I recognized, but only barely, that I was nearly in shock. As I sat on the couch, quietly wiping my tears away, I continued to think back on the events that recently transpired.  
  
My professor, Dr. Charles Anderson, and my lab partner, Tim Pillars, had left more than an hour ago, but not before I had Dr. Anderson's long, skinny cock stuffed down my throat. The worst thing about it... it was I who had insisted on the act. The poor man tried desperately to keep me off of him, but with him glaring at my big tits, getting me so horny, I insisted on getting (what I felt at the time) was my just due. After finally swallowing his load and settling down, I agreed to allow the professor to hypnotize me again... or rather, un-hypnotize me, as it were. He was to remove all the post-hypnotic suggestions from the first time he'd hypnotized me.  
  
These were suggestions that supposedly had me behaving the way I was behaving, like a slut. Even though I was aware that post-hypnotic suggestions had me acting like this, the knowledge of it didn't seem to have any effect on making me want to stop. Hopefully, the professor would correct this problem.  
  
With cum dripping down my face, Dr. Anderson looked at me and said, "Miss Becky, please allow me just a few minutes of your undivided attention. I need you to sit back and simply listen to my voice and follow along."  
  
Tim, my lab partner, was still there and just ogling me while the doctor went on, trying to push the agenda forward. It really pissed me off that Tim would be so inconsiderate. I was a sexed-up mess as a result of THEIR actions, and he was just looking at me like I was an everyday slut (or so that's how I perceived it, anyway).  
  
"Alright, professor," I said. "I'll do this on one condition. Tim has to strip off his clothes, sit down on this couch and allow me to sit in his lap, ON HIS DICK!"  
  
"What? Why?" he screamed. Tim was barely able to conceal the gigantic erection he was sporting, so he very well knew why, I thought.  
  
"Because I am holding you accountable to your thoughts! Just look at that thing you're trying to hide. And this whole time you've been staring at me like a piece of meat! I'm going to show you exactly what it feels like. Do it now, or we call the whole thing off."  
  
Tim looked at the professor, pleading for help, but the instructor just replied, "You better do it. This seems rational to her. The best way I can explain it, is her logic skillss are working in an alternate reality."  
  
Fucking Tim did seem rational to me, regardless of what the professor was going on about. Even though I had conceded I had been hypnotized, the decisions I made, and the actions I committed to, seemed perfectly justifiable to me. I got up from the couch as Tim stripped naked and he sat down where I had been. After a twenty second struggle of getting comfortably positioned, I finally had his cock jammed deep inside me. It felt amazing to fill my cavity so completely, as I finally directed my attention back to the professor.  
  
"Okay, so now we may continue," I said. I leaned back a bit against Tim, allowing his cock to push forward inside me. I bet the impression of his penis could be seen through my stomach. The idea of that turned me on as the professor began counting down...  
  
I don't know how long I'd been listening to Dr. Anderson when it dawned on me that I was willfully allowing Tim, that asshole-pervert-lab partner of mine, to put his cock in me. I jumped off, practically crashing over the coffee table. My breasts jiggled and bounced as I regained my balance and awkwardly stood up.  
  
I wanted to say something. I wanted to cover up, but I was in disbelief from all the shameful thoughts bouncing in my head. Whatever the professor had done, he had allowed me to remember all the events that had occurred this day, up to that very moment. I remembered absolutely everything I'd done since I'd arrived home from school.  
  
"Are you okay, Becky?" the professor, asked softly. Tim was still seated, trying to look away and cover himself. I didn't see my brother, Brad, anywhere.  
  
The gravity of the situation was overloading my circuits. To sum up the events earlier from today, I'd fucked my lab partner while sucking off Brad, my brother. Then I fucked Brad while Tim had gone to fetch the professor. I practically raped the professor when he got here... and then Tim again, before being "hypnotized" back to normal.  
  
As the two sat there staring at me, I felt like such a colossal slut. The 'modest me' was back and absolutely mortified that she had done such horrendous things.  
  
The professor finally looked to Tim and said, "Why don't we pack up here. Let's give her some privacy."  
  
While I stood there in shock, still naked, Tim quickly got dressed and paired up with the professor who had offered to give Tim a lift to his dorm.  
  
"Goodbye, Becky," said Tim, quietly, as he reached for the door. "We'll see you in class."  
  
As I mentioned, it's been an hour since Tim and Dr. Anderson left the apartment and I still hadn't gotten off the sofa, or even cleaned up. I just sat there, quietly sobbing, embarrassed, confused, frozen in shame. It was then I heard a soft voice behind me.  
  
"Becky, are you going to be okay?" It was Brad. I turned and saw him entering the living room. He was dressed in his flannel pajamas, his typical lounge-around attire in the evenings.  
  
I wiped off a tear and said, "No... I don't know... Ugh... I just can't believe I did that..."  
  
I knew I probably had reason to be angry with my brother for fucking me, but considering the actions I'd initiated, I couldn't even begin to wrap my mind around it all. Brad, however, brought up the subject, anyway.  
  
"Becky, I am really sorry," said Brad, sitting down in the loveseat across from me. "What happened today was perhaps unforgiveable, but please... if you can understand, know that I never meant to hurt you, or humiliate you in any way. You were just, uh... kind of irresistible. But now I feel terrible about it. It's why I excused myself to my room when Tim and the professor got here."  
  
"You mean, after we... we..." I couldn't get it out.  
  
"Should I get your robe?" Brad asked.  
  
I touched my face, feeling dried cum. I looked at Brad, still with that shocked look on my face. "Oh my god, Brad, this is so embarasing. Yes, please."  
  
As Brad stood up to get my robe, I noticed his eyes take another quick peek at my tits and that familiar shiver shot through my body. Hypnotized or not, I had to admit that I must have enjoyed people sexualizing me. I suppose I had always represssed that, prior to this experience.  
  
As Brad left to get the robe, I leaned back against the couch and stretched out. With my shoulders arched, my tits were quite a sight to behold. I figured if I was finally going to get dressed, I may as well allow Brad one more good view... and for me, one more good reaction to it. Why not? It wasn't as if the day hadn't been far crazier than that already, I thought.  
  
But when Brad came back, that horny feeling proved much more intense than I'd expected. His piercing eyes at my naked body instantly soaked my pussy. I was so excited from his reaction to my nudity, it felt like I was halfway to an orgasm. Then a thought hit me and I froze. My blank stare must have caught my brother's attention.  
  
"You okay? What's wrong?" he asked.  
  
I looked up my brother. "The professor had been insistant that I remember all the events that happened today when he 'un-hypnotized' me, as it were. He felt I needed to know and remember everything. Brad, do you remember when I had explained earlier, while I was under that post-hypnotic trance or whatever it was, that everything felt hyper-sexualized?"  
  
"Yeah, I remember," Brad said, sitting down next to me. I felt his eyes on my tits, but didn't mind. It felt good with his gaze upon them. "Of course, I remember. The professor eluded it to it being an unintended consequence of the suggestions he gave you, I think."  
  
"It's happening again. I don't think this is normal. I mean, everything is... uh... "  
  
"Maybe we should call the professsor back? I don't know anything about hypnosis to offer an opinion," said Brad.  
  
"No, no, not right now," I said. "It's just you and me here. I feel confident I don't have any of those weird-logic thoughts that I had before. I just notice that I'm... well... hornier, I guess. Easily aroused."  
  
"Uh... okay. Um... Uh..."  
  
"Brad, I DO NOT expect anything like what happened earlier today to occur again, don't think that. I'm just saying. The horny thing is still happening."  
  
I was surprised I was being so blunt with my brother, and I think he was too, so we both ended up giggling awkwardly. Having fucked just a couple hours earlier didn't make the subject mattter any eaiser to talk about. I continued to explain my situation for another couple minutes while staying exposed, rather than taking the robe. I enjoyed Brad's frequent gazes and finally decided to just admit it to him.  
  
"So I have to be honest, Brad. I am conflicted. Like, I am enjoying you looking at me. Like really looking at me. It gets me horny. Prior to the incident, i would have been angry with you gawking at me like that, even with clothes on."  
  
"Interesting," said Brad. "So you think maybe this whole episode has reframed your reaction to such a thing happening. Has it made you drop your inhibitions?"  
  
"Well, won't it? If I don't get hostile when someone glances at my tits - if indeed, I embrace the very fact that I like it - won't I naturally drop my old inhibitions? Maybe before it was a defense mechanism. A subconcious defense mechanism. To get angry and prudish. To ward off inappropriate thoughts..."  
  
"Inappropriate thoughts?"  
  
"Yeah... well, you know..."  
  
"So now you can address inappropriate thoughts in a healthy way, you think? Rather than just getting pissy?" Then Brad cracked a wide smile and said, "How's this for a thought? My dick was in your mouth today and I must say, it felt amazing."  
  
I instantly blushed deep red. "Brad!" I screamed! "It is WAY too early to make a joke about all this." I covered my face with my hands, wishing I could strike the image from my mind, no matter how enjoyable the act was. Brad's thick cock in the vacuum of my mouth felt so good.  
  
"It's almost like your mouth was designed for my cock."  
  
"Brad!" I screamed. "Stop it. Now you're just being crazy!" Brad almost said those words as if he wanted to do it again and it sent my pussy tingling.  
  
"I'm just saying. You have an amazing skill. I've never had a girlfriend suck cock as well as you did today. Hey, I wonder if it would be the same, though?"  
  
He kept on about me sucking his dick and it was only getting me wetter. "What are you talking about?"  
  
"Just when you were in slut mode, I guess. Now that you're back to normal, will your uh... skillset... be diminished."  
  
I almost wanted to punch him from the insult, but then I noticed in his pajamas, his cock was at full alert. "BRAD!!" I screamed, obviously shocked to see him getting aroused again, especially after he had seen so remorseful from fucking me earlier in the day."  
  
"I'm sorry, I can't help it! You should put some clothes on if you don't want me getting hard. I'm only human, Becky!"  
  
I couldn't take it anymore and I caved to my increasing hot desire. I leapt at Brad's cock, grabbing it through his flannel pajamas.  
  
"Hey! What are you doing?" he screamed.  
  
"Fuck me, Brad," I whispered. "Just shut up and fuck me. I want you inside me."  
  
I ripped my brother's pants down his legs and pulled him on top of me. Without arguing or fighting, he navigated his thick shaft onto my open pussy. I never realized how intimidating and strong my brother could be until that moment. Watching him take control as he guided his cock in and out, finding a perfect rhythm. I latched onto him, pushing him deeper in still.  
  
"When do we admit this is wrong? That we shouldn't be doing this?" asked Brad, staring me in the eye, while he continued to drive his cock into me, with a firm, but gently force.  
  
"This isn't wrong," I said. "It can't be. It feels too good."