

BLANK SPACE

by Paul Watson

A couple are in their bedroom, the man standing, pacing, his dark hair swept back from his intense eyes, clad in a pair of boxer shorts. His partner sits on the bed, her pale blonde hair falling over her lingerie, pale blue eyes shining as she looks up at him.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Mark asks, "I know we've done some missed time stuff but..."

"Sweetie," Jess replies, staring up with a mock serious look on her face, "if you don't stop asking me if I'm sure, I swear, I am going to deck you. This is what I want, what I really want. Besides, you keep telling me I can't be made to do anything under hypnosis I don't want to. So it's fine. Take me away and leave my body as your plaything. Do what you want with me. Just don't let me remember it."

"You're..." he smiles at her as she balls her fist up, "I'll take that as a yes."

"Take it as a 'get the fuck on with it'."

"Look into my eyes..."

She does, staring up into those dark, intense eyes, letting her mind drain away into them, her thoughts falling into the mental fog until there's nothing left, Mark's voice burrowing deep into her subconscious with the force of a divine command.

She wakes up, blinking softly, rising up out of the mental fog. The bedroom looks normal to her, no sign of what she hopes was a wild time the previous night. She feels Mark's arm across her side, hoping he got good use out of her. She tries to remember, but after 'Look into my eyes...' there's nothing, just a blank void of missing memory. It's like she ceased to exist between then and now. She bites her lip, not wanting her moan of pleasure to disturb her better half. Although from the soft snoring, it sounds like nothing short of World War Three would rouse him. She tests this, gently raising his arm, slipping out from under him. And her body immediately protests, buttocks and breasts tender, still slightly redder than the rest of her skin when she looks in the mirror. Her jaw aches a little and she notices a bitter taste on the edge of her tongue. "You really did go to town on me, didn't you?" she asks the sleeping form, smiling and humming as she goes to the bathroom to wash the aches away.

When she finally leaves the warmth of the flowing water, the bed is empty, the smell of bacon wafting from the kitchen. She pulls on a loose shirt and skirt, not wanting anything too tight on her tender skin, and walks up to him, pressing herself against his back, "Did you enjoy me last night, oh, Master?" she purrs into his ear, "I can't remember a thing you did to me. So it had better have been good for you."

Mark turns for a kiss, "Don't worry. I have the whole thing recorded."

"Kinky."

"Says the woman who wanted to have no memory of the evening. And, as promised, you won't even get a hint out of me until you see the video at the weekend."

"Are you sure I can't charm it out of you?"

"You can go ahead and try. I think a blowjob might be very convincing."

"Not while I'm not under, dearest, you know that. Just the smell, never mind the taste."

"I told you I could work some post..."

"And I told you it is sooooo much hotter to know that I will do something like that when I'm your mindless slut that I'd never do when I'm me." she shivers, "Mmmmm."

"And you called recording it kinky."

"Because it is. Luckily for you, it seems I am, too. And I've got a whole day off to prove it to you."

The next day, the tenderness reduced, and any remaining redness covered by her officewear, she settles back into work, occasionally trying to remember, pressing her legs together as she butts up against the void in her memories. "How are you doing, Jess?"

She moves her hand from her lap as surreptitiously as she can before turning in the chair, to her fellow employee, her dark hair flowing over her shoulders, "I'm good, thanks, Sharon."

"You sure?" she asks, "After you and..."

"Oh, that." she smiles dreamily, "I have no idea. Still can't remember a thing. No matter how hard I try."

"And that doesn't bother you?"

"Nuh-uh. That's the thrill of it."

"Thrill? Not knowing what happened? We could have done..."

"Mmmmm. I certainly hope so."

"And you really don't remember?"

"Nope. Not a thing. Not till I see the video on the weekend."

"You're very weird, Jess."

"Hey, I'm perfectly normal, thank you very much. My inner slut just takes things a bit far."

"A bit? You..." she trails off, but Jess doesn't notice.

"I promise to tell you all the gory details next week."

"I...sure, let's see how depraved you get."

"Mmmmmmm."

The rest of the week crawls, every spare moment spent enjoying the lack of memory, but getting more and more eager to find out what she'd done in the blank period. She's practically vibrating come Saturday morning, eager as a kid on Christmas Day, but she won't wake Mark up. That wouldn't be fair. Even, especially, after he's put her through this delicious torture all week. Eventually, despite her protests having to wait until after breakfast that he eats deliberately slowly, Mark opens up his computer, "Ready?"

"Oh, so much yes. You're a bastard for making me wait this long already. It's practically the afternoon!"

He clicks the video, to reveal her friends and family singing 'happy birthday'. "What?! What's...I don't rem...you asshole! You made me forget my own birthday?!"

"Well, it was your birthday present..."

"My...oh, God, you utter, utter asshole! How did I not notice?!"

"I might have left a suggestion behind not to notice. But you did a good job cleaning up on Wednesday, even if you don't remember it."

"Did a...I was cleaning up? On my day off? And I don't remember it? At all? Did you at least help?"

"Of course not. That's what you're here for."

"You lazy bastard!" she sighs, "I hope that isn't all you did to me, is it?"

"Well...there is this other video here..."

"Show me! Show me! Show me!!!"

This scene starts up on the same room, far fewer people gathered around: their mutual friends, Todd and Emily, Steve and Sarah, Mark's brother Jim, Sharon from work, no sign of Mark, but he was obviously behind the camera, and in the middle of it all, her. "Welcome one and all to Jessica's sluttastic birthday surprise." At that, she watches her stance change.

"Ugh. Why am I wearing clothes?" she asked, frantically scrabbling to strip her party dress off, "At least you didn't try to make me wear anything underneath."

"Wait, I wasn't wearing...with my family?" she punches him in the arm, "You asshole! That's...wonderfully twisted."

"I try."

"Wait, all of...you didn't...I didn't...did I?"

"Just watch."

"Ok," Mark said from off-camera, as she watches herself strip, "I know everyone here's fully aware of Jess' mindlessness kink, so remember, Jess isn't here right now. This is Slut. And Slut wants to be used like the fucktoy it is."

Slut purred at this.

“But remember this is still Jess' body, and she is still my wife, so...do what you like as long as a blowjob's the the most any of your dicks get into her. Slut loves giving blowjobs. If you want to play with her pussy or ass, you'll just have to use your imagination.” Jim groaned in mock frustration at that, or maybe not so mock given how he looks at her whenever he gets the chance, “Or your fingers. Or one of Jess' birthday presents we didn't unwrap when her mom was here.” “Oh...wow. That...I was...wow.”

“You like?”

“Uh-huh.” one hand is already resting in her lap, pressing against her dress.

“Well, keep watching.”

She does, watching as Slut greeted all the guests with her mouth, sucking or licking, swallowing their juices down while the presents were unwrapped and shown to the camera: clamps and plugs and dildos, oh my.

“Jeez. That thing's huge! You didn't let them use that on me, did you?”

“Well...”

“How? There's no way I could have taken that! It's bigger than my arm!!”

And yet she watches open-mouthed as Slut squatted down on the thick phallus, happily wanking Jim and Todd over her face, the clamps squeezing her nipples bouncing against her breasts.

She keeps watching as they played games. 'Pin the plug on the slut' proved popular. Mark zooming in on the buttplug tail as it slid into her asshole. Her jiggling cheeks were red as each failed attempt rewarded her with a slap.

Jess gasps, covering her hand with her mouth as she watches Slut eating out Sharon, making her writhe and moan, no matter how reluctantly she appeared at the start. She never thought of her like that. She's a friend, a confidante, but to Slut she was clearly just another pussy that needed to be licked.

She watches them as they all groped her, squeezing her tits, teasingly nipping at her, Slut screaming the whole while.

An hour of assorted debauchery later, the video fades on her cum splattered body, “My God...that was...you...I...”

“Everything you thought it would be?”

“I don't think I ever thought you'd let that...you let Sharon know! I'll be bright red when I see her on Monday! I couldn't be more humiliated!! I've no idea how you're going to top it next year. But first, I think you owe me a late birthday present.”

“Huh?”

“Don't you 'huh' me, mister. Slut might have got used nine ways to Sunday, but your sweet little Jess needs to get fucked, good and proper.”